

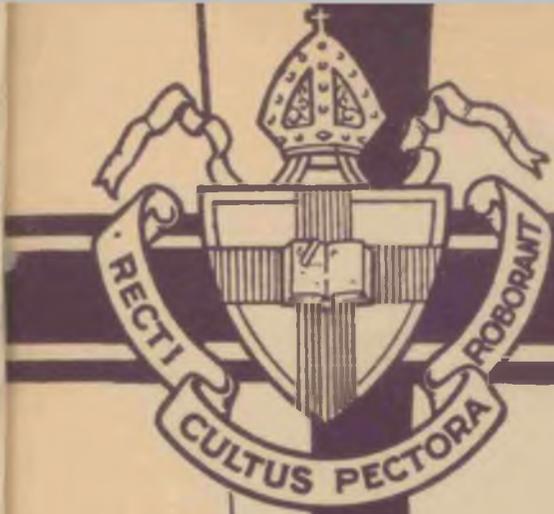
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# The Mitre

VOL. 44 NO. 3

FEBRUARY

1937

# University of Bishop's College

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

In this issue may we draw the attention of all our readers to the excellent article on "Civilization" by Prof. S. Childs. This word, as the author explains, is one which we use almost daily and yet have little conception of what it means. This article is especially useful for those who debate, since civilization is a word which is prominent in many debating topics.

Unfortunately, or perhaps we should say fortunately, the December issue of the "Mitre" was in the hands of the printers when the abdication of King Edward VIII became an accomplished fact, so that no reference could be made to it in that issue. Much has been written, more has been said on this topic, and little remains to be said, except perhaps that we should all feel very thankful that such a constitutional crisis, which so deeply stirred the whole Empire, was handled in a way so that no serious trouble arose. Credit, we feel, is due to Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his Cabinet for the manner in which they handled such an important and delicate situation. The whole business has meant an increased loyalty to all that the British throne stands for.

Man by nature does a lot of grumbling; we sometimes feel disgusted with the Israelites who "murmured" so much in the desert, but perhaps we are very little better; at least we can always discover plenty with which to find fault.

We grouse about the weather — the lack of snow is our chief worry now; we complain about our food—which is quite justifiable at times, and so on. However, we have a great deal to be thankful for. We are thinking particularly of the terrible floods our neighbours in the South have been having. When we had a flood last spring we thought it a great joke; remember how we wished the bridge would go? When we think, however, of the real floods they have in the United States, the thousands rendered homeless, the suffering and misery of those people, the diseases that might follow from exposure and under-nourishment, we should perhaps sink our own rather petty difficulties and troubles and consider that, the "darn thing might be wuss!"

The furor our little controversy over the initiation caused seems to have died down again now. The article in this issue, since it is not written about this College and presents a different solution to the question than the one suggested on this page in December, might be of interest to the students. This article originally appeared in the Brockville Recorder.

All College activities are in full swing now. The Dramatic Society holds the limelight with its ambitious scheme of taking the first act of Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound" to Montreal to compete in the regional trials of the Dominion Drama Festival. The motto of the cast is "On to Ottawa!"

On February 19 we hope that all the radios in the college will be tuned in to Montreal for the radio debate. This year the Bishop's team opposes the winner of the McGill vs. University of New Brunswick debate, which takes place on February 12. Bishop's have the affirmative side of the resolution: "Resolved that under present world conditions dictatorship is preferable to a parliamentary system."

Once again our Sports editor has covered his ground pretty thoroughly and has given us a peek behind the scenes of all those rather mysterious meetings which decided the fate of this year's hockey team. The only remark we could think of after seeing the team in action on Saturday night, Jan. 31, against Loyola was, "And *this* is the team we considered withdrawing from the league!" Never has a Bishop's team played with so much spirit, combined with good hockey in the face of so many difficulties and come through definitely on top. Everybody was very pleased with the result, not only because it was unexpected, but also because we deserved to win.

## Civilization

by Prof. S. Childs



Civilization is one of the most abused and overworked words in the dictionary. One of the fruits of a university education should be the habit of carefully examining and defining the terms which pass current in contemporary literature, journalism, and conversation.

Present world conditions and political turmoil call us to reconsider this term civilization. The term needs definition. What do we mean by it? The world seems to be lining up in opposite camps owing to differences of opinion on abstract principles of government or economics or sociology. Terms like Fascism, Communism, Collectivism, Individualism, are bandied about in newspaper headlines and club addresses as if they were self-explanatory and everybody understood them, and everybody meant exactly the same when they spoke of them. We are often told that the realities, for which the words are after all only the symbols, are dangerous things. We are told that if they become dominant they will destroy civilization.

But what is civilization? What does the term mean? Therein lies the problem. For words are but counters, like coins. They are but symbols of something infinitely more valuable than the symbol itself. The real problem seems to lie in the fact that the world has not yet decided what it is that civilization involves and implies. This brief article is not an attempt to define the content of the term civilization but merely to suggest that we ought to think about it and analyse its significance and meaning before we can find ourselves in a position to discuss intelligently many of the modern catchwords and verbal tags, and ascertain their relevance to civilization.

The man-in-the-street (who is himself but a symbol often appealed to as representative of a dominant phase of opinion) is usually portrayed as despising "abstractions" and taking his stand securely on what are called realities. Yet it is significant that the greatest realities can be indicated only by the use of abstractions. Honour and glory, democracy and liberty, king and country, love and hate, civilization and culture, are all abstractions and yet they are the symbols of the great realities for which men and women all through the ages have been willing to give their lives.

The great tragedy of our time lies in the way in which these great abstractions are so often put to base uses and grossly misrepresented and abused. Dictators, propagandists, demagogues, capitalists, trade-unionists, politicians and preachers, all freely invoke these great abstractions, which are the symbols of man's greatest and most private loyalties and convictions. It is a tribute to the reality lying behind the symbol civilization that, in spite of all this misuse, it is still greeted with respect, and men feel it enshrines something of great value which must be preserved at all costs. We have the conviction that civilization represents the heritage of humanity, the stored-up fruits of long ages of human suffering, toil and accomplishment. When one reflects upon the significance of these facts it restores one's faith in the essential "goodness of humanity." For it is no inconsiderable testimony to the essential disinterestedness of the human heart and mind, that today, and at all times in the past, ordinary men and women have been prepared to live finely and die bravely for an abstract idea which for the most part they do not understand, cannot define, and which has never yet been fully realized. The depressing fact that never in human history (even in the so-called Great Ages) has the summit of the mountain of civilization been reached, has not caused man to lose faith in his power ultimately to conquer it. Therein is enshrined man's unquenchable hope and therein lies the answer to such a gloomy book as Spengler's "Decline of the West."

One of the rewards of a study of history is to discover how often this ideal of civilization has been a source of historic action. Toynbee's massive "Study of History" brings out this same conclusion. Civilization is an ideal with a noble and ancient pedigree which still wields a tremendous authority over the aspirations of individuals and communities, and seems one of the few ancient ideals destined to retain their power. With the possible exception of religion there is no word as vitally important for the philosophy of history as Civilization. Even the "Brave New World" of Aldous Huxley prided itself on being perfectly civilized.

But if there is no doubt about the vital power of the ideal of civilization there seems today every kind of doubt about what it precisely is. There is probably no word in the language which more successfully eludes concise definition, nor any word used more loosely in popular speech. I submit that a satisfactory understanding of civilization lies at the heart of most of our international, industrial, social and economic problems. I suggest that each one of us can more adequately prepare himself to make his own contribution to society if we will engage ourselves in a careful study of what is involved in the term—civilization. Since the purpose of this article is not definition but merely a suggestion of the need of thinking about the subject, I may perhaps be allowed to indicate a line of study and yet save space by suggesting it in the concentrated form of a few questions. Can civilization be adequately defined in terms of a fuller knowledge of the universe such as may be gained by extensive travel, geographical and historical knowledge, the cosmological theories of mathematical physics, and philosophical reflections? Or can civilization be adequately defined in terms of progress, the advance of science, especially in its technological aspects, the invention and production of faster and surer means of transportation and communication, the more effectual harnessing of great natural forces for the service of man, and the consequent increase of material comfort and luxuries?

Why is it that many people feel quite certain that either Nazi Germany, or Fascist Italy, or Soviet Russia, (or all of them together) constitute a threat to and a betrayal of civilization? What fundamental principles of civilization are threatened by these forms of government? Does the advances of civilization imply (as seems to be indicated in much popular journalism of today) the rejection of what it contemptuously calls the *bourgeois* values: religion, sexual morality, patriotism, and respect for the rights of property, or is not such rejection also a betrayal of civilization?

Is civilization to be defined in terms of the harmonious adjustment of economic difficulties, improvement of social conditions, minimum hours of labour and material contentment? Does the increasing tendency to nationalize all forms of natural wealth and public utilities and the assumption of many additional tasks by the state, necessarily mean an advance in civilization?

The above are merely a few suggested topics the study of which may clarify our thought on the major theme, the study of civilization. One feels that there is often confusion in our minds between the abstract terms, civilization and culture. But the two conceptions while inseparable are not interchangeable. In a sense culture is more lasting and permanent than civilization, for culture itself creates new forms of civilization, gives it its cohesion and values. It creates and discovers the laws and forms in which civiliza-

tion has taken or should take shape. There is a sense in which civilization is of the present, the embodiment of things as they are. Therefore it is comparatively transitory, old moulds are broken and new ones shaped by each generation. Culture on the other hand is in a sense timeless. Today archaeological expeditions are unearthing the remains of ancient civilizations for the purpose of tracing the continuity of human culture. Generally speaking, civilization is more external, and culture more a matter of the spirit.

These considerations bring me to a final question. Is not civilization to be ultimately defined as a function of personal living and not primarily as the name of a social organism? In other words is not the observance of the rights of personality a primary mark of civilization and does not our distrust of many modern panaceas rest upon our intuition that forms of government and social control which provide no protection to individuals as against the imperious demands of the state, and in which minorities have neither rights nor security, require a surrender of those liberties for which men have struggled through the ages, and which we believe fundamental for the very existence of civilization itself?

Finally, I suggest that while civilization confines itself largely to the material aspects and well-being of human life, culture concerns itself also with the forms in which the human spirit expresses the immaterial. In and by culture we come to the innermost dwelling of the temple made possible by civilization, but which the latter, unaided by culture, cannot by itself adequately furnish for the satisfaction of the spiritual needs of man. Civilization is the body or organism of social life and culture is its indwelling soul or spirit. This idea is nobly expressed in Bridge's "Testament of Beauty":

"But since there is beauty in nature, mankind's love of life apart from love of beauty is a tale of no count; and tho' he linger'd long in his forest of fear, or e'er his apprehensive wonder at unknown power threw off the first night-terrors of his infant mind the vision of beauty awaited him, and step by step led him in joy of spirit to full fruition.

Beauty, the eternal spouse of the Wisdom of God and angel of His Presence thru' all creation, fashioning her new love-realm in the mind of man."

May one also suggest that nowhere are the twin ideals of civilization and culture more beautifully expressed than in those words of the apostle, which outline the Christian conclusion of the whole matter: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

## College Types by Peggy MacRae

### *The Flirtatious Man*

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

### *The Studious Man*

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



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

### *The Loafer*

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

to affect the scholar; he never goes out without a book or two under his arm. He never solves any difficulty for himself; he is always besieging one friend to explain this and another to elucidate that. He is almost openly contemptuous of these men as his instruments, except when actually in need of their services, when he bubbles over with good-fellowship and camaraderie.

### *The Athletic Man*

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

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

## TRYST

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

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

V. D. Parr.

## IN MEMORIAM

On Thursday morning, January 28, at his home in Sherbrooke, James Mackinnon died. He had taken breakfast and, as was his custom, said prayers with the members of his household. As he sat in his chair reading the paper his spirit passed away. There was no pain, no struggle. A great life came thus peacefully to its close.

"How dull it is to pause, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use." These words were inspired by the vision of one who had the spirit of Mr. Mackinnon. Although he was eighty-six and a half years of age, he retained to the last the alertness and zeal for service which had characterized his long life. During the fortnight before his death he wrote letters to a number of friends with whom he was associated in good works, and except for an occasional word of regret that he was recovering rather slowly from a fall which he had just before Christmas, they breathed the courageous and adventurous spirit of youth.

There must be very few foundations in southern Quebec that have not had the benefit of Mr. Mackinnon's personal attention and active support. He was a loyal member of the Church of England. In the parish, in the Diocesan Synod and the General Synod he served on many committees and always with distinction. The Sherbrooke Hospital, of which he had been President and was at the time of his death a Vice-President; Bishop's University of which he was a Trustee for thirty-four years, and a member of the Executive Committee for the greater part of that time; King's Hall, the excellent girls' school at Compton, of which he was a governor for thirty-four years; St. Helen's School, Dunham; Bishop's College School, Lennoxville; the Patriotic Society; the Red Cross Society; the Sherbrooke Public Library; the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association, of which he had been President: these are by no means an exhaustive list of the good works to which he gave himself, but they will suffice to indicate the range of his interests, his capacity for work and the greatness of his character. Many of these offices were held at a time when as General Manager of the Eastern Townships



Bank he carried heavy business responsibilities. He played an important part in the negotiations which led to the purchase of that bank by the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The latter he served in an advisory capacity until the time of his death. He was a director of the Sherbrooke Trust Company for many years and latterly its President.

Within the University there is a feeling of sadness and a sense of irreparable loss. There is too, a feeling of gratitude for all that he did for us. As a Trustee and a member of the Executive Committee, of which for several years he was the Vice-Chairman, he seldom failed to attend the meetings, and his advice and counsel were always sound and vital to every decision. He had a deep appreciation of the University and great confidence in its future. He was always eager to hear reports of the work of the students, and many an undergraduate found relief in the problem of financing his course through Mr. Mackinnon's kindness. In many cases, perhaps in the majority of them, the beneficiary was not permitted to know the source of his relief. The silver cup for which there is annual competition in the inter-year hockey games was presented by him, and will remain a symbol of his unfailing interest in all the activities of the students. We cannot be too grateful for what he did for us.

At the funeral which was held on Saturday, January 30, the University was represented by the Chancellor, the Hon. R. A. E. Greenshields, Mr. Justice C. D. White, D. C. Coleman, J. P. Wells, R. Newton, G. M. Stearns, members of the Corporation; the Principal and the members of the Faculty; and the President and members of the Council of the Students' Association. The Lord Bishop of Quebec and the Right Rev. Lennox Williams assisted in the service.

To his distinguished son, Mr. Justice Mackinnon, we extend our sincere sympathy and offer him the assurance of an abiding gratitude within the University for the life and work of a distinguished father.

## Modern Poetry

(First appeared in the McGill Daily)

by A. J. H. Richardson, B.A. '35

The general public is pretty thoroughly permeated today with the idea that poetry is lovely thoughts, noble thoughts; a kind of nice confectionery of literature, in short the icing on the cake. Worse, the G.P. thinks that this icing is too rich for its stomach; it can live perfectly well on its everyday baconandeggs, meatandvegetables of writing, good ordinary novels (of course everyone likes a certain amount of condiment to spice his food and make it palatable) . . . Some people prefer hash . . . But anyway, good God! one can't live on poetry.

This is all thanks to the fact that most of us have been introduced to poetry by spinster high school teachers; or by high school teachers (male) who teach exactly what they themselves have been taught, because it doesn't take them so long to prepare (and their spare time for that is sadly limited); or by boarding-school teachers who may be damn decent fellows but who have been brought up in a tradition of life that doesn't even put it into their head that poetry might be worth looking into as a potentially vital part of our everyday existence. It's so much easier for all of us to look for the old expected words and phrases in poetry, deadened by continual use; but the poems we read don't give us any more courage and endurance to face life, simply because we don't see that they have much connection with life, with the cars, the buildings, the offices, our everyday routine. They don't treat of any of the emotions we experience during our day. They are, possibly, nice for us to read at home in the evenings, wishing we could think as fine thoughts as the poet, admiring but feeling no excitement in our hearts. So we shy away from poetry, and neglect all that is written in these days. Obviously, if we want to find modern verse that will help us, we must find new standards of poetic beauty.

We shall have to scrap our ideas of poetry being beautiful because it is made up of nice-sounding and nice-meaning words (e.g. "God," "Love," "Beauty-Truth-Beauty," "the soul," "the fairies," etc.) put together in the best-approved confectionery manner, proper and "isn't-it-lovely?" reflections on music, art, love and life. Poetry, like all art, is beautiful because it is honest, because it has the strength of real emotion (and real emotion is a man-sized thing), because it is as large as life, containing our hopes, our fears, our loves and hates, however unpleasant or dull they may be (also, it may be noted, our thoughts and ideas). "The essential advantage for a poet is not to have a beautiful world with which to deal; it is to be able

to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, and the horror, and the glory." Hence it is not something too lofty for the average man. Poetry's very function is to provide him with "consolation."

It is probably true that every human being seeks some sort of a harmony in his life (whether or not he is conscious of the fact), to weld his actions, thoughts and feelings into a structure which appears harmonious since all discords have been resolved; even those people who seem to strive towards a sort of disharmony (for there are a few) are merely seeking a resolution of discords more complicated than ours as the result of the warping of emotions and thoughts. All this is merely the attempt to justify ourselves to ourselves, without which few people can retain their sanity.

Most of us must evade one or other aspects of our lives to achieve this self-justification. But good poetry, as all good art, can evade nothing; by perfect honesty, by the presentation of the truly significant parts of our experience, by showing the strings of human actions and their relationship in a whole, it justifies life to us and so "consoles" us, or it points out discords that can only be removed by action and so becomes a spur to such action; it is in this sense that poetry has a moral value. The only true harmony is thus effected by Art (whether poetry, art or music) or by Art completed by action, and it makes the everyday experiences of our life "something rich and strange," and of profound value to us since we realize their meaning; we feel a conquest of experience. As Mr. T. S. Eliot has pointed out, such diverse experiences as reading Spinoza, falling in love, or smelling the dinner cooking, can all become the material of poetry (that is, if they represent currents or conflicts in our lives); all because the poet, being an unusually sensitive person, can feel the conflicts in us and see their effect on our actions, more keenly than the ordinary man.

If this is true, good poetry can convince us of the value of our existence even if it had seemed valueless to us before, or it can show how our lives can be made valuable (of course, because it looks at facts honestly, it may need courage to agree with its conclusions). Thus, when fully understood, it seems beautiful to us; more than that, it produces joy and often at first the positive excitement of discovery. It was a similar conviction of the value of all human experience, pleasant or unpleasant, that made Beethoven place at the head of the last movement of his last quartet the motto "Das schwer gefasste Entschluss" (The difficult

resolution made) and the question "Muss es sein?" (Must it be?) and answer it so joyfully down to the last note of the music and in the words "Es muss sein! Es muss sein!" Beauty is the result of harmony; harmony is the resolution of all conflicts in the spirit, conflicts set up by any and everyday thoughts, acts and emotions and which can be resolved by insight or action.

Accept this theory, and it follows that a poem must be valued by the extent to which it effects such a resolution of conflicts, the Greek katharsis, "purging," the purging of all doubts and worries. The poet's means consist of phrases, images described or suggested, or the mere sound of words, and with all of these he attempts to produce a desired emotional state in the reader. If that state is to resolve conflicts in a man's actual life, it must be built up of emotions that he has experienced during his actual life and that guide his actions. Some at least of the problems of a mechanized age are caused by machines, are bound up in some way with situations in which machines play their part; the introduction of the names of machines or mechanistic metaphors into poetry is therefore justified. Tennyson's

"I waited for the train at Coventry;

I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge."

has as much right to be considered as poetry as the most romantically mediaeval patches in his "Idylls of the King." Similarly, the poet can use modern slang in his verse if it drives home his meaning best or if it illustrates most clearly an aspect of the problem he is considering; a snatch of a popular song may draw a more significant response from the reader's mind than a line with the most Miltonian resonance; let the poet use the popular phrase rather than the Miltonian line. Poetry must relate the different aspects of our modern life, therefore it must treat of all those aspects; it must not "run in a world in which the problems of pain, evil and ugliness do not exist." It is obvious that a poetry which has no connection with our civilization, the emotions which move us, cannot be adequate for our consolation. Short shrift for the "Georgian bird-poets" who would have us escape our worries in the contemplation of Nature. The thing is not so easily done; our poetry must face the problems of an intricate civilization:

"Bayonets are closing round.

I shrink; yet I must wring

A living from despair

And out of steel a song."

At this point the question of diction crops up. "A chariot self-propelled" may sound more "poetic" language than "an automobile"; it is not a more useful medium for the expression of poetry. Automobiles are a part of our modern consciousness, while chariots are useful only for evoking an archaeological response; they are a "dead issue."

The subject or metaphors of a poem do not necessarily

have to be modern. The sound and rhythm of poetry, which might be called the "primitive statement," often communicate the poet's attitude as much as the actual words. Speech rhythms and the "tone" of our thought varies from age to age; we talk and think in this sort of rhythm:

"I never mentioned a man but with the view  
Of selling my own works.  
The tip's a good one, as for literature  
It gives no man a sinecure.

"And no one knows at sight a masterpiece,  
And give up verse, my boy.  
There's nothing in it'."

(Ezra Pound: Mr. NIXON)

not in this sort:

"He's no bad fellow, Blougram; he had seen  
Something of mine he relished, some review:  
He's quite above their humbug in his heart,  
Half-said as much, indeed—the thing's his trade'."

(Robert Browning: Bishop Blougram's Apology)

Even Browning, you see, seems strangely artificial when put beside a modern poet. We slip more naturally into the mind of the character in the first extract, for he thinks and talks as men do today. And this applies not only to dramatic poetry, where the lines are put in a speaker's mouth, but to all poetry. No one's natural thoughts are properly expressed in the rhythm of most "Lady's Home Journal" verse. The poet, by various devices, may distort modern thought-rhythms to obtain certain effects, but he must use them for a basis if he is trying to express a modern consciousness or else his poetry will be false. It is true that a poet can write about the past and yet communicate his own point of view; "one is not modern by writing about chimney-pots, or archaic by writing about oriflammes." What a poet writes about matters very little; it is the way he treats his subject that shows his insight into its position in the scheme of things, and the rhythm of a poem contributes an important part to the expression of his attitude. Of course, a modern or a well-known subject helps the reader to appreciate a poem more quickly, though it does not affect the actual value of the poem. Michael Roberts has pointed out the similarity between Ezra Pound's "Exile's Letter" and T. S. Eliot's "Journey of the Magi," in what the poet is trying to say, although different subjects are used to express it: and Eliot taking the better-known subject, is more easily appreciated.

"And your father, who was brave as a leopard,  
Was governor in Hei Shu, and put down the barbarian  
rabble.

And one May he had you send for me, despite the long  
distance.

And what with broken wheels and so on, I won't say  
it wasn't hard going,

Over roads twisted like sheep's guts.  
And I was still going, late in the year,  
In the cutting wind from the North,  
And thinking how little you cared for the cost, and  
you caring enough to pay for it.  
And what a recaption:  
Red jade cups, food well set on a blue jewelled table,  
And I, was drunk, and had no thought of returning.

\* \* \*

Pleasure lasting, with courtesans, going and coming  
without hindrance,  
With the willow flakes falling like snow.  
And the vermilioned girls getting drunk about sunset,  
And the water, a hundred feet deep, reflecting green  
eyebrows—  
Eyebrows painted green are a fine sight in young moon-  
light,  
Gracefully painted—  
And the girls singing back at each other,  
Dancing in transparent brocade,  
And the wind lifting the song, and interrupting it,  
Tossing it up under the clouds.  
And all this comes to an end  
And is not again to be met with.

\* \* \*

And once again, later, we met at the South bridgehead.  
And then the crowd broke up, you went north to San  
palace,  
It is like the flowers falling at Spring's end  
Confused, whirled in a tangle.  
What is the use of talking, and there is no end of talking.  
There is no end of things in the heart.  
I call in the boy,  
Have him sit on his knees here  
To seal this,  
And send it a thousand miles, thinking."

(Exile's Letter; translation of a Chinese poem)

\* \* \*

"A cold coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a long journey:  
The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter.'

And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,  
Lying down in the melted snow.  
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,  
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.  
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling  
And running away, and wanting their liquor and  
women,  
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters.  
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly  
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:  
A hard time we had of it.

\* \* \*

All this was a long time ago, I remember,  
And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down  
This: were we led all that way for  
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and  
death,  
But had thought they were different; this  
Birth was  
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.  
We returned to our places, these kingdoms,  
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,  
With all alien people clutching their gods.  
I should be glad of another death."

(Journey of the Magi)

(I have given long extracts to bring out the similarity in variations of rhythm.) "Re-reading the first poem again after the second, we feel it expresses something quite as important."

If a poetry can be found which, unlike "Georgian" verse and the watery welter written for most magazines today, does get to grips with our feelings and delineate them accurately, and so enlists our real interest, it may yet become again an important function of the race and be a factor in saving our civilization from decadence:

"Whoever you are, it concerns you all  
And human glory."

An increased awareness of the true relation of our interweaving emotions and thoughts clarifies and intensifies those feelings and we lose our sense of frustration or the cynicism and drying-up of emotion we erect as a protection against it; we have the courage to live a full life.

## Alarm Clocks

by W. H. King



ALARM clocks are symbols of the age. Shrill, insistent, clamorous, nerve-wracking reminders of modern man's subservience to hours and minutes, they daily jangle their tuneless discord from East to West, awakening their unwilling millions. Moscow mutters and groans under a cacophonous barrage as Montreal yawns and sets the alarm-hand. London is being shrilly reminded that it is time to look out at yet another rainy morning, while the Canadian prairies retire, hoping that the horrid sound of the morning bell may be partially drowned by the rumble of thunder and the patter of rain-drops.

The clanging wheels of street cars, the raucous horns of automobiles, the mournful shrieks of the locomotive—all these are contributing their quota to the gradual derangement of *homo olim sapiens* but that which most ably acquits itself in this field, not even surpassed by the modern newspaper or theatre, is the alarm clock.

What is more likely to reduce a man to a state of terrified, gibbering impotence than the clangorous strokes of a dollar alarm clock, rudely shattering the cold and chilly air of a wintry bedroom? What is better calculated to arouse a feeling of black, dismal hatred for all things great and small than to be prematurely disturbed by the shrill matutinal note of one of these infernal machines, clattering itself to a stop a quarter of an hour early? Much kinder were it to ring in the middle of the night when one could at least look forward to some further hours of undisturbed rest. But fifteen minutes!

Even those who possess one of those marvels of modernity which first whisper and then shout, must occasionally reflect that the whisper is rarely heard, that the shout is like any other alarm, and that their sanity is not above suspicion for having bought the thing.

There are, of course, some who cannot be awakened by any alarm clock. Those happy souls of spotless conscience and untroubled minds who blissfully sleep through earthquakes, fires, battles and railroad accidents quite naturally cannot be disturbed by anything less than a violent shaking or an overturned bed. Also those who have tarried too long at some Dionysian revel the night before, perhaps inwardly

conscious of the fact that they must awake but to regrets, remorse, and seltzer-water, continue their heavy slumbers despite all 'alarums and excursions from without'. And then there are the fortunate deaf.

Thrice happy be, however, who, in winter keeps high holiday while the world labours, for his is the lordly privilege of stretching, yawning, languidly reaching out and choking the imperious voice, and then drifting back to a warmer, brighter, fairer scene than is presented by this world on a January morning.

There are people who maintain that nothing could possibly contribute greater joy to the retired and sheltered life of old age than this privilege of silencing alarm clocks and returning to slumber. Their greatest fear is that of becoming deaf upon retirement rather than before it.

Not that alarm clocks are without their advocates. There are, and probably always will be, due to some peculiar strain in the mind of humanity, followers of the Gradgrind school—"men of facts and calculations"—to whom punctuality and routine are gods, set apart and worshipped in a new Pantheon of the market place. Not for them is it given to know the joy of luxuriously and contemptuously dismissing time-pieces, time-tables and the morning shave as unnecessary blots upon the page of our civilization. To them such contempt seems a well-nigh blasphemous and quite unmerited reproach, heaped upon their divinities.

"Why!" they exclaim, "But for these ingenious devices, calculated to transform men into conscious automata, the world could not exist in its present state for more than a day."

To which their opponents cordially reply, "Quite! Quite!"

And the two are no nearer an understanding than before.

Perhaps the regimentarians are right. Perhaps the only avenue left open to man for the attainment of a fuller life lies in his voluntarily accepting as a model the industrious and conscientious bee. But are the proponents of early rising and hard work aware of the fact that the working-bees' wings wear out in five or six weeks?

No! Alarm clocks are not, have never been and can never be anything other than an unwarranted and dangerous incursion into the one surviving field of man's life hitherto untouched and undisturbed by the world of mechanical invention—his sleep.

Surely a man's sleep is his own—his dreams? Even those authoritarians who purpose to mold their people's minds, wills and thoughts into one uniform black or brown

## A New Regime

THE matter which perhaps more than any other concerns a thinking student at a university is the amazing amount of time which is wasted. I do not refer to the time wasted in casual chats which last for hours, but rather to the time wasted in our usual methods of study. Much of the difficulty lies in not being able to concentrate for any length of time on a given subject, but a good deal of trouble arises from the arrangement of the courses of study. To be very pointed, the arrangement of lectures, reading and discussion is usually ill-proportioned and most of us find ourselves getting through term as best we may and using all our energies preparing for examinations. Under present arrangements no alternative is likely and we go on using the university as a school and never learning to think, or in the highest sense, to live.

How many lectures have we attended which have been of no value whatever to us? Not a great many perhaps, but none of us can deny that we have attended far, far too many lectures which have been of little value. In short, we know a number of professors and a great many undergraduates who have wasted many valuable hours, consciously or unconsciously. That surely is a tragedy when we realize what an infinite amount of things we might be doing in the world and also how short a time there is in which to do them. How many dry lectures have been prepared? Too many to take the matter lightly. How many lectures have we heard read from texts or from notes? Certainly more than we like to think of. Now if the faculty think we ought to get the information which they are giving us, and that is surely the reason for having lectures, why can we not be given access to the text itself or to the professor's own notes? If the latter are worth delivering to any students, and we sometimes suspect that they are used for more than one set of students, they are surely worth

mass must draw the line somewhere. They cannot, as yet, control the nation's unconscious cerebration—though, with alarm clocks they can disturb it.

The alarm clock! A diabolical offspring, symbolic of all that is worst in the totalitarian state—the bane of youth, the delight of the taskmaster, a contributor to madness, the arch-demon of our morning hours.

Let us wish it a speedy and inglorious end!

being mimeographed and presented to each student. The cost would be small and most people would probably be willing to pay the extra expense and have the benefit of clear, concise and exact notes. Under the present dictation system we are likely to have notes full of errors and difficult to read. If we continue in the old conservative way, the calendar ought to state that shorthand is a prerequisite to any course mentioned.

It is not pleasant to think that the university, presumably the home of learning, research and progress, should be also the home of an outworn and traditional system of study which would not be tolerated outside its cloistered sanctuary. It would appear that we have become stagnant. That is the view of the practical man, and our weakness that he is often right in his dictum.

The ideal university system is probably that in which a tutor outlines the special course, including the lectures and readings that each student pursues. The tutorial system is what we find at Oxford, that university which we in Bishop's are proud to follow. It is obvious that conditions are not similar in the two universities, and it would be quite impossible to plan a course in all its intricacies for each individual where there is a small faculty and a comparatively large number of students. Nevertheless, something in this direction could be worked out for the Honour courses and, also it would appear, in the Faculty of Divinity where there are at the present time three professors and only about a dozen students.

It is fairly obvious that any knowledge which a man has to dig out for himself is much more likely to stick in his mind than what he hears offered at a lecture; to say nothing of how much more interesting the process of research would be. Research on the part of the student, should play a large part in any renovated system of study. The

value of general reading cannot be too highly emphasized, and it would be of even greater value if directed along certain lines by a helpful faculty. The discussion group is a method of teaching which is being used more and more in preparatory and secondary schools and above all else in the university stage. Many authorities believe that the ideal system is one of research by private reading alongside of discussion groups with a complete rejection of the conservative type of lecture. That may seem a trifle exaggerated, but there it is and almost all students are agreed that there is something wrong with the old way, the way of drudgery and boredom.

This is meant as a plea for better working conditions in Bishop's and this in the interests of a better education. It is submitted that, taking all things into consideration, it would be a good thing if at the beginning of term each professor would briefly outline his course; give a list of necessary readings, both intensive and general; appoint time for lectures, and more especially for discussions; and, if he

thought certain notes essential, present to the members of his course a collection of mimeographed notes. Under these conditions note-taking as a general practice would cease. We would become students rather than secretaries. Lectures would become rare and not nuisances. Likewise, we would become interested or leave, because we would shortly know that if we are not interested our place is not in a university. The chief reason for our being here is, once again, to learn how to live, which, incidentally, does not mean learning how to make money, or even a living wage. The economic value of a B.A. is not great. All that remains to be said is that we might well get on with the job of education by rather different methods than at present exist amongst us.

This is put forth neither in presumption nor much less as an indictment but merely in the hope that thought will be provoked in a new and, possibly, valuable channel. Are we bound by the chains of tradition? Why not experiment? We have nothing to lose but our chains!

## ON THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII

Was born a New Age, chastened, yet full of hope  
Out of the fire and agony of War  
That man would build a brotherhood of men  
Wherein all peoples might find ample scope  
To grow and prosper. Such a vision then  
Held sway o'er all our minds, both rich and poor.  
Born for this task was Edward, not yet King,  
Ambassador to heal man's suffering.

Alas, that such a vision might not be,  
The waywardness of man has ta'en its toll.  
Events he claimed beyond his own control  
Have borne our Empire's King beyond the sea.  
We love him still for all he was, and did.  
May Heaven's blessing ne'er from him be hid.

December 10, 1936

U.B.C.

## Confession

*This death-bed confession comes from the daily journal of an interne in a Montreal hospital, and is dated July 1, 1936. Names, and certain unimportant details have been changed for obvious reasons.*

"A LONG time ago when Dad and I were still living in Brazil, Dad grew very fond of a certain Mrs. Hutchins—my own mother died when I was born. Mrs. Hutchins had a son called Alan, who was a year older than I—funnily enough we had our birthdays on the same day—and I liked him well enough. But then Dad married Mrs. Hutchins, and Alan called him Dad, and I did not like it. He was not the same as I was. He was strong, and good at games and school work, he was superior. I grew to hate my step-brother. I hated him, hated him . . . you don't believe it, do you? I hated him all the more because my father loved him. He was cheating me out of my father's affection.

"I think I would have killed him then if it hadn't been for his mother. She was a strange creature—as beautiful as a South American can be, but with evil eyes, like a witch. I was frightened of her. I dared not show my hatred of Alan. Oh, how I hated him! I would lie awake at night, and think of the pleasure of strangling him, or stabbing him, or poisoning him—yes . . . poison . . . that was best—poison such as I would use would leave no traces. Alan would die a natural death, and I would be free of his hateful self-sufficiency and superiority. And then I would think of his mother, and those eyes would blaze in the darkness, and I would break into a cold sweat lest she suspect my hatred of her son. How I hated him! But I inquired into the matter of poisons, and I got some used by the Indians on arrows. They called it curari. I got some and kept it, and would gloat over the little vial, and imagine how Alan would die—calmly and peacefully. "Poor fellow, it was his heart . . . and so young . . . I never suspected it." But his mother's eyes were still ever open in my mind. I was to be foiled by a woman.

"We came to Canada six years ago, and Dad retired from business and put us in charge. Alan was the perfect business man—I was, of course, a failure. How I hated him, parasite that he was . . . why did not something happen to his mother? Something did. She and Dad were killed in a motor accident in 1934. I almost forgot to be sorry about



Dad, I was so delighted about Mrs. Hutchins. Now that the way was clear, I took my time about getting rid of Alan. Where should I do it? at home on Pine Avenue? in the office? out at Senneville? Yes, out at Senneville amid the trees and by the water—a beautiful setting for a beautiful and sacred task! It really was beautifully planned, you must admit that. I had the poison all ready. It just remained to administer it. Ah! It was neatly done—neatly done. Alan must do it himself—where was he sure to be, what was he sure to do? He was sure to go out in the dinghy—you see—the dinghy—and he was sure to hold the tiller—so . . . I drove a fine steel needle through the end of the dinghy tiller, see? . . . with the point underneath just here where my fingers are, see? . . . and I coated the point with curari . . . isn't it simple? . . . and it worked.

"Alan went out in the dinghy in the morning, and when he came back he was sucking a scratched finger. I knew he was as good as dead then. So I took the tiller out of the dinghy and burned it in the incinerator—that was that. I had a spare ready, of course.

"Alan died that night, July the first. I stood and watched him die, and hated him with all my heart. It was good—good. He knew then, but he did not speak . . . he looked at me and died . . . he died with eyes wide open, and I saw they were the eyes of his mother. There was an inquest, of course, and a lot of useless questions, and they said it was a heart attack, and how sorry they were. I put on a black tie and saw him comfortably buried—and here's a beautiful touch—I put that little phial of curari in his pocket and that went with him.

"That was a year ago. The business has fallen to bits since, but I don't mind. They will say I committed suicide, I suppose, but it doesn't matter. One name is as good as another. I condemned myself when I killed Alan . . . I should have known he was protected. I should have sold the dinghy, but I didn't. I even went out for a sail in it this morning . . . that was pure defiance. You see, Alan died just a year ago to-day. I had almost forgotten about it, and I went out for a sail before dinner. You can guess

## The Forgotten Will

SOMEWHERE, breeding future trouble, is the forgotten Will. When it was made, many years ago, it suited the needs of the man who signed it.

But time has altered conditions. To-day it no longer expresses his wishes. Children have since been born who are not mentioned in it, certain beneficiaries named therein have died. Values have changed—and the Executor named therein has passed away. The forgotten Will

. . . out-of-date, out-of-sight, out-of-mind.

Wills that are reviewed once a year do not become obsolete. They keep pace with the progress of the man whose signature appears at the end.

We urge you to reread your Will in the light of to-day's conditions. At your convenience we shall be glad to discuss its business aspects for maximum financial protection of your family.

*A consultation will not obligate you in any way and will be treated in absolute confidence*

# SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

what happened. That damned tiller had come back. I felt the prick at once, and then it began to itch, and I took a look underneath, and there it was, just where I had put it. Quite a shock! I guess I passed out—I can't remember what happened, or how I got here, but it doesn't matter—I'll die just the same. I tell you I'm perfectly sane—you can't explain everything in this life. It's my own fault—I should have been more careful with that tiller—look, here's

the scratch on my finger."

\* \* \*

*John Waterlow died at 7.17 p. m., July 1, 1936, from undetermined causes. The dinghy tiller was examined by the coroner, but no needle point, nor any traces of curari were found. A projecting splinter near one end was stained with the deceased's blood.*

Peter G. Edgell.

## The Etiquette of Attending Lectures

A necessary evil of all colleges is lectures. There is a definite etiquette involved in attending these, and this traditional method has been found satisfactory. The proper time to arrive is exactly five minutes after the bell has rung; the professor has already arrived and has sorted his notes; thus you do not have to wait long before the lecture begins. You should be clad in a robe academically defined as a gown, and equipped with a fountain pen minus ink.

Upon entering the classroom it is common courtesy to greet any acquaintances in a loud voice, as "Hiya Frank," or "Hiya Jack," to which the addressed person replies in an equally loud voice, "Hiya Bill," or "Hiya Dit" depending on the inquirer. This may cause the rest of the class to turn around and look at you but it is merely a sign of approval. In the best of circles the lecturer is not greeted.

You should then attempt to find a seat at the rear of the classroom, which will of course prove impossible, for they will all be occupied by the early arrivals; the early bird gets the seat. Stalk ostentatiously to the front of the room, pick up a chair and carry it to the back row. You say to the occupant of the back aisle seat "Move over Frank," "Move over Jack," or "Move over Dit," which is a signal for concerted action; each member of the back row proceeds to scrape his chair. The net effect is a slight shift to the left, thus making a space into which your chair should be dropped.

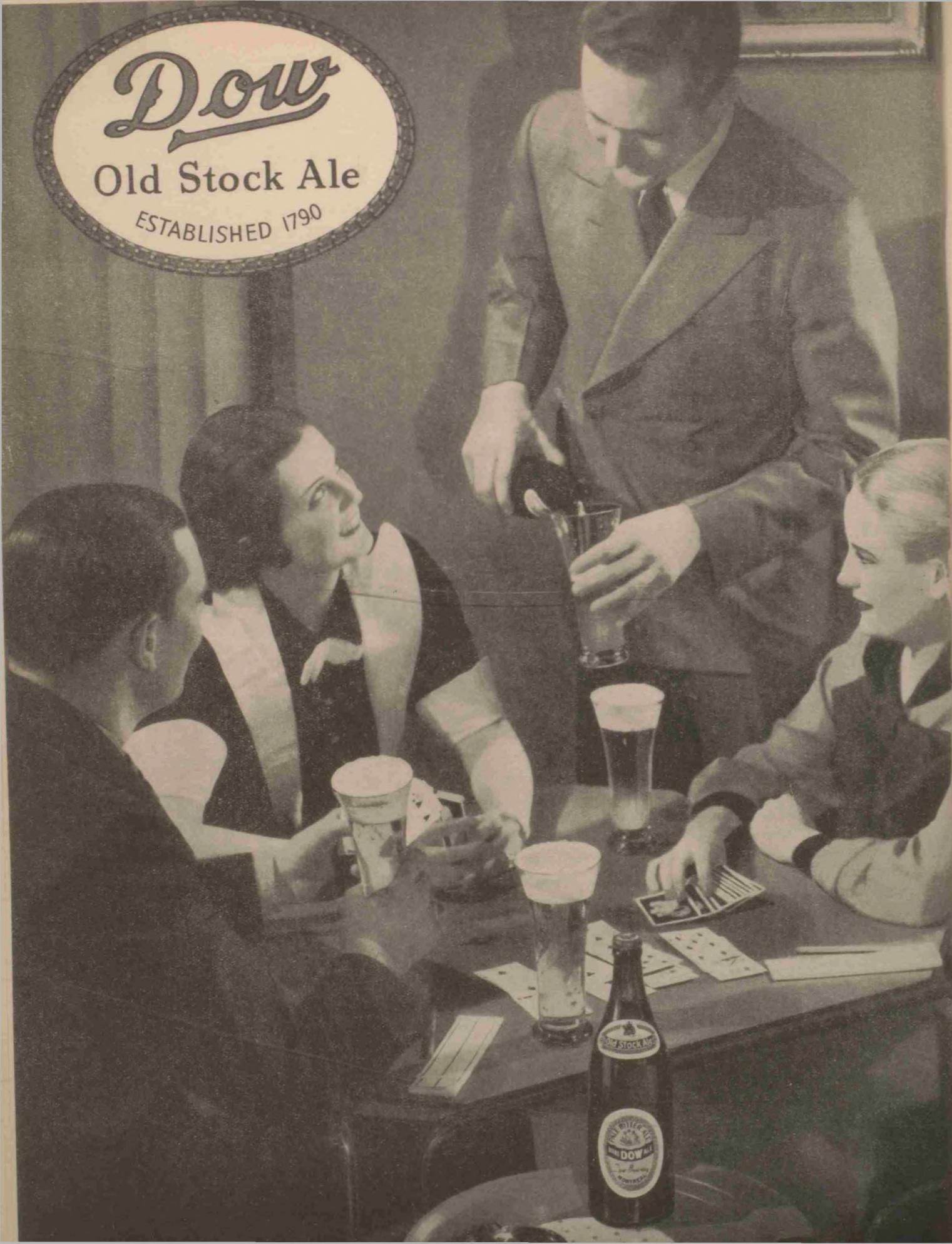
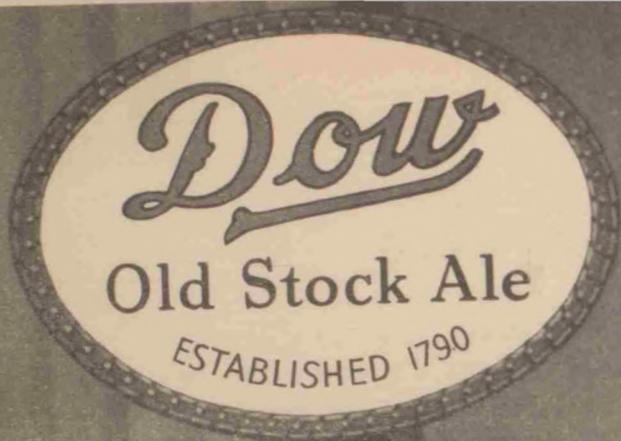
The next important event is the roll call. Pay no attention to this. Talk to whoever is beside you. When you hear the fellows signal you in low voices, call out impor-

tantly "Ugh." It is sometimes good taste to burst into a high falsetto when each female name is called; this however is not obligatory. Your presence is now a matter of official record.

The lecture will now commence. The first procedure is to lean over and ask the fellow directly in front to lend you a piece of paper. The proper reply to this is, "Sorry." You say "O. K." You then call to the person in front of him, "Hey a sheet of paper?" He says "O. K.," wrenches it noisily from his note book and passes it back to you. You reply, "Thanks." The procedure for obtaining ink is similar to this except for the fact that a lateral movement is used. Experienced workers carry out this operation over Frank's lap, thus protecting the immaculate floor. After a quick look around the room you comment on the remarkable herd instinct of the opposite sex. You are now prepared to take notes.

You should listen intently for a period of five minutes; by this time the lecturer will either have said something important or written something on the board. In the latter case copy it down being sure that all perceive you doing it. If you notice a word you think others might not have understood, immediately ask the professor to repeat the word. This will annoy both the lecturer and the occupants of the front row, but on the other hand it will help counteract any future inattention. Should the lecturer seem to emphasize any particular sentence one of two procedures is in order: (a) Say in a loud voice, "How did that go, Sir?" or (b) Saying in a loud voice, "How did that go Frank?"





Make some semblance of copying down either (a) what Sir said, or (b) what Frank said. You have now fulfilled your duties as a student.

Your next concern should be for the comfort of your fellow students. Carefully choose a moment when the lecturer has the attention of the whole class. Now is the time to say, "Isn't it a bit stuffy in here, Sir?" To which he will reply, "I hadn't noticed it." This is your cue to walk to the window. Open it violently about two inches after several gallant but unsuccessful attempts.

Next comes the practical side of the lecture; you either perform an operation on your pen, read a book, gaze into space, blow your nose, cough significantly, or proceed to copy out notes from your previous lecture if you are feeling energetic and it is not Monday morning. Now is the time to make yourself comfortable; you loosen your tie, adjust someone else's chair to suit your legs, take off your gown for use as a cushion, and blissfully repose at right angles to the professor making sure your elbow is on someone else's notes. You suddenly remember that you thought you were catching cold last night, and by looking at the door you see you are in a draught. The window-opening process is now reversed; the professor is apt to intersperse some typically harmless remark but it is poor sportsmanship to engage in any repartee.

At this point you see by your watch that the lecture has ten minutes to go. Lean over and say, "Frank, what's the time?" to which Frank will reply, "I dunno I haven't got a watch." Then say, "Jack, what's the time?" Jack replies, "Ten minutes to go," to which you say "That long?" Now is the time to begin the general shuffling of feet and scraping of chairs that usually occur at this moment. The professor sometimes yawns in acknowledgement. You then approach the cleaning up stage; first you readjust your clothing, without movement of the arms, manipulate your chair so that you are parallel to and facing the professor; it is now good form to comb your hair, clean your nails, tear up the paper which you borrowed for note-taking, and if the lecture is practically over drop your books on the floor. Laugh loudly in appreciation to the fellow who picks them up. Sigh loudly when the bell rings. At once start moving your chair out of courtesy to the lecturer who may not have heard the bell. Increase the motion of the chair until the lecturer stops; under normal conditions this is not prolonged. Once he has ceased talking again resume a restful pose, and await the lengthy pleasure of the coeds, who at this point will finish writing last sentence, close note books, put away pens, put on shoes, adjust gowns, fix hair, and proceed leisurely towards the door. Allow all co-eds and the professor to depart—women and children first, as it were; then every man for himself.

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## Highlights of Sport

by J. D. Bilkey

A great number of the students seem to be in the dark regarding the hockey controversy which took place at the beginning of the season, but it may comfort them to know that many of the players themselves were not certain as to the subject of their debate. As a consequence hockey looked at times as though it would no longer be regarded as a major activity, and at others, a world tour for the team did hardly seem out of the question. After everybody had given the stew a stir, it followed the general rule and was found unfit for consumption, with the result that we find the hockey team still in the Intercollegiate League and with prospects which look anything but pessimistic.

Several years ago the College was entered in the Sherbrooke City League, which is an intermediate component of the Quebec Amateur Hockey Association. The fine success which the Bishop's teams met in this league later led to our entry into the Provincial Intercollegiate League, where for several years our success still continued. Those, however, were in the days when snow used to fall in Canada and cold spells came in stretches of weeks instead of hours; ask your grandfathers about it sometime.

This year's hockey enthusiasts were prevented from returning during the Christmas vacation by the news that there was no ice, and as ice is a very important item in the playing of ice-hockey, an early return for pre-season training seemed futile. The scene which greeted them on their return was enough to break even Bishop's spirit. The beautiful little village wallowing in a sea of mud; the breadlines in the vicinity teaming with what might prove promising young amateurs; and the sight of "Wheezer's Emporium" nestling peacefully in its cluster of bulrushes:—all these lead to the tale of woe.

The fact that most of our rivals had been practising since around the middle of November, without having to stop to give Christmas examinations a little consideration, and the fact that we didn't even have ice two months later, and two weeks before our first game, made the possibility of an intercollegiate entry seem absurd. Many advocated a withdrawal from the league with the intention of playing only exhibition games, and perhaps a game or series of games in the United States. This was proven to be rather impractical, and it was pointed out that some might regard it as an unconventional attitude to have taken. Fortunately the air changed from hot to cold at this point, and at a final meeting it was decided that the team would remain in the league.

So far the decision seems a good one to have arrived

at, for the team have acquitted themselves well in both their exhibition games; holding the two strong Sherbrooke clubs, the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs, to lose in the end only by small margins. These two games, although they may not have been victories, showed the college that they had a team well worthy of their support, and paved the way to Saturday night's encounter in which this team fought their way through three dazzling periods of fast and brilliant hockey to emerge victorious in their opening league game against our spirited rivals from Loyola. In case anyone is still in doubt as to our entering the intercollegiate league kindly remember that this is Bishop's; a college that for years can turn out twelve to thirty at football practices and still win not only games but championships; a college that can practice hockey for a week and win its opening game against a team that has practised for months. You can try to figure out how they do it if you want, but remember luck hardly lasts a century.

### *Loyola at Bishop's*

As the gnarled old clock outside Mr. Pride's "palace" vaulted nimbly over the eight-thirty period, a crowd of enthusiastic supporters rose to their feet to witness what, from Bishop's point of view was to prove one of the most exciting and glorious encounters in the annals of sport.

Soon after the halfway mark had been reached in the first period "Dizz" Dawes opened the scoring with a low shot from inside the Loyola defence which Kelly, the opposing net-minder, failed to see. Loyola tried hard to overcome this lead but the fine back-checking of the college forwards, and the excellent work of Starnes and Norris on the defence, kept the Montrealers hemmed in their own territory until the bell sounded ending the period.

The honours in the second period went mostly to our opponents, who began an even more spirited attack to diminish the narrow one-goal margin which separated the two teams. Still the strong Bishop's defensive blocked their attack, until, weakened by an unfortunate penalty, they failed to stop Veilleux, the visitors speedy winger, who scored their lone goal of the game. Play see-sawed from end to end following this Loyola tally until the bell again sounded ending the second period, but the speed and eagerness of the two teams kept the crowd continually on its feet, and both goalers executed some brilliant saves before the end of the session.

The third period began much as the first with a fine display of wide open hockey. Although the College appeared to have a slight edge on the period's play, both teams

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**H**IS name was John Molson. It was a brewery he established, and he located it on the outskirts of the city in a district then called the Quebec Suburbs. It is still where he built it. His direct descendants have continuously operated it.

The city has expanded and surrounded the brewery. The road is no longer merely The Quebec Post Road; it has changed its name twice, and is now known as Notre Dame Street. The old brewery has almost disap-

peared (only its vaulted stone cellars are still in existence and use) but great modern buildings, filled with the most up-to-date equipment, have replaced it.

Through one hundred and fifty years the brewery has had only five heads; John Molson, the Founder, Thomas Molson, John H. R. Molson, John Thomas Molson and Herbert Molson. All have been outstanding citizens of their day; all have carried on the fine traditions so firmly established by the Founder.

played brilliantly, continuing to keep up the fast pace they had set in the opening sessions. With three minutes to play Kane incurred a five-minute penalty when he struck Johnny Hibbard in the face. Although the blow was backhand and looked anything but deliberate, the Loyola centre was banished for what proved to be a costly penalty. The unfortunate injury to the Bishop's captain, only seemed to spur them on, and a minute later Harry Scott snared Dawes' pass to score the winning and final goal of the game.

Final score: Bishop's 2, Loyola 1.

It would be hard to pick any individual stars for either team as every player on the ice contributed his share in providing the spectators with one of the finest games ever witnessed in the college rink. Following is the line-up of the two teams.

D. Bennet	goal	F. Kelly
J. Starnes	defence	N. Thomas
C. Norris	"	E. Tyler
D. Carter	"	G. Moore
J. Hibbard	centre	C. Kane
B. Knox	forward	J. Porteous
H. Scott	"	G. Sheridan
J. Patterson	"	R. Thomas
D. Patterson	"	C. Maguire
D. Dawes	"	B. Veilleux

#### Soccer

This account was held over from the December issue. There is a good deal of cause for hope in the hearts of those who boost soccer in the College. We had a successful season. We did not always win, but the team always fought until the final whistle. We found several good players in the first year; Norton Francis, Fred Bunbury, Dick Wright, Peter Edgell, Neilson, and Barnett all played well during the season.

Our second game with Cookshire, in that pleasant town, was unfortunate. Before the game even started our goalkeeper Dick Wright hurt his knee, and was out of College until after Christmas. We missed Dick in that and in our other games. That accident seemed to upset the team, because we never really got organized and lost 3-0.

The last game of the season, at home to Cookshire, was played on a field covered with three inches of snow. This did not deter the team, however, and goals scored by Holden and Davies put us on the right side of a 2-1 score. Ron. Fyfe kept goal for us in this game, and did all he had to do in a creditable manner.

We are hoping to have an even better team next season; there is a possibility of entering a league, but this, of course, will mean more players and better attendance at practices than has been the case in the past.

Those who played last season were: Goal, D. Wright, R. Fyfe; defence, K. Annett, J. Beatty; halves, M. Rosenthal, S. Davies, F. Bunbury; forwards, N. Francis, W. Neilson, H. Holden, J. Barrett, P. Edgell; subs., G. Laird, J. Wright.

#### Basketball

Basketball this year seems to have taken a turn for the better, as our medical friends would say. The members of the last year's team who are still playing are being very ably assisted by several new members from the freshman year.

So far this season the team have played three games. Of these three they have managed to win one. The first game was played in the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A. gym against the Y Blues. This was an exhibition game and was played against one of the best teams in the league. The result, though not favourable to us in the matter of the score, did show that the team had some good material.

The second game was played in our own gym against the Sherbrooke Y Reds. Again the team was defeated by a score of 46-16. The early part of the game produced some very ragged playing by the Bishop's team and some very good playing by the visitors. In the second half Bishop's pulled themselves together and managed to hold their own.

The third game played in our own gym against Lennoxville High was more successful. The team managed to win by a score of 24-18. The playing by both teams was none too good but the Bishop's boys seemed to be getting the idea gradually.

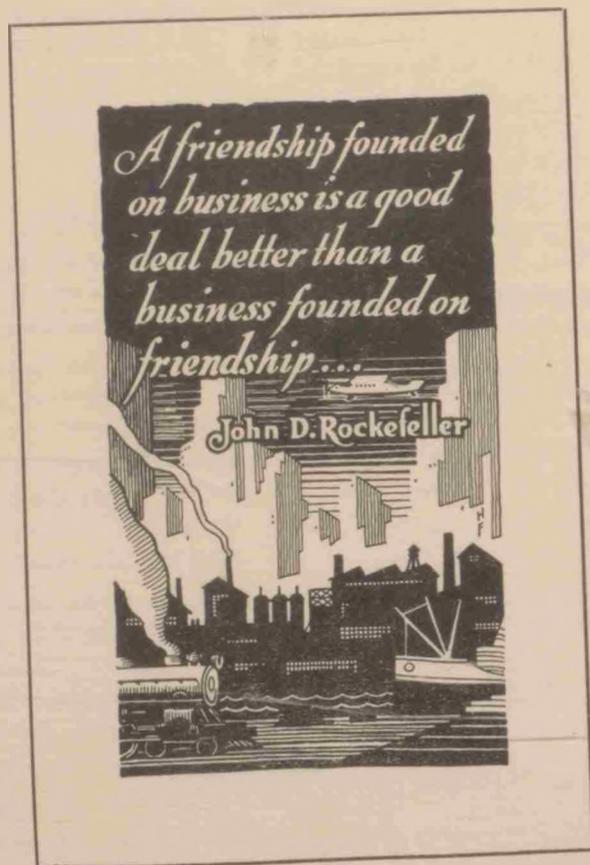
On the whole, with the assistance of a very good coach, Mr. Ted Loomis, we hope to make a fairly edifying showing in the league.

#### FAME

He called it fame, that vision that he saw  
Stretched in fair glory down the future land.  
Golden with earth's success, it held no flaw,  
And praises loud rose high on every hand:  
He called it fame!

The years rolled by. There, in a humble place,  
Toiling with humble hands at humble work,  
The dreamer did his duty. Set his face  
Against those longings to give up or shirk.  
Men called his life a failure—half in shame.  
The angels gave it quite another name—  
Something heroic with a deathless fame!

Patty A. Wiggett.



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THE BISHOP



LOOKS DOWN

Yes, the Bishop looks down, has looked down for years and years, on students and profs, dust and books. But he's an inconspicuous fellow, the Bishop, often isn't noticed. And thereby hangs a moral, for the Bishop—even though somebody did decorate him a little while ago with an orange touque and muffler—the Bishop, I repeat, sets imperceptibly the tone of the library, striking as he does the attitude of thoughtful, quiet, unprejudiced study. Accordingly we, the Editors of this library column, are indebted to Miss Brillhart for a highly appropriate heading, which from now on will mark our humble efforts.

"Travels in Arabia Deserta" and  
"The Seven Pillars of Wisdom"

The Story of a Pilgrimage

"A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returning from the peninsula, I paced again in that long street which is called straight, and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand, "Tell me," he said, "since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, towards the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as the Garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into fanatic Arabia?"

\* \* \*

The great book of travel is written by the man who travels in far places among strange men, not as one always seeking some new thing, but as one who is driven to find there, and there only, the sense of humanity: such men are never happy in the country of their birth, yet always in their thought they pay exaggerated tribute to home, and the men from home.

Those who have read Sir Charles Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta" will recognize, for they could not forget, the opening words of that book.

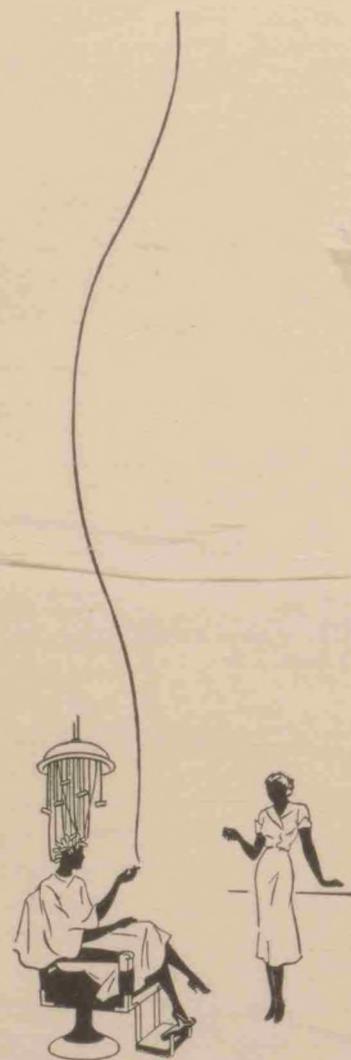
From Damascus there went in the year 1876 with the

yearly haj this reticent and humourless Englishman: not indeed with the purpose of going down to the two sacred cities, for there he might not go; he sought the ancient inscriptions of the *Medain Salib*. A sick man, and a poor man, he went out among the Arabs as a guest, trying to maintain himself by the practice of medicine, and thus began his great series of travels in the Arabian desert.

"As for me who write," he says, "I pray that nothing be looked for in this book but the seeing of a hungry man, and the telling of a most weary man . . ." and told it is in language as bare and magnificent as the country in which he rode; for everything he wrote he omitted geological observations, and the most painstaking descriptions of the people, in the gaunt style of the age of Spenser, and he records his opinions that all English prose since that day was degenerate and affected.

Masked as a Persian pilgrim, patiently enduring the insults which the Arabs heaped upon one who knew not their customs, he set out on the *Derb el-Haj*. He left the pilgrimage at the *Medain Salib* with no money, and but slight recommendation; dressed like the very poor, travelling like the very poor he struck out into the desert. On the return of the Haj he did not set his face to Syria with the pilgrims, "but rode with a friendly sheyah of the district Beduins, to live with them awhile in the High Desert." It is the exhaustive account of this life that makes up the greater part of "Travels in Arabia Deserta."

Perfectly objective, the author never intrudes either personality or sentiment into his work; yet the copious detail, coupled with a masterly restraint, give the richest affect. Nothing, one feels, could be added to his report: he has given all of the life of the nomads in a series of pictures—the pilgrim camp in the wilderness of Muzeyrib; the robber's supper; women praying; the Arab's leave-taking; a wedder of fifteen wives; evening mirth at the tentfire; the children's pastimes; Lenten supper at midnight; Zealots in *Ramathan*; evening with the Emir Hamud; an *Harb* dancing woman.



"What's your most popular treatment here?"

"Passing 'round the Sweet Caps!"

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Here, then, are the Beduins; as the nomads, they are what the desert has made them. By long endurance of a parching environment, they have become a people of spirit: of great freedom in lust and in law. They are not imaginative, for hope has almost been crushed out of them, "yet always they look out towards those things in which mankind has had no lot or part." (Lawrence)

It is not Doughty's purpose or manner to say these things; but when he has told the full and exact account of what he saw, he sums up all in a sentence which, by comparison with the iron restraint of that which has gone before, is vibrant with the overtones of great reserves of power—"the Semites," he says, "sitting to the eyes in a sewer (cloaca), but with their brows touching heaven."

As Doughty begins the story of his pilgrimage his style is a struggle, rough, disjointed; but ever as his story proceeds it becomes the very form of the life of the story, and attains a pitch the more magnificent because it is so veiled.

"We remounted; and they said to me, with the Arabic urbanity, "When we arrive, thus and thus shalt thou speak (like a *Beduwy*—with a deep-drawn voice out of the dry wind-pipe) 'The Lord strengthen thee, O Governor! what be the camels worth here?—the price of small cattle?—and how much is the *samn*?' . . . We passed the gates and rode through the street, to 'the *Sherif's* palace'; but it is of a merchant (one called his agent) who had lately built this stately house—the highest in all Jidda.

On the morrow I was called to the open hospitality of the British Consulate."

In 1878 Doughty returned to England; with some difficulty he had his works published; composed patriotic epics on the Boer War; continued in his studies of the Bible, and his fine disregard for modern prose. He died in 1926.

Travelling in Doughty's path forty years later T. E. Lawrence reported that, in a land where memory is short, and the life of one man of small account, this tall and quiet Englishman was yet a legend among the Beduwins. It was the hard destiny of Lawrence to consciously create a legend.

Lawrence felt keenly the difference. "We export two chief kinds of Englishman, . . ." he says, "Some feel deeply the influence of the native people . . . They are like the people but not of the people, and their half-perceptible differences give them a sham influence often greater than their merit. . . ."

Doughty is a great member of the second, the cleaner class. He says that he was never oriental, though the sun made him an Arab."

What, above all, makes "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" a great and rich history written by the maker of that his-

tory is not only that it tells how poor men, greedy men, selfish men, may forget their poverty, their greed, their selfishness, in a great quest, but that it reveals the torturing self-knowledge of one who was conscious of what poor tools he was using. Lawrence, wearing the mask of an alien people, thinking through their forms of thought, passed beyond good and evil, and it made him sick; terrible were his shame and self-consciousness when he thought of his race and his people.

When Shaw left Arabia he left behind him what poor pretence he made for living. In England he wrote his last tribute to a great and selfish people; translated the *Odyssey*; sought escape in hazardous naval experiments, and in terrible wild rides through the English countryside found that escape two years ago.

R. L. B.

#### Answers to Last Month's Puzzle

1. Tom Sawyer.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.
3. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
4. Through the Looking Glass.
5. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
6. Robinson Crusoe.
7. Ivanhoe.
8. Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.
9. Moby Dick.
10. Treasure Island.
11. Tale of Two Cities.
12. Prince and the Pauper.
13. Count of Monte Cristo.
14. Quentin Durward.
15. Rose and the Ring.

We report, after arduous research among library book lists, with the Librarian's help, that seventy-six new books have appeared since the last issue of the "Mitre." Here are a few of the more interesting ones under appropriate headings.

*Politics*—Book, Frederik: An Eyewitness in Germany;  
Childs, M. W.: Sweden—the Middle Way;  
Travers, Pamela L.: Moscow Excursion.

*Fiction*—Chesterton, G. K.: Autobiography;  
Duranty, W.: I write as I please;  
Day, Clarence: God and My Father;  
George, David Lloyd: War Memoirs, v. 5, 6;  
Mann, Thomas: Stories of Three Decades;

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West, Rebecca: *The Thinking Reed.*  
*Science*—Hogben, L.: *Mathematics for the Million.*  
*History*—Cambridge Ancient History, v. 11.  
 Cambridge Modern History, v. 13, 14;  
 Graves, Robert: *Claudius the God.*  
*Poetry*—Housman, A. E.: *More Poems;*  
 Yeats, W. B., ed.: *Oxford Book of Modern Verse.*  
*Religion*—Morton, H. V.: *In the Steps of St. Paul;*  
 Morton, H. V.: *In the Steps of the Master.*  
*Biography*—Lloyd, Christopher: *Fanny Burney;*  
 Noyes, Alfred: *Voltaire.*

We wish we could tell you how delightful these are  
—if only we could find time to read them!

\* \* \*

### Concerning the Library

We have a good library, but let's not leave it at that, for there is room for improvement. Bearing in mind the fact that as a university we lack adequate funds both for the purchase of much desired books, and also for the provision of equipment, there still remain certain possibilities of improvement. To begin with we shall assume that the library ought to be the chief fount of learning for every member of the College. That means that the library is the chief department of any university and should be regarded accordingly.

The rule of silence is essential, if a library is to be a centre of study. We have the rule and also the infractions of the rule. A sound-proof door, which was silent while in operation, would be of great value to our library. The librarian might very well be provided with a room outside

the library in which the necessary typewriting could be done. Perhaps it would be well to add that the rule of silence ought to apply without any respect of persons, and it would be more appropriate for the librarian to fine an offender in the library, than for the professors to fine an offender in the dining room. After all, the latter offender is merely being rude, while the former is making himself an obstacle in the development of human knowledge.

It would appear that at present there is no limit to the length of time a borrower may retain a book. All that happens is that a neat little card is left with the porter and we are casually informed that a book is due. There are two classes of books in the library. Some are in great demand and should only be loaned for one night. Others have a lesser demand and may easily be loaned for a fortnight or more. In order that the books may be returned in good time, we should have a system of heavy fines. It would be amazing how soon people would return books if they learned that they were liable to a fine of fifty cents, if a book was not returned on the day it was due. Non-payment of fines would result in denial of the use of the library. Under a system like this the books would be used a good deal more than under the present easy-going methods.

To the uninitiated, it appears that the hours of opening the library, especially in the evenings, are peculiarly indefinite. A more serious objection to using the library in the evening lies in the lighting system which leaves a great deal to be desired. Indirect lighting on each table is the ideal. But perhaps this last suggestion is asking too much when we need such a great deal in the way of university equipment in general.

Here's to a better library!

## News and Notes

by D. J. Carmichael

The illness of "Pete" Roberts came as a great shock to all of us. We did not realise what an important part he played in College activities until he had left us. His office as President of the Debating Society will be hard to fill. He will be missed as a member of the committee of the Dramatic Society.

D. J. (Hogey) Carmichael has taken "Pete's" place as Assistant Manager of Hockey; Ronnie Fyfe has another of his positions and is the new bass drummer in the O.T.C. Band.

Every member of the student body joins with the staff of the "Mitre" in wishing "Pete" a complete recovery and an early return to the College.

## BOOKS

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### First Inter-Faculty Debate

This was held in Convocation Hall on Thursday, January 22. Dr. Boothroyd, honorary president of the Literary and Debating Society, was in the chair.

A rather novel subject was chosen for the debate. "Resolved that this house would rather have a bee in its bonnet than its tongue in its cheek." Divinity upheld the affirmative side, the team being N. Pilcher, L. Gourley and W. Robinson. Arts team was D. McOuat, M. Rosenthal and W. Delaney.

Pilcher opened the discussion by defining the man with a bee in his bonnet as an enthusiast who was able to put his words into action with success, while the tongue in cheek type were cynics. "It is the triumph of enthusiasm over cynicism that has resulted in the tremendous expansion and progress of past centuries," the speaker declared.

McOuat disagreed most emphatically with the affirmative's definition and declared the man with a bee in his bonnet to be "mad on some point" or "a little crack-brained."

The affirmative was next represented by Gourley, who enlarged on his leader's arguments and cited specific characters from history as exemplifying the "bee in bonnet" type. He said that the pages of history are filled with men of this kind, but scarcely any cynic has benefited mankind, except perhaps in a very indirect way.

Michael Rosenthal, the next speaker, stated that his side was willing to grant the affirmative some petty points, but that on the main issue they remained adamant. He was still totally unconvinced that the blundering methods of the enthusiast could be preferred to the cool, calculated moves of the man with his tongue in his cheek. "Indirect methods are the most efficient. It is a well-known fact that the more a person is opposed in his arguments, the more stubborn he becomes in upholding them. We must therefore use tact," contended the speaker. A man with a bee in his bonnet, he concluded, is the same type as the men who slew the Lindbergh and Mattson children, and certainly this House would not wish to be placed in the same category."

William Robinson was the succeeding speaker. He put his audience in receptive mood by telling the story of the ass which had its tongue in its cheek. This ass stood between two bales of hay, but as he was at equal distances from both, and they were both of the same size, he could not decide which to eat. The result was that he died of starvation. Mr. Robinson then followed the lines of his colleague who preceded him by presenting instances from history which bore out his contentions. Among the figures he mentioned were Columbus, Joan of Arc, and Louis Pasteur, all of whom, he maintained, had bees in their bonnets.

The third speaker for the negative was William Delaney, who promptly discredited the statement of the previous debater by telling of the time when, to preserve peace, Louis Pasteur signed a statement to the effect that there were no such things as microbes, when he knew perfectly well that there were. With that act he definitely established himself as a "tongue-in-cheeker," said the speaker. Mr. Delaney told several stories to achieve his end. He concluded his side's argument on a farcial note by presenting the affirmative with an ancient bonnet that they might realize the undesirability of wearing it even without the bee.

Then followed two very good rebuttals by McOuat and Pilcher. The latter was particularly good and his rebuttal was quite the best speech of the evening.

The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. The leader of the negative then moved a vote of thanks to the judges, Dr. W. O. Raymond, Dr. E. Owen and Rev. S. Childs, of the College Faculty.

### Are Undergraduates Growing Childish?

In what some people term the "good old days," university undergraduates of the lower grades used to settle their difficulties at the commencement of every session by engaging in manly rough-and-tumble fights with tomatoes, stale eggs or anything else that might be handy as ammunition. The sophomores did their best to rope the freshmen and the latter did their best to prevent being roped. And after it was all over, the torn clothes had been removed, the cuts and scratches washed and other traces of battle eliminated, the members of the two classes shook hands joined in a parade with some trolley-pulling and brushes with the police thrown in, and settled down to their studies and other undergraduate activities. The whole business of this so-called "initiation" was got over within 24 hours without any one being very much the worse and with injuries much rarer than those incurred in the ordinary football matches.

There arose a new and softer generation which declared that this annual "scrap" was a barbarous piece of business which should be put down and very weakly and tamely, we believe, the undergraduates submitted. The "scrap" and the "rush" gave way to the silliest practices imaginable and, as time has passed, these practices have become almost incredibly stupid, reflecting credit only upon the ingenuity of their originators and making their victims the laughing-stock of the people at large. The Queen's Review, for instance, gravely informs us that at that particular university women students "were required to wear one white stocking and one black, in addition to the customary tricolor beret. As well, large placards hung about their necks displayed in prominent script the name, address and weight of the wearer. The last requirement of these three was circumvented

rather neatly by a few astute misses who recorded their poundage in ounces or in stones. *However, the last, heart-breaking straw for the freshettes was the ban upon cosmetics; they were obliged to go about the campus, during this awful period, with shiny noses!*"

This sort of stuff may be quite all right for women students, but what is to be thought of growing, and sometimes grown, men having to observe the following regulations, also reported by the Queen's Review: "Arts freshmen wore bright red finger nails, baby nipples on strings around their necks, and carried their books in potato bags slung jauntily over the shoulder. For the Science frosh the special regulations included a non-shaving edict and the order to drag their books behind them in baskets upon the pavement. Being mechanically inclined, some of them fitted these baskets with wheels, or even roller skates, to increase the ease of locomotion. In addition, the Science newcomer had to pause at all corners, toot an imaginary horn, and extend his hand in the direction in which he intended to turn. Medical freshmen appeared with large M's painted with mercurochrome upon their brows."

These regulations, it might be remarked, did not originate in the nursery nor were they applicable to individuals just learning to toddle. On the contrary, they were soberly—or approximately so—conceived by students approaching supposed maturity and those called upon to observe them—and, apparently, doing so without so much as a struggle or even a protest—were in most cases only a year or so younger.

With all the faults that it was said to possess, the old-time initiation was infinitely more manly, and certainly far less ridiculous, than such childish exhibitions and we wonder that any university students are willing tamely to submit to them without engaging in rebellion and demanding something with more spirit and flesh-and-blood about it.

There is now, we are glad to say, a movement in the reverse direction. The students of at least one other university, having grown excessively weary of such namby-pambyness savoring of the kindergarten, have reached a decision to return to the old-time "scrap" under official sanction and with some of its more objectionable features eliminated. This we feel, is more in accord with what university life is supposed to be and will make the participants feel more like the growing men that they are than as infants at play in their pens.

\* \* \*

### British Debaters Give Judgment on Canadian Debating Methods

The following communication has been received from the N.F.C.U.S.

Following their recent tour of Canada and Newfoundland which got under way in October and landed the British

Team, consisting of Messrs. Bernard Ungerson of London University and Malcolm MacEwen of the University of Edinburgh, back at Montreal in the middle of December, these oracles have spoken frankly of their likes and dislikes of the system of debating generally in vogue at Canadian universities. Included in their suggestions are some rather startling comments.

By the time the Team reached the University of Alberta they were somewhat disappointed in what they thought was an obvious desire to emphasize the "winning" of the debate, which they felt made debating too much of a contest. They would prefer to debate *with* their opponents, rather than *against* them; they want debates to be discussions, and not contests.

Judges, to them, are a curse, not a necessity. They would abolish all judges except the audience, and urge that a more general use of the Parliamentary style, which has been adopted by not a few Canadian universities, would do much to put debating on a sounder and more useful footing.

But, if they did not find the Canadian system all they hoped for, they at least found the hospitality of Canadian students left nothing to be desired, and, when they arrived in the United States, and learned of one college which suggested exchanging speeches beforehand so rebuttals could be prepared, they were free to admit that, on the whole, the Canadian system was not as unlikeable as they had at first thought concluded.

With the compliments of

## SMITH'S RESTAURANT

HUNTING & LOACH, Props.

## Exchanges

We are pleased to say that since last going to press we have received a large number of exceptionally good exchanges. "The Arrows" of the University of Sheffield is a very complete and interesting publication. It contains an excellent drawing in "Airmindedness" and an interesting article on "Islam and Socialism." The writer has given a number of definite reasons why he believes the Muslims have a better conception of socialism than that which he calls western. We feel, however, that the comparison is hardly fair, in that it is incomplete. When we speak of western socialism as being Marxian, we must remember that the theories put forward by Karl Marx have been changed and recharged by numbers of individuals. As a result we have many widely different types of socialism, some of which are atheistic, and others which are definitely not. In dealing with the Islamic social system the writer has failed to present both sides of the question. The subject is treated as if the present Islamic society had only fallen short of the ideals of Muhammad in as far as it had been affected by western imperialism. History leads us to believe otherwise.

It is not our object at this point to give a criticism of the Islamic social system, but we would suggest that if the writer would compare this system, faults included, with that of let us say Sweden, he might reach a different conclusion. In any case it would be a fairer representation of the best of western socialism.

The "Alembic," publication of Providence College, Rhode Island, is our newest exchange. It contains a number of interesting articles including the following poem which we have taken the liberty of printing.

Vox Ex Umbris

A white cloud rides  
across the purple sky.  
Somewhere,  
a bird sings.  
I hear faint voices in the night.  
The stars are grave, sedate—  
cold and proud as jewels on a queen.  
The moon smirks at the sickly clouds  
who bow and fawn upon her.  
A slight wind plays  
about the willow's straggling locks,  
and all calm . . . a far cry,  
and all is still.  
A white cloud rides  
across the purple sky.  
Somewhere,  
a bird sings.

by E. S. Davis

The "Gryphon," published by the University of Leeds continues to maintain a high literary standard. Two articles in this magazine are of special interest, "Men of Letters," and "The Church Militant."

The Canadian Academy of Kobe, Japan, is to be congratulated on the merits of the publication "Red and Grey." This magazine is well balanced and complete, and shows clearly that the Institution is a centre of remarkable activity, a representation of our country of which we may well be proud. May we suggest, however, to those in charge of its publication that in selecting light material for the magazine they avoid the use of punning as a form of humour. This is always dangerous and usually bad.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:  
The Bate Student (Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; weekly)  
The McGill Daily  
The Manitoban (University of Manitoba; twice weekly)  
Varsity (University of Toronto; daily)  
The Ubysey (University of British Columbia; twice weekly)



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from this generation to the  
next expressed in terms of  
sustenance, shelter, educa-  
tion and opportunity.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

Lantern (Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.)  
 Argosy of Commerce (High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ont.)  
 Commissioners High School Year Book (Commissioners High School, Quebec, Que.)  
 Alembic (Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island)  
 Red and Grey (Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan)  
 B. C. S. (Bishop's College School, Lennoxville)  
 Acadia Athenaeum (Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.)  
 The Felstedian (Felsted School, Essex)  
 Cap and Gown (Wycliffe College, Toronto)  
 The Ashburian (Ashbury College, Ottawa)  
 The Tech Flash (Nova Scotia Technical College)  
 L'Hebdo—Laval (Laval University; weekly)  
 The Challenger (Vocational School, St. John, N.B.)  
 The College Cord (Waterloo College, Ontario)  
 Alma Mater (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.)  
 and the following are magazines:  
 Tamesis (University of Reading, England)  
 The Arrows (University of Sheffield, England)  
 College Echoes (St. Andrew's University, Scotland; 2 issues)  
 The Northerner (Armstrong College, Newcastle, Eng.)  
 The Gryphon (University of Leeds, England)

Chadonian (St. Chad's College, Regina)  
 The King's College Record  
 The Red and White (St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown)  
 The O.A.C. Review (O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario)  
 The Gong (University College, Nottingham, Eng.)  
 The Record (Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.)  
 The College Times (Upper Canada College, Toronto)  
 The Stonyhurst Magazine (Stonyhurst School, Blackburn, England)  
 Acta Rideiana (Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.)  
 The Albanian (St. Alban's School, Brockville)  
 The Howardian (Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff, Wales)  
 Technique (Ecole Technical, Montreal; 2 issues)  
 The Year Book of Kelvin Technical High School, Winnipeg  
 Blue and White (Rothsay Collegiate, Rothsay, N.B.)  
 The Diocesan Gazette (Diocesan College, Montreal)  
 West Saxon (University College, Southampton, Eng.)  
 The Grove Chronicle  
 St. Andrew's College Review (St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.)  
 Lower Canada College Magazine  
 Lampadion (Delta Collegiate Institute Hamilton, Ont.)

by J. E. Purdy

I had looked forward with great eagerness to compiling this column this issue, as I had pictured the many graduates and former students of this University glancing through the lists sent out by the Committee for the Campaign, and recalling many interesting items which they would promptly forward to me. However, this has not been the case, and I must say that I am terribly disappointed in the amount of material we have to present to you this issue. However, what material we do have at our disposal, we gladly give to you, for it is extremely interesting, even though it is scanty.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Miss MARGORIE HALL, M. '31, to Mr. Archibald Finlayson on January 2. The ceremony took place in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, with the Rev. Albert Jones officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson are living on Park Avenue, Lennoxville.

JAMES B. HEBERT, B.A. '32, is engaged to Miss Margaret O'Donahoe. Jim has a position with the Phillips Electrical Works at Brockville, Ontario.

We congratulate several of our graduates as follows: To Dr. and Mrs. Eivion Owen, on January 2, a daugh-

ter. Mrs. Owen may be known to many of you as Miss DOROTHY ARKLEY, B.A. '27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stockwell on December 26, 1936, a daughter. Mrs. Stockwell was at the university as Miss RUTH MEADE, B.A. '32, and Mr. I. M. STOCKWELL was also a B.A. '32.

To the Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Davis, on January 17, a daughter. BILL DAVIS, known to many here now is B.A. '31, B.D., and Mrs. Davis was here as Miss AUBREY ACHESON, B.A. '29.

To Principal and Mrs. Howard Aikmann, on January 21, twin sons. Mrs. Aikmann is known to many as Miss GWEN READ, B.A. '23, M.A. '24.

J. S. EWING, B.A. '36, is in the employ of Nesbitt-Thompson, in the Bond Department, at Montreal.

E. F. H. BOOTHROYD, B.A. '34, has been appointed to the teaching staff of Strathearn School, Montreal.

Miss DOROTHY WALLACE, B.A. '35, is teaching in a school in St. Joachin de Shephard, near Granby, Quebec.

Miss JOAN HALLS, B.A., '29, has given up her position on the teaching staff of the School at Kenogomi, and has

returned to the University to study for an M.A.

Miss AMY BELFORD, M. '30, is teaching at "The Study" in Montreal.

R. B. LAMB, B.A. '36, is working at Ward, Pitfield and Company, Montreal.

C. C. LLOYD, B.A. (Oxon), who was known to many students while he was here as Lecturer in English, has recently written a very successful biography entitled "Life of Fanny Burney," which is published by Longmans, Green and Company. It has been favourably reviewed in *Punch*, the *Tatler*, and in the *London Times*. Professor Lloyd is stationed at Dartmouth, England, at the Royal Naval College there.

The Ladies' Correspondent received a letter from the Montreal Alumnae Association in which the following item of interest is recorded: "On December 4, 1936, the Montreal Alumnae held a bridge at the Business and Professional Women's Club. A large number were present, bridge being played at ten tables." The executive this year of the Montreal Alumnae Association is as follows:

President—Mrs. T. C. Higginson, formally Miss JEAN TOWNE, B.A. '22.

Vice-Pres.—Miss E. AIKEN, B.A. '26.

Secretary—Mrs. C. Teakle, formally Miss MARGORIE FRANCIS, B.A. '24.

Treasurer—Mrs. A. Steeves, formally Miss AUDREY BENNETT, B.A. '26.

We would be very pleased to have any further notes of the activity of this branch of the Alumnae of Bishop's University.

Mrs. Jack Nutter, née MARION GOODHUE, B.A. '21, is now living in Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. H. Pollock, née PHYLLIS SMITH, B.A. '29, B.S.D. '30, is now living in Belleville, Ont. Mr. H. S. Pollock was a member of '30.

The Most Rev. ARTHUR DUNN, M.A. '04, D.D. '17, who for many years was Warden of Divinity House and Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology at Bishop's, has recently been appointed Archbishop of the West Indies.

This item of interest is coupled with a note of sympathy. J. W. Y. SMITH, B.A. '90, M.P.P., died toward the end of last term. He was a member of Parliament from New Brunswick, and for many years a very good friend of the University. We extend our sympathy to all his friends.

J. A. MCCALLUM, B.A. '35, who is now living in Thetford Mines, was a recent visitor at the University.

The Rev. A. H. PLUMMER, L.S.T. '12, has relinquished his charge at Sanford, Maine, for a period of a year. While he is resting, he is acting as assistant to the Bishop of Maine in Portland.

D. F. WATSON, M. '33, has opened an office in Sherbrooke as a Certified Accountant.

## WINGS

Patty A. Wiggett

A thousand wings roar headlong through the air,  
 Filling the lonely emptiness of night,  
 It's man, freed finally from the earth in flight,  
 Restless, soaring for dreams, not caring where  
 If lost to earthly conflicts and despair;  
 Tasting a new, ambrosial delight,  
 Elixir drunk with each new mounting height  
 While we below can only sigh and stare.

Thus men go on in never-ending quest  
 Of what has been untasted and unknown:  
 Eager to meet the future face to face,  
 Not ready to believe that life's a jest,  
 Or what we know, although we have not flown,  
 Or that dreams leave the world a lonely place.

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