



NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



The  
**Mitre**  
VOL. 42 NO. 4  
APRIL  
1935

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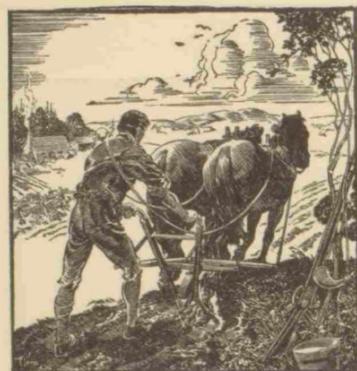


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*The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.*

A new topic has been creeping into bull sessions lately. After the coffee has been disposed of, and nobody has any more original jokes to offer, somebody will break the silence with the remark: "It's a good thing this dump has got some life in it." Then there'll be another silence, and somebody else will say: "It is dead, isn't it."

"It's the freshmen," comes the suggestion, after a period of deep thought.

"No, it's the day students — too many of 'em," someone else argues. And then the conversation will take one of two courses. It will develop into a discussion of the deadness of the dump, and of the freshmen, day students, and other alleged causes; or, more probably, it will become a series of anecdotes of past years when the dump wasn't dead. The freshmen present will be entertained by accounts of escapades performed by the heroes of days gone by, and sad reflections on the state of things at present.

Even allowing for the natural tendency to compare the present unfavourably with the past, there seems to be some reason for this pessimistic view. The university this year is less lively than it was even last year. This could be accounted for by the graduation last June of a number of people who instilled life into the place; and apparently the tradition didn't continue. Each incoming year brings new ideas with it, which take the place to a certain degree of the ideas of the graduating year; and the predominant

note now is one intermediate between enjoying life and taking it very seriously. Sporadic downfalls of water from upper windows represent the relics of past years' traditions, which are slowly giving way to the new idea that a student is typically a sensible and serious person.

It's a good idea, this new one, — in moderation. After all, the purpose in coming to college is to get an education, and not to waste money and time learning how to climb fire-escapes which are inconveniently cut off ten feet above ground. It's a good plan to cut down on a lot of the nonsense of room-wrecking and water-fighting, and concentrate more on things for which we came here.

But this effort to be serious is having its effect on other things besides water fights. There's a general attitude of indifference all around. Take student activities, for instance — they're receiving less and less support. And they're part of the education, although not listed in the Calendar. We musn't ignore altogether this business of college spirit — there should be some pride in sending out good hockey teams, good debaters, producing good plays, and good magazines. And it isn't the managers and executives that do this — it's the student body. The managers and executives are the instruments only. You know the idea — servants of the public, etc. The average student doesn't realize that he is responsible for the success or failure of student activities. An executive can't run a debating society without people who are willing to debate; an editorial board can't print a magazine without people who will write for it; a manager can't — now we're getting all excited and mixed up. But the idea is O.K.

Of course, all this theory about new ideas may be pure imagination. This apathy, deadness, and so on is probably due to spring fever. It's a funny thing, spring fever, one of those diseases which you don't know you're getting till you've got it. You suddenly notice a growing feeling of restlessness stealing up on you. Work is impossible; the things that satisfied you throughout the winter satisfy no longer. There's a vague desire to burst the bonds of something or other, and go into the wilds and commune with Nature. But you can't go far into the wilds because it's too muddy, and you can't do much communing with Nature looking out over black roofs. So you just roam aimlessly about with your restless feeling.

Then it is that the poet has the drop on us. Black roofs or no, he gets in his communing with Nature. He can look out of his window at nothing more inspiring than snow dripping off the eaves, and seen in his mind's eye all the lambs and mayflowers and whatnots of the green meadows. The squelching mud under his boots becomes the lush green grass on the banks of the flowing brook; in the hoarse caw of the crows he hears the lilting song of the warblers returned from the southlands.

And does he restrain his rising joy at the approach of Spring? Can he muffle in his own breast the lovely thoughts about a young man's fancy, and young lambs bounding to the tabor's sound? Of course not. Sooner or later he finds himself in the middle of a poem, and all he has to do is figure out the beginning and the end. And no matter if the result is good or bad, he has relieved his feelings; his case of spring fever doesn't bother him nearly so much as it does the rest of us, who struggle with peculiar feelings we can't describe or relieve. It must be wonderful.

Quite a number of people were thus inspired this Spring, and handed in their brain-children to "The Mitre". It seemed to that august body the Literary Board that four or five poems about Spring and Nature were perhaps too many for one issue. The trouble was that they were all good, and we couldn't figure out which to keep. So we tossed for it, and Miss Oakley won out.

It's a dirty trick to keep padding up editorials with appeals for contributions, but we think this is a helpful suggestion. The next issue comes out in June, of all months. Now it seems that most people have other things to do around that time, and don't want to bother writing articles. But we must have a June "Mitre" — if it has been produced in years past surely it can be again. So the idea is this: write your article during the Easter holidays. That seems to solve all the difficulties. It will provide the

## ODE TO A COMPOSITION — V. Woodley

Child of my brain! No twenty-five cent fee,  
Reward for clever comrade's mental power,  
Did I exact and pay in toll for thee.  
Nay! Rather did I toil for many an hour,  
Through many sleepless hours of night, in hate,  
I laboured long to call the Muse of Thought,  
Forced by the stern professor's final threat  
Who would no longer wait.  
And many a fleeing word in vain I sought,  
Pondered, and sucked my pen, and longed for bed.

And now I sacrifice thee. Fair thou art,  
The careful letters large and bold to view,  
Intent to soften the stern critic's heart.  
I fain would charm him with red ribbon too.  
I lay thee on the altar built of wood,  
Regard thee for the last time fresh and fair;  
For when my child returns some future morn,  
Having for judgment stood,  
What blood-red marks will be imprinted there!  
What wounds inflicted by another's scorn!

Board with enough material to make it a good issue; it'll provide something to do during the holidays, and it gives you the opportunity of satisfying your desire to write for "The Mitre" without having your conscience bothered about neglecting studies.

There are a number of will-be grads who so far have not contributed anything during their allotted time here, and we're expecting something from them. After all, it would be rather feeble to go through college without having written for the college rag, wouldn't it? And this is your last chance!

And while we're on the subject of contributions, we might mention the co-eds again. Sad to relate, they've been falling down on us. After such a promising beginning their contributions slackened off. And we bet the last editor that there would be at least one article from the pen of a co-ed each issue. So come apace, good ladies!

Mr. Leo Kennedy, of Montreal, promised us an essay on Canadian Literature which we intended to use as the feature article. Unfortunately the necessity of getting the magazine out before the Easter holidays prevents us from delaying publication until the article arrives. However, we hope to have it included in the June issue; and judging from the tone of Mr. Kennedy's letter, it will be extremely hot stuff.

Disheartened, I read o'er the footnotes brief,  
Reluctant eyes survey the blushing page.  
Harsh scorn is scrawled on every gory leaf;  
How could he bear to spare thee in his rage?  
Damnèd art thou not even with faint praise.  
The haughty statements crush with ruthless hand:  
"Your sentiment is puerile. This is wrong,  
That word's a passing craze —  
Your work shows negligence; it cannot stand.  
I will not tolerate your slackness long."

Away! Away! Is this reward for toil?  
Was it for this I wrote with many a groan you?  
Too well I know, after th'examiner's spoil,  
I, even I, will be ashamed to own you.  
O Innocence betrayed! Is this your end?  
For sure some brighter future bides its time.  
Star of a magazine? A journal? No!  
Poor wretch! You have no friend.  
Child of my brain! You're not worth half a dime.  
Only the basket claims you. In you go!

## THE ORIGIN OF SMOKING

by Everett Cooper

My attention was attracted last Wednesday morning by a very unusual notice which occupied a prominent place on the notice board in the lower corridor of our honourable institution. Upon scanning it I found the following:

"All students who have renounced cigarettes for the Lenten term are reminded that I am prepared to supply them with pipes at the lowest possible prices.

Andrew McTavish."

It was not long before I saw the fruits of this thrifty McTavish's effort. Walking across the quad were two gentlemen of my acquaintance who were puffing furiously at long gnarled appendages which drooped from their mouths. I was very forcibly impressed with the expression of determination and distaste on their faces and would have stopped them to jest, but being called away by an impatient freshman, I was denied this pleasure. It has lately become a very common spectacle around the college to see chaps puffing at fantastic looking objects, which they stoutly aver satisfy their craving equally as well as a cigarette.

The origin of the pipe dates from remote antiquity among the natives of the American continent. It is a bit difficult to establish a theory as to how the pipe actually originated, but it most likely was connected in some way with the preservation of fire. This was a very precious element in those days and it was considered inconvenient and extravagant to keep fire-brands burning the whole time; accordingly some means had to be devised to preserve this necessity, constantly yet economically. One crafty old witch doctor had the ingenious idea of whittling out the knot of a tree and attaching a hollow stem to it. Leaves and twigs were to be placed in the bowl and kept burning continuously. The plan was adopted, and a smokers' guild was formed in which each member was forced to keep the fire going for a certain period of time. They found this a very enjoyable pastime indeed, and as soon as each old warrior died (it was a life time job) there was much bickering for the vacancy.

The real trouble broke out when the Iroquois were fighting the Hurons in the fall of 1529. Prince Kee Kee Kee had ordered all his braves to assemble on the banks of the river St. Lawrence ready for action, but at the appointed time twenty were missing. Since these were the



fire-preservers, they were of necessity exempted from fighting, and they firmly refused to waive their rights. Naturally, the other braves resented this claim, and Kee Kee Kee had a rebellion on his hands. After much persuasion and bargaining, an agreement was reached whereby each fire-preserver would turn over his job to his squaw during the interval and go to war. In return for this he would receive a glass bead. The Iroquois won a great victory over the Hurons, and it was amicably agreed that henceforth every brave should be admitted to the union. To cement this treaty, the pipe was passed around among all, and each one in favour of the pact took a puff and said "Ugh". Needless to say, the resolution was unanimously carried, and the passing of the peace-pipe became a sacred rite.

The squaws who had enjoyed this duty for a short period were up in arms and demanded some retribution. Prince Kee Kee Kee, being a very tactful chief, decided to comply with their demands, and ordered that fire should be kept going by the women as well. It soon became a very common sight to see a squaw trudging along smoking a pipe while carrying her papoose on her back. Since the Indian has a keenly developed sense of smell, the papoose found the odour of the smoke very pleasant and began to clamour for pipes. We little wonder that the white man was surprised at the sight of a papoose smoking a pipe which rested on his mother's shoulder while she carried him about.

Every nation has its child geniuses and the Indian children were no exception to the case. History informs us that we are indebted to a young papoose called Smoke-Eater for the discovery of the tobacco plant. While seeking a fill for his pipe one day, he found to his dismay, that he could not reach up to the cherished maple leaves. Not in the least daunted, he plucked the leaf of an unknown plant, and drying it over a flame, he proceeded to fill his pipe. The child was severely punished by his mother because this plant was held as a fetish by the tribe. The child insisted that his new leaf smoked better than the other and bothered his mother until she gave in and agreed to satisfy her child's whim. To her amazement she found that the child was right and when word finally spread about of this discovery others substantiated her claim and Prince Kee Kee Kee very wisely decided to abolish the fetish. The name "tobacco" was attached to

this plant, which literally meant "Better than maple".

After such a discussion on the Indian a few facts that concern his traits begin to clarify. No wonder the Indian was such a great runner and indefatigable warrior! His lungs were so abnormally developed from the exercise of smoking, that he could inhale twice as much air as the white man, and hence his powers of endurance were that much greater. The origin of fire signals no doubt can be attributed to the smoke rings that emanated from the pipe. The Indian became so adept in his smoking that he could put a twist or a tail on the ring. Since he was an exceptionally lazy person around the camp, he invented a "smoke language" which enabled him to converse without removing the pipe from his mouth. This took on the significance of a tribal code, and from that time on, a signaller became the indispensable part of every army.

The name Pale Face, which the Indians attached to the white man, originated with that sage old chief Black Falcon. In fact it was because of his tact and state craft that he was chosen as a member of the delegation to welcome Jacques Cartier when he landed in America. We have all read how Cartier's men suffered from scurvy during the voyage, and how this affliction blanched their



To the sorely tried ears of Mr. Britling the word "Peace" must, during the last twenty years, have become a sound of mockery, of vain illusion. Mr. Britling's heroic decision to see it through was not supplemented by a similar resolve to see through it: helplessly, inexplicably, protestingly, he has been carried along on the tide of events.

For Mr. Britling's flight of idealism in the face of the facts neglected the fundamental meaning of the Great War to Britain. In a twofold way the War opened a new era for the English people. In the first place the English manufacturer's jealousy of the growing German competition, which was a primary factor in causing the War, was an implicit recognition of an evolution in the economic state of affairs. And secondly, the "Entente" was a definite recognition of the new relation of England and the

complexion. On seeing Cartier, Black Falcon immediately addressed him by the name of Pale Face, alleging that his complexion resembled that of a brave who had been smoking green tobacco leaves.

When the white man visited America he immediately remarked the strange habit of the native. He was naturally forced to smoke the peace pipe with the chief, and finding it agreeable to his taste, he soon acquired the habit himself. Louis XIV heard of it and had two full-blooded chiefs exported to France by his Intendant to teach him and his wife the art of smoking. The story is told that the Intendant neglected to give the Indians any tinder when they boarded the ship, and fearing that the pipe might go out, they puffed so furiously that one of them died from a collapse of the lungs.

At this juncture, the characters on the wampum belt are indecipherable, and to continue this history would necessitate sheer stretching of the imagination. Since I am of a rather reticent nature I will leave the further perusal of this subject to the reader.

But may I suggest one of Andrew McTavish's pipes to stimulate your train of thought?

## THE PEACE OF ENGLAND

by R. L. Baglow

Continent. Hitherto she had remained proudly independent of the continental powers. This was now impossible; she must seek European alliances.

The course of events since the middle of the XIX century has been slowly but surely tending to close the economic gap between England and the rest of the world. The War did not stop this process, although it was a subconscious effort against it: rather, it accelerated it. While England was straining her efforts in France, her former world dominance in manufacture, trade and shipping was largely appropriated by the United States, while all over the world there was great economic development. To-day a vastly over-industrialized England sadly contemplates a world market which she must share with the United States, Japan, Russia, and the continental powers. Indeed she must fight desperately to keep any of this market for her-

self. This is a state of affairs which time cannot reverse, or mitigate to any degree.

England cannot look to the Empire: in the days of her greatness, her economic power did not rest on there. It cannot now, for the Empire is not an economic unity: no number of trade agreements can make it so. The larger elements are vigorously developing their autonomy, and tend more and more to grow independent of English influence. The problem of secession of various parts of the Empire is very much in the air at the present moment. I suggest to you that the underlying movement is the secession of England from the Empire, not the Empire from England.

For paralleling her loss of world economic prestige, England has become more and more an European nation, from the force of circumstances. Since she has become relatively less of a world power, she has actually become more and more involved in European affairs. The great horror the English have of attack from the air shows how vulnerable they feel themselves to be to such an offensive from the Continent. And all the more so because it is doubtful whether in an European war she would receive the support of the Empire.

Thus the English people face a great reduction in national ambition, and, intimately related to this, a similar loss of national prestige — a greater dependence on other nations. In national policy the English must face the almost insoluble problem of internal reconstruction. This may entail striking social readjustments, of which history will tell the tale. The internal policy of the English must be directed to preserve world order and unity, to break up and oppose national blocs and spheres of influence. For British enterprise can only thrive in a free and stable world, undivided by disintegrating forces. From sheer commonsense, apart from any idealism, the best interests of England are achieved by a policy of peace and equality among the nations.

And on the whole, the course of British policy during the last twenty years has been in these directions. With courage the English people have bent their united efforts to meet the demands of the situation. The beginning of internal reconstruction has been initiated, and in international affairs the English have not been backward in claiming to seek world order and peace. Nevertheless these efforts have not been above criticism. The internal affairs of England are the private business of the English people, but in international affairs the English seem to have lacked the courage of their opinions, and to have allowed old prejudices to determine their outlook. This is especially true of British policy with respect to Germany, and to Japan.

Post-War British opinion tended to be conciliatory to the German people. British statesmen were continually affirming their genial faith that fundamentally the Ger-

mans were all right, that they had suffered enough, and should now be left alone. From France this feeling called forth the most strenuous opposition. Germany, in the imagination of the French, was a race of ogres: no sensible treatment of Germany could be expected from them. But the English made absolutely no effort to push their views, which were beyond doubt correct, in the face of the French opposition. When in desperation the Germans adopted a policy which seemed to verify the worst fears of the French, British public opinion suffered a violent reaction. To-day when Germany has achieved the position England stood out for ten years ago, we see ominous signs of her taking an acquiescent part in the formation of an anti-German bloc under the leadership of France. Surely somewhere England took the wrong turning.

But far more serious was the singularly unimaginative policy the English have adopted towards Japan. The recent Japanese incidents offered a supreme opportunity for England to work in co-operation with the United States to vindicate the aim and the authority of the League of Nations. Add to this the obvious military and economic threat of Japan in the East and the inaction of the English government is extremely disappointing. Presumably English diplomats were unwilling to act with the United States, were sympathetic with the Japanese actions in Japan, (Imperialist reaction to the imminent loss of India?) and were blind to the possibility of future conflict with the Japanese.

This was a terrible blunder: it dealt the crippling stroke to the League of Nations, it offended Russia and America. To-day British policy tacitly implies a lack of faith in the League of Nations, is definitely committed to treaties of security, the formation of armed groups of nations in Europe and in the East.

The British Ship of State is sailing in stormy seas. British Trade, British Industry, British Finance, all demand a free and open world: "We are only capable of sailing upon open waters; and therefore, for us, in the last resort, the alternatives are world order or downfall."\* The whole course of British policy has been measurably to make this ideal impossible of achievement. England faces a gloomy outlook, indeed.

\* Arnold Toynbee: *Yale Review*.

### THE PIONEERS

They won the lands  
Surrounding the sea,  
And created a world  
For you and me.

### A THOUGHT

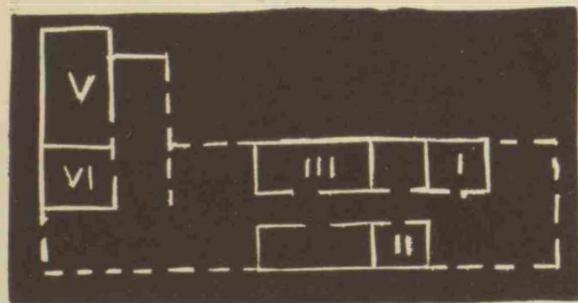
If we were destined to live but one day,  
A dazzled dawn of life, one nocturne of fate;  
What things we'd do, and thoughts we'd say, —  
Actions too heavenly, too profuse for debate.

## THE "ACADEMIA" OF THE BISHOPS FOUND AT LAST

Sensational Inscriptions Shed New Light On The Canadian Civilization

Excavations on the site of the ancient Lennoxville have hitherto failed to locate the famous "Academia" of the Bishops, described in some detail in the "Canada" of the historian Banfill, himself at one time a student at the institution. The passage in the "Canada" in which the situation of the buildings is described is ambiguous and until this summer the Expedition to Lennoxville under the auspices of the Department of Antiquities has sought in vain for the "Academia". Now what are undoubtedly the remains of the buildings described by Banfill have at last been discovered, on a large mound across the River Massawippi from the main settlement.

The work which is still in progress on the "Academia" has verified in a sensational manner Banfill's account of the inscriptions with which the buildings were covered. As these are probably the most characteristic feature of the building and are, moreover, almost the only extant examples of the Canadian script, I propose to devote this article entirely to a description of them. The references are to the plan of the building appended.



(only those rooms are numbered in which inscriptions occur)

Most of these writings are on the desks at which the students of the "Academia" worked, but not a few are on the walls of the building. The desks are of wood and the walls of plaster, both materials which are easy to inscribe. The introduction of glass and duraluminum buildings in the twenty-first century resulted in inscriptions of this nature dying out. The writings seem to consist chiefly of names and are probably in the nature of votive inscriptions, either to the God of Learning or the God of the "university" (as it was also known); their number testifies to the piety, or perhaps to the superstition, of Canadian students of the twentieth century. Some of the rooms of the building, it will be noticed, bear no inscriptions and were probably not rooms consecrated to the God of Learning.

Room I contains three long wooden desks, whose date

is fixed as 1925 by the tree-rings in the wood. The back desk is the most thickly covered with inscriptions, a phenomenon which we observed in most of the rooms and for which we have not yet been able to offer any satisfactory explanation. They are mostly mere inscriptions of names, though one (framed) has the additional formula "I did this: M. Wisenthal" (much as an Egyptian or Babylonian king would put: "I, so-and-so, erected this votive statue"). Beside this inscription are added, in a later style of script, the phrases "shame on you", "tut! tut!" and "You Nasty Man!" probably placed there by alien conquerors of a later generation anxious to vilify the memory of any of the old inhabitants (the epithet "Boo!" is the commonest used in this manner). The middle desk, being of darker wood, has not many inscriptions, but contains several portraits, one (reproduced here from a rubbing) being exceedingly archaic in style and exhibiting a pointed skull never found as yet in Canadian skeletons. The front desk, particularly in the middle, is well covered, with many portraits. In front of this desk were found the remains of a table and the part of this nearest to the desk is also covered with names; fragments of several chairs of the exceptionally hard wood peculiar to this building were also lying around. As the wall of this room is not of plaster it has no inscriptions.



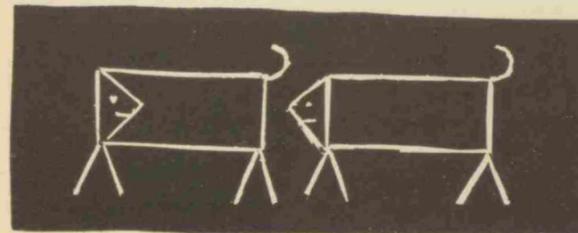
In room II, on the other hand, the wall has many bits of writing, particularly on the south-western side. The inscriptions are in Hebrew, Latin ("Burtus Contra Romam") and English; among those in English are several of unusual form, including a malediction (with alliteration characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon Canadians): "Down with Rome Rum Revolution Rape Rain Ropes Rats Rolls Ruts Rhymes & Rust Rakes Rollers & Razors Ruptures Rugby Rubbers Rubes Runts Razzberries"; and what is apparently an invocation:

"Mr. Smith	} Gentlemen !!
Mr. Crandall	
Mr. Puddington	
} Dear Old Alma Mater	
} Good Old Bishops"	

The four desks here are of dark wood; the inscriptions on them, therefore, are mostly cut, not written, and are comparatively few in number.

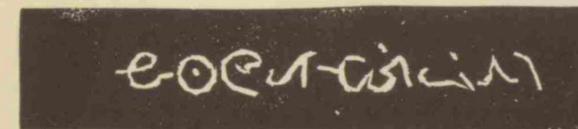
The third room also has dark desks; there is no great variety in the inscriptions. But on the wall with windows are some fine specimens; several names have epithets attached ("nicknames" in Canadian) — e.g. "Gallopin' Bill

Gedye", "Peg Leg Pete", "'Bullet' Joe Bellam" and "Horse Gedye"; there is a cryptic sentence "Lets All Sing Like Dicky Birds Sing" and one fine drawing, classic in its simplicity, entitled "Street Scene":

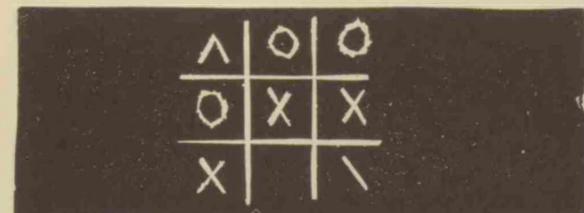


The style fixes it as belonging to the Cubist Age.

Room VI is practically free from inscriptions, although the walls offer an excellent opportunity for decoration and are of a material easy to work in; the only explanation I can offer is that this room is part of the original building, constructed in the archaic period before decoration was used to any extent in the architectural scheme. What inscriptions there are on the wall are very curious, the most obscure of any in the building and this lends colour to the theory that this is an older room: there is one in Canadian script but an unknown tongue — "War Ta Na Siam"; two identical inscriptions in Greek, one underneath the other: *so's ior ol man* and under them again one in an unknown script:



also an unusual decorative pattern (possibly a simplified chess-board, symbolic of the Game of Life):



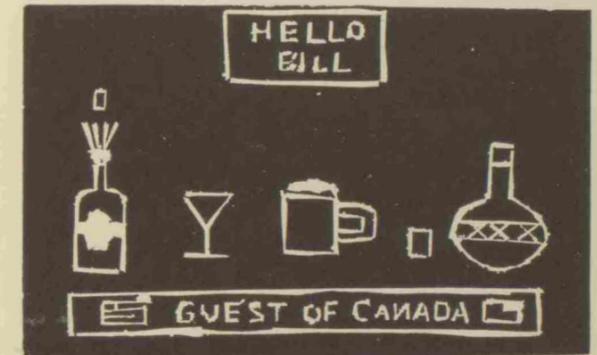
On the wall of the passage outside this room is a religious text: "God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness — Amos". A later reader has added the pious formula "Amen" in red pencil.

The biggest room of all is that marked V in the plan. The desks again, however, are of dark wood and the inscriptions not numerous, but the wall is covered with names. A real find is the recipe for a twentieth-century beverage on one wall:

"Orange Cooler  
 1/3 btl. London Dry Gin (26 oz.)  
 1/3 pt. Orange Extract  
 1/4 Cup Sugar (Fruit)  
 1 Dash Salt"

beside it is the irreverent comment "Cooler'n Hell!" The Expedition's members have tried this recipe at their evening meals (after the day's work was over), with interesting results.

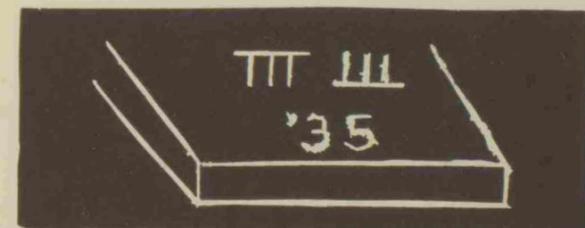
Near this recipe is a very interesting picture of a drink-offering of some sort, which one student had apparently vowed to the God of Learning.



On the desks are two inscriptions in an unusual writing — one in cuneiform:



with very large, blue letters. The other is found in a number of places in the building, but nowhere as clear as here; we can only conjecture its meaning, for the script is as yet unknown:



Possibly even more important than these wall and desk inscriptions are a collection of dated papyri found in a metal box at some distance from the building, in a part of the mound we have not yet begun to excavate systematically (and where, incidentally, we hope to unearth another large building). These seem to be edicts of officials of the "Academia", and some bear the marks of having once been pinned to a wall. They range in date from

1933 to 1935 and, I think I can say without exaggeration, will, when completely deciphered, more than double our knowledge of the history and organization of the "Academia". The most frequently occurring names in these papyri are George Pryde, Oscar J. Belchwhistle, Elmer Zilch and James Dewhurst, but it is difficult to ascertain what positions these men held; different documents would indicate quite different conclusions. On one day in 1935 a certain J. A. McCallum (whose full throne-name was John Adair McCallum) seems to have seized control of the "Academia", since all the edicts for that day, of whatever nature, are signed by him. The word "Whee!" appears on

## THE BISHOP'S ENGLISH

by G. Doak, B.A.

*I Could Not Criticize So Well, Read I Not Critics More.*

"..... must write an appreciation of Kublai Khan. Friend Coleridge, eh? That'll be fun, but you'll have to do some thinking.

Go on, a criticism of it? Good, too, is it. Just what you want to learn? DAMN your critic! READ THE POEM! Then you'll know what you are talking about.

You would devote a year of life to the study of literature, and so learn to appreciate. You propose to do this by finding out what someone else thinks about it; and dressing their brains in the sorry rags of your language, parade this intelligence as exhibiting your power.

A course in English literature requires that a student examine sample specimens of the subject, test, measure, and value them. Questioned, he should express an appreciation, to be ranked then on the justness of his estimate. The course requires understanding and sympathy, its purpose the development of a sense of values. Passing, he's shown a power to discriminate — analytic brain, mind critical, a judgement that is not easily carried away — and could tell what an author was trying to do and how well he did it. The student, before he graduates, must prove that he has an essentially sound understanding.

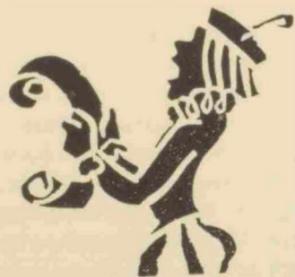
When you read, you feel, (with the author, and for the character) and the experience is personal and vicarious. The remote object of a study of literature, as such, is that you read; acquiring by that means ability to realize the significance of incident and factor making up experience. This requires sympathy, as key to understanding how

many of these edicts; does it signify "Revoked"?

We have suffered an irreparable loss in the crumbling of the upper storeys of the main building where, as Banfill's "Canada" tells us (Vol. III, p. 165) some of the finest inscriptions were to be found. What would we not give to be able to have seen the famous dialogue, on the second storey; the fragments of a diary, on the third; or the desk-inscriptions in the upper classroom?

Of all the inscriptions that are gone Banfill has transcribed one alone for us, from a room in the second storey:

"If I am out of tune with the Divine,  
Then God will have to tune his strings to mine."



things would appear to someone else, that their action seem reasonable in consequence. The ability is a positive act, the sympathy a state of being, each developing on cultivation. Literature, read and studied, imposes practice in correlating, leads to the power to be intelligent — and that's why we came to college.

Should a student come up for literature, and our first paragraphs right, then education must be a process self-applied; and we develop intelligence only as we criticize what we've read. Professors are to guide that reading, selecting books that suit our needs. More, they must teach us *how* to criticize; showing, as we read, what there could be to look for, and how to find it; suggesting standards for judgement on it. They must show us how to be self-critical, that we learn to detect flaws in our own criticism. They teach us to teach ourselves; help us to help ourselves; and really conduct a training course in self-applied efficiency; so that having read, one may say of us: "Reading maketh a full man." (And come no derisive: "Full of what?")

Reading, they ask us what we think of it, and why; how we felt about it, and what caused that effect. We are marked then on the extent to which our judgement seems reasonable, or coincides with what they think it ought to be.

The entering student who wishes to secure his education through a study of literature must learn to criticize; and knowing how, must apply the process, so that

he will read, and estimate the literature perused. The evidence of practice shall be submitted in the form of written criticism, and the student rated on the merits thereof. Evidence of the library catalogue shows him an inordinate reader of critic, a voracious consumer of summary. By his own confession, this work provides data for periodic display, in essay form, of his critical ability. Examining, we see it to provide the essay itself. If they expect to deceive a professor, they are unduly optimistic; but it is always their privilege to fool themselves. Unfortunately, they defeat the purpose for which they came to college, than which few things could be more unintelligent.

The essay must express a fair opinion of a work — and so it does. The student, never having read the author of whom he discourses so freely, in the truest sense, does not know what he is talking about. Learning at second hand, he's never read the books discussed, and does not even know what the critics are talking about. Each essay becomes a masterpiece of verbal leger-de-main. Intellectual juggling becomes a fine art — and the thoughts go up and around and down, and never get anywhere. The brain belongs to the student, but what it knows is the evidence of someone else's power; and never using its own, leaves it undeveloped, and the student uneducated. He is, or becomes, essentially lazy, small and mean of soul, — a literary scavenger.

The student has not gained from his work the benefits that he ought. The reason is that he has not followed the course that would secure these to him. What caused him to do otherwise? Did the student crib his displayed intelligence because it was the easier way, or from a wish to write a better-seeming essay; as undoubtedly it would be. The professor has shown the student what he need know, in order to understand any piece of writing: may he not trust them to read? They are responsible agents, hiring him as instructor, and not as a scourge. If it is their whim to defeat themselves, it is no business of his.

The student of literature should derive appreciation of the subject. It admits of demonstration that he may express such judgement, and have never read what he writes of. Consequently, his opinions are nonsense. The professors must know this. If they lecture as they ought, there is no reason why the victims should behave so, except from laziness. How explain that many hard-working students pursue this policy, putting more effort into the compiling and tabulating of criticism than is required for the reading of and comment on a work? I would suggest that the method of instruction be at fault, for such a state is obviously unreasonable.

Let the professor snip a leaf from the book of a science teacher, and as they would do, *demonstrate* why a criticism should derive as it does. I would have him perform some test cases, showing application of understanding, and samples of reason in action, as explaining real

points, and drawing necessary inference. Theory grows intelligible only as derived from and applied to evidence. Then, only then, may he expect a student to do it for himself. Could he expect them to perform well something that they'd scarcely heard of, and never seen practised? The local faculty takes this attitude, so obviously and stupidly short-sighted; and are quite unaware that their unthinking inefficiency forces the student to use a ready-made criticism, though he should not know even what it refers to.

If education follows a process of combining vicarious experience (obtained through reading) into an understanding of what we've read, and it be evident as power to appreciate; then if never initiated, through not being required, the student is quite uneducated, as regards the benefits that should derive from his studies.

What must they do in examinations, when called to express an appreciation and have not learned how? When they are to produce from memory the opinion of somebody else about something they've never read?

Assuming that education followed active appreciation, I thought first that students were self-defeated, through their own laziness; when I pitied as well as despised them. Again, and more wisely, I saw them not to criticize because they could not. They'd never learnt how, and were untaught. The cause of failure in their education was due to the blundering incompetence of insufficient instruction, requiring expression of thought, but not showing how to use latent power of thinking. I perceive again that I am wrong. I learn this from a scrutiny of exam papers, and reading them, would say that the paper, as it is set, requires that the student express the relationship of literature to something else, and doing so, he makes the mistake of first learning the other, winding up with an attempt to express something else in relation to literature.



They are tested on what they've learned from the lectures. To what extent are they *prepared to form an opinion*, through possession of necessary data? There is no question as to whether or not they've done so, or how sound would be that judgement.

I find the papers that are to examine the results of a study of literature could be passed by one who has read none of the books on the course, and who therefore knew nothing of the subject. This implies that the professor disregards appreciation as we've considered it, thinking it

not the student's objective in pursuing his course. I disagree with the fellow. I fling at him the first page of these papers, and finding him now subdued and converted, proceed to kick him when he is down.

The student does not know what is his own object till he is through, when he sees what it should have been. The teachers know what it ought to be. They prevent his attaining it. They do this by setting examination papers that are feeble. Those should be so constructed that a student *couldn't* pass unless he had read the literature that he professes to study. More than that, they don't want criticism, or even intelligent comment (double entendre). They create a situation of bitter paradox: a student may pass his exams, and fail to get his education. If he fails an exam, through attention to education, he's chucked out, and not allowed to do either.

Examinations are a bogey, the professor's whiphand, his check-rein. If you do not pass, you leave. To pass, you must show the knowledge required of you. To remain in college at all, you study, to write good papers, and therefore study what will be asked of you. Should they require material such that its preparation will not serve to educate as you desire, they force you to spend your time on that which does not permit you to learn that which you came for. The professor sets the exam, and we must pass it or get out, and thereby may impose on us what we are to study, and so control the use of our time.

It is untrue that university is just a place where young men pay for instruction. They take there time to learn, and failing that, lose a part of their lives. College is, above all, a means of securing to ourselves opportunity to learn, free from obligation to do something else with our time.

Furthermore, one's relation to a college is not that of a doctor to a patient, who should tell him what is good

### "AS YOU LIKE IT"

H. W. Gall

How many nights in May must thou have walked  
In London's English streets, and English lanes,  
Under a thousand stars; the sky a frame  
To hold their fulness. There you may have talked  
To old Ben Jonson, as his figure stalked  
Beside you in the soft dusk or the rain;  
And there no doubt you did to him complain  
The way the actors played or critics mocked.  
All that is gone, and you and he are dust,  
And lie beyond the sea in English clay.  
And yet to-night your spirit will, we trust,  
Be with us while we reenact a play  
Writ by you, Sire, and "As You Like It" must  
By us be acted this soft night of May.

for him, and see that he takes it. The relationship is rather that of a housewife to a store. The student, as a body, purchases the use of the time and brains of the faculty, as they might rent a car, employing them to get something that they want; and they know what that is to be. If they are uncertain, the professor may slip them something else, as might the shopkeeper serve the small boy run down for his mother. In such case, the student has been cheated; as surely as if he went to a store and ordered peppermints; and paying for these, received humbugs. Excellent candy, no doubt, but not what he wanted, nor had given his money for.

It is to the honesty of the board of admission to find what the student requires, and to see that he gets it; or if it be out of stock, to keep the humbugs to itself, not fobbing them off on the poor scholar, but directing him to another shop. "CAVEAT EMPTOR" is unfair to infants.

We do not let build a bridge anyone who may choose to do so, should it be for public use. Irresponsible madmen may not practice medicine. Must we tolerate the happy proff (good phrase, that) careless of the welfare of those he treats, and giving of thought not the least to the purpose of a university, or to just why students are sent there, what they're supposed to gain? They come, and he treats, and they go with their purpose unfulfilled, and if it be due to lack of thought for their requirements, we should prosecute him for criminal carelessness, for he has caused them to waste their time. He has not cut off a life, he has not endangered it. He's removed a portion, and thrown it away. As surely as time is life, he is part murderer — gainfully employed in securing money under false pretences. We do not mind the financial loss, but it hurts our vanity to think of being cheated. Teaching we buy with our cash: opportunity is paid for with life.

### SONNET

O. H. Seveigny.

Thou restless wind, when thou art near  
I hear thee moaning in the pines,  
Thou makest me think not of the times, —  
But of a grave; where one so dear  
To me lies buried 'neath the ground.  
I think of him, of his sweet smile;  
And pleasant memories all the while  
My mind doth fill; whilst thou dost pound  
The very ground with lashing hail.  
The trees stoop down, the leaves complain,  
The flowers die, their stems so frail  
They cannot bear the autumn rain.  
Thy mournful moanings still prevail.  
O Wind, but blow, — his grave remains.



Some bright day when I have nothing better to do, I shall make the rounds of our venerable institution of learning asking the impertinent question, "Do you kiss at railway stations?" In other words do you believe in showing your feelings?

What immeasurable discomfort has been caused by restrained emotions! Mr. Brown cannot endure his wife's hat. Every time she puts it on he suffers acutely. No consideration for her feelings keeps him from telling her so. He is a coward, afraid that she will retaliate by saying what she thinks about his favourite tie. Again, think of the plight of Mrs. A, who is certain Miss M has been flirting with Mr. A. She cannot voice her opinion of that lady, because she could not afford to pay the subsequent damages for libel. Ever since the memorable day Fulvia told Cleopatra off, women have made silence the general rule in such cases. Cleopatra had Antony, to be sure, but at least Fulvia felt much better about the whole affair.

This gives me an excellent opportunity for a neat little essay at this point on "The Aesthetic Value of Swearing". I shall not be censured, I trust, for touching the subject superficially. Swearing relieves the feelings. It is not to be denied that a pungent expletive makes the finger you hammered distinctly better. A few spicy words brighten the conversation, and guarantee the attention of the listener. Moreover, when it comes to intimidating an opponent, the swear word is mightier than the fist. By playing on his imagination, it is possible to undermine his morale.

I must not leave you, dear reader, with the impression that I am in favour of the gentle art of explosive self-expression. I merely illustrate my tentative theory that there is relief in emotional expression. In passing, perhaps it would be just as well to bring to your attention the universally accepted fact that arguments in favour of any theory come most readily to the person who knows least about it.

A yawn to express boredom is also satisfying — at the time; but the results of it are posted with the examination results. Indifference inflicts the most lasting of wounds on a professor's heart! If only he had taken vigorous steps at the time to give vent to his feelings, everyone concerned would have benefited. He would have been released of his indignation, and the student, without

## ON KISSING IN RAILWAY STATIONS

by V. Woodley

question, of his boredom.

A last instance: have you ever, gentle reader, ended a heated argument by a sudden departure? How expressive was the crash of the door as it slammed behind you! How utterly convincing the silence that followed!

To prove conclusively that the expression of the emotions is beneficial, I should like to quote the Ancients. Unfortunately, I have searched in vain for authentic affirmation that the ancient Greeks kissed at railway stations. However, I am certain that their descendants, the modern Greeks, do.

In view of this fact, I advocate a new subject of study for our school curriculum — the training of self-expression. Let the coming generation be taught a code of emotions. Let them learn how to communicate all their emotional reactions, in every degree of intensity. Then picture a world, dear reader, where taxi-men step heavily on your toe when the tip is too small, and where the man to whom you have just given a job kisses your trouser hem in his gratitude. And in the society where individuality has been allowed to develop unhampered, what artists there would be! What poets! What musicians! And what prize-fighters! What pugilists!

No. On the whole, I think it is just as well we do not express most of our emotions.

### SPRING — by Constance Oakley.

. . . A little breeze, a little rain,  
A little patch of green again . . .  
A leaf uncurl'd, a tulip bed . . .  
Gay skipping ropes with handles red,  
. . . A flutter of wings, a burst of song . . .  
A paper kite borne fast along,  
Blue violets in some shady nook,  
An overflowing, rushing brook . . .  
A daffodil . . . another shower,  
A muddy lane . . . the first mayflower,  
. . . A little more daylight, little more sun . . .  
. . . All little reminders

Spring has begun!

## REVERIE

by  
Reginald Turpin  
Kenneth Annett

Extra! Extra! All about our ambassador to Avalonia," shouted the eager little newsboy. Passers-by quickly purchased his supply of the Hadonian News. Great headlines graphically described the appointment of Lowe Wurmer, the Jonite party's choice, as ambassador to Avalonia. The latter country was rapidly coming into world wide prominence through the success of her Three Year Plan, so boldly carried forward by her energetic ruler, King Zeulian IX.

That evening the Smithite Opposition, thoroughly aroused, held an urgent meeting to discuss the government's latest coup d'état. Member after member pointed out the danger in letting the Jonites appropriate the advantages of Avalonia's Plan. Action, they urged was imperative. One by one the numerous suggestions were discussed and dismissed as inadequate. Silence reigned as Dee Vyne, lovely young representative, pale with emotion rose to address the members. "A woman's wiles shall match the wits of Wurmer, I shall go," she said, and sat down amid thunderous applause.

On September 20th, a special train, carrying Lowe Wurmer and his retinue, slid to a stop in front of Avalonia's magnificent Union Station. The band struck up the national song, "Happy Days Are Here Again", as the crowd surged forward to catch a glimpse of the distinguished diplomatist. Amid deafening cheers he entered the waiting Cadillac limousine, and was whisked away to his palatial quarters adjoining the Royal Residence.

Alighting from his car he was met by Major-Domo Meddleby, a portly, white-haired gentleman, whose countenance was lined with cares contracted during long years of noble service and devoted loyalty to his master the King. As they proceeded to the ambassador's suite, Wurmer was struck by the architectural splendour of the buildings, the spacious corridors, the marble stairways and the priceless treasures of art which adorned the walls. In response to Wurmer's queries, Meddleby with unfeigned modesty enlightened him regarding the respected traditions peculiar to Avalonia. After seeing that all was in order, he expressed with solicitude the hope that his Excellency would find everything to his comfort and that his rest would not be disturbed by the early morning chimes calling the faithful to prayer.

A night of undisturbed sleep, followed by a refreshing bath in Avalonia's famous cool brown water found Mr.



Wurmer ready for whatever the day might bring forth. Petit Déjeuner was served to him under the personal supervision of Felix Fagunter, the Master of the King's Tables. The charming atmosphere of the dining hall, the tempting food, and the excellent appointment of the tables, all combined to make this meal one of the most satisfactory that the ambassador had ever eaten.

Punctually at eleven o'clock he was ushered into the ante-chamber of the Royal Sanctum, and immediately was announced to his Majesty, Zeulian IX, by a trusted and efficient private secretary.

King Zeulian, a man of stately stature and gracious bearing, was seated behind his desk, which was piled high with important documents of state. A genial smile spread over his countenance as the ambassador presented his credentials and awaited the Royal pleasure.

"Oh! Do be seated, Wurmer," exclaimed His Majesty, "And how are conditions in Hadonia?"

"Deplorable, Sire. My country has been observing with great interest the remarkable progress of your T.Y.P., and it was with the view of making a careful study of its essentials, that my government sent me here."

"A wise decision, Wurmer, and I assure you of the utmost co-operation on my part and on that of my ministers."

This terminated the interview, and Wurmer, feeling highly pleased, withdrew to enter upon his official duties.

One day on returning from his office, the Major-Domo presented him with a message bearing the Royal Seal. He hastily opened it and read,

"The King and Queen Zeulianna desire the pleasure of Ambassador Wurmer's company at a reception at the Palace, Thursday 8.00 P.M.

R.S.V.P."

Accordingly Wurmer arrived at the Royal Residence at the appointed time. Their Majesties, attended by the Elders of the land, were receiving their guests in the Throne Room. It was a brilliant gathering; here were assembled the élite of the nation, and the colourful gowns of the ladies in contrast with the formal evening attire of the men presented a scene of kaleidoscopic beauty.

Conspicuous amongst those grouped around the King was His Grace the Archbishop of Avalonia, whose open countenance and dignified appearance marked him as a

man admirably suited to fill his high office. Conversing with him was the President of the Council of Elders, whose vast knowledge of world affairs, past and present, made him invaluable in the development of the T.Y.P.

After paying his respects to their Majesties, Mr. Wurmer joined a group of the Elders, who were solemnly discussing the relative merits of the Hare and the Tortoise; a point raised by the Minister of Intellectual Research, one who took all knowledge as his realm.

But all else paled into insignificance as Wurmer beheld entering the room, the loveliest girl he had ever set eyes upon, and his mind instantly flashed back to Tennyson's memorable lines —

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair."

Hastily making inquiries he learned that she was Miss Dee Vyne, a fellow Hadonian, who had come to Avalonia to study the social service aspect of the new Plan.

"How ever have I lived in Hadonia these many years and never met her?" thought Wurmer.

A great desire to win this woman for his own surged up within him, and just as he was about to seek an introduction, he saw the object of his affections coming towards him, accompanied by the wife of His Grace the Archbishop. After introducing them, her Ladyship left with the feeling that this introduction promised an interesting future.

This evening was one of the most blissful Wurmer had ever experienced and judging from her attitude, Dee Vyne showed more interest in the ambassador than mere party patriotism called for. Both seemed oblivious to what was going on around them — the glittering throng, the superb music, the sumptuous food, and the interested glimpses cast in their direction. Following the reception they took leave of their Majesties, and he escorted her to her residence, where they tenderly bade each other good night.

After having had time to observe the trend of the T.Y.P., Wurmer submitted to the Hadonian Government a report prefaced by a few explanatory notes such as the following:

"Avalonia maintains strict disciplinary measures to ensure the functioning of her Plan. In order to preserve peace and morality, every Avalonian is compelled to be indoors by ten o'clock, unless he obtains a pass signed by the Minister of Public Safety. Nevertheless numerous cases of illegal nocturnal activity were reported, which led the authorities to take restrictive measures, to prevent such demoralizing practices from being carried on. Now remains only the straight and narrow path, and all who enter come under the watchful eye of Avalonia's 'Guardian

Angel.'"

In contrast to Wurmer's lengthy report Dee Vyne sent only a terse note to her superiors:

"I am progressing rapidly. Have won his heart. More to follow."

In later reports Wurmer informed his government about the King's addresses to the governmental bodies, The Council of Elders and the Wranglestag, and the subsequent discussion in the latter body.

His Majesty in his address to the Elders, pointed out the grave consequences that would follow from any decreased activity in the various departments, such as recent reports indicated. The matter was thoroughly discussed by this august body, and it was decided that more frequent checks would be necessary to ensure Avalonia's high standard of industry.

King Zeulian informed the Wranglestag, the nation's popular assembly, of his decision, and proceeded to outline the other problems, which were up for consideration.

The outstanding one, of course, was the recent mutiny in the army. In a simple and moving speech the King pleaded for more generous support in carrying out the ancient and honourable ideals, set up by the pioneers of the land. Nevertheless he stated that the Wranglestag must not lose sight of the Royal Authority, whose first duty was the welfare of the nation. He finished his address and amid hearty cheers retired from the Hall.

The Wranglestag being now officially in session, the floor was open for debate. Immediately a heated discussion began on the pros and cons of the present army system. After the Speaker had restored order several times and the debaters ceased from sheer weariness, an opportunity was afforded to take a vote. This definitely showed that conscription was obsolete and that if Avalonia wished an efficient fighting force, she must be willing to pay for it.

Gradually it dawned upon the rival parties in Hadonia through the reports of their Avalonian representative, that true progress could only be effected by co-operation. Accordingly the Jonites and the Smithites formed a National Government to the deep satisfaction of the whole nation. Lowe Wurmer and Dee Vyne were promptly informed of this latest development and the latter was instructed to assist the ambassador.

This news was very welcome to Dee Vyne, who had long been torn with conflicting love for party and her rival, and when he called upon her that evening she told him all. The confession was accepted in such a manner as to allay any fears she might have held.

And so, thanks to Avalonia's influence, Hadonia rapidly progressed and took her place amongst the Great Powers of the world.

## WITH APOLOGIES

### SLEEPING POTIONS

as dispensed daily (according to the formulas) by these half-dozen reliable firms, have never failed for generations of Bishop's students (testimonials can be had, on application, from Mr. L. T. and the late Mr. J. M.)



DICKIE

- 1 piece chalk
- 30 % jugglery
- 15 % trick problems
- 25 % mystification
- 30 % repetition



BOOTS

- 15 % recapitulation
- 50 % humour ("The Old Firm")
- 25 % slang
- 10 % sympathy



TONY

- 40 % world-weariness
- 10 % faint disgust
- 35 % erudition
- 15 % humour



PROF. CALL

- 30 % admonition
- 30 % exposition
- 30 % explanation + pontification
- 10 % sympathy



THE DEAN

- 25 % Daily Dozen exercises
- 30 % popularization
- 20 % insight
- 25 % conversational tone



PROF. KUEHNER

- 25 % demonstration
- 20 % — "so"
- 35 % explanation
- 20 % dashes of humour

## THE BISHOP'S STUDENT CONSIDERS WOMAN



A.D. 1858

"The speaker, evidently much impressed . . . with the surpassing merits of these dear creatures, passed on to a glowing eulogium upon them. Twisting some ancient author to his purpose he observed that if all the members of his body were turned into tongues, and all his joints were to utter human voices, he should be quite unable to say anything worthy of the sex! (hear, hear.) He quite agreed, he said, with those who described women as being the love-plants of earth's garden, who twine their affectionate tendrils round man's nature—rejoicing with him in the full-leafed summer of his prosperity and clinging to him with unaltered love through the dreary winter of man's decay. In woman's simple, loving heart, it had been said, nature did place the deep wells of comfort! We came to man for philosophy — to woman for consolation. And the thousand weaknesses and regrets — the sharp sands of the minutiae that make up *sorrow* — all these which we can betray to no *man*, we shewed without shame to her! And her tears that fell on our cheek had the balm of Araby: and our hearts at length lie lulled and soothed under her moist, gentle eye.

"In conclusion he said, quoting the words of one who was evidently more anxious to display his gallantry than his knowledge of the classics:— *Bibamus salutem puellarum, et confusionem ad omnes baccalarios, speramus quod eae carae et benedictae creaturae invenient tot maritos quot velint — quod geminos quotannis habeant, et quod earum filiae, maternum exemplum sequentes, gentes perpetuent in saecula saeculorum!*

"The speaker took his seat visibly affected". . .

— Mr. Jones, at a supper at Bishop's College on the Queen's Birthday.  
*The Canadian Times*, Sherbrooke,  
May 27, 1858.

A.D. 1935.

"I propose to prove to you that not only are women as well prepared as men for most work but even in certain cases superior. In the sports world we find that in many ways. A woman can swim better than a man — she's more streamlined. Gertrude Ederle in 1926 set a new world's record for crossing the channel. All we need to

do is to look at some of the characteristics of women. Psychic powers — they have great insight, an extremely useful characteristic for a judge or a lawyer. They are sympathetic; what better characteristic for a nurse or a doctor? Imagine a man-nurse. What a decrease of appendix cases we would get from Bishop's! They have greater dexterity than men — the average business man will admit that they make better private secretaries and stenographers than men. They are diplomatic. Isn't this an excellent quality for a person who has to deal with international relationships of difficult business problems?

"People say that women are displacing men. This is an essentially practical world. If a woman by her superior ability can overcome prejudice and gain an important post, doesn't she deserve it?"

—Jim Beatty, debating the resolution  
"That Woman's Place is in the Home",  
at Bishop's, March 21st, 1935.

### HELEN GROWN OLD

Arnold Banfill

"But where are the snows of yester-year?"

(Rosetti: translation from François Villon.)

How old and grey art grown, since those bright days  
When old men saw thee walk the walls of Troy,  
Thy garments fluttering in the breeze, and gazed  
Upon thy glorious face, doomed to destroy

Their god-built battlements and towers tall!  
And, seeing thee, thy fascination brought  
Fresh, senile conquests, though the abysmal fall  
Even then was near, with all its horror fraught.

How is thy beauty fallen, since the youth  
Of Hellas strove on Ilion's wind-wracked plain!  
Those lines and grizzled locks belie the truth  
That thou wert Beauty's self, they tried to gain.

The Fates, that used thee for immortal sport,  
Smile wryly now, and now thy thread is short.

FORTY YEARS AGO  
from "The Mitre", April, 1895.

"Politics are again beginning to occupy the attention of the Canadian people and the general elections are close at hand. Bishop's College keeps up with the times and the consequence is that every student has become a stump orator. The College buildings have been cut up into constituencies and candidates have been nominated already in most of the divisions. Constant appeals are made to passion, prejudice and patriotism as "loyalty to the Old Flag", "Canada for the Canadians", "Free Trade and Perfect Bliss", &c. The characters of Sir Richard Cartwright, Laurier, Mackenzie Bowell, C. Hibbert Tupper are conscientiously blackened by their opponents. The Reading Room seems to be alive with demons about the hour the mail bag ought to arrive, the strife of tongues soon resolves itself in blows when any candidate mounts the "Bench" to "address the meeting". One poor Freshman who cautiously reserved his opinion was almost rent in pieces by the opposing factors struggling to gain possession of his person if not of his moral support."

"The I year had themselves photographed a few weeks ago and the group was such a success that the Sherbrooke 'artists' are likely to do a great deal of business in this

TRANSCENDENCE — George Whalley

Infused in all the beauty  
Of Life, of love, of Nature,  
The touch that will mature,  
The ecstasy of harmony,  
The fire, the breath, the sympathy  
That makes of life a thing  
Of beauty past all knowing,  
That is God — all Life;  
Not of warring hosts and strife,  
Not power immeasurably far,  
But Beauty where we are;  
The spark that transforms mud  
To statuary, throbbing blood  
In glorious limbs, vitality,  
A glimpse of immortality.  
God is Beauty, Beauty;  
Not slave-like devotion to duty.  
Beauty is life, it is all,  
The soul of lord and thrall.  
What that is good can then be said to be  
Aught but a facet of that Beauty's purity?

direction during the ensuing months. The II year is seriously considering the project and of course the graduating class will have to do something of the kind. The Juniors appear very imposing as they number sixteen the largest I year the College has ever had, we believe."

THIRTY YEARS AGO  
from "The Mitre", April, 1905.

"Though Mr. F. O. Call has been with us only two-thirds of an academic year, yet, sad to say, he has gone and left us, left us for a place of learning less pretentious; and now, instead of imbibing knowledge at Bishop's College, he is imparting it — at Bishop's Crossing. There are two thoughts, however, which console us — the one, that he is not there in utter loneliness; the other, that we still see him around the College at the end of each successive week. We hear his gentle voice again, and greet his winning smile."

"If we should wish at any time to stroll into the town, Excepting in the afternoon, we take our cap and gown. Not out of vanity you know, for should a prof. arrive And see you are without them, he will fine you twenty-five."

O God, Thou ever-present touch of Life,  
Thou Beauty indescribable to Man,  
Thou Beauty where all ugliness is rife,  
Thou Beauty that no mind can hope to scan!  
  
Thou tingest, by Thy lightest touch of finger,  
The clashing discord with a glow of harmony,  
Resolvest it to throbbing chords that linger,  
Softly, softly surging through Eternity.  
  
Thou sett'st a blowing rose on every pine  
When sun's rim dips below the shadowing earth;  
Thou mak'st of Life an old, old glowing wine  
That warms the heart with lilting song and mirth.  
  
O God, Thou art the windlike soul of Freedom,  
The Freedom that transforms, infuses grace,  
The Beauty that charms shipwreck into sea-dream:  
Strike us not with blindness,  
But grant us constant gazing on Thy face.

ACTIVITIES

HOCKEY

Since Lefty has allowed us to get off the ice there is nothing left to do but write about it. Although the hockey season has not been as successful as that of Rugby, the Intermediate team looks back on a victorious schedule with the exception of one defeat and tie game. Only one point separated us from Loyola, who again eliminated us and all others from the Provincial Intercollegiate race.

Last year's veterans, whose experience and practice of former years stood them in good stead, were aided by a freshman forward line. The result was a well balanced team, complete in every detail except for one more goal against Loyola.

The coaching duties were handled by Gerry Wiggett. Those who had served under him before were more than pleased to welcome him back, and the new men were certainly glad to make his acquaintance.

Individually the team was as follows:

Ash Hibbard lived up to the reputation of being the best net-minder in our circuit, and captained the greater part of the season with the same degree of efficiency. At the end of next season we expect to see him similarly regarded at McGill.

We opened the season with George Christison as captain and feature defenceman. Unfortunately ill health curbed his activities, and he descended to the post of assistant manager.

We expected a lot from Ken Norris as a bumping good defenceman, and we are not in the least disappointed. His rushes were worthy of note, and we will see more of him next year.

As a long shot Larry Brooks was a decided success in the defence position vacated by George Christison. He was MARKED as "a good man" by opposing players and one interested spectator. (Don't blush Larry, we're only jealous.)

As always we expected great things from Oddie Glass and as always we got them. He was our leading scorer and a constant worry to opposing goalies.

Chic Carson provided the team with a liberal quantity of A. B. S. and C. (Ability, Brain, Speed and Colour), and was his usual dependable self at all times.

Al Scott, Bissonnet and Hutchison filled in the breach on right wing and came up to expectations.

As we have already said, the "Kid Line"—J. Hibbard, McMahon and Rud Johnston — was a decided asset, providing goals and thrills and as good an exhibition of team work as one could desire. We are glad to announce that Johnnie has been elected as next year's captain.

The only time the team lost was when Bill Belford forgot to borrow the B-CZAR hat. Since he has been elected manager for 1936 the players and Charlie Campbell expect him to buy one of his own.

It's too bad that Henry Wright had to resign from his position after doing all the hard organization at the beginning of the season. However, "the touch of the vanished hand" was felt throughout the remainder of the season.

Things we won't forget:

Chic Carson's solo goal at McGill — the Kid Line's introduction to ice cream and honey — what we thought when we had to play U. of M. here in the afternoon, and the last three minutes of the same game — the red marks on Larry Brooks' cheek — why did the barber forget to take the towels off the Murphy boys when he decided he couldn't shave them — the curtain-raiser on the McGill double-header — Oddie striking out for himself against McGill forces — why Oddie thinks girls shouldn't use our dressing rooms — could the rest of the U. of M. team find Loyola — watching Lefty pose for his picture.

SCORING SUMMARY

- Jan. 26. Loyola 2 — Bishop's 1  
Scores — Brooks.
- Jan. 30. Bishop's 3 — McGill 2  
Scores — Christison, Carson, McMahon.
- Feb. 9. U. of M. 7 — Bishop's 8  
Scores — Glass 4, Hibbard 2, Carson, McMahon.
- Feb. 13. Bishop's 2 — Loyola 2  
Scores — Johnston 2.
- Feb. 16. McGill 0 — Bishop's 3  
Scores — Glass 2, Hibbard.
- Feb. 23. Bishop's 5 — U. of M. 0  
Scores — Hibbard 3, Glass, Johnston.

Bishop's' first legitimate Junior Team created more interest than any second team has for a number of years, and if the other teams in the League had not had a month's start it is more than probable that it would have been in the provincial play-downs. Although by no means a stellar outfit we feel it surpassed the other local teams. This in itself is a tribute to Gerry's coaching. Snuff Wigle in the nets was undoubtedly the outstanding man, and we expect to see many of the others in next year's Intermediate Team.

The boys' failure to top the League seems to have been due to a jinx which the Sherbrooke Arena held over them. Their playing distinctly improved as the season advanced, and we feel quite certain that another game in the Arena

would have overcome the jinx.

It is worth noting that the following ten men were the only ones used by the Juniors during the whole season:

- Wigle
- C. Norris
- Powell
- A. Scott
- Knox
- Willis
- Ridge
- H. Scott
- Geggie
- Carter.

Now that the season is over we blush for shame when we think of how a mere junior team could hold all the ladies at the Sherbrooke Arena in suspense.



### BASKETBALL

It is customary for the Sports Editor to exercise the utmost diplomacy and politeness when it comes to writing up the activities of a mediocre team. He cannot praise it and keep his face (not that it would be a very great loss) and he has not got the spunk ("guts" is what we mean, but it is not a nice word) to be candid. Alas and alack — or something! Let us see what a write-up would look like if the editor became conscience-stricken (but don't conscience stricken before they're hatched):-

As usual, the basketball team was not as good as usual. It is to be congratulated on coming out second in the Sherbrooke City and District Basketball League (along with two other teams). In the Intermediate Intercollegiate Basketball League it only lost two games, (receiving byes in all others). We would like to print the total number of points aggravated during the season but two-figure numbers do not look good in print. The team was quite

successful in the few exhibition games they played, (although it might be noted that the referees, scorers and timers were all Bishop's men). The team was quite good as a whole — but not as anything else.

The training rules were strictly disregarded by all players. As usual it was only the promise of a Montreal trip that made them turn out for practice as often as they did.

The captain was tolerably good; the defence not bad; the forwards very fair, and the centre tall. The subs were no hell. The manager did practically nothing once he was assured of his position. The assistant manager was.

"Hic" iacent (their names liveth for never more):- Baird was "Rusty". George was captain, coach and guard, and therefore deserves the most space. (Note to printer: leave three blank lines.)

Mayhew was also a defence man and the finest thing we can say in his favour is that he got less fouls than anyone on the team (except Pyper maybe, who due to ill health was able to play only about half of the season).

Hume, by virtue (?) of his size, played *at* centre. Stevens, Johnson and Pyper were forwards and proved that they needed close guarding.

Rosenthal, Royal, Rollit and Mutton were signed up and besides keeping the bench warm were conspicuous when it came to passing out gum, sugar and bus tickets.

Aikins (with the aid of three husky freshmen) usually managed (or rather assistant managed) to get the equipment to the games on time, sometime.

Medine was outstanding as manager, assistant coach and player. (P.S. I love me.)

The Junior team (Berry, Woodard, Farley, Ford, Harper, Davies, Chappell, Walker and Gray, etc. — for the benefit of the unedified) played several practice games against the girls and were so disabled that they could not enter a league. Thank goodness! We sincerely hope that the future of basketball at Bishop's does not rest on these men.

Here endeth the fantastic write-up fashioned like a gossamer web of imagination by a candid Sports Editor. Unfortunately no Sports Editor has the spunk to write like this and so we revert to the ancient style:-

Seriously, the basketball team was indeed fair, the players enthusiastic and the season quite favourable. If they did not win a championship it was not because of a lack of honest effort but because they were outclassed. The team has definitely proven that basketball has justified its position as a major sport in the university.

(P.S. The last paragraph was just stuck in on account of "cold feet".)

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### BADMINTON

The Badminton Club has had quite an active term. On March 14th a team from the Sherbrooke Regiment Club visited the College and won an easy victory. A return match was played at the Sherbrooke Armoury on March 20th which again resulted in a victory for the Sherbrooke team. The Bishop's players in these games were Mrs. Boothroyd, Misses Brewer, Hodgins, Kirkpatrick, Speid and Millman, Dr. Raymond, and Messrs. Simms, Campbell, Whalley, Cooper and Bradford.

The ladies of the College have taken a keener interest in the game this winter with the result that a team from Macdonald College visited the College on March 23rd and won a close victory over the home team. The visiting team was composed of the Misses Wypruck, Styan, Preston, Mybill, Miller, Brewer, Cosman and Moyle. The Bishop's team consisted of Mrs. Boothroyd, Mrs. Richardson, and the Misses MacAulay, Rioux, Kirkpatrick, Brundage, Hodgins, Brewer, Speid and Millman.

### SOCCER

On Wednesday, March 20th, the following Officials were elected to take charge of Soccer for the year 1935-36:

Captain: Ken Norris.  
Manager: Reg Turpin.  
Ass't Mgr.: Ken Annett.

These Officials with the support of the team will endeavour to make the game more of a secondary sport to Rugby than it has been in the past, and they ask for the hearty backing of the Student Body.

### INTER-YEAR SPORTS

The Third Year-Grad combination made a clean sweep in the year's Inter-Year Games. As before recorded they overcame all opposition in the rugby field, and now we find them victorious in the rink and on the gym floor. The basketball standing showed more competition than the other games, as the schedule ended with ties for both first and third places. Divinity forced the Third Year-Grads men into a playoff game for the championship but were overwhelmed by a score of 37 - 7. The First and Second Year teams were drawn for the lower position at the final reckoning, but did not have enough enthusiasm to show up for the playoff game. Unfortunately the same lack of interest was shown in their first fixture when a similar default occurred. It is rather too bad that our Second Year boys (not men, surely) show such a paucity of spirit. The winning Third Year team was composed of Glass, Ross, MacKay, Brooks, Olmstead, Cooper, Hutchison, McCaig, Wright, and managed by Bradford.

The hockey games were better attended and there was a keen fight for the winning place; but the schedule ended with the senior men well in possession of the cup. They were followed closely by the First Year boys, with Second

Year in third place, while Divinity secured a lodge in the cellar. But all games were played and thoroughly enjoyed.

It may be well to add here a brief tribute to the Broomball League, which almost got itself organized. Even Lefty was beginning to look forward to the games, and was going to let us on the ice without skates — but the idea never materialized — WHY? Nearly everyone in the College was willing to sign his name to the list, but when it came to the supreme effort of attending a short Common Room meeting, it was too much to ask of anyone. Perhaps next year someone will play the games for us, and we'll only have to sign our names and get some other fish to write them up in "The Mitre".

### DIVINES 24 at DIOCESAN 12

Divinity House, as well as being the runners-up in the Inter-Year basketball, has also the distinction of having added to their prowess an outside victory — namely, the conquest of Montreal Diocesan.

The game was both fast and clean. Unfortunately for Diocesan, who set out to wipe the floor with Bishop's as they did last year, they received an unwelcome surprise, for Bishop's could give as well as take. The Shed, with a much faster team and a better system of combination, set the score rising rapidly in the first half. The second half, though not so predominantly a scoring half, was however one of close playing and manoeuvring. The Divines are looking forward to a return game in the near future.

The line-up and the scoring:

Davis, Ford, Gray, Harper (8), Rollit (12), Royle, Walker (4).

### WOMEN'S HOCKEY

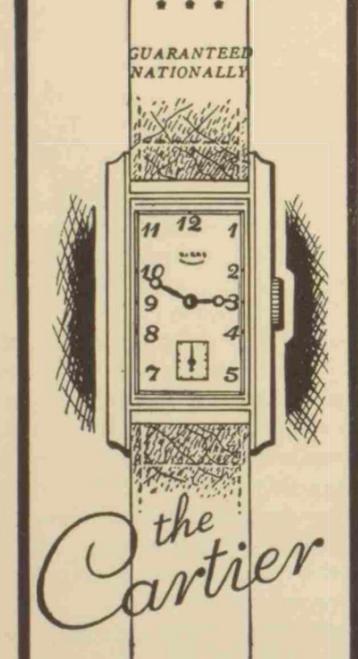
The girl's hockey team was launched with the first practice on January 25th. This gave promise of a good season with a turnout of eleven players. Hugh Gall, elected coach for the third successive year, was on deck. Clara Parsons was manager this year, and at the first game Betty Brewer was elected captain.

Of last year's team Kay Speid, Betty Brewer, Margaret Earle, Roberta Hodgins and Clara Parsons were the only members left, Glad Christison being able to play only at the end of the season and Dorothy Wallace finding it impossible to play at all. The new material consisted of Kay Millman, Barbara Eardley-Wilmot, Edith Titcomb, Milliecent Marlin, Olga Reid and Lois Wiggett.

The first game was played on the college rink with Lennoxville High on February 6th, when the co-eds downed the Lennoxville students in a shut-out, Bishop's scoring three goals.

The week end of February 9th the girls travelled to Quebec, where the Chateau Frontenac girls scored a six to nothing victory over them.

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**BIRKS**

The annual game with McGill was played on February 16th on the college ice. Bishop's showed a lack of experience, whereas McGill were faster and better stick-handlers. Before the final whistle a twelve to nothing score had been established by the visiting team.

On March 2nd Lennoxville High again played at the college rink. Kay Speid scored three tallies, with Betty Brewer furnishing the assists. The final score was 3 - 1, Lennoxville having opened the scoring.

The Stanstead ladies played their first game with the co-eds here on March 9th. The final score was 4 - 2 in favour of the Stanstead team. Margaret Earle and Betty Brewer gained the points for Bishop's.

The season ended with the return game to McGill on March 16th. Although the Bishop's girls showed more knowledge and better combination than in their previous McGill game, the Montrealers once more downed them, this time to the tune of 9 - 0. The game was played at the Mount Royal Arena.

In spite of the generally adverse scoring, the team had one of the most satisfactory of seasons, both in the interest displayed in the games and in the improvement shown by the players, some of whom had had no previous experience.

However, we hope for a more creditable showing next year, although the loss of the coach, who is leaving this year, will be keenly felt. The team wish to express their gratitude to Hugh, and wish him success in his future, both academic and athletic.

**WOMEN'S BASKETBALL**

In the last issue there was included in the basketball write-up an account of the defeat which the girls suffered at the hands of the Y.W.C.A. Whites. Apparently this loss was what they needed to get them really going, for we find that in the next game, with Lennoxville High, they were on the right end of a 15 - 8 score. The game was played on February 2nd. Two weeks elapsed before the next game, which was against Sherbrooke High. Whether the Bishop's girls broke training in that two weeks and found themselves out of condition, or whether they were just up against a superior team, we don't know; anyway, they scored the thirteen in the 21 - 13 result.

The highlight of the season, as far as the girls themselves were concerned, was the trip to Macdonald. They went up to Montreal on February 23rd, and met the Macdonald team. Apparently the Macdonald team was pretty good, if we are to judge by the score; or perhaps our team was at a disadvantage on a strange floor. The result was 69 - 8, for Macdonald.

On their return they continued in their Sherbrooke County Girls' Basketball Association schedule, playing the Y.W.C.A. Whites again. The outcome was the same —

they lost. This time, however, the score was kept comparatively low — a mere 31 - 6. On March 20th Lennoxville High avenged their previous defeat by downing the co-eds to the tune of 24 - 22 — a close game. Two days afterwards the spell was lifted; for the second time this year they won a game. This time the victims were the Y.W.C.A. Yellows. All the feelings of shame and ignominy at their past defeats came to the surface, and the poor Yellows went under, swamped by a score of 30 against them, and only saved from a complete whitewash by two providential baskets.

After this game Dame Fortune's smile became a frown — the girls again succumbed to Sherbrooke High, holding them, however, to a much closer game this time — 15 - 9.

The last game played was with Stanstead, when the Stanstead girls came down here, on March 30th. Playing according to girls' rules, Bishop's took Stanstead for a ride, with a score of 20 - 7. A return game at Stanstead will be played in the near future, and after that game the season will be over.

The list of defeats, interspersed with an occasional victory, does not appear very imposing. But if you examine the scores, you'll notice that as the season advanced the games became much closer; and while the girls seldom succeeded in completely vanquishing their opponents, the return games were always harder fought.

**THE GLEE CLUB**

Our co-ed reporter reports that the Glee Club has been functioning regularly throughout the term, meeting once a week at the home of Mrs. Boothroyd. The regular routine of the Club has been dropped for the time being, and they are all working hard to perfect their choruses in the forthcoming "Pirates of Penzance".

I am sick with a great sickness, sick of jazz and jazzers and of sleek young men, with fishy eyes, who come out and sing a li'l song entitled, 'She's Ma Sweetie But a Hadden Got No Money So She Didden Wanna Play With Mee-e'. If I hear another over-brilliantined, under-aired young man announcing in tones of tin that he wants to go, he wants to go, he wants to go back to the shack where the pop-eyed Susans grow, I shall say 'For God's sake go, and don't trouble to return'. I would sacrifice the whole herd of jazzers for 20 minutes of Dan Leno; I would give all the rag-timers in the world for a chance to hear Marie Lloyd again; and if I must listen to songs about Dixie and Alabama, I would prefer to hear them from Eugene Stratton than from the moaners and bleaters who now hold the stage."

Mr. St. John Ervine in the  
*London Observer.*

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## NEWS AND NOTES

### BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE COLLEGE LITTLE THEATRE

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SHAKESPEARE — "AS YOU LIKE IT"

After many long nights of toil the Producer has presented to the Dramatics Executive a "streamlined" version of Shakespeare's "As You Like It". It is always necessary in staging a play of Shakespeare to prepare an acting edition because, apart from any consideration of technical difficulties, most of the plays would if acted in their original form, take from three to five hours to present. The "streamlining" has been carefully done. All the essentials of the play are preserved and all the favourite speeches have been retained. Irrelevant and tiresome soliloquies have been removed along with much Elizabethan jesting which is no longer amusing. The whole has been arranged in a sequence and with a continuity that is calculated to suit a modern audience. It has rapid action, uproarious comedy, gentle humour, no end of love and no little villainy; there is wrestling and there is singing. The cast has been carefully and, judging by the rehearsals, well chosen.

We are very fortunate in having an old hand to teach the stage crew some new 'dodges and wrinkles'. Mr. Arthur Speid is designing and helping to build some special lighting equipment for this play which will make it possible to present stage effects which were impossible before.

Mr. W. A. Page, of B.C.S. fame, has kindly offered his services as director of music. During the play several songs will be sung among which will be such favourites as "It was a lover and his lass", "Under the greenwood tree", and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind". The committee on music has been to a great deal of trouble to procure contemporary settings for these songs and it is only due to the help and advice of the Dean of Music at McGill and the diligence of our agent in England, Mr. C. C. Lloyd, that we have met with any degree of success.

Worshippers of the grunt and groan artists please note. In the course of the play Dick Rollit, our mat king (as Charles, the Duke's wrestler), has a bout with John Bassett (Orlando). Our special correspondent reports that in a production of "As You Like It" in Ontario, Orlando and Charles engaged with such fury that they both lost their tempers completely, and Orlando, with a little help from Charles, lost consciousness. Our correspondent remarks that this incident, which had the audience on their feet and cheering, did not improve the performance. Ever since this report reached us the stage crew has been swot-

ting up first aid and they are now quite convinced that they can handle a K.O. and spots before the eyes with confidence and despatch.

A scale model of the stage of the University Little Theatre has been built and set up in the studio ('Props' Room to you). The model is equipped with lighting so that experiments with stage effects and proposed settings may be made. The new sets are now being constructed under the watchful eye of the designers and technicians.

Remember that there are some fifty over-worked students slaving night and day to make stage history at Bishop's.

### DEBATING

On February 14th the preliminaries for the Inter-University Debating League Championship were held at Ottawa, Bishop's, Loyola, McMaster, and St. Michael's. Messrs. Cecil Royle and George Mackey represented Bishop's in Convocation Hall, meeting a Loyola team of Eric Kierans and Leonard d'Arcy. After an unusually good debate the decision was given in favour of the Loyola team. On the same evening Messrs. John Ford and Edward Boothroyd won a victory for Bishop's in their debate with the University of Ottawa in Ottawa. Loyola, however, won the eastern title, and lost the League championship to McMaster in the finals held on February 28th. McMaster succeeds Bishop's as I.U.D.L. trophy-holders.

On Thursday evening, February 21, the advisability of acquiring a college education was exhaustively discussed in the Common Room in the course of a lively debate. The subject, "Resolved, That a B.A. degree represents, to the average Bishop's student, three years well spent" was ably handled by Roy Berry and Reliance Baglow, representing the affirmative, and Ken Annett and Sid Davies, representing the negative. An audience vote awarded the decision to the negative. An interesting discussion followed the debate.

The following Thursday Professor Preston read a paper on "Witchcraft", which proved to be most entertaining and instructive, as well as slightly disturbing. A lengthy discussion gave the audience an opportunity of asking a wide variety of questions relating to the subject, and many interesting facts were brought out.

On Thursday evening, March 21st, the Misses Fleda Brillhart and Jean McNab, representing the Freshettes, cleverly proved: "That Woman's Place is in the Home". The opposing team of Freshmen consisted of Messrs. James Beatty and Mike Rosenthal, and although they valiantly

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Sherbrooke, Que.

strove to stem the feminine flow of oratory, they could not quite overcome the ladies. The conclusion arrived at by the audience after the debate was that girls' chief ambition is to stay at home and make life pleasant for the men.

The second Inter-Faculty debate was held on the evening of March 28th in Convocation Hall, under the chairmanship of the newly elected President of the Debating Society, Mr. R. Turpin. The subject under discussion was "Resolved, That we should pity our Grandchildren", the affirmative upheld by the Arts team of Annett, Richardson and Lamb, the negative defended by Divinity with Royle, Davies and King carrying the colours. It was apparent from the opening of the debate that the Arts men were more than a match for their opponents, and in a succession of brilliant speeches they crushed the flimsy arguments put forward by the theologians and won an easy victory. The third and last debate for the Skinner Trophy takes place early in May.

(Ed. Note:- In case you haven't realized it, this write-up was done by an Arts man.)

### ELECTIONS

The elections for positions on the Students' Council were very quiet this year — no electioneering at all whatsoever. Larry Maven, Jack Carson and George Mackey were elected by acclamation, as President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer respectively. Two nominations for the positions of President of "The Mitre" and President of Debating were handed in, and the voting took place a week later. Basil Stevens will be President of "The Mitre" next year, and Reginald Turpin has already taken office as President of Debating. George Whalley and Bill Belford were re-elected as President of Dramatics and Hockey Manager respectively. Wing Gall and Colby Aikins, assistant managers this year, were elected as managers of Rugby and Basketball.

### C.O.T.C INSPECTED

The C.O.T.C. ended the training season on March 27th with a display of rampant militarism when the annual inspection was held in the Sherbrooke Regiment's Armouries by the D.S.O. Brigadier W. W. P. Gibsons, C.M.G., O.B.E., O.C.M.D. 4, who complimented all ranks on the splendid showing made, despite the handicaps of winter training. There was a large gallery of spectators present who watched the display with keen interest.

Another feature of the work which was demonstrated this year was the efficiency of the two platoons. In the Ross-McMurty Trophy competition held on the 26th of March, number one platoon under 2nd Lieutenant W. D.

McL. Christie and Sergeant D. W. Henry, won first place, with number two platoon under 2nd Lieutenant A. G. C. Whalley and Sergeant A. D. Rollit running a close second.

The final dance of the Corps will be held early next term when we hope once again to have the pleasure of entertaining the officers of the Sherbrooke Regiment.

### PROFESSOR HUXLEY LECTURES

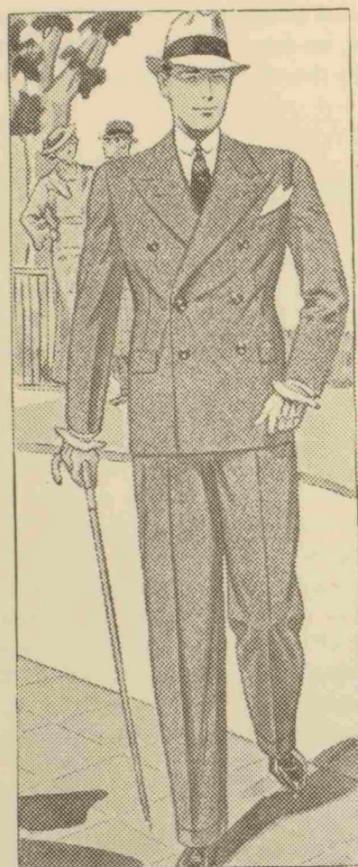
It was accounted a great privilege when, in the series of lectures sponsored by the National Council of Education, it was announced that Professor Julian Huxley would speak at Bishop's University on Friday, February 22nd. Accordingly the lecture was attended by an unusually large audience.

Professor Huxley has an international reputation both as a man of Science, and as an author. He spoke on the relation of Science to the modern world. It would be out of place here to attempt to give any sort of a summary of Professor Huxley's close-knit thought. But briefly, he traced the social implications of modern scientific developments in the field of eugenics, economic planning, and so on. He drew on his own experience in England to illustrate many of his points. Although the lecture was not strikingly novel to many, it was well received by the audience.

Professor Huxley was introduced and thanked by Dr. McGreer.

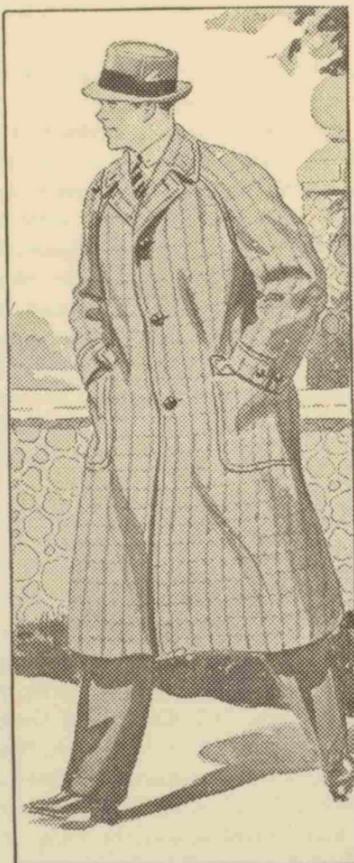
### HUMANITIES GROUP

Around January every year recently has come up the question of starting off the Political Discussion Group for the year. The long stretches of the winter term give ample time for preparing papers for the Group and bull-sessions come to their full bloom in the winter; conditions, therefore, are ideal this term. This year Arnold Banfill started the Group in motion; but before final arrangements had been made it was decided to broaden the scope of discussion by allowing papers on any branch of the Humanities, and make political discussion only an incidental part of the programme. Two papers have already been given, the Group running on the same plan as last year. On March 12, Jack Richardson convened the Group in Banfill's room and George Whalley gave a paper on "Faith and Reason", his thesis being that the supposed conflict between Faith and Reason was based on a misunderstanding of their nature; Faith, he claimed, was not opposed to Reason, but was, in fact, necessary as a basis for the latter. On March 26, the second paper in the series was given by Bob Baglow in Roy Berry's room. Bob spoke on "The Coming



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Apparently it's going to be a big season for Double Breasted suits. Notice the wide shoulders and suppressed waist effect — — — it's typical of Spring '35.

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of Man" and traced what is known of the history of Primitive Man down to the Ice Age.

"For further details, read your daily papers."

ROVERS

This term John Chappell has been elected Rover Mate; the first freshman to hold this position. As one of the only members of the Crew with previous Rover experience, John has been able to introduce quite a variety of programmes. There have already since Christmas been two

of the outdoor hikes (the second in the form of a Hike Competition) so often planned, and so often delayed, in the past. Both of these, starting early in the afternoon, have been long enough hikes to last till after dark.

The indoor meetings have been more varied than previously (though we have not continued with the Gilwell Course Programme). At the first meeting this term Alton Woodard, as guest speaker, gave a talk on the manufacturing of shirts and trousers.

Before long we hope to invest Eldon Davis and Sid Davies as Rovers.

GRADUATES — John Ford, B.A.

A number of years ago there existed in the city of Montreal an Alumni Society, but due to one reason or another the interest faded and it reached the stage of dissolution. Various attempts have been made to reorganize it again and as the Editor of this column I sincerely hope that some effort will be made in this direction in the near future. An Alumni Society not only brings many graduates together and keeps them in touch with their old College, but it is also an invaluable aid to our publication. It is with great difficulty that we obtain news about past students from here under the present system, but with such a society functioning it is possible to receive a great deal of direct information. MYER MEDINE, B.A., who is now at McGill, comments as follows: "It is my opinion that in order to maintain the friendships that were fostered in undergraduate days at Bishop's, and to retain contact between the graduate and the University, it is imperative that there be reformed a Bishop's Alumni Association with its headquarters in Montreal. There appears to be a sufficiently large number of graduates in this city to assure a large and active body. The interests of the University can best be served if there is a united and well organized group of graduates whose efforts on behalf of their Alma Mater are concerted and organized rather than individual and sporadic."

It is quite true that we have a large number of graduates in Montreal. Among the practitioners of Law we note the names of Messrs. KLEIN, GARMAISE, SCHNEIDERMAN, MACMANAMY, McMORRAN, MITCHELL, ROSENSTEIN, RUDNER. Among the practitioners of Medicine are: Drs. SPRAGUE, LOOMIS, BANFILL, DINAN. J. N. CRANDALL is in the employ of the United Free Press, and Messrs. JOHN WOOD, HERBERT HALL, and D. S. CAMPBELL are teaching

in the Westmount High School. JACK JOHNSON is teaching in the Montreal West High School, and D. K. BUIK is in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Now let us turn to some news about an esteemed graduate of this place, namely, Venerable Archdeacon FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT. A few weeks ago Dr. Scott was declared the seventeenth member of the Haliburton Club of King's College in Halifax. He was nominated by an old friend, Rev. Dr. A. H. MOORE, the President of the College.

The Alumnae News is rather sparse, but I believe that an Alumnae Tea is planned for the Easter Vacation, and no doubt our next issue will be bubbling over with news. There are a few items of interest, however.

Mrs. R. Naylor née MARGARET MCKINDSEY, B.A., is spending the winter in Lennoxville at the home of her father Mr. McKindsey.

Among the Alumnae who attended the Formal in February were EVELYN AUSTIN, M.A., HELEN BAYNE, B.A., and MOIRA BRADLEY, B.A.

HARRIET WRIGHT, B.A., is holding a position at the T. Eaton Company in Montreal.

The death occurred at his home in North Hatley in February, of Henry Turcotte, father of ELOISE JARVIS, B.A.

In a letter which I received recently from the Rev. ERNEST V. WRIGHT, L.S.T., who is at present at Clondonald, Alberta, he informs me that he enjoys "The Mitre" very much. He mentions the fact that after May 1st his address will be Camrose, Alberta. Another letter of great interest reached the Editor some time ago. This was from the Rev. C. RITCHIE BELL, B.A., B.D., who is the Pastor of St. James Presbyterian Church, Truro, Nova Scotia. It

## SPRING CLEANING!

Spring coats and suits cleaned and pressed ready for the bright days close at hand. Hats cleaned and blocked.

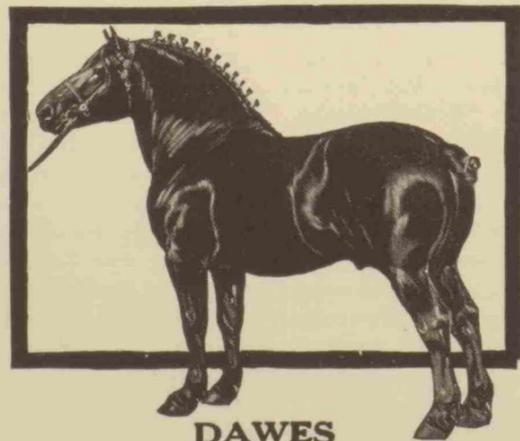
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is impossible to quote Mr. Bell's letter in detail, but here is a paragraph which really expresses the tone of its contents: "I have often been through Lennoxville during the past two years en route to Church gatherings and Board meetings in Toronto but have never had an opportunity of visiting the University. I always lift my window shade as I get near Lennoxville and gaze out over the University Golf Green and the residence of the Principal, and what I can see of the University buildings as I pass, and bring to remembrance the happy days I had there — and the kindness shown me by every member of the Faculty."

The Ven. Archdeacon BALFOUR, B.A. '97, M.A. '25, Rector of Saint Luke's pro-Cathedral, Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, has been offered and has accepted the Rectorship of Saint Paul's Church, Fort William. Archdeacon Balfour and family will leave shortly for their new home.

The Rev. T. LLOYD, L.S.T., Rector of Saint Paul's Church, Fort William, and Mrs. Lloyd, have returned to Wales where Mr. Lloyd has taken a parish.

The Rev. ROBERT ROBERTSON, B.A., is now in charge of the Presbyterian Church at Leggat's Point, Que.

The friends of E. DENNISON, M.A., of Danville, will regret to hear that his home was completely destroyed by fire on St. Valentine's Day last. His mother and sister received minor burns.

We note with interest that a former Editor of this magazine is now the Acting Sub-Warden at St. Chad's College, Regina. This is none other than the Rev. F. P. CLARK, B.A. It is not surprising to find several references to him in the Chadonian. Fred was not only an excellent student but an active participant in a variety of student activities while he was here. We wish him the best of success in his new work.

WASON GWYNNE is now with the International Paper Company at Maniwaki, Que.

In a report issued some time ago on "Scouting In The Province of Quebec" we note the following remarks: "One of the newest troops, farthest from the centres of civilization, is now located at Harrington Harbour, on the North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This troop was organized by Rev. JOHN DICKER, who received Scoutmaster training under Dean Carrington at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. It is interesting to note that Scouting is being extended into some of the farthest settlements of the Province." While dwelling on the subject of Scouting I might mention that LEWIS MURRAY, who also received

training here, has taken charge of a Troop at St. Stephen's Church, Westmount.

In our last issue we referred to a volume of poems entitled "The Golden Chalice" written by RALPH GUSTAFSON. Since then the volume has been published by Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. It is with pleasure that we publish a few extracts from an editorial which appears in the Montreal Gazette. The critic is not lavish in his appraisal of the poems, but in making the following remarks he clearly recognizes that Mr. Gustafson is a poet who shows great promise for the future. He states, "I think that the few faults to be found in these poems are due to a becoming modesty in the writer". And again, "In 'a Poet In Exile' Mr. Gustafson shows that he has hitched his wagon to a star as all poets should. He may be the poet of Canada for whom we are all waiting to fill a need of which that modern poet James Elroy Flecker once wrote." As an Alumnus of our University we are naturally very proud of Ralph's achievements, and we wish him every success in the future.

In the Ottawa Journal of March 6th we find an account of a play which was enacted by a cast of Ottawa Drama League players at the Little Theatre. It was the historical costume play "Elizabeth the Queen", by Maxwell Anderson. The following remarks made about HUMPHREY PORRITT will be of interest to his friends here. . . "A study which appeared to the writer to be unusually atmospheric and Elizabethan in flavor was that of Humphrey Porritt as the younger Cecil. It was in fact one of the finest parts played, being particularly conspicuous for variation and clarity in diction." These remarks are no doubt quite merited as we all remember that Humphrey achieved marked success in Dramatics while he was a student here.

On a pleasant June afternoon five years ago the Editor had the privilege of becoming acquainted with ORSON WHEELER, the well known Alumnus of Bishop's. At that time he was busily occupied with a portrait bust of Archdeacon Scott. In the recent edition of the Saturday Night we find a picture of the sculptor and his work and many favourable comments. The following remarks are made: "Mr. Wheeler is now carrying on his work at Montreal and teaching at the Sir George Williams College. For several years he has exhibited in Montreal and Toronto with various art shows, through which his talent is rapidly becoming known, to the extent that he has lately received flattering notice from La Revue Moderne, Paris."

The sun sinks slowly in the west,  
Leaving the sky in crimson dressed;  
And faintly fragrant breezes blow,  
Wafting sweet odours to and fro.

Down through the ages,  
From days long past,  
The deeds of the brave  
Will always last.

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EXCHANGES — W. H. King

Asks someone: "Why an Exchange Department?" The query is easily answered by a perusal of the last three "Mitres" of this college year. In their Exchange sections these issues have contained some of the brightest and most penetrating lines which could be culled from the pages of contemporary college and school publications. The retiring Exchange Editor has proved a most accomplished judge in such matters and has led many to appreciate the interest value of the Exchange shelf.

We are pleased to recommend heartily to the reader the current issue of *College Echoes* — St. Andrew's University. In the February issue there are some gems of pungent and lively humour: "'Insult and Injury, or the House of Real Gentlemen,' Chapters from a hitherto undiscovered novel, translated from the Russian," is a delightful parody of the slow moving, sombre Russian novels and certainly deserves attention, as also "Introduction to Whoopee" in the same number, to say nothing of the "Middle Muddle" section, also the Sam Pepys style diary in the "Kate Kennedy" annual of the magazine.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* for February contains reproductions of articles of former days. They are of comparatively recent date, being new, however, to most students of '35 and up. The object in reprinting them is to stir interest in a forthcoming literary contest. The article on "Pins" is rather humorous and should be particularly so to male college students:

"To the layman, there seem to be only a few kinds of pins, but the specialist recognizes the existence of a number of types, the more usual being the common, rolling, belaying, ten, safety, bar, stick, hat, hair, cotter, wrist, beauty, scarf, tie and fraternity pins, of which the most picturesque is the common pin. . . . Imagine a pinless world! . . . Men without buttons are helpless creatures. . . Many a man has known the time when an ordinary, common pin has been all that has stood between him and the loss of his dignity, or something worse . . . They . . . are used to conceal holes in one's best trousers. . . to hold one's necktie down, or one's socks up. . . any use from picking teeth to picking grit out of little Willie's eyes. And finally their heads are useful to compare the size of college students' brains to."

The two Science articles in the February issue should be of interest to many pre-meds at Bishop's. The *March Athenaeum* has kind words for us: to quote:

"The Mitre' . . . is a publication which is packed

with 'things' — poetry, skits, plays, short stories, exchanges, editorials. It also has some illustrations in the Athletic department. 'A Small Boy Looks at Bishop's' is well worth reading." Merci.

From *The Gilmorebill Globe* of February 20th we have extracted the following:

"It is said that a born orator is kissed on the mouth by an angel at birth, and that a born thinker is kissed on the fore-head. I do not know where John Gray was kissed, but he is a born chairman." (Rev. R. M. Minto.)

We received a bouquet in one Exchange column. *The S. J. V. S. Challenger*, a newsy eight page paper, credits "The Mitre" with being well printed, containing a "large number of very thoughtful articles" as also a "large number of fine examples of linoleum block cuts". But we discovered in *The Challenger* that "The Mitre" is a monthly. It would indeed be trying the patience of the readers to suffer an exchange article not every two months but twice that often.

*The Dalhousie Gazette* contributes the following:

"DISENCHANTMENT"

- Only a golden thread,  
Connecting the now and the past.
- Only a golden thread  
Much too frail to last.
- Only a golden thread  
At which most men would sigh.
- Only a woman's hair  
Found in the apple-pie!"

Does not this inspire some of our poets to write, possibly, an epic, centering about, shall we say, our Monday night's tea?

*The Ubysey* in an editorial column quotes a story concerning Little Eva's ascent in a presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

"The story has a Russian background. Perhaps you know that the Russian faith is no longer Orthodox. They don't admit of any heaven except ideal community employment. So Little Eva went through her scene of tear-jerking pathos, and she had been such a good girl that she just had to go somewhere as a reward for virtue, so down came the rope, and off went Little Eva like the daring young man on the flying trapeze.

Where to?

Ah, look at the programme notes.

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Yes Sir, she went off to a job in the cement factory!"

While on the subject of humour may we recommend that of *The Tech Flash*. It's quite breezy and should elicit some guffaws. We suggest too that students glance at the short story "Mist" in the *Acta Victoriana*, as also "Three Days in a Dutch Vandrehjem" in *The O. A. C. Review*. The latter concerns the adventures of an English youth, touring on a motor bike, who stays for a short while at a very cosmopolitan hostel in Denmark. The cover of *The O.A.C. Review*, we notice, has been changed, and, we feel impelled to say, not for the better. The new cover contains too much type, and if it gains by having a table of contents under the coat of arms it loses its balance in so doing, as also the extremely smart appearance it formerly had. The interior is still informative and interesting, usually being brightened by a number of good cuts. A first class magazine.

"Having been in my student days Editor of a University Magazine..." runs an article in *The Chadonian*, Jubilee number. It is by Rev. F. P. Clark, a former editor of "The Mitre", now at St. Chad's. But we fear we trespass; more of this will be found in the Graduates' column, where it belongs.

Much ado is being made in the pages of many contemporaries over the fact that the "Rah Rah" type of college student is on the way out, while the "serious" student is usurping his place as typically "collegiate". The depression has done many queer things but surely none more queer than this. Even "The Mitre", according to our exchanges, is "thoughtful", noted for "an absence of flippancy" and a "too serious tone". We confess it is refreshing to receive a nonsensical, cleverly funny magazine or paper occasionally but would not a steady diet of such "college humour" alone pall? Besides which, "The Mitre", by being "serious" is now in step with an increasing army of college publications.

An example of the seriousness in current magazines is to be found in *The Instructor*, published by the Gardenvale Study Club, Gardenvale, P. Q. This, while not a college magazine, is nevertheless intended for students as a glance through it will prove. Its viewpoint is not one of orthodoxy.

*The Arrows* of Sheffield has some timely words to say regarding the subject of the coed-freshman debate of a few weeks ago. In "De Feminis Incompetentibus" and "The Noisy Klan" two feminine scribes take up the literary cudgels on behalf of the fair sex. In this issue also there is an amusing frontispiece cartoon "The Peace Meeting" — Humanities Group please note!

In closing, it would be well to remember for good all our regular, dependable, college newspaper exchanges. Without them our exchange table would seem unusually tidy and strangely deserted. No recommendation is re-

quired to incline students to read them. With due respect to the staffs of all the above mentioned, may we say that the *MonGrel Daily* and the daffy editions of *The Varsity* and *The Ubyssy* were most thoroughly devoured. To those who have ceased or are about to cease publication we say "Thank you!"

"The Mitre" acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: *Acadia Athenaeum* (Acadia University; 3 issues), *Acta Victoriana* (Victoria College, Toronto), *The Arrows* (University of Sheffield, England), *Algoma Missionary News*, *The Cap and Gown* (Wycliffe College, Toronto), *The Challenger* (St. John Vocational School, St. John, N.B.), *College Echoes* (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 4 issues), *The O. A. C. Review* (Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.; 2 issues), *Technique* (Ecole Technique, Montreal), *The Trinity University Review* (University of Trinity College, Toronto), *The Stonyhurst Magazine* (Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England), *Quebec Diocesan Gazette*, *The Pine Hill Messenger* (Pine Hill Theological College, N. B.), *The Chadonian* (St. Chad's Theological College, Regina, Sask.), *The Tech Flash* (Technical College, Halifax, N.S.), *La Revue des Eleveurs de Renards*, (St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.; 2 issues), *The Instructor* (Gardenvale Study Club, Gardenvale, Que.), *The Traveller* (University Travel Guild, London, England), the Paper of the Anti-Vivisectionist League of Canada; and the following college newspapers:

*McGill Daily*, *The Varsity* (University of Toronto), *The Fair-ye Times* (Macdonald College), *The Argosy Weekly* (Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.), *The Quill* (Brandon College, Brandon, Man.), *L'Hebdo-Laval* (Laval University), *The College Cord* (Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.), *The Bates Student* (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.), *The Manitoban* (University of Manitoba, Winnipeg), *Queen's Journal* (Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.), *The Brunswickan* (Univ. of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.), *Dalhousie Gazette* (Dalhousie University), *The Ubyssy* (University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.), *The Xaverian Weekly* (St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S.), *The Gilmorehill Globe* (Glasgow University, Scotland), *The Intercollegiate Digest* (New York).

From two consecutive columns in *The Montreal Daily Star*:

"HOPE OF AVERTING PEPPER CRISIS DIM	"SNEEZING SPASMS LAST FOR 33 DAYS
"Banks Unwilling to Finance Principal Operators Concerned..."	"... Mrs. Edgar Harmon, Gettysburg's sneezing woman, is believed by her physician to be on the road to recovery..."

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SAVE THE POKER HANDS

BOOKS TO READ

THE GOLDEN CHALICE by Ralph Gustafson. London, Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 1935. 105 pp. 2/-

Mr. Gustafson is possibly the first Bishop's graduate to publish his poetry with a large London firm, and the considerable publicity this book has already received in Canada is also particularly pleasing. Three of the poems in "The Golden Chalice" have been published in "The Mitre", it may be noted in addition. But all this should not blind us to whatever faults the volume has; Mr. Gustafson is a young writer and, we hope, only at the beginning of his literary career.

It is immediately clear that he possesses a decided vigour of phrase and a considerable vocabulary. His lines move with a strong, driving beat; the words are vigorous and the writer is not afraid to employ images and words not cloistered off from contemporary life — "chloroformed", "unscraped", "tanks", "photographic". Besides, he can use onomatopoeia with effect — "And automatic metres jolt their rhyme". But that is almost the complete list of his poetic virtues; and when all that is said, much remains.

For Mr. Gustafson "protests too much"; his vigorous words are piled on in far too great profusion, his vivid images jammed like sardines into his sonnets until, like the moonstones in his "Ode on the Nativity of a Poet", he seems to be "vomiting with sick delight". Such poems as "Atlantic Sunset" make Roy Campbell's verse seem pale; and five years have shown how Campbell's vigorous verse has not stood the test of time. Moreover, Campbell has that elusive thing, style, and a certain depth of idea; but Mr. Gustafson's flocculent phrases contain very little solid matter. Most of his poems could be compressed to one-tenth, one-twentieth the size and retain the same force. As it is, they give a great impression of movement but they go nowhere — they are the exact opposite of much of the music of Bach. "A Poet in Exile" and many of the sonnets following the name-poem are good examples of this. A poet's only excuse for presenting many facets of any ideal is that each of the facets, or all of them together explain the idea to us more fully; Mr. Gustafson's facets do not. And more than this; the images are too vivid for the thought. His sensibility cannot perceive a mood without far outrunning it; once again "Atlantic Sunset" is an example.

We can only conclude that his flair for imagery has outstripped his feeling; that, as Eliot says of Massinger, "his system is simple and overlaid with received ideas". It is difficult, with the best of will, to find much originality in the book. Why, then, does he say nothing original or

great? His words and often his rhythms (as in Sonnets III, XVII, XVIII) are not out of touch with modern feeling; but the thought and sensibility, when they are not almost platitudinous, are archaic. The name-poem is almost entirely Keats in thought and feeling; many of the first sonnets have the same implicit meaning as Shakespeare's — the rhythms betray it — and Shakespeare has done the work too well for any poet to be justified in attempting to say the same thing again. In his less imitative poems he can be commonplace (many last lines betray the hollowness of the poems), or unemotive: "How basic seems my love for you, O Sweet", or merely banal: "The traveller swoons at the awful sight".

The truth is that Mr. Gustafson lives too much in a poetic world which has no connection with life, an unreal dream spun out of sentiment:

"There is a cottage down a summer lane  
Where roses melt their crimson through the moon,  
There I have read old rhymes."

But he undoubtedly has vigour of rhythm; some of the last poems in the book ("Song from Abroad" and, to a lesser extent, the second of "Two Songs") are quite charming — his poetry stripped at last of all its applied ornament — though he still cannot write much of importance there; all throughout his book he shows a power of sensuous imagery which is one of his most valuable assets; and in the last two or three poems there seems to be at last the hope of marriage with normal human experience which alone can give his work value.

A.J.H.R.

THE WORLD SINCE 1914, by Walter Consuelo Langsam, Ph.D. New York, Macmillan, 1934. 742 pp. \$4.00

"The aim of this volume is to contribute to a clarification of the issues, and to provide a reliable, organized and compact exposition of the world developments which, at the time of writing, appeared to be the most promising or the most portentous." Thus the author concludes his preface, and his words are borne out in the succeeding pages.

It is highly refreshing to find a book that gives a clear, unbiassed presentation of the causes of the World War, and to be freed from any trace of the jingoistic nonsense that the propagandist departments of the governments concerned published at the time. The note on the Lusitania case is well expressed, and it helps to adjust a true sense of values to read of the Allied Blockade of Germany in its true light as a more inhumane action than the unrestricted submarine campaign of 1917.

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The book is divided into two main sections, international and national affairs. There are instructive chapters on the peace treaties, the question of reparations and the League of Nations. Professor Langsam maintains his high standard of impartiality and conciseness throughout. The book shows great labour, a fact that is evidenced by the list of 122 authorities consulted for the writing of one chapter on Soviet Russia.

A useful book that should be in the hands of anyone who wants to pick up a clear outline of current history, and an invaluable source of reference for debates.

E. C. R.

THE TREND OF MODERN POETRY, by Geoffrey Bullough. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, 1934. 181 pp. 5/-.

One hundred and seventy rather small pages of text is not very much space in which to deal with the whole of modern poetry from 1900 to the present day, with a preliminary chapter on the inheritance of the twentieth century. Mr. Bullough's book suffers from this. Nevertheless, it is an interesting bit of work; for it is probably the first attempt at a really comprehensive view of English twentieth century poetry — in other words, the first of such attempts which does not wilfully avoid the work of one or other school. They are all there — Yeats and De la Mare; all the Georgians; the Imagists; the War poets; the minor satirists; the Sitwells; Herbert Read, D. H. Lawrence and Eliot; Graves, Palmer and the "New Signatures"; the only possible complaint from this point of view is that though the American Imagists are included, such American writers as Hart Crane, Allen Tate and John Crowe Ransom are not even mentioned — but perhaps this is because their influence on English poets has so far been negligible, despite the value of their work.

And Mr. Bullough has done quite a creditable job of his assessment, considering how briefly he must treat each poet. It is perhaps significant of the assimilation of modernist poetry into our literature that a book of really well-balanced criticism like this can now be written, in which such poetry can be considered without excessive praise or damnation, and its contribution estimated as sanely as possible. The author is thoroughly aware how valuable the work of the Moderns is; but he is also thoroughly alive to their defects. He writes from their point of view, and thus has to emphasize their faults and the value of the Georgians, so that he almost appears, at a superficial glance, to praise the latter at the expense of the former. The estimates of individual poets are, to the reviewer's mind, very just; but that may be because in most instances they coincide with his. Herbert Palmer is a rather curious enthusiasm of Mr. Bullough's; certainly the quotations given are not very impressive.

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Mr. Bullough, then, reminds the Moderns that the Georgians did something, after all; at the same time he points out the value of the Moderns in a most convincing way and holds out a real hope for the future. This fact, the handy size of the book, and the very good bibliographical appendix, would make "The Trend of Modern Poetry" an excellent Modern Literature text-book for colleges.

A.J.H.R.

PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE by Leslie D. Weatherhead. Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1934. \$1.50.

This is an excellent book that has received a very favourable and wide reception. Mr. Weatherhead writes as a psychologist and a minister, with the aim of interesting the man in the street who has not the time for deep reading on the subject. In this aim he succeeds admirably for the book is written in a very readable style, with well chosen examples to illustrate his case.

Much nonsense has been written on the subject of psychology, and in some quarters too much has been made of psychological reactions. Mr. Weatherhead is severely practical, and discourages the idea that psycho-analysis necessarily includes a thorough excavation of every thought that has entered the mind from birth.

On the other hand psychology has not yet received the universal recognition it deserves, and this is a truly excellent book for anyone who has not made any previous psychological study. The opening chapters explain the aims and objects of psychology with a very clear description of the main functions of the mind. The author avoids confusion by summarising the three main energies of the mind under the headings of Self, Sex and Social, and then goes on to deal with various mental disorders.

The great value of the book is its treatment of "normal" mental disorders. Mild forms of disease of the mind are very common, and on reading these chapters we recog-

nize every now and again some part of ourselves. The reviewer was amused to discover the cause of his liking for rocking chairs. Mr. Weatherhead also deals very faithfully with the more serious questions of repression, inferiority complex, fear, depression and irritability; and in reading these chapters one learns to have a deeper understanding and sympathy for those who are afflicted with these difficulties. In all it is a book of immense practical value to be highly recommended.

Those who have already studied psychology might disagree with some of the treatment, for instance the Freudians might differ over the classification of the energies of the mind, and ask for inclusion of the Super Ego, but such criticism would in no way detract from the very real merit of the book.

E.C.R.

The state immediately began rebuttal with Joseph J. Farber, a New York insurance man on the stand. His testimony was sought to refute that of a defence witness who said he saw the dead Isador Fisch leap over a Bronx cemetery wall where and when the \$50,000 Lindbergh ransom was paid."

— *The Montreal Daily Star.*

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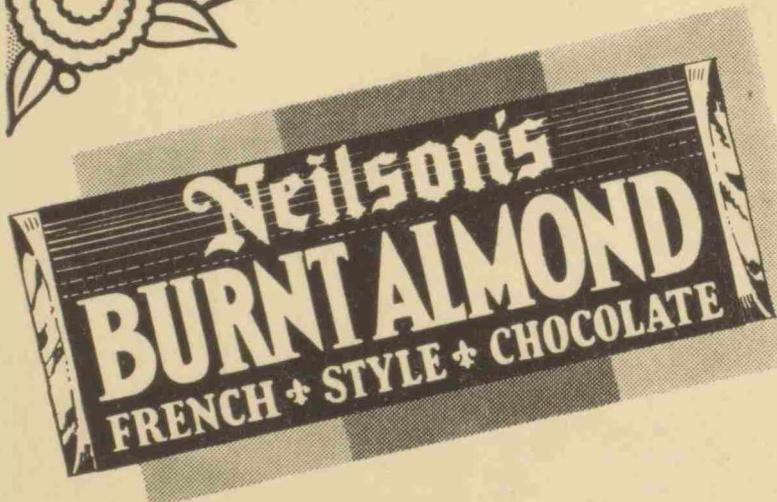
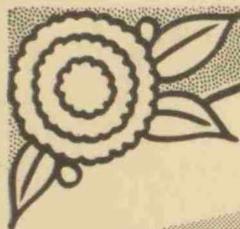
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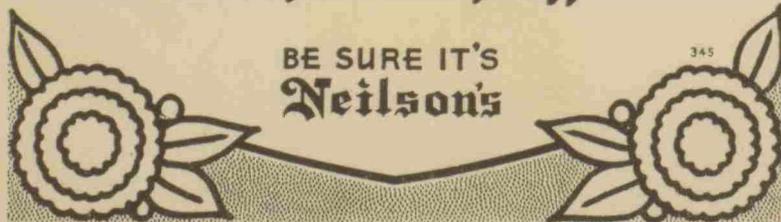
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