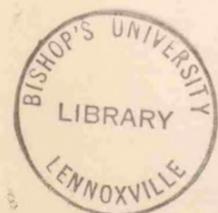


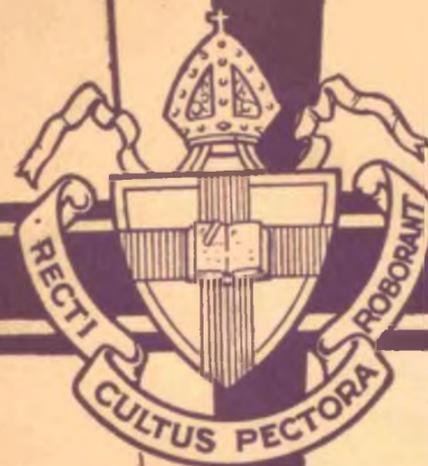
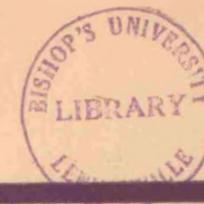
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The Mitre

VOL. 45 NO. 1

OCTOBER

1937

University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, Que.

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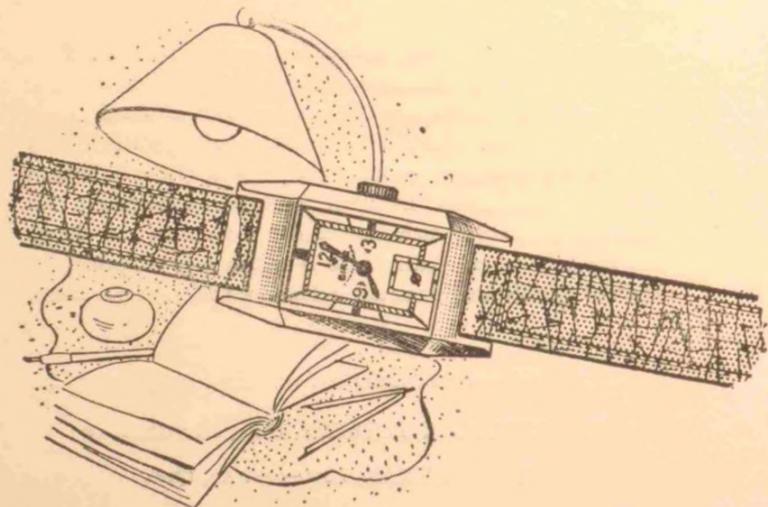
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OCT 1937

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

We feel it only a mark of courtesy, in beginning this editorial, to welcome to Bishop's, not only "the old-timers" but in particular those who are with us for the first time.

First of all, there is Dr. Langford. This newcomer is a graduate of Queen's University, and has come to Bishop's to take up duties as lecturer of Biology. Already he has expressed his liking for the college and in return—the college has expressed a liking for him. What more could one desire? So to Dr. Langford we say, "welcome and a happy stay."

Then, secondly, there is the new chef to whom we should certainly give a word of welcome, for he is one of the most important men in the College (at least, so the students feel). Although we do not see much of him, yet the quality of the food in the dining hall well marks his presence. It is rumoured that there is a scarcity of food, but we believe that, first having obtained quality, quantity may soon follow.

Then, last but not least, let us welcome the new students, both freshmen and freshettes. Many of them have already shown their usefulness about the place, and we feel that there are many good qualities in all of them which are as yet in disguise.

And now, to review the general conditions at Bishop's this year. The old gargoyle must find many changes. The first of these is concerned with initiations.

For many years Sophs have appeared at Bishop's in the fall with that look of revenge in their eyes—that desire to

initiate the "lowly worms". This year, however, Bishop's has failed to see their revenge materialize. In other words, initiations at Bishop's are no more. Most all the second year students are disappointed, as you can well imagine, but strangely enough many of the Freshman are also broken up over the fact. Many of them feel that they are being deprived of something which the rest of us have been fortunate enough to receive, (in this respect may we assure them that they *certainly* are). One newcomer was even heard to remark that he would get up at night and dump his own bed, since the Seniors are no longer allowed to do so.

Nevertheless, when all is considered, one cannot help but feel that possibly it is a good thing to discontinue initiations. We are informed of the fact that the larger Universities have done the same thing—so, Freshmen, don't feel so badly about it!

Another change, quite evident at Bishop's this year is the improvement in our rugby team. Every player seems filled with enthusiasm, and we are sure that the team is on its way to victory. This revival of feeling which has shown itself to be present on the rugby field, seems to have spread throughout the whole college generally. We have even traced its presence to the chapel services which are found to be a remarkable improvement over those of last year. Not only are the students showing better attendance, but also a better feeling towards them. The reason of this renewed college spirit we do not know—some have attributed it to the discontinuance of initiation; some have attributed it to other causes. But whatever the cause may be, let us only hope that it may continue, and lead us to bigger and better things.

The *Mitre* has been fortunate this year in securing as editors of the library column Miss Jean Macnab and Mr. Gerald Moffat, both B.A.' '37. Kindly send in any contributions, and assist the new editors in making this column a real success.

Our exchange editor draws our attention to the fact that outsiders think our magazine is improving. It is up to you students to continue this reputation, and get your articles written. We must confess, however, that the students have responded well to the Editor's cry this time. Keep up the good work!

We draw your attention to Dean Jones' article on the short story which is the essence of a short radio talk given a few weeks ago. Also to the "Peace River District", which has been written by last year's editor.

Thank you all for your contributions—don't forget about the December issue. To you all: A most successful year!

W. J. A.

We are publishing this letter, not because we wish to prolong the discussion concerning initiation, but simply to clear up several points.

In the first place, the writer accuses last year's editor of publishing his letter "piecemeal." This is quite correct; we did only select those parts of his letter which were *true*. It was quite obvious to those who had a correct knowledge of the facts, that he had been sadly misinformed about the nature of last year's initiation.

Secondly, it should be pointed out, on behalf of those who conducted the campaign against initiation through the medium of the pages of the *Mitre*, that they would have preferred to have witnessed the abolition of "initiation night" — (not the freshman rules) — by the consent of second year students, rather than the way it has ended. However, since the position is now quite definite, we might as well make the best of it.

There is no point in further discussion; no more letters or articles demanding the return of initiation can be accepted by the *Mitre* board.

S. J. D.

The Opening of the Season

The game is on!—the snapback grasps
The pigskin in his hand,
The quarterback a number gasps,
The heavy backs together stand.
The snorting tackles paw the ground,
The rooters hold their anxious breath;
And then begins with awful sound
The fight for glory or for death.

The fullback crashes through the mass,
Amid a wild and frantic shout,
The injured writhe upon the grass,
The umpire sorts the players out.
Beneath the pile upon the ground
All pale and lifeless, face to face,
The rival quarterbacks are found,
Entangled in a fierce embrace.

The Editor of The Mitre,
University of Bishop's College.

Dear Sir:

I was "all set" to write another denunciatory letter of the silly and harmful convention of initiating newcomers to college. I wrote such a letter to the *Mitre* last year. The Board, as far as I can gather, didn't think it wise to publish it, except piecemeal as quotations in an article, and after carefully overlooking all sections that were too explicit.

It seems any such letter is now made unnecessary by the fact that initiation has been called off.

Accordingly, all I want to do is to congratulate those responsible for the calling-off; evidently Bishop's is outgrowing its infantilism.

Yours truly,

John G. Withall.

The halfback grabs the reeking ball
And pokes his head a player through,
A dozen men upon him fall,
The fullback breaks an end in two.
The quarter stands a giant guard
Upon his head, and dives beneath
The squirming mass, and makes a yard—
At cost of half a dozen teeth.

The ambulance, in doleful state,
Bears off the remnant of a man,
The rooters loudly jubilate,
The subs all do a gay "can can."
And so the cares of life are gone,
And joy and pleasure loudly sing,
For now the mighty games are on,
And football once again is king!

Patty A. Wiggett.

The Short Story

by
The Dean of Divinity

IF IT is true to say that every age has its own characteristic art product in literature, then it may be claimed that the short story is, in many ways, the form of writing which is most expressive of modern conditions of life. By this I do not mean that the short story is an exclusively modern form of composition or that its beginnings do not stretch far back into the past. On the contrary, it has always been one of the great vehicles of literary tradition, and no age has been completely without examples. It enters largely into the Gospel narratives; it is behind many of the plays of Shakespeare. So far as mere age is concerned, I have, in one of my collections, an Egyptian story, "The Tale of Khafri", which dates back to nearly 5,000 years before Christ. It is undeniably short—only two pages. And it is, as undeniably, a story—the earliest treatment probably, in any form, of a theme which has maintained itself through the centuries, that of an unfaithful wife and an avenging husband. It is told by King Khafri of Egypt—the immediate successor of Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid—a king who was born and lived and died ages before Moses or Homer. In claiming the short story as a faithful representative of the modern spirit, we do not need to deny its antiquity or the great part it has always played in the development of culture.

Nevertheless, when all this has been allowed, there is about the short story something which especially fits it to appeal to the men and women of today; while, as regards its external form, we can safely assert that the last hundred or hundred and fifty years have done more than any preceding age to bring it to something like perfection. An external proof of the popularity of the short story is to be found on any book-stall. A hundred years ago, with the exception of Blackwood's, the Edinburgh, and the Quarterly Reviews, and a few others, periodical literature was almost unknown; today we live in an age of magazines. Magazines and papers constitute the bulk of, if not the sole, reading of an ever-increasing proportion of our population; and although, unfortunately, the external appearance of many a stationer's shop seems designed to suggest, ad nauseam, that crime and sex exhaust all human activities, the really surprising thing is that, in the avalanche of tales and short stories which are being poured out in a continually increasing volume, the general standard of craftsmanship should be so high.

The secret of this popularity is not hard to discover. First of all, we live in a hurrying, restless age—so we are told. And we have been told so often that we have begun to believe it, and to act in the manner appropriate to hurrying, restless people—that is, to read as we run. Here

the short story, in its own way, satisfies the same sort of demand as has called into being the Digests of one kind and another with which bookshops are crowded, all the manifold boilings-down of human knowledge and achievement into tabloid form.

But, secondly, the appeal of the short story is worthier and goes deeper than mere mental inertia. It is not the mere brevity that is meritorious—for the last few years have seen the reinstatement, with enthusiastic support, of examples of the very long novel, such as "Anthony Adverse" and "Gene With the Wind"—but the fact that brevity is the means of heightening, intensifying, and at the same time clarifying, the message it delivers. There is in us a revolt against prolixity and wearisomeness, a desire to get to the point. How well we clergy have been made to realize that fact! No preacher of today would *dare* to deliver the hour-long sermon of the past. Something is lost, no doubt, something that can be achieved only by leisureliness and gradualness. But the predominant feeling is that the message that is to get home must not only be short—though that in itself is a great merit—it must be pithy and forceful, and the pithiness and force, such as they are, are realized in large measure through the very brevity. When we have anything really to say, it is claimed, we can usually say it at once; it is when we have nothing that we are tempted to exhaust alike the resources of our vocabulary and the patience of our hearers or readers.

And that brings me to an important assertion in regard to our present subject. The short story, more than most other forms of literature, must have *point*. The point may be anything in heaven or earth or under the earth, anything ordinary or extraordinary in human experience, but point of some kind there must be. In almost all the great short stories of the world, there is one idea which is taken up, developed, and thrust home upon the reader in its greatest possible purity and intensity.

Sometimes, the opening words of the story give out the theme on which it is built. This is a favorite method of Edgar Allan Poe, and is splendidly exemplified in, for instance, his "Masque of the Red Death," and still more intensely perhaps in his tremendous "Cask of the Armitil-lads": "The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had born as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled; but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retri-

bution overtakes the redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong." And on the basis of the principles so stated, the story goes on without a pause or a break to its terrible crisis.

In many others, perhaps the majority, of the world's great stories the idea is not stated explicitly till the very end. All that goes before is by way of preparation, and when the crisis comes, though it may strike with surprise in greater or less degree, according to the character of the story, we feel it also as exquisitely apt, endowed with splendid finality, the inevitable outcome of the forces and tendencies which have already been exhibited to us. Stevenson's "Markheim" and Somerset Maugham's "Rain" are fine instances of this effect, or that piteous and yet wonderful story of O. Henry's, "The Gift of the Magi"—of the young married couple in poverty, where the husband, reduced to his last resource, sells his cherished gold watch to procure for his wife, on the anniversary of their wedding, that brush and comb long coveted for the beautiful hair which is her sole remaining possession; only to discover when the time comes, that the wife has cut off and sold her hair to be able to present him with a fine gold chain to match his watch.

This unity of effect in the short story, achieved through concentration of interest and the ruthless pruning of everything which does not contribute to its purpose, is so important that it may be used as one of the first tests to discover what it is or is not properly to be termed a short story. There are, of course, many imitations and spurious forms; but a true short story, whatever its particular theme, should leave us with the conviction that every part of it is essential to the whole; and also that the whole is complete in itself so that, even if nothing would have been lost, at least nothing, would have been gained, by further elaboration.

It follows from this that, through its very brevity, the short story may be the most perfect of prose forms; and by "perfection" here, I mean not a more or less vague assertion of excellence, but a definite quality which some great works of art do not possess, without ceasing to be great in other respects. Perfection is a quality of construction and form; it means that a thing is rounded off and complete within itself, or, as Aristotle long ago expressed it, that it has a beginning, a middle, and an end—a beginning that is a beginning, a middle that is a middle, and an end that is an end. Now a perfect whole of this kind is much more easily attainable within small limits than within large, and that is, perhaps, the greatest distinction between the novel and the short story. A novel can digress and still keep us pleasurably interested; it may leave half a dozen or more

threads lying loose at the end without causing any profound dissatisfaction. We may be persuaded to wander along all sorts of side avenues, which, though perhaps suggested by, are by no means relevant to, the main action of the story. In fact, few of our great English novelists know really how to construct, how to achieve perfection in this strict sense of the word. Nearly always (and this is true of English fiction generally) their matter, the substance of their novels, is much more important than their construction or sense of form. Hardy, of all the great novelists, seems to me to pay most attention to this element of form (possibly because he was an architect before he was a writer): there is a balance, a proportion of facts, a logical progression in his works which are hard to find elsewhere. The truth is, no doubt, that perfection of form in a long novel would be a superhuman achievement. The issues are so many and various, the relationships so complex, and the scope of the work generally so broad that it is all but impossible to hold the balance even.

But the position is very different in the short story. Here form and matter must be adequately and accurately balanced. Here, indeed, they tend to lose any separate distinctness they may sometimes appear to have. The form contributes to the substance of the story, and the substance is what it is only so far as it is formed. Just because technical perfection is more easily attainable, failure to attain it becomes correspondingly fatal.

Not only, therefore, as we have suggested, must the short story contain one, and only one, informing idea, but this one idea must be led up to, or worked out to its logical conclusion, with absolute singleness of aim and directness of method. And, as a fact, this is what characterizes the most successful stories of the world, some of which we have glanced at already. As additional examples from authors not hitherto mentioned, think, for instance, of "The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs, where the idea of the three wishes granted by the possession of the paw is developed, not mere powerfully and gruesomely, but—and this is our point here—with complete logical inevitability. Or call to mind again "In the Pride of His Youth" and other stories by Kipling. It is not only the striking idea that demands our notice, but the consistency of its working out, a completely rounded whole in which no gap or crevice is offered for the insertion of the critical knife.

It is attainment of this unity that is the greatest difficulty and also the peculiar excellence of short story writing; and for some people the triumphant subordination of means to end which it requires is able to give a sense of satisfied delight which nothing else in their whole experience of literature can rival, or at any rate surpass.

Fides Omnia Vincit

by
G. Blake Knox

Mattawa, Ont., August 18.—G. Blake Knox, of Montreal, counsellor-in-charge of a boys' camps near here, was lost in the bush for two days and stumbled back to civilization forty miles from the point where searchers were looking for him. Without food, he suffered from weakness and chills but is recovering.

A posse of seventy-four men under Park Ranger McDougall combed the woods near Sturgeon Lake. Knox emerged at Brent on Mink Lake.



"Lost in the Woods!" To the average person this would conjure up thoughts in the mind of wandering through a maze of trees in unfamiliar territory, and of eventually coming out into pasture-land with the usual gray farm buildings standing out against the horizon.

But to me that phrase implies a great deal more, for I wasn't lost in a mere woods; I was lost in wild, shaggy bush, in a country that defies any man to find his way about without a compass. (There are no maps of this section of Ontario.) At the time I was lost, I didn't possess a compass, so you will ask, how was it that I managed to come out safely after a couple of days wandering? The answer is really quite simple, it was an act of God, a definite and immediate answer to my prayers.

On the 7th day of August I set out with three campers from Canoe Lake for a two weeks' canoe trip. We had decided to head due north to the regions about North Bay and Mattawa. We finally reached Mattawa on the 13th of August, after some tough tripping over old portages and through bad stretches of rapids, the effects of which showed visibly on our canoes. From Mattawa back to Kiosk Koque we had to travel through strange country. We had no map, and had misplaced our compass, but a guide in Mattawa, who knew the surrounding country exceedingly well, informed us that it was easily reached, in fact it was only a matter of portaging from one lake to another. We set out, and all that day it rained so heavily that by the time we reached the portage at the end of Fork Lake, we were all soaked to the skin. All our matches, and our axes, we had placed in the packs to safeguard them from the rain.

The start of the portage did not look very promising, as there were two or three trails leading off in different directions, so I told my charges to remain where they were and I would go ahead and scout one of these trails.

I must have been gone about five minutes when I noticed the trail becoming much fainter, and suddenly it ended—there just wasn't any trail. I turned and tried to retrace my steps in order to get on the path once more, but it was impossible to acquire any sense of direction, for it was still raining hard and the sky was a dull gray. When I couldn't find any sign of the path, I began calling. After I had shouted at intervals for about half an hour, and had received no answer, I decided to save my breath for walking.

About an hour later, I suddenly spied a stream flowing through thick, bushy muskeg, and decided to follow it, for I supposed that the lake was northwest of my present position. I thought that this stream ran parallel to the Amable-du-Fent river which flowed to the north about forty miles away. I followed this river downstream thinking it would eventually lead me to the lake. Little did I realize at the time that this point marked the height of land and this particular stream flowed southeast.

However, in my ignorance, I followed the stream for a couple of hours, sometimes going nearly to my neck in cold swampy water. It was now about 8 o'clock in the evening and beginning to get dark and cold. It was then that the full realization of my position dawned upon me. I was well and truly lost.

By this time I was so utterly worn-out by hunger (I had not eaten since breakfast), by worry, and by the constant plodding downstream, that I could go no further. I also realized that if I did not get out of the stream at once, I should be caught in it for the night. So very slowly and painfully I climbed out of the stream, through some brush, and up the side of a hill.

By this time it was very dark and I struck some sort of a trail which I followed until I dropped completely exhausted. Before going off to sleep I placed a stick in the

path pointing in the direction which I had been going, in case I should turn about in my sleep. How I slept that night I do not know, for it was still raining and cold, and I was soaked through to my very bones, hungry, and without food or matches. Also this section of the country was infested with black bears and wolves, something I did not know at the time. I can picture now just how I felt before I dozed off. I realized that I was lost, and that I was terribly cold, hungry and wet, but I was much too fatigued to do anything about it, except try to sleep. I awoke about dawn the next day, and started on my way once more. After another hour or so of futile wandering, I got panicky.

No one in this world can realize the true feeling it is being lost, unless he has gone through the same experience that I went through. Now when I look back on it, I laugh and joke about the humorous side of it all. But I shall carry to my grave the memory of that sheer horror of silence which surrounded me—a silence only to be broken by my own voice, calling out another's name which came right back as if mocking me. I was alone, unbearably so, as far as human companionship was concerned, and I can readily imagine how a man might go stark raving mad under such circumstances. I looked about me and saw nothing but dead leaves and tall virgin timber, all of it so very strange to me, and panic hit me for a moment.

My imagination ran wild, and I began to think that I should never see the face of civilization again. And then

I knelt down and prayed to God as I have never prayed before, asking him for help, guidance, and a safe deliverance from that awful plight—for I was in country that I am sure no white man has travelled since the days of the Indians.

Somehow, when I got upon my feet again to resume my journey, I felt that new life had come to me and I had faith that my prayer would be answered. It was—for about noon that day I struck an old wagon trail which brought me out, after another four hours of wandering, to the C. N. R. tracks at Mink Lake.

I had had nothing to eat for 36 hours except berries, and was so ravenous that when a good lady at one of the section houses gave me a loaf of bread and practically a whole cheese—every crumb was gone within ten minutes.

When I look back now upon the whole experience, many things stand out vividly, especially my dream, that wet cold night, about warm cabins and cosy beds; the animal that woke me halfway through the night, slinking nearby; and most vivid of all is the memory of those railway tracks which brought me safely through the bush after my fifty-mile trek.

Many people have since congratulated me on my remarkable self-rescue, but that is all wrong, for it was providence that brought me to that trail and finally back to civilization—safe and sound once more.

The Donator's Dilemma

by
Lincoln Magor

"How about writing something for the 'Mitre'?"—

You stop; turn around; lumps leap to your throat; your blood rages hot. Why you? Has he heard of you? Maybe your fame as a writer has preceded you. Why certainly it has. Look at that pleading stare, that I-can't-return-without-it look, that glance that is trying to call up all that is noble and altruistic within you. You are elated. But you must be only condescending. You say—

"Why certainly, I'd be delighted—"

No, no! much too enthusiastic. Mustn't let him believe you really are delighted. Better to make him think the pleasure is all his. It should have sounded more like it would if "Sonny" had been added. He says—

"Good—"

Ah, you see he's pleased. At any rate he's definitely relieved. That contribution from you means a lot to him. Why he's almost crying with joy. No, he's sneezing. Just

an attempt to hide his emotion. My, how you have understood his difficulties, and come to his aid! You say—

"Of course, I'm not very good."

This must be said sooner or later, and it's better to get it over with. Of course it's a lie, and you take no pains to disguise the fact. Your tone was modest enough, I believe. He says—

"H-m, well—oh, that's all right."

Good Lord, he doesn't believe you does he? You hurriedly reply—

"Well, as a matter of fact, I have written one or two things for school magazines and the like, you know. Nothing important, but still—"

—I wonder if your tone was strong enough. Oh surely he knows he has struck oil by now. The very look on his face, the expression in his voice show his vital interest in your contributing. He says—

"Oh fine, you probably know the ropes pretty well, then, eh?"

Do you suppose he's getting a little patronizing? He seems to have forgotten that you're the important member of this discussion. Oh no, he's just trying to be friendly. Don't you notice that this—writing—racket—is—some—sport—eh! Look! You're both in the same boat aren't you? Both journalists? You say—

"Well, what sort of thing do you want?"

You can give him almost anything of course. Better let him realize that. Gesture with your hand and semaphore off subject after subject. No concrete suggestions, they might be all wet. This *Mitre* business is all new to you, you know. He replies—

"Oh, almost anything at all."

—Either it just doesn't matter or he's up a tree. Not a very helpful reply at any rate. I wonder if the question ever occurred to him? Probably not. It's very likely he's the editor, and you can't expect him to know. Maybe you'd better say something. Comment on the cut of his coat. Give him a chance to think. Ah, he's going to speak.

"Perhaps something about your summer holidays; a short story; an article, maybe. Anything at all."

He's pretty set on the last one, it seems. But I wouldn't touch it, if I were you—damn difficult subject, anything at all. Your summer holidays? No - no, I don't think so. Accounts of vacations are usually so full of such startling revelations as—I got up in the morning, and (poetically) the sun got up too. I ate breakfast (unusual attitude towards one's meals). The day was very hot (calculated to surprise, no doubt). I bummed around in the afternoon (the desire to speak like the common man, simply, directly). Played golf, or rather *at* golf (modesty in original wit). Went for a swim in a deliciously cool lake (striking description). Went dancing at night (the social element that appeals to all).—that I don't think it would be quite fair

to the excitable reader. Furthermore what you did during the summer is an advised journalistic topic. Your vacation activities are your own affairs, not the *Mitre's*.

A short story. Now you've got something there. What is necessary for a successful short story—imagination, worldly wisdom, humour, individuality, originality, perception, ability to depict and analyze character. Why, these are all your outstanding traits! Still, there's the article. Article writing means prestige in the world of current thought. Just think of the political parties, the scientists, the temperance societies that will flock about you in order to pick up and use your terse, epigrammatic phrases, and your long, smooth, well-balanced sentences. Yes, yes, an article!

"When does copy have to be in?"

That's the way. Be journalistic. Don't talk about your contribution or your article. Copy, that's the word.

"The dead line is next Wednesday. All copy must be edited by Friday and the proofs returned from the printer's by Saturday—"

Boy, have you ever convinced him! To anyone else he would have said, "Please have your contribution ready by Wednesday." Technical expressions such as editing, copy, proof, printer's, would have bounced right off them. You say—

"Fine—" Abrupt, business-like, no bandying words. Better go upstairs as if you were all set to start right away.

Well, here's the pencil and paper, the former poised over the latter, pregnant with purpose. It seems to be going around and around without much result. I'd paddle through a few pages of an old *Mitre* if I were you, just to get the general idea, you know. Well, you ought to have several ideas by now and all ought to be pretty general. And I suppose you've read a few of the articles.

Yes, and now it might dawn on you why I have called this the "Donator's Dilemma".

Emancipation

Oh, Reader dear, and did you her the things that we have seen?
For they're banning frosh at Bishop's from the wearing of the green.
With the hazing and the dumping, the mighty seniors sin—
All passed into the limbo by an edict of the Prin.
So Initiation leaves us, we can hear the parting knell,
But when all is said and done for—don't you think it's just as well?

The Peace River Country

WE often hear little snatches of information about the Peace River Country. For example, we hear it's a new country, that it's great for producing wheat, that it's somewhere in British Columbia.

This summer I had the privilege of spending about two months in that district, and I had the opportunity to traverse much of the centre of the famous Peace River block. It is not my intention to write about the work I was doing, interesting as that was, but rather about the country itself, and the people who live there.

How does one get there? That, in itself, is quite a process. First a train journey to Edmonton, either by C.P.R. or C.N.R., then a change of trains to the Northern Alberta Railway. There are only two things to be said about the railway. One is, you have to be a pretty good sailor to come out well; the other is don't travel on it, if you think you can hitch-hike or unless you have a railroad pass. It is a single track line, they have a monopoly of all traffic on it, and they will "soak" you all they can.

This line will take you to Dawson Creek, which is about 500 miles northwest of Edmonton, in 26 hours. Trains run twice a week, and Dawson is the end of steel. From Dawson, points north and west are reached by car or truck. My destination was Fort St. John, which is about 75 miles northwest of Dawson. The accepted way to arrive in Fort St. John is by means of the mail truck, preferably in the back of it.

Before reaching Fort St. John, however, a real treat is in store for the traveller. After passing through about 60 miles of fairly well-settled country, which is very rolling and not unlike this part of the Eastern Townships, at the top of a very steep hill, without any warning, one catches a glimpse of the mighty Peace River. The first sight of this river is something that renders even those who have travelled extensively speechless with admiration—yes, even with awe. The river is not very wide at this point, about a mile across, but the factor which strikes one is the enormous size of its banks, which are in some places over a



by
S. J. Davies

thousand feet above the river bed. These banks in many places look just as if they had been hand-carved by giants using immense shovels. In other parts the land rises gradually in "benches" or flats. The banks might rise about a hundred feet and then the land flattens out into a large plateau which might be anything from one to five miles wide, and run back from one-half to two miles. From this plateau the land again rises for another considerable height and another plateau appears. There are places where there are as many as four of these plateaux before the height of land is reached.

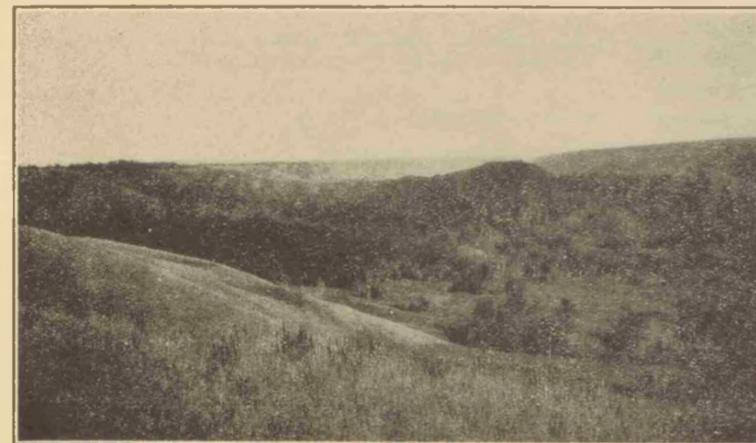
To get to Fort St. John it is necessary to cross the Peace at a place called Taylor's Flat, and transportation is by means of a ferry boat. (See cut.) It is interesting to

note that this is the only possible means of getting cars across to the north side of the river for many miles. The nearest bridge is at Peace River Crossing which is over a hundred miles from Taylor's.

Once on the north side of the river the country seems to change; it becomes more hilly and there is far less land under cultivation. It should

be said, however, that more land is being cleared every year, and when it is sufficiently cleared, some of the finest wheat in the world will be produced in this district. From Taylor's Flat Fort St. John is a mere fifteen miles over a fair road. This summer the roads were very good most of the time, because it was so dry; when the rain did come the roads became very bad indeed. There is very little gravel on them and I defy anyone to produce mud that is stickier than that in the Fort St. John district.

In Fort St. John we find quite a flourishing community of about 250 people. There are two fairly large grocery stores, one butcher shop, a hardware store, a barber shop, (which is only open on Wednesdays and Saturdays), a telegraph office, with which is combined the post office and a police station. There are three church buildings: the Anglican Church of St. Martin's, built in 1931 and now served by Rev. Russell Brown, a graduate of Bishop's; the Roman Church, and the Presbyterian Church, which was



just built this summer. There is also a very fine hospital at Fort St. John run by Roman Catholic sisters. It is a very imposing building, the only one in Fort St. John which is stuccoed; the others are either log or lumber buildings.

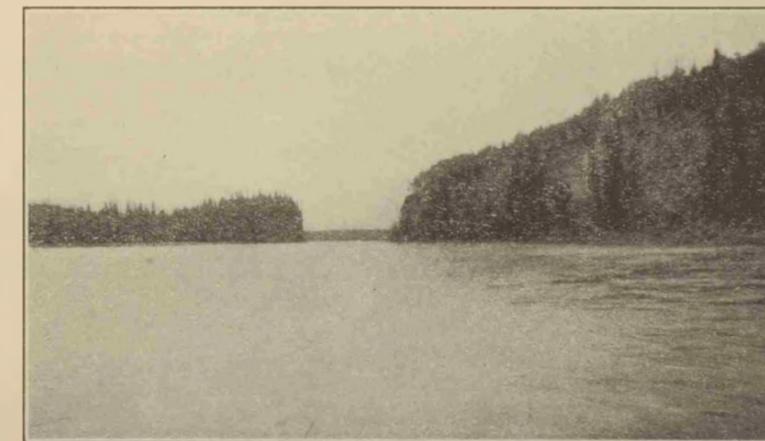
Unfortunately, Fort St. John seems to be in the wrong place. There is no convenient water supply close by. Drinking water is brought around to the town's-people in tanks, and they have to pay forty cents a barrel for it. This water comes from Fish Creek, a mile and a half from Fort St. John, and must be boiled or chlorinated before it is safe to use as drinking water. Apart from this deficiency, Fort St. John is a very pleasant little town—typically western, that is *truly* western. There are no saloons, nor does one see cowboys come whooping it into town firing both guns. People don't talk with a drawl; they are not particularly "lynx-eyed"; nor is there any danger of a lariat dropping over your shoulders. The people, there are hard working, clean and courageous; they don't grumble unduly; they make the best of what they have and get on with the job. Most of them wear overalls; a few young bucks wear ten gallon hats and chaps, but those are the type who sing the cowboy songs—songs that are certainly not true of the life in the northwest of British Columbia.

This country has been settled since about 1910. In 1913 there were about two hundred people north of the Peace River, not counting the Indians. A large increase occurred in 1919, after the war, when many old soldiers settled in there. From 1919 until 1930 there was a small but steady increase. From 1930 until today the increase has become more noticeable, especially since the conditions in the drought areas of southern Saskatchewan have become so serious. The majority of people are of British stock, with a sprinkling of European, although there are

several Russian families, a few French, and a few Italians. Whatever their politics, whatever their religious beliefs (if any), whatever their race, they all show the old western hospitality. This district has been called the last outpost of the great West; certainly it upholds the traditions of western friendliness and cordial receptions of strangers. Perhaps a few years ago this hospitality was not possible because of financial conditions, but these past few years have seen a good increase in the amount of land cleared and better economic conditions prevail now than ever before. Many families came into this country with little knowledge of farming, and the progress they have made speaks

well for their labour and ingenuity. A few places I visited had electric lights in the houses and in the barns; these were made possible through the use of homemade generators which are driven by windpower. One man had built his own sawmill and was making a good business from custom sawing. Many farmers have built their own threshing machines which do a very good job. This is no mean achievement.

You can talk about your heroes who win V.C.s and do heroic deeds, but the men and women in this Peace River country are for the most part, as true heroes and heroines as ever lived. They often come in with next to nothing. For example, one family landed there with \$1.87, a Ford car badly battered and of no use to them, a few household effects and two axes. The only things really useful were the axes. From that point on they had to clear land, build a house and barns, and make a living in some way. How some of them have accomplished as much as they have is a mystery to me. In time they get land cleared, get a team of horses and a few cows, plant a garden, and live happily. These people have great faith in their coun-



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try; they realise that those who will not labour must starve or get out where there is city relief. Those that stay are the salt of the earth.

The country, generally speaking, is quite hilly. This is only to be expected because Fort St. John is really in the foothills of the Rockies, and the first range—the Butler range—of the Rockies can quite easily be seen on a clear day from Fort St. John's main street. The country is difficult to describe, because no adjectives seem to fit. To say the country is "beautiful" is too vague; to call it "pretty" is not true, except perhaps in the fall when the leaves are turning; pretty suggests something delicate or fragile. I think the feature that strikes one most about the country is the "grandeur" of it. It is so vast and so imposing that humanity seems to fade into insignificance against the vast stretches of hills and the majesty of the Peace River. The whole country has the vastness of the prairies without the monotony of them.

There are plenty of plains which are available for cultivation; the trees that grow on them are mostly poplars or balm of gilead's and willows. Fortunately these are not hard trees to clear, because the roots are only shallow in the earth.

There is a good deal of wild life. A little north and west of Fort St. John deer are seen quite frequently, an odd moose, and plenty of black bears. Coyotes are *too* common; they steal many of the chickens from the farms. The cut shows a typical section of the land that is used for grazing. The banks of the Peace may be seen in the distance.

Mention should be made in this article of a very pretty little settlement known as Hudson's Hope (the origin of the name is a mystery) which is about 80 miles west of Fort St. John, up the Peace River. I was able to make two visits there. The first time we went by car to the Halfway River and then proceeded by boat up the Peace to Hudson's Hope. The trip up the river was very interesting. We saw plenty of wild life on the banks, but the greatest thrill of all was reserved for the point about six miles from the Hope where we caught sight of the "Gates". (See cut.) The Peace River is nearly a thousand miles long and this point is the narrowest part of the whole stretch from the origin of the river in the Rockies to where it enters Great Slave Lake.

The second visit I paid to Hudson's Hope I went most of the way from Fort St. John by saddle horse. The trail was quite easy to follow and the weather fine. Highlights of this trip were: swimming my horse across the Halfway River; helping a couple of kids to corral about eighty pigs; sleeping out beneath the stars with a saddle for a pillow and a saddle blanket for warmth. The adventure nearly ended disastrously when it started to rain.

I could go on for pages telling you more about the country and people and the work I was trying to do, but this must suffice. For my part I enjoyed every minute of my stay in that wonderful country, and can recommend it for ambitious hunters, and for those who are sick of city life.

ABOVE THE WIND

Lightning in drap'ries of transparent loveliness
Flashes the ghosts of the day through the sky:
Transient and exquisite, each spray of rainbow-mist
Throws dewy kisses down as it flees by.

Crickets expectantly chirp from their earthy beds
Deep in the pale grass that mourns Summer's death;
Storm-heralds toss in the restless dark poplar-tops,
Dry show'rs of leaves swirling high on their breath.

Loud o'er the wind-noise a gay voice is singing—
Voice from the mountain-heights wind-swept and free,
And while Earth hesitates anxiously, breathlessly—
Clear-toned, enthralling, the song floats to me.

Vivian D. Parr.

INTRODUCING

The Freshettes

BEVERLY AMES—whose birthday is June 15, the first one occurring away back in 1918. Beverly is a graduate of the Sherbrooke High School, but omitted to mention whether she has spent all her school-days there. Her activities will include hockey, dramatics, Glee Club, skating, and skiing, not excepting badminton and writing for the *Mitre*, over both of which she hesitates—just a little.

CATHERINE MURIEL BANCROFT—tagged among acquaintances generally by the shorter "Kay". Born August 27, 1920, (and so one of the younger freshettes) she attended St. George's School and St. Monica's in old Quebec. Working up to an awful comedown brought her to Knowlton High School, but she is again on the upward grade at Bishop's. Kay has numerous intentions—badminton, hockey, dramatics, and finally, teaching.

AUDREY AGNES BELLAM—born April 19, 1919, but forgot to mention where. She attended Lennoxville High School, and, presumably, graduated from there. Audrey is apparently keeping a firm check on her social inclinations for she will interest herself solely in skating and badminton. As to vocation, she appears to be undecided at this early date. After all, she has three years in which to make up her mind.

PHYLLIS IRENE BISHOP—who is presumably called Phyl, because one doesn't abbreviate Irene. Phyllis was an early autumn gift, August 16, and she occurred in 1919. A few years later found her at Marbleton Intermediate, then at Commissioners' High, Quebec, and subsequently at Sherbrooke High School. Perhaps Phyllis intends study to be her sole recreation,—speaking for ourselves, we can't believe it. Anyway, her future is undecided.

VIOLA LOUISE BOOMHOUR—whose parents first realized their responsibilities on March 3, 1917. Viola left her Alma Mater, Bedford High School, to become a loyal daughter of Bishop's with an ambition—she is intending to be a teacher. But perhaps it's a bit early to decide irrevocably. In the intervening three years she will lend her support to the basketball team.



BERNICE BRENNAUD—who finds herself among us with the aid of daily transportation from the neighbouring town of Coaticook. Bernice was added to the annual census on June 15, 1920, and just a few years afterwards she graduated from the Coaticook High School. She, too, plans basketball as an outlet for excess energy, and will feature skating as her major outdoor sport. Her vocation is as yet uncertain.

MARY LOUISE CROOK—Mary Lou is not, strictly speaking, a freshette, having spent two years at McGill. She cannot escape the fool-ishness of April, since she was born in the middle of that fatal month, April 16, 1917. She formerly attended the MacDuffie Preparatory School for Girls at Springfield, Mass., which, by the way, is where she hails from. Her activities will include badminton, basketball, riding, Glee Club, but mainly sleeping. Her only known vice is tap-dancing. Vocation? Well, she's planning on the diplomatic service.

KATHERINE MARION DAVEY—Senior freshette, who missed being an April fool by two months, and instead arrived on February 2, 1919. Dubbed "Kay" by numerous friends with a lazy streak—or perhaps just a chatter complex. She graduated from the Sherbrooke High School and made her light-headed way to Bishop's. While here she hopes to enter dramatics, play badminton, sing at Glee Club, skate, and ski. She is one of a long line of co-eds who intend some day to become medical technicians.

RUTH ECHENBERG—who made her initial debut just a few years back—April 29, 1921, to be explicit. (This makes her the baby of the First Year.) Sherbrooke High School saw Ruth through her happy schooldays, and Bishop's now welcomes her to dramatics, and, we hope, the Glee Club. She is apparently undecided as to her future.

HILDRED JUNE GRAHAM—who states, uncontested, that she was born on June 26, 1920, at Regina, Sask. Sherbrooke High School alone taught her as much as she now knows, and in an effort to add to that knowledge she will

make journalism her career. At this point, may we be allowed to suggest a little support for the *Mitre*?

PATRICIA JOYCE HALL—who spent a good many years of her life—begun March 14, 1919—at the Sherbrooke High School storing up marks for matriculation. Pat, to be less formal, will lend strength to a failing Glee Club, hopes to bask in the glory of the footlights, intends to skate, ski and play badminton. She, too, will begin, in three years' time, her medical technician training.

ALITA KATHERINE KINNEAR—who considerably calls herself Alita in order to forestall a superfluity of Katherines. One of the younger freshettes, Alita was born November 22, 1920. She graduated from the East Angus High School and promptly sought fresher fields. At Bishop's she will occupy herself in the sports' world mainly with skating and tennis. She, too, has an unpredictable future.

ELIZABETH MCDUGALL—who comes from the Three Rivers High School to join her sister at Bishop's. For the sake of variety autumn was her choice, and so she was born September 21, 1920. She intends to follow in her sister's discarded shinpads and play hockey, basketball, badminton, to ski, skate, and attend the Glee Club. In three years' time Bessie will swell the group of budding educationalists.

MARJORIE ETHEL MORRISON—who offers at least vari-

The Freshmen

BRUCE EARLE BAKER—It is fitting that the first to be introduced to you should be a local boy. Born here on August 1, 1917, and somewhat educated at Bedford and Stanbridge. Is now living in Lennoxville and taking a B. Sc. course. Future is uncertain, but activities include baseball and track work (on our mythical cinder track).

HOWARD ROSS BRADFORD—Ever since June 28, 1919, Sherbrooke has sensed the presence in its midst of this nebulous being. Now he has drifted out to Bishop's, and we are vaguely aware that he is taking science. As to his probable future career—he himself has no idea, and we will not hazard a guess. You try. Hunting, fishing and skiing are his favourite pastimes—and he intends to support the *Mitre*.

DOUGLAS HAMILTON BRADLEY—is another native of Sherbrooke. His birthday, June 12, 1920. Reason for coming to Bishop's—to take three years Arts leading to medicine. Activities—sailing, hockey, football, golf, skiing.

DAVID HASTINGS BUDDEN—arrived the other day to enroll for a science course. He aims at chemical engineering. As for the past—we gather he was born in Montreal on 17th November, 1918; still lives there, and went to school in Lakefield, Ontario. He plays football, hockey, golf, etc., also skis.

ety in her choice of vocation. Marjorie, born May 14, 1920, attended the Lennoxville High School, where she made a start in badminton, hockey, skating, and skiing. She hopes to enter dramatics at Bishop's, and after gaining her B.A. will become a librarian, at least, that's what she maintains at present.

RUTH MCOUAT—who disdained Quebec as her birthplace, and expressed a decided preference for Ottawa, Ont., on March 11, 1919. Quebec has so far been the scene of her education—St. George's, Quebec, Sherbrooke High School, and now Bishop's, but her tastes may change again anytime. Ruth numbers among her activities badminton, dramatics, skating, skiing, Glee Club, and writing for the *Mitre* (a subdued cheer is indicated). Her future is somewhat undecided.

RUTH ELIZABETH WOODMAN—who decided that being born on August 31, 1919, did something for her, and consequently intends to take up nursing. Ruth attended the Commissioners' High School, Quebec, and at Bishop's will, among other things, improve her knowledge of basketball, hockey, badminton, dramatics, skating, and skiing. She will also be a welcome addition to the Glee Club, perhaps visualizing some distant day when she will soothe refractory patients with a song.

WILLIAM ALSTON CAMPBELL—On June 27, 1920, he opened his mouth for the first time, but certainly not the last. Montreal was the place. At Ville La Salle and Montreal West he was educated and now comes to Bishop's for a B.A. As law is his chosen career, he will debate; also support the P.D.G., O.T.C., will play tennis and golf, and skate.

JOHN MALLORY CARROLL—arrives straight from his birthplace, Brockville, Ont. The date was April 8, 1918. Arts is the course, leading to Law. So we will see him debating, and on the stage. Also playing football, tennis, golf, hockey, badminton, in the O.T.C., and supporting the *Mitre*. (good egg!)

JOHN ELWIN CHADSEY—Made a happy landing in Ayer's Cliff on December 5, 1918, and there he has been ever since. But that first flight so fascinated him that he intends to take up aviation after three years Science here at Bish. Activities? Hockey, badminton, golf, O.T.C.

DONALD WILLIAM CHUTE—A Montrealer since August 2, 1919, and a graduate of Westhill High School, Montreal. He aims to return home after collecting a B.Sc. for mining engineering at McGill. As for activities—tennis, golf, badminton, and again, O.T.C. What about the *Mitre*?

PERCY E. CLARK—blew into Wakeham, P.Q., on March 11, 1914, but went forth into the world like a lamb after all. He has come here from Gaspé in search of a B.A. in Theology. Activities admitted to include golf and tennis. O. T. C.?

GORDON LOUIS COOPER—comes up river from Baie Comeau, P. Q. He has travelled around a bit since April 15, 1921, when he dawned upon Ormstown. School there, then to Grand'Mère, then Arvida, then Kenogami, and now to Bish. for a B.Sc. His aim, mining engineering via Queen's or McGill. In the meantime—hockey, tennis, and skiing. (What: no O.T.C.?)

ALEXANDER B. CRAIG—March 3, 1916, saw his arrival in Hamilton, Ontario. He is here for a B.A. in Theology and to play football, hockey, badminton, and tennis. Also will debate under persuasion. President of debating—here is your chance to make his life a veritable hell!

ARTHUR LEEUWIN DEMPSTER (already dubbed "Ace")—comes south from Noranda to civilization and a B.Sc. His birthday was July 7, 1920. His only ambition at present is to get back north, so he is on the way, via three years here and mining engineering at McGill. He plays rugby, basketball, tennis, hockey, badminton and will also surrender to the O.T.C.

WILLIAM JAMES KEVILLE DOHERTY—September 12, 1918, born in Sherbrooke; since then has lived and gone to school in Sherbrooke; September, 1937—sensation—deserts Sherbrooke to come to Bishop's for a B.A. No definite object in view, but we will see him skiing and playing tennis, and in dramatics and the O.T.C.

PAUL ETHIER—ranks far above mere "lowly worms"; has in fact stormed that sanctum of mighty seniors, the Lab. There he pursues the study of organic chemistry thinking it will be useful to a doctor of medicine. He dates from July 13, 1918—his birthplace being Sherbrooke. School in Montreal and Sherbrooke. Interests past and future—football, golf and skiing (emphasis on this last).

JAMES FLINTOFT—This lad rolled in casually from Westmount to have a look around but as he is still here we suppose he is taking a Science course. Chemical engineering has been his aim since November 8, 1919, when he first saw the light of day. Is often smitten with the wanderlust, but if we can hold him down he will play football, hockey and tennis. Skiing and O.T.C. complete the tally.

GRAHAM GEORGE, MUS. BAC., F.R.C.O., A.R.C.O.—does not class as a freshman, but as you will see him around we feel that he ought to be introduced. Born in Norwich, England, on April 11, 1912, he was educated at Birmingham and Wimbourne, Dorset. When questioned—"Many activities?" the answer was "too"—they are no doubt a partial in German and the organ at St. Peter's Church.

Ambition? May we suggest one—to put the Bishop's choir in decent shape.

TERENCE REID GILES—comes from Ottawa to take an arts course and then to scot back to Osgoode Hall for law. Born in London, Eng., on May 5, 1918, he found his way over to Canada at an early age. To school in England for one year, at Seabrook in Kent, then in St. John's, P. Q., and Ottawa. As for activities—the O.T.C. will take up some of his time (he is already a qualified sergeant in the Cameron Highlanders), he will debate with the other potential lawyers, and try out the P.D.G., will play soccer, ski, and prove his championship mettle at badminton.

HARRY JOSEPH THOMAS GRAY—flourished his first tooth in Danville, P.Q., where he was born on January 2, 1918. His present ambition is to flourish other people's teeth, and to that end he is taking Arts here as a prelude to dentistry. His schooling has been acquired in Gorham, New Hampshire, at Danville and at Sherbrooke High. Our basketball team will be glad to have Harry with them this year. He plays football and says high diving is his favourite summer pastime.

FREDERICK LLOYD GEORGE HARRISON—is an Aggie from Macdonald College, but in spite of a diploma in farming he is leaving the land to try his hand at teaching. So he comes here for a B.Sc. Was born in East Angus on August 3, 1915. Now lives in Bishopton. While at Bishop's he will play badminton and ski as much as a wonky knee will permit, and joint the C.O.T.C.

KENNETH GARY HERRING—feels right at home here. Lennoxville has known him from his beginning on July 5, 1921. Local residents have realised with disappointment that the poor fish is coming to Bishop's for a B.A. before tackling chemical engineering at McGill. He asserts bravely that his chief activity will be attending lectures, but also hopes to ski, debate, try dramatics, and keep up his Scouting work.

PAUL ARTHUR JOSEPH IRWIN—hails from Upper Melbourne and Richmond, and comes to Bish. to complete the job with a B.A. Will join the O.T.C., play football, skate and swim (not in a cold bath we hope!).

LLOYD JAMES LANE—is Lennoxville from the core out and Lennoxville has acknowledged Lloyd since March 8, 1920. He is here for a B.A. and then a teacher's diploma. Football (with a capital F) leads his list of activities, with basketball, dramatics, and *Mitre* tagging along behind. Doesn't like the idea of joining the O.T.C. but perhaps time will turn his objections. Indeed it's a long lane that has no turning.

LLOYD GORDON McCLAY—Born in Sherbrooke May 8, 1920. Has been there ever since. He inclines towards chemistry, thus is aiming for a B.Sc. but is very modest

about his attainments. Basketball and skating. (O.T.C.?—politely but definitely, No!)

DANIEL MACDOUGALL—is yet another "small town boy" trying to make good in arts at Bishop's. He has lived in Lennoxville since the beginning on July 4, 1920. Football, hockey, debating and badminton will claim his attention this year. (Someone please tell him about the *Mitre*.)

LINCOLN STODDARD MAGOR—Our senior freshman for this year comes from Montreal. He was born in New York on July 9, 1919, and after an Arts course here hopes to pursue law at McGill (we thought the Law did the pursuing at McGill). However, the debating society can count on him, also the Little Theatre, and the *Mitre*, and—oh, noble lad—the P.D.G. Sports? Yes: football, tennis, skiing.

GUY MARSTON—a gay Parisian settles down to the dull (?) respectability of the Shed. Born in Paris, Ontario, on May 31, 1911, and more or less educated at Waterford. Present home, Wandbridge; present occupation, longing for that B.A. in Th. Dramatics, golf and skiing will claim his attention when not writing essays or cleaning brass.

CHARLES HOWARD MILLAR (yea verily—Ollie's brother!)—met his Waterloo, P. Q., for the first time on March 4, 1920. Montreal West gave him his first schooling. A small dose of Sherbrooke High fitted him for college, and here he comes to get a B.Sc. Why? He doesn't know for sure, but there's lots of time to make up his mind. One activity will claim most of his attention and that—attention you laggards!—is the O.T.C.

PAUL HYMAN NILOFF—Born in Sherbrooke, lives in Sherbrooke, went to school in Sherbrooke, will probably retire in Sherbrooke and make appearances at the Grenada of 2001 as "noted octogenarian who has never been farther from Sherbrooke than Lennoxville." Celebrates his birthday with fireworks on July 1. He is modest about artistic or other pursuits, but swims and skis.

PETER RABATICH—has come a long way to get to Bish. He was born in Yugoslavia on June 8, 1919, and there he lived until 1928 when he hopped a shooting star and found himself in Noranda. Disgusted at his bad luck he has come south in search of culture and a B.A. After that—medicine at McGill. His proposed activities include rugby, basketball, tennis, badminton and—yes, the O.T.C.

IVOR RICHARDS—calls Pomfret, Connecticut, "home". There he has lived for fifteen years. Was born in Waterford, Ontario, on February 15, 1920. His parents are Welsh. (You can tell us what *he* is!) After Arts here he will go to McGill for medicine. Interests—football, tennis, badminton, hockey, baseball, and perhaps O.T.C.

CHARLES HENRY ALBERT ST. LOUIS (CHAS by parental decree) was born in Ste. Hyacinthe. Sherbrooke has been his home throughout his schooldays, and he comes

here for a B.Sc. as a passport to success in the field of electrical engineering. In the winter he skates—but apart from that will admit to no interests. Here's meat for the O.T.C.

ARNOLD NICOLAS SCHOCH (pronounced shock), comes to Bish. for a B.Sc. with an interesting past. Born in Vernon, B.C., on June 27, 1920; has been to school in Vernon, Vancouver, Kelowna, Michigan; Geneva, Switzerland; Venice, Italy; Arvida and Kenogami, P. Q. Interests?—tennis, basketball, baseball, track, hockey, skiing, debating, and last (least? No) O.T.C. After Bish. to McGill for Medicine.

GEOFFREY FREDERICK SCOTT (recognize the name?)—follows the family footsteps to Bish. for an Arts course. He was born on New Year's Day, 1920, and promises to uphold the family honour in football, hockey, golf, tennis, skiing, the O.T.C. and, best of all, the *Mitre*.

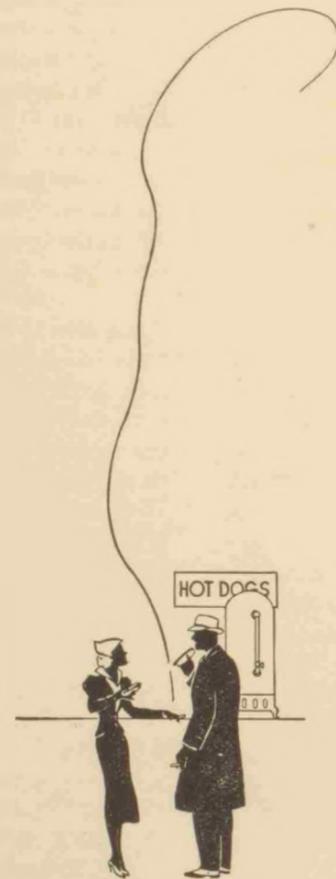
ERNEST LLEWELLYN GIBSON SMITH ("Lew" to you)—was born in Godalming, England, on 21st June, 1918. Now lives in Winona, Ont. School at Grimsby and Port Hope before heading to Bish. for a B.Sc., a stab at football and hockey, and many a game of golf. Has seen his bit of the world too—Europe and South America—and is keen to join the O.T.C. (carebeful—he shoots!)

GORDON EDWARD SMITH—Here's a Sherbrooke lad who is taking the B.Sc. course with an eye on civil engineering. On March 28, 1917, he first hit this earth, and as a farmer he has been close to it ever since. First at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, then at Ascot, and now near Sherbrooke. He will admit to no sports in particular, but is a lover of young animals (should be appointed pig-sergeant).

WALTER JAMES SUTHERLAND—first saw the bright lights of a city on September 25, 1919. Montreal was the place, but he went south before school age to St. Louis, Missouri. There he learned the three Rs, and then to Chicago for further education. Now he lives in Sherbrooke and comes daily to Bishop's for the B.Sc. that will help to chemical engineering; also basketball, badminton, tennis, and O.T.C.

GRENVILLE HARWOOD TEMPLE—is a native of Ottawa. May 15, 1918, saw his advent; Lisgar Collegiate gave him a smattering of something, and now Bishop's is to shell out with a B.Sc. His favourite pastime is sailing (we fear he will go without at Bish. unless he likes sailing up and down the ice with a scraper), but he plays golf and badminton, skis, will join the O.T.C. and—please don't discourage him—contribute to the *Mitre*.

ALLAN LLOYD THOMPSON—On March 4, 1920, was born at Leeds, P. Q. There he had his first taste of school. Not liking it very much he moved to Sunday River for a second try. No good. So he tried Kinnear's Mills, then Thetford, and now Bishop's. If all goes well he will stick around for football, basketball and a B.A. (Be nice to him!)



"Is it really good form to be seen eating hot dogs?"
 "Absolutely—provided you're smoking a Sweet Cap, too!"

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



WALDO EUGENE TULK (henceforth known as WET) —comes here from Cookshire, for three years Arts, preparatory to Medicine at McGill. He was born in Pouch Cove, Newfoundland, on December 27, 1920. School there, then to Kingsey, then to Cookshire. Now to Bish. for football, basketball, track (have we got one?), hockey, dramatics, debating and inevitably, O.T.C.

SIDNEY VALPY RADLEY-WALTERS—Here's a Gaspesian for you. Born in Malby, P. Q., on January 11, 1920. To Shigawake for schooling, and a year at B.C.S. Now he shuffles the letters and aims at a B.Sc. on the way to mining engineering. He plays rugby, hockey and tennis, and will be in his element in the O.T.C.

BARCLEY WESTGATE—was wafted down river with the

gentle winds from East Angus. East Angus has been his home town since March 2, 1916, and he comes here to clear his nostrils and get a B.A. in Th. Will try out his dramatic ability, play hockey and baseball if given a chance and try "all-round sprints and jumps" (for that one and only bath?).

"—and the first shall come last."

HARRY AMEY—arrives just in time to make this number of the *Mitre*. He dates from April 4, 1907. Home town, Oshawa. Went to school there and in Renfrew, and after a year at Trinity College, Toronto, shakes the dust from his feet and comes East to that stronghold of culture and Divinity—BISH. Interests, apart from a B.A. in Th., tennis, soccer, basketball, skating, skiing.

All In a Summer

by N. D. Pilcher

IF you look at a railway map you will see a line running from Parry Sound, on Georgian Bay, to Ottawa via Scotia Junction. Most of the western wheat crop used to be shipped along that line from Depot Harbour, which is across from Parry Sound, to the Eastern cities and ports. Today, the wheat is carried over a different route. Now there is a bi-weekly service on this railway, while in the harvest time of the old days there were twenty-five trains or more in one day.

This year, and for some years past, the area served by the railroad mentioned has been what in Great Britain is known as a "depressed area". Not only is the grain traffic diverted, but lumbering, which used to be the economic "raison d'être" of the various towns on the road, has now almost disappeared as an industry. As yet, nothing has taken the place of the lumbering trade. Farming is rather difficult because of the prevalence of rock and the lack of markets. The tourist trade in the area has been but little developed, but there is a considerable likelihood that it will become a dependable seasonal activity. From an economic point of view, then, the area is almost stagnant and that has a corresponding effect on the people who are, at best, "rentiers" in a small way and usually dependent on government road work, a little farming and the occasional tourist.

But to one in Christ's service, the chief interest was in the religion of the people. Rural areas are notorious for their conservatism and that is especially true of religion, which man values above all else and is therefore loth to change even gradually. Although hearts were good, religious ideas were primitive in the view of comparative religion.

Orrville, which is about fifteen miles east of Parry

Sound, has been a centre of Methodism, one couldn't call it United Church, for a number of years. Broadbent, nine miles to the north of Orrville is a centre of the Pentecostal Church. With the exception of these two denominations, almost all the remainder of the people were loyal to the Church of England. The task of the clergy was, at least, clear if not simple since we have but one priest in charge of some ten mission churches stretching from Georgian Bay almost to Algonquin Park. The parish tends to resemble a diocese.

Of actual experiences one can think of many both grave and gay. There were moonlight excursions and village dances which went on till 3 a.m. Early to bed and early to rise is, one suspects, no longer true of our rural communities. An exercise requiring much patience was to ride in the "way freight", which took two hours and a half to travel thirty miles—if the schedule was adhered to. On one occasion the crew were throwing out ties as we travelled with the result that we took five hours on that occasion, including an hour off for lunch. It was rather a change to go back to school, no longer as a pupil, but as the local "clergyman" of Orrville. By far the most notable event was the consecration of St. Thomas' Church, Orrville, by the Bishop of Algoma. For many years the faithful had awaited the building of a church.

After being the "minister" for even a limited amount of time, we tend to experience rather a "let-down" on the return to the seclusion of university life. But then one can usually find something to do around Bishop's, if only to observe "seniors" getting soaked with water (the idea was to wet the freshmen), and disappearing professors, (a precarious position in the one case, and a defective chair in the other, were the causes of the respective mishaps).

Wereld Jamboree 1937

Bloemendaal, Nederland

by Peter Edgell

U komt naar de Wereld Jamboree! U komt!

SO I came—one of twenty-five thousand Scouts flocking in from every part of the world. I came to Holland from Germany by train and the moment I crossed the frontier I felt that I was expected. Welcome signs in the four stock languages of the Jamboree—Dutch, German, French and English—pennants, Scout flags, the platform was fluttering with gay colours. The customs officer grinned broadly at the sight of my Scout hat and gallantly waived the sometimes exacting luggage inspection. In fragmentary English he wished me luck and a good time. I responded in unrecognizable German, thinking that the nearest tongue to Dutch at my disposal, and then had to reassure him that I was really a Canadian. The Dutch train crew that took over at the border were friendly in their slow Dutch manner, and so at Amsterdam helpful passersby were patient with my jabber, directed me to the money-changer, check room and inquiry office. From here it was a simple matter to follow the crowds of Scouts that jammed the trains to the West. One could not go wrong, for every train stopped at the Jamboree.

In the "Vale of Flowers" near Haarlem, the ducal estate and one-time game park of Vogelenzang—"Bird's Song"—had been mapped out into a complete canvas city. An area of four miles by two, woodland and field, intersected again and yet again by a maze of large wet ditches called *sluits* was divided into ten subcamps. Each of these was as international as possible, with its own H.Q., wood supply and commissariat. In the middle of the main camp was the *Markt* with shops and stalls offering everything imaginable for sale. Nearby was the arena for displays of all kinds, with stands accommodating 13,000. A great marquee theatre, chapel for the Anglicans, a Roman Catholic altar in a wooded glade, Jewish synagogue, Y.M.C.A. tent, restaurant, bank, post office, hospital and dispensary, omnilingual newspaper office, police post—all the fixings of a well-planned town.



The Scouts of the British Empire, eight thousand of them, were allotted to the various subcamps in accordance with the international idea. To *Sub Kamp Sess*, the Scottish contingent, eight hundred strong, Palestine, and in a small corner, Canada. The Scots were splendid neighbours, and put us up that first night when the sixteen Canadians staggered in at 10 p.m., having come from London that day. Our own little plot of ground was at the junction of two ditches right in the middle of the Scots. Scotsmen in front of us, Scotsmen behind us, Scots to the left of us bleated and thundered, for be it known that Scottish H.Q. had a complete pipe band, and each troop had its own piper. The *doodlesacks*—appropriate name!—were a great drawing card with the Dutch public who came, heard, and were then at liberty to go away, but for us poor Canadians there was no escape. On our right hand was the Palestine contingent. They had a peculiar instrument of native origin, à la "sweet potato" with which they were accustomed to greet the dawn and break flag. While this ceremony was in progress one morning, a Scot was heard to remark in a strong brogue, "Some people ha' queerr ideas aboot music!" However we gritted our teeth and survived. Also in our subcamp were detachments from Norway, Latvia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Luxemburg, and Holland.

These weird conglomerations of nationalities often brought out amusing language difficulties. Each contingent was provided with a Dutch interpreter to help in getting supplies, and to explain that *zout* was salt, and *kasse*, cheese, but he was of no use when Poles happened along. One day

a Pole dropped in on us, with a handful of badges to "change"—the only English word he knew. But he also wanted to trade postage stamps, and before he could put it over, we had to call in a passing Belgian. The Pole spoke German to the Belgian, the Belgian spoke French to me, and I translated to English. The most universal language was undoubtedly English. Most of the Dutch and European Scouts spoke German, though there were actually no Germans at the Jamboree, while there seemed to be a general aversion for the French language and the French Scouts. Personally I got on very well with them, whether Scouts de France, Eclaireurs de France, or Eclaireurs Unionistes de France. I did not discover the difference between the three, but each group had its own camp and would have nothing to do with the others. On the first day in camp I went to the market to try and buy a tick or palliasse. None of the Rovers on duty spoke English, but by means of strenuous dumb show I got them to understand that I wanted something to sleep on. An amused crowd gathered around and made unhelpful suggestions in their own languages as pillows, sleeping bags, camp cot, and mattresses, were produced. At last someone said *Strausack*—strawsack, why hadn't I thought of that?—but I was out of luck. They were sold out until tomorrow. When I went back the next day there was a different staff of assistants and I had to go through it all again.

The by-word of the Jamboree was "change"—a magical word that effected some amazing transfers of Scout uniform and equipment. Perhaps the most popular items of clothing were the long Polish riding cloaks, and the Scottish kilts. It is on record that an American Scout traded his complete uniform for a Royal Stewart kilt. Presumably he had a second best with him. The turbans of British India, the boomerangs and eucalyptus nut woggles of the Australians, the steppe grass plumes of the Hungarians, the white stockings of the Austrians, the lariats, bullwhips, and lumber jackets of the Americans, the smart "slops" of the Latvian Sea Scouts, the Syrian spiked helmets, the straw Scout hats of the Jamaicans, the fezes of the Egyptians—all went at a premium. After a very few days it was impossible to tell the nationality of any Scout by his uniform. One thing common to all nations were the *cloempen*—Dutch clogs which sold in the market and became immensely popular for wearing around the camp.

The chief idea of the Jamboree was that the Scouts should have a chance to meet each other, but there was a regular programme of scouting displays in the arena for the public, starting on the first day with a great march past of all contingents before the Chief Scout and the

Queen of the Netherlands. In the evenings there were contingent council fires and campfires out in the sand dunes. On the way to one of these I found myself marching beside Crown Prince Gustave of Sweden. He, as Chief Scout of Sweden, was in command of the Swedish contingent. Approaching the natural amphitheatre from behind I passed close to Lady Baden-Powell as she stood on the outskirts of the crowd. B.P. was of course in the thick of it all, also the Chief Scout of Holland. To this particular campfire came Princess Juliana and Prince Bernard—indeed they visited the Jamboree on several occasions—and sat on the ground close to the blaze while the entertainment proceeded on the stage. Austrians yodelled, Dutch Indians did native dances, the Scots piped and reeled, the brass bands—Hungarian, Polish, and American—rendered suitable selections, and the inevitable American "Red Indians" whooped it up. All the talking over the loudspeakers was in short spasms of each of the four languages.

The Jamboree was officially open for ten days, during which time the Dutch public crowded in and gaped with a curiosity flattering but highly embarrassing. We poor Scouts had even less seclusion than animals in a zoo. No fence was proof against autograph hunters, and the kilted Scots were so pestered that some of them put their right arms in slings and denied ambidexterity. A final march past, a few words from the Chief, and he presented to each contingent leader a replica of the Jamboree emblem. This was the Jacob's Staff, a simple form of sextant which is closely linked with the fine traditions of Dutch maritime power.

The Jamboree closed—the Dutch authorities undertook to show their 15,000 visitors around Holland. It was now that we realized the full extent of Dutch goodwill and hospitality. Wherever we went in our hundreds we were greeted by crowds of people, cities with an extra holiday and beflagged to greet us, the police *Harmonie*—not always harmonious—trumpeting the Jamboree song to escort us from the station, the carillon of *Den Grooten Toren* labouring over "The Maple Leaf for Ever," fruit and chocolate at every pause on the march. Whenever our train stopped in a station children raided the platform, cheered and shouted along the tracks. And as we conscientiously climbed towers and admired the water gate we were impressed not so much by a really beautiful and well-run little country as by the amazing kindness of the people.

So the 1937 World Jamboree was over. The Dutchmen say "goodbye" when they meet a person, so as we left Vogelenzang we looked forward to meeting some of our Dutch friends again at the next Jamboree in 1941.



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An Entomological Field Station

by G. H. Temple

Two summers ago I had the good fortune to work in the Dominion Government Entomological Field Laboratory, or "bug camp" as it is commonly known to the natives at Laniel, Quebec. This particular camp is primarily to study the habits of the European Spruce Saw-Fly, and to discover some means of eradication of this insect which has caused such extensive damage to the spruce forests of the Eastern provinces. This insect, together with a large number of the woodboring types, constitutes the main material for study and observations—the many other branches of the insect kingdom being studied at similar stations in other localities.

The camp is ideally situated on a blunt point on the southern shore of Lake Kippawa, not far from Lake Timiskaming. It consists of a good-sized, rather low log cabin, where most of the mounting and preserving of the insects is done; three large tents for sleeping accommodation; and a shelter for out-of-door work. Several canoes and two outboard motor boats belong to the camp, as a great deal of travelling is done by water.

On the camp property there are one hundred and twenty-five odd wire-screened cages, about five feet long by three feet square and containing stumps, logs, or branches taken from various trees which have been attacked by one or more of the wood-borers. As the insects emerge from the wood, they usually make their way to the top of the cage. Once every two or three days a round is made and the insects collected in jars containing potassium-cyanide which kills them in two or three minutes. These jars are then taken to the cabin where the insect contents are mounted on cork in wooden cases, each specimen having a small tag with the date, cage number, and other essential information printed on it. There are also several cages composed of a wooden frame on which is mounted a covering of cheese cloth. This type of cage is erected over a whole tree which has been attacked by one or more types of borer. The emerging insects are collected in the same manner as in the smaller cages.

The collecting of the saw-fly caterpillar is done in an entirely different manner. Short canoe trips involving several portages are made through some of the many surrounding lakes, and localities are chosen for searching where a clump of spruce trees, preferably white, may be found. A large canvas mat is placed beneath the tree, and the trunk is then struck a number of sharp blows with the head of an axe. The caterpillars (if any are on the tree) will drop upon the canvas, where they can easily be collected, and at a later date shipped to the laboratory at Belleville, or to Ottawa.

One of the most interesting pieces of work was the

distribution of a large number of parasites which were liberated in a clump of spruce three miles away from the camp. The shipment came from Belleville and consisted of a large metal ice-cooled case containing ten thousand parasites of varied species, and twenty-four wire-screened boxes, in each one of which were carefully packed five hundred parasite cocoons. The entire lot had to be portaged over two lakes, and as the case alone weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, it was no small task. When our destination was reached, the case was opened, and found to contain a number of copper-stripped wire containers, each one wrapped in a moist cloth and filled with excelsior. In this manner the parasites are kept alive and can be transported to fairly distant parts. As each container was opened, the air became filled with these tiny flying bodies of all kinds and descriptions, varying in size from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch in length. There were, in all, over sixty varieties, and it was a striking spectacle to see them swarm over trees, shrubs, and ground, and even over the liberators themselves. It is an interesting thing to note that out of a shipment of ten thousand specimens, only one hundred and sixty-two were found to be dead. The liberation of the parasites was, in the main, really more of an experiment to see what varieties were the most useful and which ones continued to inhabit that locality.

Each box of cocoons was placed on the ground leaning against the north side of some spruce tree. A metal sign was nailed to each tree signifying that it was a Dominion Government experimental tree and, as such, the contents of the box below was not to be touched. Unfortunately I was not at the camp when the cocoons hatched out, so I do not know the result of the work.

There was also the collecting and preserving of larvae. The bark of some log or tree was pried up and stripped with a large knife, thus exposing the bare wood. Underneath could be traced the track of the larvae of some wood-boring insect. As they are usually the colour of the wood, it is sometimes very difficult to trace them, but when found they are extracted by means of a pair of tweezers, and carefully bottled in formaldehyde.

There never seems to be a dull moment at one of these field stations. Making cyanide bottles, taking barometer readings, checking and averaging weather graphs; these and a host of other tasks serve to pass the time away. It was not really work; it was a glorified summer holiday—healthful, extremely interesting and very instructive—a "job" which I would be more than willing to take on again.

The Bishop



Looks Down

"Open, Sesame"

"Open, Sesame!", as readers of "The Arabian Nights" will recall, was the magic formula which enabled Ali Baba to enter a secret cave. When he uttered these words a door in a rock instantly flew wide open. Then we are told: "Ali Baba, who expected a dark dismal cavern, was surprised to see it well lighted and spacious, in the form of a vault, which received the light from an opening at the top of the rock. He saw all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk stuff, brocade and valuable carpeting, piled upon one another; gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags." Ali Baba made good use of his time in the cavern and emerged laden with treasure. His brother-in-law, Cassim, was, however, not so fortunate. He did, indeed, enter the cave, but, forgetting the magic formula, was unable to make his way out. In vain he adjured the obdurate rock with the words, "Open, Barley!" As a consequence, he not only failed to acquire riches but forfeited his life.

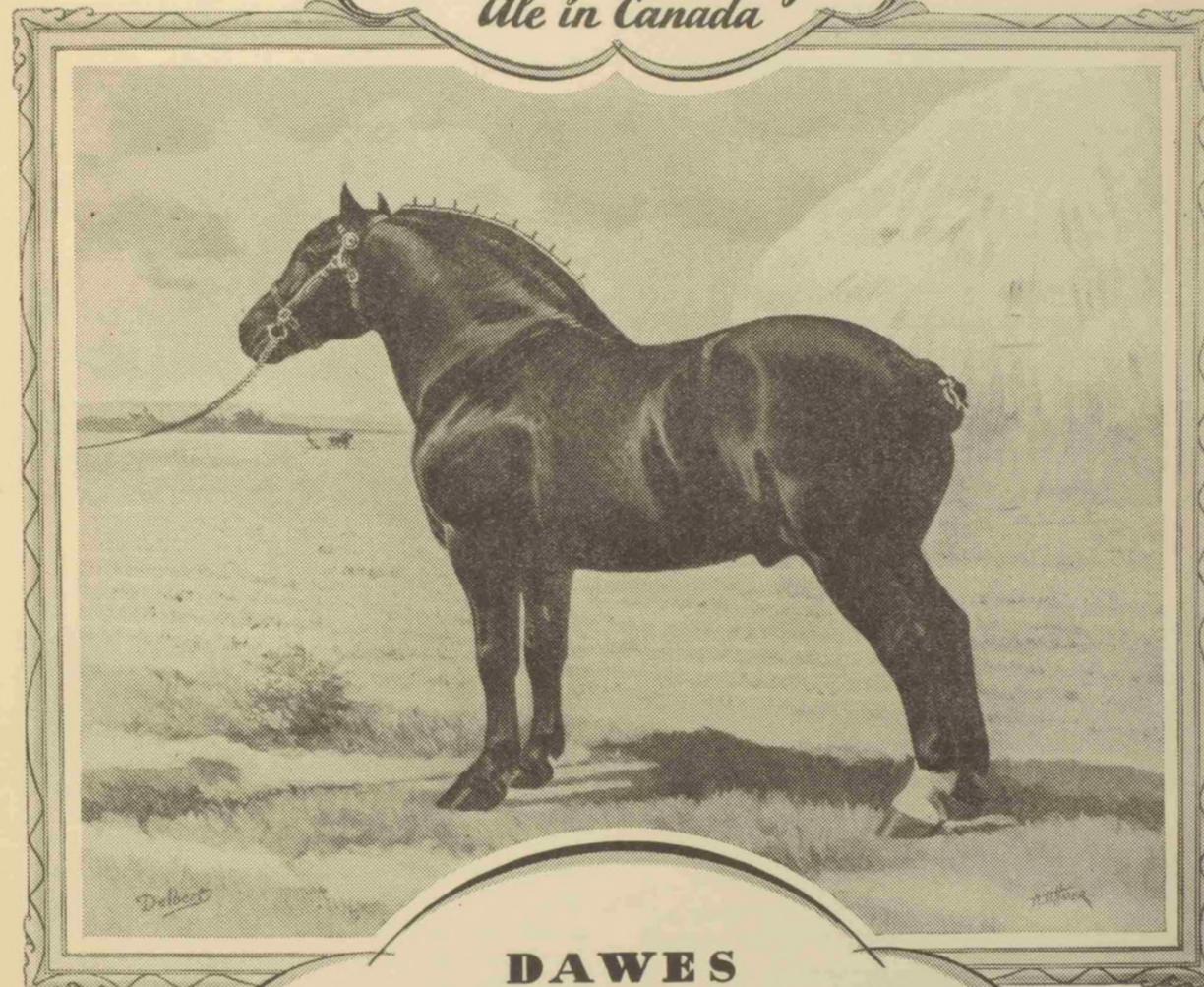
It may seem a far cry from the cave visited by Ali Baba to a University library. Yet the story may serve as a parable. The library is a repository not of material but of intellectual and spiritual treasure. And to partake of this treasure one must be in possession of a magic formula. There are Ali Babas and there are Cassims amongst our undergraduates. The Cassims never enter the library except under compulsion. They use it merely as an instrument to enable them to pass a certain test, or are driven to it in order to bolster their feeble resources in view of an approaching examination. They try to exorcise it by exclaiming, "Open, Barley!" which in modern parlance means, "Open, Library! disclose a door of escape so that we may pass through this rocky wall of a forty percent minimum mark." They carry no treasure forth and are lucky if they do not lose their scholastic heads under the academic axe as Cassim did his life.

But, happily for a university, there are Ali Babas who do discover and use the true magic formula "Open, Sesame!" What is involved in this? In the first place, a recognition that the charm or key unlocking the door to the treasure cave of literature must be an active faculty of the mind. He who brings little or nothing to the reading of books will carry little or nothing away from them. If a man has no intellectual curiosity, no love of reading, no will to study, no appreciation of the world of profit and delight that books reveal, a college library will be to him a Sahara desert rather than an Eldorado.

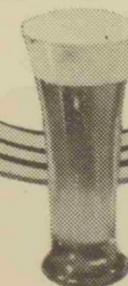
But if we condemn Cassim as a dullard and an ass, what verdict must be passed on an undergraduate who throughout his college life remains insensible to the riches garnered in books, the elemental basis of all education. Within their covers lie the gleanings of the best and ripest minds of the ages. By contrast with the tinsel of an ephemeral magazine article, here is the gold of books which are not the passing amusement of an hour, but for all time. Books which teach us how to use the world, books which teach us how to escape from the world, and best, books, like the Bible, teaching us how to master the world. If a man is known by the company he keeps, he is not less surely known by the books he reads. They are amongst our best friends, companions for every mood, instructing, pleasing, comforting, and strengthening; holding up through a thousand avenues of approach a mirror in which we see a rich and variegated image of life and nature.

Literature is the communication of experience through the medium of language. But in order to communicate experience it is necessary that the receiver as well as the transmitter be a sensitized one. The life that is bottled up in books must be released, as the genie in another old tale of the Arabian Nights was set free when the fisherman

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withdrew the cork from the bottle. The error of the pedant and the bookworm is that they keep on shaking the bottle but never withdraw the cork. In other words the reading of literature ought to be an experience, a voyage of discovery, not a mere acquisition of knowledge.

Let us keep in mind our talisman, "Open, Sesame!" not "Open, Barley!" Then, if we do not literally bear away gold and silver ingots, we may hope one day to get some glimpse of that wisdom whose price is above rubies.

W. O. Raymond

Some Recent Additions

The Art of Ancient Egypt: Prefaced by Hermann Ranke. Phaidon Press.

Autobiography of Richard Baxter. (Everyman).

Balmforth, Dewar, Hudson and Sara. An introduction to pastoral theology.

Boehme, Jacob: The Signature of All Things. (Everyman).

Box, G. H.: The Book of Isaiah.

Bredius, A., ed.: The Paintings of Rembrandt. Phaidon Press.

Cockburn, J.: The Gates of Jerusalem.

Croce, Benedetto: Logic As the Science of the Pure Concept. Translated by Ainslie.

Croce, Benedetto: Philosophy of the Practical. Translated by Ainslie.

Curle, Richard, ed. Robert Browning and Julia Wedgwood.

Dobrée, Bonamy: Essays in Biography, 1680-1726.

Hudson, Cyril E.: Preface to Christian sociology.

Komroff, Manuel, ed.: Romances of Voltaire.

Lounsbury, T. R.: The Literary Career of Robert Browning.

Macaulay, T. B.: Critical and Historical Essays. 2 v. (Everyman).

Radcliffe, Ann.: The Mysteries of Udolpho. 2 v. (Everyman).

Reynolds, Sir Joshua.: Fifteen Discourses Delivered in the Royal Academy. (Everyman).

Robinson, J. H.: The Mind in the Making.

Rosenfeld, Sybil, ed.: The Letterbook of Sir George Etherge.

Rowe, Nicholas.: Three Plays, ed. by J. R. Sutherland.

Table Talk, by various writers from Ben Jonson to Leigh Hunt. (Everyman).

Webb, Mary.: The Golden Arrow.

Webb, Mary.: Precious Bane.

Wilson, D. F.: Child Psychology and Religious Education.

The Dramatic Society

Notes concerning college activities tend to be as dry-as-dust because they must so often consist of a list of happenings, or a list of people, or a list of something that we in college, at least, know all about before we begin to read. At this moment things are only beginning to happen, so you will be spared an account of events in dramatics.

There is one thing, however, that we ought perhaps to remember, and that is that the Dramatic Society has a very high record to maintain. In the last few years it has been dramatics which has been the most successful of all our activities. The production of "The Admirable Crichton," last April, reached an "all-time high", if we are to accept the opinion of a multitude of independent critics. If we are to sustain the standard of the past, we need enthusiasm and hard work on the part of the whole student body.

All graduates and friends of Bishop's have an engagement at The Little Theatre (commonly known as the gym) either on the evening of November 15 or on the evening of November 16, which are the proposed dates for the production of three one-act plays. Perhaps we ought not to let you know our secret—but we think that the one-act plays will keep up the tradition of good productions, and we are led to that belief because of the initial interest and enthusiasm already shown in the project.

P.D.G.

We may think that we are "pretty d— good", but the initials are really our name, the Political Discussion Group. Perhaps we ought to encourage the use of P.D.G. as our designation, then we would be like those wicked Communists who call themselves the C. I. O. But, on second thought, we might incur the wrath of government which seeks to preserve our society from the onslaught of blood-thirsty workmen who want a decent wage and a little bit of security. Notwithstanding the recent legislation of the Provincial Government, we are still able to hold meetings without interruption from the police. How long our peace will continue is an open question. In the meantime, we hope to have the odd discussion about things that matter in the world around us. And we welcome with open arms any nice "Red" ideas. You may have already realized that what we want is to make people think. We really didn't get shocked at any meetings last year, and what we need are some nice revolutionary ideas that will shake us out of our lethargy.

So . . . come and join in the discussions — Thursday evenings when there isn't debating.

Notes and Comments

Another Year

Upon returning to the University, the resident students were delighted to see that there were a number of improvements in the buildings. The chemistry Lab., though not enlarged, was prepared to accommodate a larger number of students than in past years. The "Shed" was redecorated in spots and generally cleaned out, and the Senior man was removed to the Old Lodge. Even the New Arts was not entirely neglected; a new hardwood floor was noted in one of the rooms. The color of the walls had mysteriously changed to pea green and brown. . . . We hear the registration was as heavy as anticipated, and that at the present there are but three vacant rooms. There has been a transfer of personal property from room 13 in the New Arts to the basement, so that another student could be accommodated. . . . and the approach to the buildings has been changed; now we must approach from the side, even in broad daylight. . . . And the bridge is not going to be any good to us now that initiation has sung its swan song. O tempora, O mores. . . . somehow we wish that they had not demolished the old bridge before the beginning of the university year. We see that there has been a rail put about the spot where the old bridge began, probably to remind us that the bridge is no more, for should this be forgotten, there are apt to be disastrous results, especially should one be driving a car. . . . Recently one of the faculty confessed his absent-mindedness. . . . We do not feel that any of the students would be apt to act thus when leaving the University, though we must admit that the railing on the far side is a wise precaution, for the homeward journey is apt to be perilous under certain conditions.

The Principal addressed the resident students of the University on Wednesday, September twenty-second. He welcomed especially the new resident students, and praised the new spirit as evidenced in the rugby practices. . . . The Principal addressed the whole student body on the follow-



ing morning, and he lauded the first year students for their intellectual standing, and expressed the hope that their stay in the University would be a happy and a profitable one. He condemned dictatorship, and expressed the hope that this University would set an example for democracy. . . . The Principal addressed the resident seniors of the University on Monday, September twenty-seventh, when he deplored the current practice of initiation, and the underhanded gossip of outsiders concerning the University.

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to A. N. Langford, ESQ., B.A., PH.D. We understand that he browsed about the University incognito for about two weeks before the term started, and that it was only through the greatest of luck that there was no attempt to press him into the duties commonly associated with freshmen.

Social Events

The unofficial opening of the University social season took place on Wednesday, September twenty-ninth, when a party of twenty-eight students scaled to the crest of Mount Orford. The expedition was led by Professors Raymond, Scott, Kuehner, and Langford; and the female contingent was under the watchful eye of Mrs. Scott. It seems that the height of the mountain was insufficient to please a number of the climbers and the ascent was continued via a flagpole. . . . rumor hath it that a number of professors joined in this further ascent. . . . and rumor also hath it that a number of the girls were also gymnastically inclined. . . . There was food and a sing-song, and as usual the problems confronting the student body were discussed. . . . A safe descent was effected. . . . Impressions of the expedition differ widely, to quote a few: "Yeah there must have been some biology of something done 'cause I saw a guy with a magnifying glass, two biology collection boxes and a couple of textbooks. . . . and don't forget about the mis-aimed tomato that nearly brought the expedition to a disastrous anticlimax. . . . Say, you should have seen him lying

flat on the ground trying to drink from a spring. . . . Ask who paid the quarter for the car parking."

There was an informal get-together of the male students of the University on Friday, the first of October, and the purpose of this meeting was to practise the yells for the Loyola game. The meeting was a great success due to the singing of Al. Bryce and to the work of Henry Holden, who not only organized the meeting but also acted as master of ceremonies.

The annual introduction dance was held in the gymnasium of the University on Tuesday, October fifth. The Principal and Mrs. McGreer, Dr. and Mrs. Boothroyd, and Professor and Mrs. Scott received the guests. Music was supplied by Rollic Badger's band. Except for the fact that "It is much regretted that two pine trees were cut down for the purpose of decorating the gymnasium for the introduction dance," the only other complaint heard was that it did not last long enough. Congratulations to Les. Gourley for the decorating of which he was in charge. . . . And while on the subject of dancing, let us remind readers that dancing in Sherbrooke, either in public restaurants or on the streets is forbidden after midnight. Ask Al.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, but he had nothing on the grads who came down to see the Loyola game. . . . and was the Don Masson memorial booth busy, we wonder what became of the plaque anyway. . . . Among those noted at the game were Harry Scott, Bas. Doak, Ev. Cooper, Hank Wright, Ken. Smith, Bill Gedye, Ran. Farley, Les. McCaig, Hugh Call, Owen Fredericks, and Bud Miller, and those two ex-members of '39, Dick Wright and Jim Bilkey. . . . Notice: The attention of the students is drawn to the following rule: "No guest of the student body can remain in the College over night without permission of the Dean of residence."

Lights! Music! Action! Laughter! Food!! What is it? Why the McGill team was attending a tea dance in the gym after the annual game at Bishop's. And who else were there? Professor and Mrs. Scott, both teams, a few enthusiasts, a couple of co-eds, and the Students Council who were admitted free. As far as the music was concerned it was a great success. And by the way we were told by a prominent member of the Council that the amplification system was to be put up to announce sensational plays. Well it was installed in the gym, could it have been a mistake, or could it? . . . Food for thought.

There were a number of visitors to the University over Thanksgiving. Noticed at the game were Don Dawes, Nort Francis, T. Ford Johnson, Dick Wright, Al. Scott, Wally Walker. Other visitors over the week-end included Ted Bissonnett, Bob Baglow and Jim Purdy.

Clubs

Roger Boothroyd, the president of the Maths and Science club, tells us that he has great plans for the club this year, but refuses to divulge them to us. He tells us, however, that the meetings will probably get under way during the first term; and that they will be held, as usual, in the Chemistry Lab. They will consist of lectures on scientific subjects of interest and will be followed by general discussion of the topic. He anticipates having some outside speakers and is already planning visits to neighbouring mines, mills, and factories. He wishes us to make the fact clear that the meetings are open to all who are interested.

The secretary of the Literary and Debating Society, Don McQuat, tells us that President Geoff Murray expects to get things under way to discover inter-university debaters, very soon. There will be at least two freshmen debates this term, and if possible two of the inter-faculty debates will also be held before Christmas. We are told that there are to be more parliamentary debates this year, and it is hoped that it will be possible to alternate this type with the closed debate. The inter-university debates will start on November ninth when a team from the Maritimes will visit us and will match wits with a team of our debaters. It is hoped that there will be great interest taken in this activity, and we hope that those who do not take an active part in the debates will attend them.

N.F.C.U.S.

We received a bulletin from the National Federation of Canadian University Students which tells us something of the plans of the inter-university debates, and we see that it is planned that a team consisting of Sidney J. Davies of Bishop's and F. E. Pope of Macdonald will tour the Maritimes. We are informed that in response to an invitation two Canadian debaters will be sent overseas to debate in England, Scotland and Wales. The team is to be made up of a representative from McGill University and one from the University of Toronto. Included in the bulletin is an article on the subject of "The University Graduate and Adult Education" by E. A. Corbett, the director of the Canadian Association for Adult Education. In his article Mr. Corbett tells us of some of the prejudices that today face the leaders in this movement. He describes some of the advantages, and tells us something of the duties of the University Graduate in helping in this movement.

Sport from the Sidelines

Rugby

The Sherbrooke Game

Although several hundred Bishop's supporters and an undernourished pig were on hand for the opening game of the year at Sherbrooke, the football season got off to a lame start as the college absorbed a 26-0 defeat at the hands of the Sherbrooke Independents. This reversal was mainly due to six fumbles in the first half, and at least that many in the second stanza which gave Sherbrooke innumerable chances to score. At the start the play see-sawed about the centre of the field, but the first point of the game was registered when Sherbrooke recovered a Bishop's fumble on the latter's 25-yard line, failed to make yards on two successive plays, and kicked to Jack Martin, who was brought down behind the line for a rouge.

Bishop's came back strong after this, and for a time kept the play well down in the Sherbrooke zone, until Jackson and Dean ran back one of Gray's punts to the 20-yard line, and followed this up with a kick to the dead-line. Another Bishop's fumble led to the third point just before the whistle blew for half time. The second half was young when Heath gathered up a fumble, and ran 35 yards for an unconverted touchdown, quickly followed by a Sherbrooke kick to the deadline. Once again Bishop's showed some signs of a comeback, but these were shattered by a spectacular 40-yard runback of a kick which was good for a converted touch. In the last quarter the disheartened Bishop's line was repeatedly broken by powerful plunging as the Sherbrooke offensive really began to function, and as they climaxed their steady play with two more well-earned touchdowns to end the game. While the one-sided score does little credit to the College it must be remembered that the game was only preceded by one actual scrimmage, and that the opener was something in the way of an experiment before the team is rounded into shape. Obvious weaknesses were to be seen in the down-field tackling, in the line, and in the handling of the ball, but on the other hand the team showed remarkable spirit for a time, and wonderful condition throughout the game, this leaving the impression that the squad showed promise of more success later in the season although they did not seem to possess the material for a championship team.

The Loyola Game

The first of the Bishop's-Loyola games, traditionally the highlights of the football season, lived up to this standard as the Montrealers eked out a 1-0 win over the college in a bitterly fought contest. Although the low score was

more suggestive of hockey, one left the field, unlike the previous Saturday, with the feeling that a real football game had been seen between a Bishop's team that was well balanced, and vastly improved over last week, and a Loyola squad whose power lay in a few absolutely outstanding stars.

The college started off in impressive fashion; after an exchange of kicks Bishop's moved the yard sticks twice with Knox and Lyster carrying the ball, kicked again, and kept pushing Loyola back until they came into possession on the opponents' 25-yard line. Electing to try for a single point Gray hoisted one well behind the line, but Taylor, running rings around the ends, brought the ball out to the ten-yard line as the quarter ended. Here a spectacular run to mid-field by Kane was followed by a long forward to Lanagan which brought the ball to rest on Bishop's 10-yard line as the College seemed to ease up a trifle on their play. Loyola from this point put everything they had into a touchdown effort, but it was not enough, as they were turned back three yards from their objective in a gallant stand on the part of the Bishop's line. There were some agonizing moments in the shadows of the goal posts when a Bishop's kick was partially blocked, and the ball rolled behind the goal line, only to be picked up by Bennett, brought out to the one-yard line, and kicked to safer territory.

The play was on the Bishop's 35-yard mark when the three successive Loyola snaps went soaring over Kane's head as he attempted to pass, and he was downed by Carmichael on his 30-yard line before he could get away a kick. Loyola needed 55 yards for a first down. Now in possession, Bishop's quickly attempted a rouge before the whistle went for half time, and the college barely missed scoring a point. After the intermission Martin, Knox and Rogers succeeded in moving the yard sticks once, but Bishop's lost the ball on downs in their next attempt. A beautiful get away by Kane was halted by Lyster on the College 20-yard stripe, but the ball was moved to the 10 before the rally was ended by a fumble. Once again the play revolved about centre field but Loyola, putting on the pressure, and aided by two Bishop's off-sides, pushed the ball to the ten-yard mark, from where the deciding point of the game, a kick to the deadline by Kane, was made. As time was nearly up, this sufficed to put the game on ice, and the play ended with Kane streaking down the field to the 5-yard line where he was stopped by Martin as the whistle sounded. The game provided an interesting contrast between the two teams.

by A. V. L. Mills

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Loyola was both erratic and brilliant, offsetting a series of weak plays with a spectacular run or a long pass, while Bishop's played steadily throughout, making few bad moves but no long gains. Loyola's aerial attack was masterly, and but for the weakness of the receivers, and not the College's pass defence, would have proved a much more potent weapon. On the other hand Bishop's held a decided edge in the line play, snaps and kicking, with Knox, Starnes and Greenwood outstanding in defence. In every respect the team looked more like the finished product than they did the previous week, and judging from the support they received throughout the game, from a crowd which was the largest in Bishop's history, other people shared that opinion.

The Stanstead Game

Bishop's Junior team suffered a 19-6 setback at the hands of a heavy Stanstead squad in the opening game of the Interscholastic League, a contest which produced for a time the best football seen here this season on the part of a Bishop's team, as the former came from behind to erase the lead of a converted touchdown for the win. Shortly after the kick-off as Stanstead gained possession of the ball on Bishop's forty, and attempted an end run, came the first score of the game when Gray intercepted a Stanstead lateral to the end man on the extension play, and streaked eighty yards down the field for a gift touchdown which was converted by Magor on a drop kick. The kick-off after this major score made for an unusual football occurrence; with a stiff following wind Abbott got away a magnificent one more than half the length of the field, and well behind the Bishop's goal posts so that Magor who picked up the ball was brought down behind the line; thus it was uncertain for a time whether a rouge should be allowed, but upon consultation of the rule book it was found that no score could be made from a kick-off and accordingly the count remained 6-0 in favour of Bishop's. Later in the first quarter Stanstead, plunging well, and outkicking Bishop's by a considerable margin, forged their way down the field to a converted touchdown which tied the score. The second period produced the Juniors' best efforts as Gray opened up a forward passing attack, and Scott began running around Stanstead ends for considerable gains, that were nullified however by Abbott's superlative kicks which continued to soar over the safety man's head, and frequently rolled for as much as sixty yards. Returning from the half-time intermission Stanstead began a concerted drive, which due to some grand holding by the Bishop's line only resulted in a kick to the deadline, that dribbled through the halfback's fingers, making the score seven to six as the fourth quarter opened. After a bad Bishop's kick that went for ten yards and an intercepted forward pass had paved the way for another Stanstead major score the College began to become discouraged, too often a characteristic of Bishop's teams, and slacked off somewhat on their play. As a result Stanstead

began to run amok, capitalizing on a Bishop's fumble for their third converted touchdown. Aroused by this Bishop's spent the remaining time in hurling forwards and attempting long gain extension plays, in a fruitless effort to even the count, but as the result of which they marched down the field into position to try for a rouge. Gray's kick was short however, and the ball was run out just before the whistle blew to end the quarter. From a spectator's standpoint the game had great entertainment value through the open play of both teams, and the Stanstead kicking, but the score was hardly a true indication of the respective merits of the teams, because the Juniors at times played far better football than the Stanstead team although they were, unlike their opponents, unable to maintain the pace they set. To sideliners Scott's running efforts, aided by Gray's interference, the consistently good tackling of Walters and Bradley for Bishop's, Abbott's kicking and Sisco's strong plunging for Stanstead stood out in a game which veered back and forth between football heights and depths.

The McGill Game

Well, this time it was a matter of eighteen McGill kicks, that went for an average of forty-five yards, which stood between a Bishop's victory as the College went down to a 6-0 defeat before a Red and White squad that was slightly shaded in other departments of play. To open the game McGill kicked off and Bishop's gained possession of the ball on the latter's 35-yard mark, as the first Bishop's fumble was made, and quickly scored a rouge when Bradley was downed directly behind the goal posts. After the play had been brought back to the 25-yard line McGill started to advance steadily on the goal with a series of long kicks, which culminated in another point as Knox was brought down before he could run the ball out, making the score 2-0 in favour of McGill. Bishop's now forged up to mid-field on a McGill offside and a first down, but this gain was lost when Foster punted fifty yards to Knox on the twenty-five-yard line. Foster again returned a long one, this time to Bishop's fifty from where Bradley, Knox and Greenwood combined to make two first downs, on top of a McGill penalty for high tackling, which brought the ball to the 25-yard line before Bishop's lost possession on a holding penalty. McGill started something of a comeback with two successive first downs, on powerful plunging by Foster, McLurg and Nussbaum, and climaxing this was a long kick which went to the Bishop's goal line just as the whistle sounded for half-time.

When play was resumed Bishop's followed up Carmichael's recovery of McGill's only fumble of the game by moving the yardsticks once, and kicking into touch on the McGill twenty. At this point Stronach for McGill crashed through the centre of the line in a forty-yard gain, only to be stopped by the safety man after he had evaded the rest of the team, Foster went for ten more, and then

kicked behind the line to Bradley for a point as the third quarter ended. A Bishop's attack led off by Bradley, aided by a fifteen yard high tackling penalty, and continued by Gray as he went for a first down around the end, was abruptly halted when the Redmen recovered a College fumble. An exchange of punts, advantageous to McGill, enabled McLurg to get away a beautiful drop-kick from thirty yards out to make the score 6-0. After the kick-off a Knox to Carmichael pass brought the play to mid-field before a loose ball was picked up by McGill, and kicked to the Bishop's ten. A succession of Bishop's forward-passing efforts failed to click with the McGill team surging through the line repeated'y to hurry the passer, and finally one was intercepted on the Bishop's ten-yard mark, leaving McGill in a position to score as the whistle ended the game. Once again Bishop's showed a marked improvement over the previous week, especially on the offensive power of the back-field, and anyone who saw the Loyola game would scarcely believe that five out of thirteen forward passes were completed for a gain of ninety yards. It was an unfortunate game to lose however, as it was in a way the turning point of the football season, where a win would have greatly aided the morale of the team, and kept alive those fond hopes of Bishop's again heading the Intermediate League after a lapse of three years.

The Macdonald Game

It was a case of history repeating itself as Macdonald came from behind to wipe out a 7-0 edge, and went on to

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win 17-7 in much the same manner that they eked out a 7-6 victory over Bishop's last year, after they had been on the wrong end of a 6-0 count going into the last quarter. This time the comeback produced some real football on the part of a Macdonald team aided by a slight slackening in the play of the Bishop's squad. On the first play of the game after Macdonald had kicked off, Bishop's attempted a forward pass, which if completed might have made for a touchdown, because so early an aerial attack was little expected, and then followed this with a kick, to the Aggies' forty. Eastman for the Aggies moved the yardsticks once, then Neish kicked, and on the next play recovered a Bishop's fumble. A 15-yard Macdonald punt resulted in a 15-yard penalty, when Casserley tried to prevent Bradley from catching the ball, so that Bishop's now had the ball on their opponents' forty. After Knox had made five yards through the centre, and Gray had failed to advance the ball on an end run, a 50-yard kick to Dunn resulted in a point for Bishop's when he was rouged by Walters as the first quarter closed. From their 25-yard line Griffin for Macdonald made 20 yards through a weak line, a smothered forward pass attempt lost half of that, and a miserable kick gave Bishop's the ball on the Aggies' fifty-yard mark. An exchange of kicks resulted in a Bishop's fumble so that the ball merely changed hands at the same point. Macdonald now vainly attempted a long forward pass in an effort to score just before the whistle blew for half time.

In the third quarter with the wind and the sun at their backs Bishop's easily dominated the play, starting off with an exchange of kicks which forced Macdonald to their three-yard line. After two line-plunging efforts had nearly resulted in a safety for Bishop's, the Aggies failed to allow Knox 5 yards as he received their kick, and on a fifteen-yard penalty the ball went to the 25-yard line. From there Gray and Knox made yards on two successive attempts, followed by a poorly aimed drop kick that did go however for a single point, when Carmichael brought down Griffin behind the line. After Macdonald had failed to make yards on two downs Carmichael broke through to smother Neish for a ten-yard loss, as he attempted to kick, and the College was given the ball twenty yards out. Knox and Greenwood all but completed the distance to the goal line on powerful plunging, and then Knox himself went over for the first Bishop's touchdown which was not converted. Inside of three minutes after the fourth quarter had started Macdonald scored an unconverted touchdown on two long Carlyle-to-Kydd forward passes, which moved the ball from the Macdonald 35-yard line to the Bishop's five, and a quarterback sneak that completely fooled the College with Carlyle going over the line untouched. A succession of forward passes followed the kick-off as the farmers ploughed down the field, but one was finally intercepted by Rogers before a Bishop's fumble ended a short comeback

effort, and paved the way for what was thought to be a rouge, but turned out to be another touchdown when the ball was snatched from between Bradley's legs as he fell on it behind the line. While a dazed Bishop's team was attempting a line play after Knox had received on the 18-yard line, Casserley pounced upon a loose ball and ran over the line without any resistance for a converted touchdown. Later, a long bouncing kick which Bishop's had partially blocked was booted down the field by two alert Macdonald ends before Bradley could get hold of it, and a rouge was awarded when he was lucky enough to fall on it behind the goal posts. In the few remaining moments Bishop's now started a forward passing attack, which was halted in its stride by the whistle, that ended a game which was a real heart-breaker from the Bishop's standpoint, but which due to their strong finish must have been a fitting climax to an unexpected but nevertheless merited win for Macdonald.

Sideglances at the Game

Though it was a Macdonald victory Bishop's supporters agree that the game provided more spectator interest than any yet played . . . Queer as it may seem the College held a decided edge in the kicking, although they perhaps did not make full use of this advantage in the last two quarters. . . . The team was in fine condition for the contest but will probably be even fitter later in the season now that some of them have no choice as to obeying the early to bed training rule . . . Pete Greenwood repeatedly bouncing in from his secondary defence position to crush very forcibly and effectively any Macdonald line plunging efforts caught the attention of sideliners, as did the consistent downfield tackling of Hoagy Carmichael. . . . Captain Dago Knox played his usual steady game and seemed to be everywhere at once in filling up gaps in the line, although he did come out second best in a battle of words with a Macdonald wisecrack artist who must be credited with a verbal victory . . . The substance of the argument need not be mentioned here. . . . Some spirited sideline repartee between the "Farmers" and the "Ministers" raged throughout the game but on the whole it was good clean language . . . There were quite a few non-paid referees to be heard from at all times. . . . From all appearances Carlyle of the Aggies would seem to be the best passer in the league if he continues to toss them the way he did against the College . . . The female element was more than noticeable among the onlookers . . . A group of high spirited young ladies was noticed gaily swinging down a street, twenty

abreast, rejoicing a Macdonald victory in song . . . Perhaps our famous girls' Glee Club might favour us with a similar aftermath to the game here . . . Shades of Bishop's—A Macdonald student was heard complaining of his being confined to his building for being naughty . . . And by the way a verbal bouquet to the Aggies for their ability to play a sixty-minute game rather than an abbreviated one . . . From Bishop's postmortems on the game one got the general idea that the College would not bow to Macdonald a second time, however confident some of the Aggies were after their victory.

Golf

By far the most flourishing of the minor activities as yet has been the Royal and Ancient pastime, the interest in which has gone forward by leaps and bounds this year. The match play competition for the Meredith cup and the College championship is now under way with a record entry of twenty players, while a field day held recently attracted twenty-four entries. Prizes were awarded to L. Dempster, John Chadsey, R. A. Rivett, and Ian McLean for low nett scores, to A. V. L. Mills and Oswald Fyfe for low gross, while the sealed hole went to Jeff Scott. A special award for the best dressed golfer was won by Trevor Stevens, who was garbed in two-tone brown brogues, dark fawn gaberdine slacks, and a grotesquely patterned Salvation Army hunting vest over a white shirt with frayed collar; Mr. Stevens topped off this ensemble with a turquoise blue headpiece of unknown origin. While the field day was not a financial success as hitherto announced by the vice-president of the Students' Council, yet the sponsors gladly consented to take a loss so that the tournament might be the success it was.

Table Tennis

The only feature of interest to ping-pong addicts for the first two weeks of this term has been a conspicuous absence of (a) a table, (b) bats, (c) balls and, (d) players. Now that the first three have been procured Bishop's indoor athletes are making up for lost time and anticipate a widespread interest in this domestic sport of kings with the commencement of Inter-house tournaments between the New and Old Arts in which the former have been victorious so far.

Exchanges

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* we have received a large number of exchanges, most of them being High School year books. In all college papers of to-day, especially those which we have received from England, there seems to be a very noticeable and striking feature of seriousness. They all seem to lack articles of humour and frivolity which should certainly be found to a certain extent in college publications. There are papers to be found which one could read almost from beginning to end without ever cracking a smile. All magazines should have their lighter moments to tone down the more serious articles which they contain. A magazine is much more successful if it is well balanced with articles of different types. It may be interesting to note that a couple of years ago certain other magazines suggested that our *Mitre* should try to overcome this factor of too much seriousness.

Since the beginning of the month the dailies have been coming in as fast as ever. At this early stage in the college year, there is little of interest in them except articles welcoming and guiding freshmen, and lists of freshman rules which should make our freshmen look up and realize how well off they are here. The *Manitoban*, of the University of Manitoba, published an extra page headed "Timely Articles for the Freshman". Undoubtedly our friends from the West intend to set their freshmen off on the right track straight from the start. The articles are certainly a good guide for the freshmen during their first few days of bewilderment and loneliness. A poem which was found on this page should do us all, freshmen or not, good to look into. Its title is "How to study." Here are a few extracts:

"First let the neophyte remember
(If to survival he aspires)
To purchase early in September
The text books that his course requires,
Instead of wasting all his dollars
On rugby games and Arrow collars.

* * * * *
Second be sure to clear the decks,
Four nights a week, for college studies.
No matter what your age or sex,
Don't go cavorting with your buddies.

* * * * *
Remember also to divide
The evening hours, as they glide,
According to a schedule strict
Among the subjects you have picked.

by F. M. Bunbury

Four nights a week, then, you'll be sitting
At your own academic knitting,
Bolt upright on a hardwood chair,
With ample light, and good fresh air,
Sharp pencils, and a solid table—
With these, and silence, you'll be able
To make a most auspicious start
In mastering the scholar's art.

The editor of *The Leopardess* of Queen Mary College, London, seems to have received the following complaint about his publication: "It stank of the editor's friends." In reply he states that he considers himself lucky that he can find friends on whom to back for articles, if no one else will write for his magazine. Probably more than one editor feels the same way about this.

From Cape Town we hear the voice of the students raised in protest to the common system of lectures as used in most of our universities. The students and faculty of the University of Cape Town agree that some reform is necessary. They feel that there are too many lectures and too much note dictation, leaving little time for private reading and study. However, it is feared that with no lectures more time than ever would be wasted. They suggest a system of voluntary lecture attendance, printed notes from the lecturers, and discussions and tutorials in place of the usual lecture. They claim that a student would no longer be "lectured into a degree" but instead he could "read for it". Also discussions would lead to much more individual thinking than the present process "by which the notes of the lecturer are transferred to the notebook of the student without passing through the minds of either."

For the Science student there is a very interesting article in the *Technique Industrial Review* entitled "Radium". The article gives the full history of Canadian radium, the methods of its refinement and its uses in the field of medicine. It is very well illustrated with good photographs taken in the laboratories where radium is refined. Chemical students might also be interested in another article in this same edition entitled "Metals and Alloys".

The following poem from the *Trinity University Review* looks at the famous saying "Know Thyself" from an entirely new angle. It reads:

"Know thyself," the old Greek said,
And smiled an elfish smile;
For all along he knew 'twould prove
An endless waste of while.

"Know thyself!" — 'tis easily said;
But how can it be taught?
For knowledge of the self requires
Knowledge of the thought.

And the subject of the object
Of every act of thought
Can never by itself alone,
Alone itself be sought.

For if the subject thinking,
Thinks of what it sought,
It then becomes the object,
Not the subject, of the thought!

Straight from Belfast we hear the attitude of Northern Ireland towards the policy of the government to the south of it. Says the *New Northman* of the University of Belfast in an article "Ulster and the Empire": "The people of Northern Ireland always have and always will be ready to fight rather than to submit being excluded from the British Empire; and the people in the Free State will have to recognize this . . . it is only by some compromise between the points of view of North and South respectively that the obstacles can be overcome." Great Britain cannot solve the Free State problem without the aid of Ulster and the students of the University of Belfast feel that Ulster should make a special effort towards establishing some satisfactory union between Great Britain and the Irish Free State.

The *Northerner* from Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, had a very good June issue which seems to be very well stocked with a variety of articles. This is not so with most college magazines, for most June issues suffer considerably from the strain of the June examinations on students and hence a great lack of material. One of the most interesting articles is "The Song of Freedom" in which we are reminded that freedom is still frantically

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fighting for existence. In India there are millions of outcasts, and even in the United States there are thousands of negroes who are denied certain rights which they should be granted in a really democratic state. True freedom does not exist in the Communist state and certainly not in the Fascist state. The author says: "Will there be freedom in this wonderful world, unless the rights of man, freedom of conscience, thought and speech are permitted? . . . The age-long battle for freedom is still on. It is up to those who hear the challenge to join in the fray, to seek happiness in freedom, and to play their part in hastening the coming of the great day of freedom."

The *Red and White* from St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, says that the *Mitre* of Bishop's University is definitely improving. The exchange editor commends numerous articles, so let's keep up the good work and make still further improvements in the *Mitre*. The *Red and White* published a very good issue last May, some outstanding articles being: "Canada's Place in the Empire," "P.E. I.'s Road program," and "Hitler and Christianity." This magazine has started a new department called the "Section Francais" in which those interested in French may exercise their literary abilities in the French language, and in which French students can freely express their views. This, and a new Book Review, are undoubtedly improvements to the *Red and White*.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges which have been received since the last issue of the *Mitre*: Commissioner's High School Year Book, Quebec. The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope. Technique, Ecole Technique de Montréal. The Arrows, University of Sheffield. Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, Eng. Northland Echo, North Bay, Ont.

St. Andrew's College Review, Aurora, Ont.
 Magazine from Lower Canada College, Montreal.
 The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
 Algoma Missionary News, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
 Student Voice, Paris.
 The Crucifer, College of Holy Cross, Rangoon.
 Red and Grey, Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.
 The Magazine of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.
 Codrington College Magazine, Barbadoes.
 Dumbell, Sherbrooke High School.
 The Review, St. Mary's College, Brockville.
 The Year Book from Stanstead Wesleyan College.
 The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.
 The Year Book from Burnaby South High School,
 New Westminster.
 Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catherines.
 The Torch, Town of Mount Royal High School.
 Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown.
 Windsorian, King's Collegiate School, Windsor.
 The Year Book from King's Hall, Compton.
 The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.
 The Northerner, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 La Bibliographia, Mexico.

Graduates

Above all worldly possessions, we should treasure most our friends. Happiness is what counts in this world, and the surest way to obtain it is by making many lasting friendships. Two thousand years ago the poet Horace suggested this recipe for a happy life, and its value even in present-day society is unquestioned—the reason being that society changes, but the world remains the same. Life is the same as it was two thousand years ago, and although we do not live it the same, we should not scorn methods (however ancient) that will direct us towards a happier life.

As the years race on we become lonesome for the "good old days". We long to see and hear from our old friends, and here at Bishop's we think of the grads as the living remnant of what once constituted the "good old days." To give some information about them—what they are doing, and where they are—is the purpose of this column.

This summer witnessed the marriages of four Bishop's grads, of two former co-eds, and the engagement of two more grads. Our congratulations to all.

College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.
 The Howardian, Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff.
 The Calendar from St. Francois Xavier University,
 Antigonish.
 Trinity University Review, Toronto.
 The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast.
 The U. C. Tattle, University of Cape Town, S. A.
 Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener.
 The Leopardess, Queen Mary College, U. of London.
 West Saxon, University College, Southampton.
 Le Monome, Hanoi, French Indo-China.
 The Fettesian, Fettes College, Edinburgh.
 The McGill Daily, Montreal.
 The Baites Student, Lewiston, Maine.
 The Brunswickan, U. of N. B.
 The Ubysey, U. B. C., Vancouver.
 The Manitoban, U. of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
 Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie U.
 Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.
 The Argosy, Mount Allison U., N. B.
 Quebec Diosecan Gazette.
 The Haileyburian, Haileybury, Herts, Eng.
 The S. J. V. S. Challenger, St. John Vocational School, N.B.

by O. H. Seveigny

DR. A. STEWART KENNY, B.A. '28, of Kazubazua, Que. (now of Philadelphia), and Miss Margaret Webster Best of Kingston were married May 29.

SYDNEY HAROLD FRANCIS, M. '27, of Chicoutimi, and Brenda Gwyneth, were married June 12.

MISS VIVIAN WOODLEY, B.A. '35, and Mr. Stewart Parkhurst Elkins, were married in Quebec on September 11. The *Mitre* extends best wishes to Mrs. Elkins who was one of the Lady Associates of the *Mitre*, '34-'35.

REV. A. R. PERKINS, B.A. '37, and Miss Phylis Hume were married by the Lord Bishop of Quebec at St. Peter's Church, September 25. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have left for the Magdalen Islands where Mr. Perkins will be in charge of the mission at Grosse Isle. Our good wishes follow them in their life of adventure and interest in this outpost mission.

MR. C. H. BRADFORD, B.A. '35, and Miss Joyce Miller were married in Granby July 17, and are residing in Waterloo where Mr. Bradford is a member of the staff of the

Waterloo High School.

Miss JANET KIRKPATRICK, M. '35, was married to Mr. Douglas Cross of Sherbrooke, in London, Ont. They are living in Montreal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Barbara Russell Stearns of New Canaan, Conn., to Dr. CHAUNCEY J. PATTEE, B.A. '31. Dr. Pattee is now connected with the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

THOS. LIONEL O'NEILL, B.A. '33, H.S.D. '37, became engaged at Quebec this summer to Miss Elizabeth Jean Stevenson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Stevenson of Quebec.

It was with great regret that we heard of the serious accident which befell Miss ELSA BURT, B.A. '31, as a result of which her spine was injured. After a difficult operation Miss Burt is progressing as well as can be expected at the Neurological Institute, Montreal. We offer her our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery.

The Rev'd W. J. BELFORD, B.A. '36, who was formerly at Grosse Isle is taking up work as curate of St. James' Church, New York. Mr. Belford and Mr. H. S. B. HARPER, B.A., L.S.T. '36, were ordained priests on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. Mr. Harper is now curate at this cathedral.

MR. JOHN S. EWING, B.A. '36, is with the Great West Life Insurance Company, Drummond Building, Montreal.

MR. K. L. NISH, B.A. '35, is on the staff of the Sherbrooke High School.

D. M. WIGLE, M. '35, is now playing football with the Hamilton Tigers. Straight sailing, Doug!

C. L. O. GLASS, B.A. '35, St. John's College, Oxford, spent the summer vacation in Canada.

M. R. O. GUSTAFSON, B.A. '29, who has won distinction in literary circles in London, England, as a poet and writer, is visiting his home in Sherbrooke.

MR. G. A. OLMSTEAD, B.A. '35, has returned to Edinburgh University where he will take his third year in medicine.

MISS J. M. SMITH, B.A. '35, is working as stenographer for a social agency in Montreal.

MISS K. H. MILLMAN, B.A. '36, spent the week-end at Lennoxville with Miss Catherine Speid, M.A. '37,

At McGill we find BAS. DOAK, '35, EVERETT COOPER, '35, KEN SMITH, '35, AL. SCOTT, '36, HANS GEGGY, '36, KEN NORRIS, '35, SID MEDINE, '35, all busy studying medi-

cine. Keeping them company are RUS LAMB, '36, who is studying law, and H. J. SCOTT, J. E. HIBBARD, F. O. FREDERICK, all '37 grads, who are studying medicine and dentistry respectively.

"T" JOHNSON, M. '35, '36, is taking second year dentistry at McGill.

M. J. ROSENTHAL, B.A. '37, is studying law at Harvard. W. J. R. WILSON, B.A. '37, is studying music in Paris.

W. P. B. GEDYE, B.A. '37, is junior chemist at the Miner Rubber Co., Granby.

R. D. FARLEY, B.A. '37, is working for the Dominion Silk Co. Ltd.

C. A. EDSON, B.A. '37, is working for the Montreal Cotton Ltd.

J. E. C. BEATTY, B.A. '37, is studying law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Many recent graduates in education have secured good positions: R. L. BAGLOW and F. D. HEATH, B.A. '36, are on the staff of the High School at Ormstown; Miss W. A. ORR, B.A. '36, is teaching at the Waterloo High School; K. C. SIMMS, B.A. '36, is teaching at Riverview School, Drummondville; R. W. BERRY, B.A. '36, is assistant principal at Ayer's Cliff; Mr. M. J. DUNSMORE, B.A. '36, is assistant principal at Knowlton.

Misses T. N. BRILHART, J. L. B. MACNAB, M. A. PLATT, E. L. SUTTON, D. E. WALLACE, B.A.: '35, Miss D. E. MACKAY, B.A., U. of N.B., are taking the High School Diploma Course at the University. Al Bryce, Gerry Moffatt and Bud Seveigny constitute the male element of the class.

Miss M. C. SPEID, M.A. '37, and Miss E. M. TITCOMB, B.A. '37, are taking business courses in Sherbrooke.

COLIN CUTTELL, B.A. '37, is in charge of the mission of Wabamum, Alberta. He has a territory of 1000 square miles to cover. Mr. Cuttall was last year's president of Dramatics and has always been a faithful contributor to the *Mitre*.

J. E. PURDY, M.A. '37, former editor of this column, is at present studying for his S.T.D. in the General Theological Seminary in New York. He is also acting as curate at Minersville.

W. E. WALKER, B.A. '37, is at present stationed in the parish of Marbleton and Bishopton.

MR. G. T. MACKAY, last year's Senior man, spent the summer in the Diocese of Algoma. He plans to go to England shortly to work as curate for a year there.

Co-ed Alumnae

On March 30, the Co-ed Alumnae held their annual meeting in the girls' clubroom in the Town Hall, Lennoxville, at which a very representative number was present. The chief business of the meeting was the election of officers. GRACE JACKSON was elected president, MARY PLATT, and FLEDA BRILHART joint vice-presidents and *Mitre* representatives, and MARION BURT secretary-treasurer. Plans were made to hold a bridge during the summer and a committee was formed to make further arrangements. The Society voted ten dollars to be awarded as a prize for the highest average obtained by a girl in Second Year. An additional five dollars was given towards the upkeep of the clubroom.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served, Mrs. Howard Aikman presiding at the tea-table.

Towards the latter part of July a bridge was held in Mrs. Richardson's garden. The committee responsible consisted of Mrs. Owen, Geraldine Seale and Grace Jackson. The perfect weather and the co-operation of the committee and local alumnae members conspired to make the event entirely successful. The proceeds go towards the maintenance of the Alumnae Society.

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We pledge,
Dear Alma Mater.
May we
Through Fire and Water
Fight on
Fight on
Fight on
Fight on.
Lift high
Our college banner,
And in
True Bishop's manner,
May we
Ever defend her
Great name.

D.S.P. & W.H.B.

SMOTHER

To pluck from glowing strings the fire
That soars above known Beauty's spire;
To touch the chords that hold the power
To stir men's souls; to know the hour
When palette bears the tints we dream;
To hold the pen that cries;
To sing, and singing loose the breath
Pent in the clay that's ruled by death;
To feel the flame that burns
Through Time and Space—the flame that leaps
Above the bounds of self, and turns
Up where no faults of flesh can reach.

But no.
For few the bow breathes on the strings,
The chords combine, the colours blend;
The herd must sigh, nor know the end
Reached by the few whose wills have wings.
The herd must grope with stumbling hands,
Know discord, and the smear of paint,
A halting pen, a voice that's dumb;
And feel the spirit stir—then faint,
As fingers stiffen, will grows numb.

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Lennoxville

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