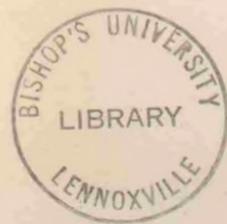


ips





NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY



6F-2N

The Mitre
VOL. 46 NO. 1
OCTOBER
1938

University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, Que.

FOUNDED 1843

ROYAL CHARTER 1853

THE ONLY COLLEGE IN CANADA FOLLOWING THE
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE PLAN OF THREE LONG
ACADEMIC YEARS FOR THE B.A. AND B.Sc. DEGREES



Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Post-graduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All forms of recreation, including tennis, badminton, and skiing. Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring distance of Quebec and Montreal, and has good railway connections.

For information, terms and calendars, apply to:

THE REV. A. H. MCGREER, D.D., PRINCIPAL, *or*

THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

DYERS
CARPET CLEANERS

**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**

91 FRONTENAC STREET

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

PHONES

168 - 169



GOOD APPEARANCE PAYS

You Will Be Surprised!

HOW GOOD YOUR CLOTHES WILL FEEL
AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN TREATED TO
A THOROUGH CLEANING AND PRESSING
BY OUR MASTER CRAFTSMEN.



John Nichol & Sons

Registered

MEAT MARKET



POULTRY of BEST QUALITY, HAM, BACON, SAUSAGE

and FRESH and CURED MEAT

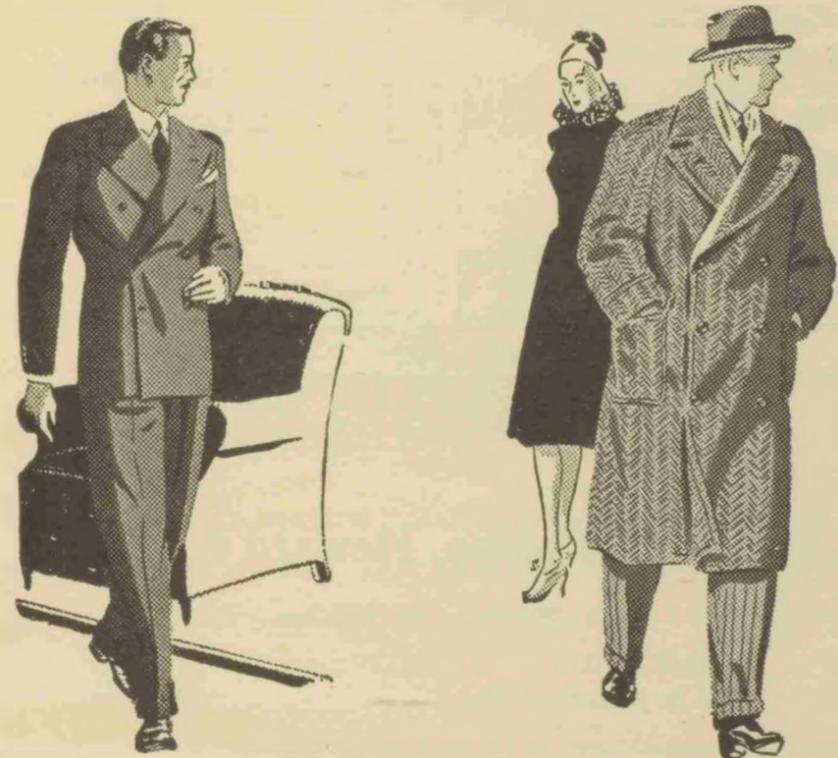
Always on hand at Reasonable Prices

Try Our DRY CURED BACON

Telephone 310

LENNOXVILLE

QUEBEC



Indoors or Out—

You're Well Dressed

When You Are Dressed By

ROSENBLOOM'S LIMITED

THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS

SHERBROOKE

○ THE NEW SUITS ●

If you are interested in greater comfort or smarter style, we're sure you'll like the ease and fulness about the chest and arms in the new models. Yes—Double-breasted styles are popular. Featured at \$19.50, \$24.50, \$29.50.

● THE NEW COATS ●

As in the past, Raglans will predominate, but many attractive new styles are beginning to appear, and we hope we'll have an opportunity to show them to you. We have a complete assortment of Fall and Winter Coats, featured at \$24.50, \$29.50, \$35.00.

and in

● ROSENBLOOM'S BARGAIN BASEMENT ●

Special racks of Suits and Coats at surprisingly low prices!

Consult our Graduate Optometrist
for all your vision requirements

THOMAS H. BARNES, O.D.

with **WILFRED B. GERVAIS, O.D.**
in attendance at Sherbrooke office

**66a Wellington St. N.
SHERBROOKE**

**Old Birks Bldg.
MONTREAL**

Compliments of

HUNTING'S DAIRY
MILK, CREAM, ICE CREAM

Jersey Milk a Specialty
"The Cream of them all"

Tel. 235 : LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

SHERBROOKE'S
UP-TO-DATE HOTEL

The New Sherbrooke

SITUATED IN THE
CENTRE OF CITY



ELEVATOR SERVICE . SOLID BRICK BUILDING . THOROUGHLY MODERN . 165 ROOMS
75 WITH BATH ATTACHED . NEW ADDITION COMPLETED AUGUST 1928
20 COMMERCIAL SAMPLE ROOMS . GARAGE IN CONNECTION
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

Meredith, Holden, Heward & Holden

Barristers & Solicitors

215 St. James Street West

Montreal

F. E. Meredith, K.C., LL.D.
C. G. Heward, K.C.
P. P. Hutchison, K.C.
C. T. Ballantyne
F. T. Collins
D. R. McMaster
A. M. Minnion

A. R. Holden, K.C.
R. C. Holden, K.C.
E. H. Cliff
W. C. J. Meredith
A. D. P. Heeney
W. R. Eakin, Jr.
G. R. W. Owen

Brown, Montgomery & McMichael

Advocates, Barristers, &c.

Hon. Albert J. Brown, K.C. George H. Montgomery, K.C.
Robert C. McMichael, K.C. Warwick F. Chipman, K.C.
Frank B. Common, K.C. Orville S. Tyndale, K.C.
Thomas R. Ker, K.C. Wilbert H. Howard, K.C.
Lionel A. Forsyth, K.C. Eldridge Cate
C. Russell McKenzie, K.C. Paul Gauthier
J. Leigh Bishop Claude S. Richardson
J. Angus Ogilvy F. Campbell Cope
John G. Porteous Hazen Hansard
G. Featherston Osler John deM. Marler
George S. Challies George H. Montgomery, Jr.
Charles M. Drury André Forget

Cable Address "Jonhall"

360 ST. JAMES STREET WEST
MONTREAL, QUE.

24 hours a day

365 days a year

Sample's Taxi

PHONE 200

Special Rates for Hockey and Rugby Teams

Call Sample's for Better Service
and prices

All Cars Well Heated

Compliments of

Sherbrooke Record

The Only English
Daily in The
Eastern Townships.

**PLAN
SECURITY
THROUGH
SUN LIFE
ASSURANCE
COMPANY
OF CANADA**

HEAD OFFICE:
MONTREAL



omorrow's

MAN OF AFFAIRS...

To-morrow, with text-books laid aside, he will be grappling with the affairs of the business world—finding his place in business or professional life.

Thousands of young men just out of college are realizing that a sound banking connection is an invaluable asset in the solution of the problems they face in their climb up the ladder.

We like numbering these young Canadians among our friends, because they are energetic and forward-looking; because they are on their way to great things, in which we believe we can aid and share.

Don't wait till college days are over . . . call on the manager of one of our branches mentioned below and form your banking connection now.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

"a bank where small accounts are welcome"

BRANCHES IN SHERBROOKE

Main Office, 58 Wellington Street — W. O. NICOL, Manager
Belvidere and King Streets Branch — L. A. LABERGE, Manager

MODERN, EXPERIENCED BANKING SERVICE

. . . the outcome of 121 years' successful operation

The Mitre

ESTABLISHED 1893

DR. W. O. RAYMOND
Hon. Vice-President

REV. DR. F. G. VIAL
Hon. President

DR. E. OWEN
Hon. Vice-President

EXECUTIVE BOARD

W. J. ROBINSON
President

L. S. MAGOR
Vice-President - Editor

F. M. BUNBURY
Sec.-Treasurer

P. RABATICH
Advertising Manager

P. GREENWOOD
Circulation Manager

LITERARY BOARD

J. K. STARNES
G. S. MURRAY

MISS G. McCRAE
D. F. McOUAT

MISS P. A. WIGGETT
W. I. NEILSON

G. H. TEMPLE
S. S. WORTHEN

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

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL - - - - -	p. 8
FEATURE ARTICLE—	
SOME RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON UNIVERSITY LIFE - <i>The Rev'd Sidney Childs</i>	9
ARTICLES—	
FIRE-WALKING CEREMONY - - - - - <i>D. Lloyd Davis</i>	12
THE FOUNDATION OF GREATER GERMANY - - - - - <i>Dietrich Stolz</i>	13
FRESHMAN NOTES - - - - -	18
CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION TO INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY - - - <i>John Withal</i>	23
THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND FALLS - - - - - <i>John Starnes</i>	25
IN DEFENCE OF HERR HITLER - - - - - <i>Waldo Tulk</i>	32
POETRY—	
RENASCENCE - - - - -	11
EPIGRAMS ON THIS AND THAT - - - - - <i>Neil Tracy</i>	16
FRESHMEN'S DAY - - - - -	21
EVENING AT FORT MEIGS - - - - - <i>Leon Adams</i>	24
TWILIGHT - - - - - <i>Leon Adams</i>	27
DEPARTMENTS—	
THE BISHOP LOOKS DOWN - - - - - <i>Grace Jackson</i>	29
NOTES AND COMMENTS - - - - - <i>Don McOuat</i>	39
SPORTS - - - - - <i>Geoff Murray</i>	35
ALUMNI NOTES - - - - - <i>S. S. Worthen</i>	43
EXCHANGES - - - - - <i>Grenville Temple</i>	45

EDITORIAL

The *Mitre* is now a long-established institution, an essential part of the college life; but although you write for it and we edit it, there is good reason to believe that none of us really know for what our respective efforts are intended. The fact that it is a long-established institution and an essential part of our university is hardly sufficient justification for the labours of writer and editor; there must be something else behind the magazine, an idea, a purpose, which vitalizes it and makes us willing, even anxious, to promote it; and it is this idea, or purpose, that we must seek and, having found, must use in order to envelope our efforts in an organized, productive scheme.

It is no longer sufficient to be able to think and yet be incapable of expressing thought; nor is it enough to have lived and yet have no understanding of life. With the close of the industrial revolution man stopped his creative, objective mode of living and became again speculative and subjective. His life had expanded tremendously but his knowledge of life had not increased, and for this reason he began to turn his thoughts inward upon himself and his fellows, to subjugate the material to the abstract, to return to the exalted mental plane of ancient Greece where not things but ideas are supreme. But thoughts, unlike machines, cannot exist by themselves and yet retain any potential value; they must be expressed and in a manner which will ensure their perpetuity, else they are quite useless. This, then, is the purpose of a magazine: to offer a medium of expression for human thought, to set a level of literary eligibility which will ensure a fertile future for that thought, to select and arrange, in the most advantageous manner possible, the different manifestations of that thought, and, in this manner, to reveal man to himself and to posterity.

A magazine must offer a medium of expression for human thought; this is its first purpose, its duty to the present. But it is quite obvious that there can be no expression of thought unless there is thought or an effort to express it. In many estates of modern civilization no thought of any consequence is to be expected, and still less, an effort to promulgate thought. This is not an actively dangerous truth; it is unpleasant, but its evil effects can easily be counteracted by the abundance of mental agility in the higher levels of the human scale, levels which are largely composed of university men. These men, through their selection and training, have a particular responsibility in

life, the duty to set the pace of progress, to heighten the standard of civilization and culture, and to maintain that standard until the next generation is ready to lift it again. This can only be done by unfettering the mind, by letting it run its course, and, when the zenith is reached, by harnessing it to the work of expression.

A magazine must set a level of literary eligibility which will ensure a fertile future for human thought; that is its second purpose, its duty to the present with regard to the future. A great thought poorly expressed is of about as much value as a small thought well expressed since it is soon worn down to the shallowness of the other by the burden of its setting. If a thought is to live, its expression must befit it, and to obtain such expression a high literary standard must be set.

A magazine must select and arrange, in the most advantageous manner possible, the different manifestations of human thought; this is its last purpose, its duty to the future. A well-hung gallery of mediocre pictures is more gratifying to an observer than one in which the very good and the very bad are haphazardly arranged together with no apparent discrimination. To give a just and accurate picture of our age it is our duty to see that what is best is not submerged beneath what is vile and that what is worst is not camouflaged by what is magnificent. To do this we must select with care and arrange with discernment. Levity and profundity may complement each other in such a way as to produce a beautiful balance, but the degrees and nature of each must be harmonious; an article dealing with the phenomena of the universe would not be well followed by a page of tavern jokes; on the other hand a poor attempt at depth would render almost useless an article of brilliant satire. Thus, there must be a careful selection and arrangement of what is to compose the picture of today, a picture which will be hung in the books of to-morrow.

The magazine contributes to a great service, the revelation of man to himself and to posterity; it is our duty to contribute, in turn, to the magazine, to assist in the formation of its idea, in the development of its prestige, and in the fulfillment of its purpose. Our magazine is the *Mitre* and we have a duty that lies there, let us accept our responsibility in a manner which befits us.

Some Random Reflections on University Life

The title of this article is determined by two considerations: 1) the exigency of time (the editor has demanded its production at short notice); 2) it is literally random in the sense that it is not written to prove a thesis, but merely to stimulate thought upon an important subject which may be of especial interest to those who begin their university career with us this year.

In the modern world there is no institution, however venerable, that escapes criticism, and in recent years the universities have come in for their fair share (some would say more than their fair share) of the critic's attention. Such criticism has come mainly from two sources: 1) those who by public or private benefactions provide the universities with funds for their operation; 2) from those who question the value of the type of education to be derived from the modern university. With regard to the first point, business men look at the vast capital sums locked up in buildings and endowments and at the heavy annual expenditure for maintenance, and they ask themselves if the community derives from these expenditures any adequate return. Where state universities rather than private educational corporations are concerned, cabinet ministers and legislators view with alarm the mounting scale of expenditure on higher education and wonder whether they are justified in voting such large expenditure of public funds.

With regard to the second point Mr. H. G. Wells has come forward as perhaps the most extreme representative of those who question the value of the type of education to be derived from the modern university. Mr. Wells has declared "that all the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and sciences might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some mediaeval alchemist or inquisition, into limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that the man who has the diploma, or whatever they call it, of M. A., is even a moderately educated man. The upper schools and universities of our world already betray themselves for an imposture. A time must come when Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale will signify no more in the intellectual life of the world than the Monastery of Mount Athos or the lamaseries of Tibet do now, when their colleges will stand empty and clean for the amateur of architecture or the sightseeing tourist."

I am not concerned in this article to deal with the unfairness or fairness of these criticisms but simply to reflect on some of the inevitable consequences of the dependence of universities on public or private funds. It seems evident

that since universities depend to a great extent for their foundation and upkeep on public and private benefactions, their governing bodies or corporations are in the position of trustees and those who share in the advantages of university life and education are in the position of beneficiaries. The ultimate answer to such criticisms seems to lie in our university corporations' careful and conscientious administration of their trusteeship and in our students making the most of the opportunities which are theirs as beneficiaries. If this situation was more generally recognized it should do much to prevent a student drifting into lazy habits and neglecting his studies. For the truth is that it is to a great extent the lazy, incompetent student who provides reasons for criticism of the universities. He is really being dishonest by his lack of use of the opportunities for intellectual development offered by his university, and he is not likely to develop that honesty and integrity of purpose which should be the hall-mark of university-trained men everywhere. He is bringing discredit rather than credit upon the good name of his particular university and is a drag upon its progress.

Generally speaking, our universities have built up for themselves long and honourable traditions of scholarship, of public service, and honest work in all branches of the educational field. If the student coming fresh to the university would realize that he is a beneficiary of a public trust, in a long line of past students with honourable records, and that it is now his opportunity to maintain and further those traditions, it would do much to determine his own proper attitude and relationship to his university. It would, for instance, give him a clear understanding of the function of such things as "compulsory subjects" and "rules and regulations". He would realize that the existence of such things is not due to mere arbitrary whims and decisions on the part of academic authorities, but that they have had their worth proven over a long period of educational development and are retained because in actual practice the consensus of opinion is that they are necessary components of university education. If we are willing to carry our reflections on this point to their logical conclusion we must admit that for the student to do other than make the most of the opportunities his university offers him is a betrayal of trust to the past and actual dishonesty to the present.

A second reflection is that in spite of the conditions already mentioned, there is no place on earth where men

can enjoy such genuine freedom of thought and life as in our British type of universities. Although our universities are largely dependent on those who provide the funds (and according to the old proverb "those who pay the piper have the right to call the tune"), cases of interference with genuine academic freedom have been very infrequent. Within the universities, too, governing bodies generally impose the minimum of restrictions compatible with the smooth functioning of university life. This point, again, is something which is not appreciated by the student who has not considered the fundamental point of his relationship and obligation to his university. In my judgment the strength of our universities today depends very much upon the maintenance of the atmosphere of freedom which now prevails. One is amazed sometimes to discover how tenaciously faith in learning for its own sake is held by many unlearned men and women who are willing to support our universities. It would, indeed, sometimes seem that those without our universities appreciate the value of our heritage more than those within. They know beyond a doubt that learning is a pearl of great price, not because it brings to its possessor power in riches or happiness, but simply because it is a supreme good in itself and ministers to its possessors' independence of mind and integrity of purpose. It is doubly attractive to them because it is sought in an atmosphere of freedom. They covet this great good for their children, and while they might not be able to meet the arguments of our critics that university education is a "waste of time" unless it ministers directly to economic gain and monetary advantage, their faith in university education is unshaken.

This thought leads us to a further reflection upon the relation of university education to business training. Many arguments have been advanced in the discussion as to whether university education is or is not a useful preliminary for business or vocational training. At present, many representative business men feel that since modern business, with its great corporations for the manufacture and distribution of goods and its extensive financial organizations, tends more and more to become a tissue of highly complicated technical processes, a general education of the university type is almost a necessity. On the other hand there are those who, while recognizing the value of university training in law, medicine and engineering, deny its value in business and regard it as waste of time and money. To such a man those who seek learning for its own sake are quite outside this comprehension of values, since it does not equip them to earn large salaries, and their interest in what he vaguely calls "theories" will, he feels, actually disqualify them from pursuing wholeheartedly the "practical" aims of business. The truth seems to be that in the nature of things there will always be this difference of opinion, and sometimes antagonism, between the world of practical affairs and the world of learning, for their devotees have

different ideas of the "supreme good" and therefore seek different kinds of good. Merely to seek for understanding, to know, to enjoy, often seems a sterile pursuit to the man who defines good in terms of "doing" and "having". But all these considerations only bring into clearer light the wonderful heritage of freedom of life and thought which we enjoy in our British universities, and which, in the light of current international events, increasingly reveals its inestimable value.

The above considerations suggest another and, for the time being, a last reflection. With what aim should a student choose the "subjects" of his education? Personally I feel that a student is often too obsessed with the idea that subject-matter is of supreme importance in planning his university education. Very often the considerations governing his choice reveal a lack of comprehension of the nature and value of the university. This perhaps is natural, for the student has had very little guidance in the matter before he comes up to the college, where he finds himself in a new and confusing environment and has not had time to discover the new values before he is faced with the necessity of choosing a "course". The choice of subjects, therefore, is often decided by what he thinks to be their vocational values; he asks of what "use" will certain subjects be in his future work? Or, sad to relate, there are students who wish to discover "easy subjects" in which they may take the line of least resistance to the best influences of the university and "get through" with a minimum of intellectual hard work. There is an old definition of education which is, I believe, thoroughly sound if properly understood. It is that "education is what is left when you have forgotten all the details you have learnt." If this definition is sound then the subject-matter of education is of secondary importance, for it is not the information you acquire at the university that matters but the training you get in acquiring it. This is not to say that all subjects have an equal, or the same, value in training the mind. Natural aptitude and preference will, of course, have a place in determining the choice of subjects. But the real aim in determining choice should be to produce that capacity to which the Roman poet referred when he wrote, "Happy is the man who can recognize the causes of things." If my definition is sound then our choice of subjects ought to be determined by our intellectual needs, and that may mean the choice of the "hardest" rather than the "easiest" subjects. For instance, if we are deficient in the power of memory, history might be a good subject for us, since it places a considerable strain on the memory, or if we find it hard to discipline our minds then we might very well choose mathematics and the languages, ancient and modern. Or, if our analytical powers are deficient, we might with advantage choose literature, philosophy or economics, which

are excellent for the cultivation of the ability to appreciate and estimate real values. Without attempting to exhaust the possible subjects of choice, the above is sufficient to illustrate my point that our choice of subjects should be determined for the training they offer rather than from the value of the so-called "facts" with which they deal. In education more depends on the work the student puts into a subject than on what the subject is. The value lies in the intellectual training which the student gets in exploring the subject-matter and the more intensive the exploration the greater the value.

Lord Tweedsmuir takes this same view, for in his installation address as Chancellor of Edinburgh University he is quoted as saying, "It is not the subject-matter which is of first importance, for you can give humane value to any subject if you have the right attitude of mind. . . . The humanities are not only art, literature, history, philosophy and religion, but also each and every science, provided it is pursued in the right way. There is a famous Cambridge toast I have always liked: 'God bless the higher mathematics and may they never be of the slightest use to anybody.'" We might also quote the opinion of no less an authority than Aristotle. In his *Politics* there is a passage in which he says, "It is the object which a man sets before him in his study which makes the difference. If he does or learns anything for its own sake, or with a view to the development of his mind and character, then that pursuit, whatever its subject, will be a liberal education."

We conclude these random reflections by reverting to questions raised by the criticisms with which we started. How are we to decide whether our universities are "worth" the money spent upon them? How are we to estimate the value of the education derived from them? Much of the criticism, I feel, is nullified because it is based upon a false sense of values. Universities cannot be judged in terms of money value or in terms of that idea of education which

I stood awhile beside a night-lit lake.
The water all was dark, so dark it gleamed
With sullen silver flecks, that melted soon
In heavier darkness; and the hills across
Climbed up and down in similar shapes of black,
So that the contours of the lake were changed,
Nor followed straight
The unseen boundary of its proper shore.
Atop the hills lay depths of sleeping clouds,
Fringing the deeper darkness of the sky
That, pricked with hazy yellow stars, curved down
And pressed the clouds against the rising hills.

is merely to conserve the treasures of the past and accumulate new knowledge of material "facts" about the universe in which we live. The business of a university is not only to pursue truth in an atmosphere of freedom but to transmit it alive to successive generations of students. The real test of a university lies in its ability to transmit to its students an utter devotion to the things of the mind, a passion to know and understand, an ability to communicate thought, and develop some genuine capacity to deal effectively with ideas; to inspire its students with a profound distrust of all dogmatism and censorship, of partisanship, of intense nationalism, of public opinion, of the infallibility of the Press, of the value of suppressing unpopular opinions by putting their authors in jail; to impart sound learning touched with creative imagination, so that knowledge may be transmitted into wisdom, until the knowledge itself becomes the priceless and almost unconscious creation of its possessor, furthering the ultimate purpose of calm reflection on the infinite problems of living.

Finally, we reflect that the life of a university is a corporate life and involves co-operative effort on the part of governing body, staff and students. In its atmosphere of freedom, honest work, and pleasant recreation, there should be learned the true "art of living", the knowledge that since "no man liveth to himself" the road to greatness is the road of service, that the interest of the individual must give way before the welfare of the group, that all lesser loyalties must be constantly in process of submergence to greater loyalties, for

"The game is more than the players of the game
and the ship is more than the crew."

Once more one is impressed with the perennial wisdom of the Greeks, for our final reflection is that our conclusion is really nothing more than the Greek ideal of self-realization, combined with the Christian ideal of service.

RENAISSANCE

And yet, though cloud and hill and lake were dark,
Though nowhere was there motion, nor yet light,
But shadow deepening to black, I felt
No sadness—no, nor any weight of darkness
In my heart:
Perhaps because the lake, the ice heaved off,
Now seemed to breathe, although its breast was still;
Perhaps because from all the marshy banks
Thin chorus of the singing frogs arose, and shot
The darkness through and through with silver notes,
That spoke of shackles burst, and life renewed again.

Fire-Walking Ceremony

It is strange how the mention of those two words, "Fire-walking", seem to affect so many people. The mere mention draws a smile from seventy percent which being interpreted says, "Well, it is a good story! But I am not so simple as all that!" The remainder look on you either as mad or as some one trying to justify the belief in witch-doctors or black magic.

But in spite of it all, fire-walking does exist, and furthermore has been seen and accomplished by many whites. Scientific expeditions have spent untold money and time in trying to discover the secret, but according to latest reports from London the university there reports no success.

Before describing the actual ceremony which I was privileged to see, during my stay in Fiji, let me tell you a legend which exists concerning the origin of the sacred ceremony. Years ago a young chief was out one morning spearing fish, and after a while he speared a large eel, but as the spear had many prongs the eel, although caught, was still uninjured. The lad was just about ready to spear the eel again and kill it, when the eel suddenly spoke to the lad and told him that as the water god he would grant the lad any wish he would desire if given his freedom.

The lad drew back but was very skeptical. On the pleading of the eel he commanded a nearby rock to burn fiercely, whereupon the rock suddenly burst into flame. The young chief decided to further convince himself and ordered that he should be allowed to walk about freely in the flames unharmed, and he succeeded. So pleased, he granted the eel its freedom and sped off to his native village to tell the great news. Unhappily, though, no one would believe him, and his father, the chief, ordered him to be flung into a *lova* or native oven.

The lad was taken and placed in the flames, but was unharmed and walked about calmly until his father, the old chief, called him from the flames. Thus, according to Fijians, the ceremony actually had its first beginnings and was classed as a sacred festival.

Now a few lines on how the ceremony is actually performed. A large pit, about thirty by fifteen feet and three feet deep, was dug and filled with huge logs and on top was placed a ring of stones. The wood was fired and burned fiercely all day, more wood being added as the occasion arose. Towards eve, the wood was raked out and the stones placed all round the pit. They were so hot that they were actually cracking, and dull red flames darted from the cracks. A green branch was thrown towards the pit, but burned before hitting the stones; and to stand within eight feet of the pit was decidedly uncomfortable.

The old native priest next came forward, dressed only in his brightly-coloured loincloth, peculiar to the South



seas, *pareu* by name. He commenced chanting to the various native gods, and then slowly walked with measured tread around the ring of red-hot stones. Finally he crossed from one side to the other. In spite of the terrific heat he was not even so much as singed, and then he called a band of followers to follow. They did, and walked about with complete immunity.

Never have I seen such a sight, nor do I ever expect to see another so startling. Human beings walking slowly round and round in a fiery furnace unharmed. After about half an hour or so of this, they stopped and chanted again. Thus ended the famed fire-walking.

This ceremony is not confined to Fiji alone, for reports have come from Japan, India, and many other places of similar magic, but still science wonders. When questioned, these natives say, "Oh, well! It is nothing, but you must have faith," and then one suddenly remembers the saying in the Bible to the effect that if one had faith the size of a mustard seed, mountains could be moved.

But I shall say no more, for I have seen the ceremony, am satisfied that it is real, and nothing more matters. How long it will take to be solved one will just have to wait and see. Perhaps it will be another of those mysteries the white man will never succeed in fathoming, like the power the natives of Africa and Australia have of transmitting messages without any visible means.

Before closing, just one final mention of the ceremony. A few years ago a native from Kashmir, India, was taken to London, and there, before England's scientists, he walked in a bed of red-hot charcoal unharmed; and, if I remember correctly, the temperature in the center was over 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit, or more than the melting-point of metal. So that is just one final effort to convince the skeptic that fire-walking does exist in a very real manner.

The Foundation of Greater Germany

This article and the extracts from the letter following are by Dietrich Stolz, a young German and member of the Hitler Jugend, whom I met in Berlin when travelling with a party of Canadian students in the summer of 1937. Dietrich was attached to us as an interpreter. His command of English is apparent in the material below, which is printed entirely unedited.

Dietrich is in his final year of school. Next April he will enter the Labour Service for a six-month period, and then spend two years in the army. In 1941 he will be free to enter a profession or return to his studies.

P. E.

* * *

Germany and Austria

"The Nazis occupy Austria—German soldiers suppress the Austrians—Europe in danger!" Some months have passed, since this was to be read in many newspapers. Everybody, who did not know more about Hitler's Germany and about the Germans at all than what he read in his papers, thought the 13th of March to be the most disastrous day of the European history. Those, who knew more of Central Europe, would have been able to understand better the events if their papers would have been impartial enough to tell more of the reasons which led to this act and of the enthusiasm and joy which welcomed the German troops in Austria.

Historical research in Germany always was very impartial. So you may believe that I write the truth. I visited Austria with a group of 400 boys of the "Young People" (the younger part of the Hitler Youth, including the boys from ten to fourteen years, whose leaders partially are fifteen or sixteen, of course) from April 1 to 8. We were the first boys of the Reich greeting our Austrian comrades. Our trip led to Braunau, where Hitler was born, to Linz, and to Vienna. I never saw such an immense enthusiasm and joy—you are not able to imagine what people felt in those days. It was only comparable with the mood on January 30, 1933, in Berlin. Everywhere we were welcomed with flowers and small gifts, but there were many who only could salute us, they were poor. The result of an incapable, anti-German government. I talked with several men and wom-



en of all ranks and professions and with the unemployed. It is impossible to write down what they said about Mr. Schuschnigg, and you would not believe what they told me of their misery and persecutions. They all knew that the end of this sorrowful period had come and they now could hope to get work soon. The result of the "Say Yes" of April 10 showed all the world, that Austria belongs to Germany as Ontario to Canada.

Well, what were the reasons of Germany to enter Austria? The Germans always inclined to separate. An unfortunate policy was the consequence of this. The Second Reich of Bismarck led to the first union of sixty millions, but six millions of Germans in Austria were still excluded, the result of the anti-German policy of several Austrian statesmen. At this time England was already united since long time by a strong feeling of being one nation. The increasing desire of all Germans to unite was suppressed by the Treaty of Versailles. In 1918 an Austrian state was created, which soon proved to be unable to live without the help of other nations. These nations generally were not friends of Germany. So there was a continual increasing of strained relations between Germany and Austria, especially after 1933. The Austrian government suppressed the desire to unite with us, suppressed and persecuted all national-socialistic movements, suppressed all German feelings. Hitler had several discussions with Schuschnigg, and when the events in Austria seemed to be able to cause a civil war as in Spain, because several Germans were ill-treated in the worst manner, he had a meeting with the Austrian president in Berchtesgaden. Schuschnigg promised to change his policy and to allow the Nazis (already almost all Austrians) to develop in freedom. Having returned to Vienna, Schuschnigg did the contrary. But being not quite sure of his power, he called up to a vote. This voting would have become a low deceit, because after having called up to decide for him and his "German government" he had pamphlets printed, saying that he had got 97% of all votes.

The Austrians felt that there was something wrong with this voting. The excitement increased everywhere. Then the moment came, when Schuschnigg got fear and fled, and Mr. Seyss-Inquart became chancellor. To maintain order and calmness he asked Hitler to send German troops. It proved to be unnecessary.

Austria was free. Hitler was welcomed as the saviour. Would he have been welcomed with such an immense joy,

The following is in response to a letter written on September 27 and may be taken as a sincere expression of the German point of view.

P. E.

Berlin-Steglitz, Oct. 12, 1938.

. . . You may imagine what I felt when I read your words about war. This war—we are sure that it would have become a world war, and we are sure that the consequences would have been formidable for every nation taking part—this war did not come and will not come as long as the policy of Mr. Chamberlain will continue in future. But we know, that the war-party in England—we can speak of such a party today—opposes Mr. Chamberlain, then as Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden, etc. Why do they try to disturb, to destroy all this, that has been attained with much trouble in Godesberg and in Munich? Why do they want to drive England into a war for a man and a tiny state who both don't deserve this in any way? There cannot be any doubt, that Cz. Slovakia was and is still a basis for the Russian purposes. Does England like the communists more than natural relations to Germany? There cannot be any doubt, that Mr. Benes twenty years ago succeeded in making a wonderful fraud by convincing the "League of nations"—which now, I think, died completely—that it was necessary to found the state "Cz. Slovakia", because there was a "Czecho Slovakian people". So said Mr. Benes, and it was England mainly, who believed in this man. Three and a half millions of Germans, 750,000 Hungarians, 500,000 Russians, 80,000 Poles, 2,5 millions of Slovaks were ruled by 7 millions of Czechs! Did English papers write all this? Did they write, in which cruel and reckless manner all those peoples were suppressed? Did they write, that in the last weeks there were several hundreds of dead, thousands of terrible wounded German men, women and children, that some hundred thousands of Germans must leave their houses and pass over the frontier to save their lives? No, they didn't! This is what makes me very sorry, because, my dear Peter, I like the English and the Canadians very much.

The English papers agitated against us in the worst

if German troops suppressed the people? Austria greeted her great son. The Fuehrer united his native country with the Third Reich, he founded the Greater Germany thirteen years after having written in his book, "My Struggle":

Article I of the National-socialistic Party programme:
"We demand the union of all Germans into a Greater Germany (Grossdeutschland), this being proved by the right of self-determination of all the peoples."

manner as well as the French. They wrote: "Listen to the Czech broadcast, he says: There's peace in our country, no shot is to be heard, only the Germans try to make troubles." We knew, that all this was false—we saw and heard more than enough of the truth, and I have relatives living there—, but who told the world, what was right and what not? Nobody. Even you, whom I believe to be impartial enough to see the truth, even you have strange opinions of Mr. Benes and of Hitler's policy. I think I told enough about Benes. He's in Switzerland now after having brought his money there since several weeks. Why did it seem to you impossible to do what Hitler demanded? He only demanded, what Benes had already admitted, before he (Hitler) had his speech in the Sport-palast. The Czechs told the reverse, but this was a lie. And today you see that all has gone well. Indeed we were ready to fight as our Fuehrer said: we were ready to fight against the bad will of countries which always speak of the right of self-determination as of one of the democratic principles and which would deny this right for 3,5 millions of worried Germans. They only thought it impossible to avow that the foundation of Cz. Slovakia was a complete failure. So the war would have become a fight between democracies and national states, that is between England-France-America (possibly), and Germany-Italy and some other nations, among them Japan. This means: we would have had to fight for our national-socialistic idea, and so you may imagine, how we would have fought! You must know (you spoke of the policy of the German political heads), the policy of Adolf Hitler is the policy of the German people, on every account! I think you heard this in your radio.

Never in history it happened, that the European leaders of nations met to have a council. The German people saluted them as friends. Adolf Hitler thanked them for their contribution to save the world's peace. But the world does not dare forget to thank Adolf Hitler, because it was he, who waited for several months for Benes making an end of the terror in his country. He waited though having reasons enough to begin war. But the moment came when he could hesitate no longer. He had invited the leading men of the democracies to maintain their influence upon

their "little brother". They didn't. Only in the last minute Mr. Chamberlain came to us, but the success of Godesberg was not great. It seems that the pity with Mr. Benes was stronger than democratic principles which should be used. In those bad hours the good friendship between Germany and Italy proved its firmness. You know the result of Munich.

Today German troops have occupied the German districts in Cz. Slovakia. They have been welcomed with the same delight as in Austria. You may see it in the movies and on photos. The plebiscite will convince the greatest sceptic. The men of the British Legion, who will come to us, will see the enthusiasm and happiness of the freed people. I can imagine it, I visited the frontier in this summer and I spoke to the people.

Mr. Chamberlain and Hitler signed an agreement, never to begin war against one another again, we were very, very glad to hear this. I hope you were happy too. But today the English papers—not all surely—agitate against us again, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden speak of war again. Well, we are sure that there are only few Englishmen who think so, who want to fight for some unreconcilable men taking offense at "good old Chamberlain's" policy. We know this. And there is the same situation in France. But if some-

C. C. CHADDOCK

GROCERIES, FRUITS and VEGETABLES

We appreciate Our Customers

Our motto is: Better Groceries, Better
Service and Better Satisfaction at a very
reasonable price.

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.



DRINK THE BEST

**BRYANT'S BULL'S HEAD
GINGER ALE**

EXTRA DRY GINGER ALE
ENGLISH BREWED GINGER BEER

J. H. BRYANT LIMITED

Telephone 299

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Established 1896

body wants to attack us, he must know: we have the best and greatest air-force of the world, our fortifications, especially at the west frontier, are invincible, and we have provisions of food, raw materials, etc. for several years. We are not afraid of anybody, but we should like good relations between Germany and every other nation, even to the new Cz. Slovakia.

Well, dear Peter, that's all I have to say about this problem and I think it is enough. Excuse my bad writing but I was in much ardour. I should be very glad if you could publish all this . . . in your *Mitre*. It is my and all Germans' point of view. And I hope to have convinced you a little. This would be my best reward. Please write me in detail about all you have to remark.

I have to add: the tendency of German politics in Europe is clear: peace with everyone. We have, as Hitler said often, no claims of ground in Europe more. With the Saar-District, Austria and the German districts of Cz. Slovakia all claims of collecting the Germans in Great-Germany are settled. We renounce the Polish corridor, we renounce Alsace-Lorraine, because the European peace demands so, and Hitler's policy always was a policy of peace, although it was England or France, who refused the hand given by our Fuehrer to become friends several times.

Epigrams on This and That

He may grace a song or story,
 With a halo round his head;
 But the man who dies for glory
 Is unquestionably dead.

* * *

Love is a jig and all-hands-round,
 And going up the middle;
 Distemper calls the changes off,
 And Folly plays the fiddle.

* * *

I sewed a little wanton wind,
 When the days were bright and warm;
 And now I'm worn and weary
 With the reaping of the storm.

* * *

She burned her candle at both ends
 Because she longed to shine;
 And then, not satisfied with that,
 She put a light to mine.

She could not burn it fast enough,
 She lit it in the middle;
 And now she dances every night,
 And I—I pay the fiddle.

* * *

'Twas four o'clock when Adam came
 A-climbing up the gable;
 Then Eve raised Cain, and Adam span
 As fast as he was able.

* * *

The donkey brayed, and wagged his ears,
 He flicked his tale, and chewed the grass;
 He nearly laughed himself to tears,
 To see the love and lover pass.

When she and I went out as one,
 I thought her soul was made of glass;
 But when, at length, I walked alone—
 Lord, that I might be writ down as an ass.

For Pure
 Enjoyment

Be sure and ask for the Ale
 with the friendly, satisfying flavour
 ... the Ale that's hale and hearty
 ... Canada's finest Ale

Black Horse
ALE

Freshmen Notes

As is customary at the commencement of each academic year, the *Mitre*, along with other former members of the University, welcomes all freshmen and newcomers. A couple of years ago most freshmen might have been somewhat skeptical of this professed welcome, but now protected by the strong arm of Democracy they need have no fears.

Alphabetically the first member of a long and distinguished list is LEON B. G. ADAMS. Born in England on the eleventh of September, 1917, somewhere in sunny Kent, came to Canada to attend Ridley College where cricket seems to have been his sporting interest. He is taking a B. A. in theology which means that his habitat is the "shed"; his main interests in life are dramatics, writing, art, music, and books. Bishop's can expect great things from him in dramatics, the Choir, and the Glee Club. The Anglican priesthood is his future.

CYNTHIA MARY BAKER was born in Sherbrooke April 15, 1917. She went to Lennoxville High School and lays claim to having played basketball. Her main interests in life are skiing, golf and swimming. Her after-graduation interests lie in the field of laboratory technology. She can be counted on to take part in our renowned badminton tournaments.

MERRITT HAYES BATEMAN — Born in Ruyon, Que., on May 21, 1919, hails from the famous mining town of Thetford, where he attended the Johnson Memorial High School and seems to have left his mark in basketball, hockey, tennis and golf. This versatile young man says his main interests are centered in the stage and his future appears to be in Medicine. He also states that Bishop's can count on him for football, basketball and badminton.

HECTOR M. BELTON — Born on our fair prairies of Manitoba at Roblin on June 9, 1914, has played baseball and attended school in Roblin, and his interests, perhaps I should say his main interests, are dramatics, writing and debating. As he is taking a B. A. in theology his future work will naturally be in the priesthood. Bishop's can count on his ability in dramatics, football and the C. O. T. C.

PATRICK BOYLE — Born on June 10, 1918, sounds Irish enough, but he omitted to tell us whether or no it's true. Disappointingly he comes from Westmount and went to Westmount High School, where basketball and soccer occupied him. His main interests, to use his own words, are "Radio and all pertaining thereto; golf and tennis (lousy at it)". His future will be wound up in Radio Engineering. Bishop's hopes to hear from him in the fields of dramatics and basketball, unlike as they are. Naturally he is taking a B. Sc.

MARGUERITE MARY BURBANK—was born in the Electric City (Sherbrooke) on January 30, 1921. She attended Sherbrooke "and others", where basketball interested. Teaching seems to be both her future vocation and her main interest. Dramatics will doubtless reveal in her another Sarah Bernhardt. Arts can claim her as one of theirs.

A. J. CARLYON—was born in London (England is not specified) on the 31st day, the tenth month of 1917. McGill was the name of the school he attended where football, cricket and hockey took his interest. His main interests are politics and acting. He intends to take up either teaching or journalism upon graduating with a B. A. Dramatics, debating and skiing expect great things from him.

SARAH BLUMA ECHENBERG—was born in Sherbrooke on the 23rd of March, 1922. She attended Mitchell and Sherbrooke High, where she played basketball. She is taking a B. Sc. and her main interests are science and dancing, perhaps there is some subtle connection. She intends to take a course in laboratory technique when she graduates. Although there can only be one Sarah Bernhardt in one century, the Dramatic Society can always hope.

RUSSELL JOSEPH EVERETT — Born in Lennoxville on July 10, 1919, he attended Lennoxville High School and played football, hockey and basketball. His main interests in life centre in art. He is taking a B. A. but at the moment his future plans are undecided. Bishop's may expect to see him both on the football field and the ice.

IAN HAY—Born in the Queen City on February 20, 1920, went to Montreal West High School, where he took part in basketball, football and track. His main interests are athletic, centering in tennis and skiing. He is taking a B. A. and his future will probably find its level in either Advertising or Journalism. Debating, football, basketball and the army may depend on him for support.

RALPH HENRY HAYDEN—was born at Camden, Maine, on February 20, 1920, went to Holderness School and Trinity College, Hartford, and has played football, basketball, tennis, and baseball. His main interests, to quote, are, "Politics, sleeping, and poker." This last is doubtless a less-exacting form of poker, more suited to a temperament described by the second activity. Nevertheless, the diplomatic service appears to be his objective upon graduating from Bishop's, and in the meantime he intends to busy himself with basketball, badminton, the O. T. C. and the *Mitre*.

MARY-ELIZABETH HOYE — A double-barrelled name might hold some special portent, but in this case it means that she was born in the United States at South Bend, Indiana, in 1920. She lays claims to having played basketball, and golf and travelling are her main interests. After a B. A. she plans to interest herself in Social Work. At the moment she is undecided as to what she shall busy herself with at Bishop's.

ROBERT LEAMOND JAMIESON—Born on May 22, 1931, at something which looks like Kinnear's Mills, he attended Kinnear's Mills School and Thetford Mines High, where hockey and basketball were among his achievements. Apparently he has no main interests. We're usually suspicious of those who leave this a blank. When he graduates with a B. A. he wants to teach or be a Commercial Traveller. Football and basketball claim his interest at Bishop's.

BRUCE KIRWIN — Born in Sherbrooke on the 11th of June, 1919, he attended Stanstead College, where he played hockey. To use his own words with regards to main interests, "Nothing in particular along these lines." He hasn't made up his mind what to do when he gets his B. Sc. Dramatics, golf, football and hockey will be his college activities.

GEORGE EDWARD SHERWOOD LEGGETT — Another of those born in Merrie England, the Isle of Sheppi, on April 26, 1920. He attended Lachute High School where he played hockey and basketball. His particular interests are those of a politician, that is to say debating. He is not sure what he intends to do once he has his B. A. Bishop's will doubtless hear of him in tennis, golf, basketball and the army.

GERALD PEABODY MACKAY—Born in Sweetsburg on October 24, 1918, he went to Stanstead Wesleyan College. He is hoping for a B. Sc. and seems to have taken an active interest in tennis, golf, football and hockey when at Stanstead. Art and scientific research are his main interests, and a research chemist his future aim in life. The Glee Club, hockey and dramatics can doubtless count on him.

HUGH ELLICE MACKENZIE—Born in Montreal on October 25, 1921, he went to the school across the river, where football, hockey and cricket claimed his interests. He seems to be mainly interested in photography, whereas the ranks of the insurance men will be swelled when he graduates with a B. A. Football, tennis, dramatics and the army will hear more of him.

ROBERT MACKIE—was born in Montreal on the 21st of April, 1919. He attended Bloor C. I. in Toronto, where he played hockey and soccer. His main interests are debating and dramatics. He is taking a B. A. in theology and hopes to serve in some Canadian diocese. Soccer and dramatics will be taking up most of his time at Bishop's

ALLAN GORDON MAGEE—Born in Montreal on December 12, 1920, comes to us straight from the school on the hill (Port Hope Hill), where he seems to have led a busy life, what with hockey, rugby, soccer, cricket, squash and tennis. His main interests are bound up with those two inseparables, law and politics. He intends to go in for Law when he graduates with a B. A. tucked under his arm. Dramatics, debating, soccer and skiing can claim him as their own while at Bishop's.

SYDNEY A. MEADE, a native of Coaticook, Que., is back at Bishop's after a bit of roaming about. He took a partial Arts course here in 1932.33, and since then has had a sojourn in Labrador and at McGill Conservatorium, and a spot of surveying and clerical work. Last year he attended Montreal Diocesan College and is now installed in the "Shed", taking the course leading to B. A. in Theology.

THAYNE CHARLES MCGILTON—Born in Eaton, Que., on the 3rd of April, 1920. He attended Stanstead Wesleyan College, where he played rugby and basketball. Dramatics and music are his main interests. Graduating with a B. Sc. he hopes to take a Teacher's Course (M. Sc.). Soccer, basketball, the army and the stage can look to him for cannon-fodder.

REGINALD BLAIR NICKSON — was born on the West Coast of our fair land, in Vancouver on the 11th of October, 1919. He went to Lakefield and later to University School in Westmount. He is hoping to get his B. Sc., but when he does he is uncertain what he will do. His interests are in the field of dramatics and politics. Soccer, hockey and dramatics will doubtless show a wealth of untapped talent in him.

H. SHERMAN PEABODY — Born in the Puritan city of Boston on the 28th day of November, 1920, attended Sherbrooke High School, where he played football, hockey and golf. He apparently has no main interests or intentions when he graduates, but hockey and golf should keep him occupied until he has a B. Sc. tucked away under his arm.

ROBERT B. PERKINS—was born in Montreal on the 20th of June, 1920. He attended Noranda High where he played baseball and hockey. His particular interests center in dramatics. He intends to enter the old and honourable profession of Dentistry after he has his B. Sc. Hockey apparently appeals to his dentistic senses.

RUSSEL C. REXFORD—was born at Ayer's Cliff on the 20th of July, 1938 (this is the doubtful date given). He went to Magog High School where skiing, track and hockey took up a good part of his time. His interests seem to be in the ever increasing field of art, and although the work he has chosen to do when he graduates with a B. Sc. is a far cry from art, it is equally as interesting, and doubtless he will be one of our most promising Industrial Chemists. Debating and skiing seem to be his proposed activities at Bishop's.

HELEN JEAN ROSS—Born in Sherbrooke on the 13th of February, she attended Sherbrooke High School. She is taking the course leading to B. A. and if we understood her answer rightly she intends to take a teacher's degree, and to make teaching her post graduate study. Travelling and swimming are her main interests.

ERNESTINE ROBERTA ROY—was born in historic Levis on February 9, 1922. She went to our not-too-distant

neighbour, King's Hall, where she took an active interest in field hockey, volleyball and basketball. Her main interests in life are travelling and writing. Once she has a B. A. she hopes to do some type of secretarial work. Dramatics, badminton and tennis ought to keep her busy for at least the first year.

D. DONALD ROSS—Born in Lewiston, Maine, on the 23rd of June, 1921, attended Sherbrooke High where he played hockey. After acquiring his B. A. he is undecided as to what he will do, but Bishop's may count on him for hockey.

JOHN FREDRICK RUGG—was born in Sherbrooke on the 7th of January, 1920. He attended Stanstead College where he played football and hockey. To use his own words, "Skiing, sports and other outdoor activities" are his main interests. He intends to leave us next year for the somewhat larger campus of McGill, where he will doubtless continue with a B. Sc. Football and the army can count on him to do what is desired of him.

WILLIAM GRAHAM SHAUGHNESSY—was born in Montreal on the 28th of March, 1922. He went to the School where he played football, hockey and cricket. Debating and dramatics are his main interests. He is undecided what his future will be after he gets his B. A. Debating, football, skiing and hockey will take up a good part of his time here. Despite his title (Lord) he prefers to be called just "Hank".

GILBERT M. S. STAIRS—was born in Montreal on the 22nd of September, 1920. He went to Montreal High and Bishop's College School where he took an active part in hockey and football. His particular interest is dramatics. He will swell the ranks of the lawyers after he gets his B. A. He says that he can account for himself in football, dramatics and skiing.

CATHERINE EDITH THOMPSON—was born in Waterloo, Que., on the 30th of September, 1920. She went to Lennoxville High School where basketball was one of her main interests. Apparently athletically inclined her main interests in life are tennis, golf and badminton. She is among the honoured list of those taking Arts and she hopes to teach when she graduates.

CHARLES LESLIE TOMLINSON—was born at Hawkesbury on the 16th of April, 1921. He went to Selwyn House and to Bishop's College School where he played soccer, football, hockey, cricket and baseball (he adds etc., but I don't know of many more sports). He is particularly interested in photography. McGill is the goal he hopes to attain after graduation with a B. Sc. Bishop's should hear of him in soccer, hockey, tennis, golf and skiing.

ARTHUR RAYMOND TULK—was born at Pouch Cove,

Newfoundland, on the 27th of February, 1922. He went to Kingsey Consolidated and to Cookshire High where he took part in basketball, hockey, tennis and softball. Debating and dramatics are his especial interests. Mining Engineering is his aim after a B.A. It would be foolish to deny that Bishop's relies a great deal on the talents of this young man in the fields of hockey, debating, rugby, tennis and skiing.

JOHN STUART VISSER—was born at Thetford Mines on the 20th of September, 1919, where he attended Johnson Memorial High School and played golf, tennis and badminton. He will interest himself with education after he has his B. A. He intends to take part in debating and soccer at Bishop's.

DONALD GOFFORD WADSWORTH—was born in Sherbrooke on the 9th of June, 1921. He went to Sherbrooke High School, where he took an active part in basketball. His main interests are in politics. His future is undecided after he has a B. A. The army and the basketball squad will doubtless find him invaluable.

PATRICA ANNE WATSON—was born in Lennoxville on the 30th of September, 1921. She went to Lennoxville High School where she played basketball. Music seems to be her main interest. After a B.A. she hopes to teach French. Basketball, tennis and badminton will take up a considerable part of her time.

HENRY HUME WRIGHT—The genial "Gawker's" brother is following in his footsteps, as is befitting a younger brother. He was born in Montreal in 1921 (apparently the whole year encompasses his birthday). He went to Westmount High School where he doubtless made a mark for himself. He is particularly interested in dramatics and politics. Medicine at McGill will be his intentions when he gets a B. A. The Dramatic Society have a very likely Noel Coward in Hume, and the domain of sport will doubtless find great things for him in tennis, soccer, golf and skiing.

JOHN BLAKE WYAND—was born in the Capital city on the 24th of November, 1917. He went to Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa, where he played badminton and softball. His particular interests are scouting and debating. He intends to be a Research Engineer when he gets a B. Sc. Soccer, debating and skiing will occupy him at Bishop's.

DONALD MAXWELL LONG—who was born at Sherbrooke on the 2nd of September, 1920, and went to the High School there, has played football and basketball but appears to be a trifle vague as to what his main interests are and to what he will do when he has received his B. Sc. Nevertheless he promises us his full support in skiing, skating, basketball and the *Mitre*.

FRESHMEN'S DAY

"What is life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."
Taken from the poem "Leisure",
Just the thought, and just the measure.

Rise for breakfast, ten to eight,
Chances are for Chapel late.
Then lectures start at stroke of nine,
Hours of "haec", "B.C." and "sine".

Dinner time—must hurry eating,
Seniors called another meeting;
Seems they do not like our lagging,
Must obey the rules on fagging.

Now an hour or so of study,
Then rugby (and the field's damn' muddy);
Jitterbugs below are jamming,
Not a bit of use in cramming.

Out of ink—I'll have to borrow,
Seniors call debate tomorrow,
Autobiography for then too,
Work for *Mitre* overdue.

Too much at once—my brain has halted,
To the village for a malted.
Back in time to bandage feet,
Where'd I leave that outside cleat?

Bathe, and roundly curse the furnace,
Freeze us one day, next day burn us.
Down to supper, trifle late,
Finished early—have to wait.

Meeting of Dramatics Club,
Too much practice only rub;
Pass up really live bull-session,
Must work hard to make impression.

After fifteen minutes writing,
Old bull-session seems inviting.
Half an hour's solid jive,
Makes you glad that you're alive.

Talk a little time on swing,
Beer and women—everything.
Leave at twelve to write a letter,
Like the thought of bed much better.

ROBERT BROOKS PERKINS—who was born at Montreal, June 20, 1920, and then went to Noranda High School, a trifle late dropped in the other night to get fitted for the column. The *Mitre* machine couldn't quite digest the monkey wrench thereby thrown in and so, Robert, you landed out here; and now you may look straight up the

page and, reading say, "How true! How true! More truth than poetry!" But you play hockey, basketball, tennis, baseball, and have for your main interest, dramatics. Dentistry at McGill is the goal after graduating from Bishop's; in the meantime, dramatics, hockey, the O. T. C., and badminton will harbour your talents.

ECHENBERG BROS.

49 WELLINGTON ST. N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

1902 - 1938

36 years of experience in supplying

FURNITURE

For HOME, OFFICE or STUDY

GEORGIAN HOTEL*Mrs. M. J. Galvin, Prop.***A Good Place to Stop**

LENNOXVILLE : QUE.

**GIVE US A RING!**

For all your STATIONERY and PRINTING requirements call us for prompt and satisfactory service.

**PAGE-SANGSTER
PRINTING CO., LIMITED**

SHERBROOKE Tel. 467-8

BOOKS from all Publishers

GIFTS for Everyone

CARDS for all Occasions

Rosemary Gift Shop

2 DUFFERIN AVENUE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

*Compliments of***LEE M. WATSON & CO. REG'D.**

GENERAL INSURANCE

SHERBROOKE QUEBEC

ASHTON R. TOBIN

BARRISTER : SOLICITOR

66 WELLINGTON ST. N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Canada's Contribution to International Anarchy

If Canada is at war when you read this, my name will be mud, or worse. War hysteria will then have us by the throat; straightforward thinking will be trampled underfoot. The slightest breath of disapproval of one's country in such an atmosphere is tantamount to the blackest treason. He who casts doubt then on the perfection of his country should at least be boiled in oil before being hung and quartered. Nevertheless it is my intention to suggest that Canada, along with France, the United Kingdom, Germany and the United States, has added her mite towards making the existing international situation so tense and in nullifying international law and order.

Canada made her number one contribution at the first assembly of the League. Everyone today knows that the unequal and unfair distribution among the nations of the raw materials of the world is a ripe reason for international quarrels. The have-nots want a little slice of what the haves are monopolizing. In 1920 the Italian delegate to the League proposed the setting up of a committee to study the question of a fairer distribution of the world's resources. Four states openly opposed the suggestion; these were Canada, Australia, India and New Zealand. Canada was the most vigorous opponent of the proposal declaring, "we must retain control of our own internal affairs" and expressing the fear that she personally might have to allow freer access to her abundant resources to some of the have-nots. Thus, at the very birth of the League, Canada helped sabotage an idea which would have solved peaceably by arbitration one of the great problems facing the world today. As a result the "under-privileged" nations resorted to force to get what they were refused by concession.

Most thinkers agree that the old-fashioned idea of national sovereignty, with each nation a law unto itself, contributes considerably to the existing chaos in international relations. Canada stood out among her fellows as an ardent advocate of this creed in her opposition to Article X of the Covenant. Article X was one of the keystones of collective security as it was intended "to offer a collective guarantee to individual states so that the tendency to rely upon alliances and national armaments might be lessened and the peace of the world thereby strengthened." For four years "almost singlehanded" Canada waged a successful battle to water-down and virtually invalidate the obnoxious Article; this was achieved by the passing of a resolution acceptable to Canada, reinterpreting it. "The struggle," one authority comments, "is an important illustration of Canada's persistence and initiative of which her people have no reason

to be ashamed." Such persistence and initiative might be placed on the plane of that of the wood-louse; it steadily and painstakingly bores into the very heart of the tree to ensure its ultimate end.

While Canada was busy emasculating one part of the League Covenant, other nations, who would be "in the very thick of it" if any trouble broke out, sought to raise another pillar of guaranteed collective security. This was the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. The members of the Assembly were asked to study it before affixing their signature. The result was the same alignment of forces as had occurred on Article X. "In support were those who needed security; in opposition were those who felt safe and who feared the burden of guaranteed security." Canada again worked for the ultimate rejection of the Treaty by a sturdy pronouncement on behalf of national sovereignty and "rugged individualism" in international relations.

Undeterred, Ramsay MacDonald and Edouard Herriot at the Fifth Assembly (1924) of the League jointly fathered the Protocol of Geneva which was intended to replace the rejected mutual assistance treaty. The protocol is described by Prof. Rappard as "an attempt to promote disarmament by creating security; to create security by outlawing war; to outlaw war by uniting the world against the would-be aggressor; and to base this union of mutual protection upon compulsory arbitration." The protocol was enthusiastically accepted by the assembly with the conviction that a new day had dawned. They had bargained without considering Canada's customary recalcitrance.

As was to be expected, Canada, with burning aversion to commitments on behalf of collective security and a dogged faith in the motto credited to the elephant as he danced among the chickens: "Every man for himself"; Canada led the dissension against the Protocol. Canada explained that while she was opposed to the Protocol she was ready to continue, "whole-hearted support to the League of Nations, and particularly to its work of conciliation, co-operation and publicity." Her fellow-members of the League must have been vastly reassured by that statement. And so, right down the scale Canada has always managed to throw her little monkey-wrench into the delicate machinery of international arbitration and collective security.

Collective security today is not dead, but asleep. Canada played a large part in that anaesthetization. As a result Japan takes Manchuria unmolested. Fifty nations find her guilty and do nothing. Regarding this event Sir Norman Angell states: "It was a commonplace of all who seriously

considered the subject at the time, that the attitude of the nations at that juncture might settle for generations the question whether the world was to continue to move towards a collective and co-operative system or to abandon the effort and revert to the old rivalries and anarchy."

"Overwhelmingly the public expressed itself in favour of the latter course."

Canada played no prominent part in that particular fiasco; she had simply laid some of the foundations for it years before.

Hailé Selassie is stripped of his little kingdom. Ethiopia, as was Manchuria, is left to the mercy of the aggressor. Canada rushes forward to disclaim any responsibility for the suggestion of an effective oil embargo against Italy. After the war, de Bono, general of the invading forces, states in his book that his war machine would have been brought to a standstill if the embargo had been applied.

Japan reinvades China. The League stands uselessly by. Canada ships war materials to the tune of a \$1,000,000 a week to the site of the conflict. War in Spain; the powers stand impotently by and allow the totalitarian states to use that unhappy country as a proving ground for their weapons. Austria, another member of the League, is whisked out of existence. Czecho-slovakia comes next.

Now many of these amazing coups d'état have been justified to end existing injustices. Austria perhaps should

be reunited with the German Reich. The minorities in Czech territory should obviously be returned to their respective homelands if European peace is to be placed on a permanent basis. Japan and Italy do need room to expand and do need resources to exploit. The deplorable fact is that existing injustices have had to be righted by violence. Each victim of injustices has been driven to take the law into his own hands and seize by force what he sought. International law and order has naturally been torn to shreds.

As a result of the sabotaging of collective security and the re-introduction of the rule of might and the law of the jungle a terribly chaotic world confronts us. It would be ridiculous to blame Canada alone with having brought about this condition, but we must face the fact that Canada played no small part in creating it. Perhaps, with a little more education of all Canadians to a broader world-outlook, to the realization of the grim need of a strong League, a League not to maintain an unjust status quo but to ensure security and peace to all its members, Canada can make amends for her shortsightedness in the past and bring about the day, when, in the words of Sir Robert Borden:

"War shall be outside the pale of thought or imagination, when it shall be cast forth forever into the outer darkness of things accursed, its brow seared with the brand of eternal infamy."

EVENING AT FORT MEIGS

Here, where the roll of drums
Challenged the midnight breeze,
I see the saffron sun
Lighting the hills and leas
With embers of the passing day.

Where the Maumee slowly winds
Past a stretch of reeds,
I see the ghosts of men,
And the ghosts of their valiant deeds
Haunting the ramparts on the heights.

The stars are hung again
Like lamps in a heathen shrine;
A new-born moon casts haloes
Along the battle-line;
And a softened note
From a kinglet's throat
Whispers night is nigh.

Léon Adams

The Valley of a Thousand Falls

Just as the prophet is not acceptable in the eyes of his own people, Canada is rejected by the greater part of the Canadians. They seek the wonders of nature in far-off lands, they travel thousands of miles to Switzerland, to Germany, to England, to America. They find charm and beauty mellowed with years of tradition, but they cannot find the sheer grandeur of nature which is Canada's heritage. Ignoring the old maxim, "see your own country first", I travelled the length and breadth of Europe, seeing as much of the countryside as money and time would allow. Back in Canada I was like the little boy who thought the neighbour's apples seemed riper. Europe seemed to be the answer to the aesthete's dreams, until I was persuaded that there might be something in the railway slogan, "go West young man".

I left Montreal with the slightly cynical idea that nothing could be more uninteresting than the Canadian West and all it stands for. The prairies it is true proved somewhat tiresome, but their very vastness has a certain charm. It was a most welcome change to see the mountains.

Jasper was my first stop in the Rockies, and though I wasn't yet quite sure what type of life I was looking for, I knew that it wasn't the type that one can find at any of the smart, expensive American and Canadian hotels. With the thought of a riding or hunting trip in mind I inquired through various travel agencies, but it was not until I found—tucked away in the back of a pamphlet—descriptions of Mt. Robson that I was able to make up my mind.

Mount Robson station is on the main C. N. R. line, an hour's ride from Jasper, and is the junction of the lines from Prince Rupert and Vancouver, which form the triangle so famous for its scenery. The station itself is insignificant but the scenery both above and below it is without peer. Flanked on the east by the highest mountain in the Rockies, and on the west by Mount Chamberlain and the Mica Mountains, it overlooks the Fraser river valley, famous in western history as the outlet to the sea.

Somehow I had never associated the mountains with cowboys, so I was totally unprepared for the bronzed cowpuncher with the ten-gallon hat who met me on the platform. He gathered up my baggage and piled it on the roof and the sides of a very old Chevrolet. With a little coaxing we were soon bouncing over the narrow road to the valley some two thousand feet below.



The camp proved to be made up of four or five log cabins nestling among pines and poplars bordering a large piece of grasslands. The cabin to which I was assigned had hot and cold running water, and all the conveniences of a modern home.

As I had not ridden for two years my primary interest was to see if I could manage to stay on a horse's back, so that afternoon was spent in and around the corral. Unfortunately the smoke from a fire, which had been raging above the tracks for a couple of days, settled on the valley and it was impossible to see a thing, but a night of rain would clear it up, and rain was in the air.

I met some wonderful people in the circle around the stove that night, but the most genuine personality of them all was a red-headed young cowboy. He was the absolute exemplification of these people. His leather chaps, his high-heeled western boots and spurs, his ten-gallon hat, and soiled green jacket, his slow smile and western drawl, combined with an amazing philosophy, made him an extremely likeable person.

Directly after lunch the following day we set off for the ultimate goal of this mountain fastness, Berg Lake. The red-headed cowboy led our small cavalcade, which consisted of three saddle horses and one pack horse. We kept up a steady trot for about four miles till we came to a point where the motor road, such as it is, meets the saddle trail. Here we were given some more supplies, and the mail which had just arrived on the morning train. With hurried hand-clasps we said good-bye, and swung across a log bridge built high above the Fraser river.

Since I had taken this decision to see what Mount Robson was really like I had not had much time to reflect on all the things I had seen, so I found this short respite an excellent opportunity to get my bearings. Ahead of me the red-headed cowboy was hunched over the pommel of his saddle in silence, almost a part of his horse, behind me the other member of our pack, a Californian lady, seemed absorbed in the scenery around her. Looking around I too

became wonder-struck by the size and the magnificence of the trees which formed a leafy roof away above our heads.

We had begun to climb over a small pass and we were now almost at the peak, behind we could look the length of the valley, and in front of us we could see the tips of glacier-clad mountains. The horses began a slow trot down the other side of the pass, until we came to a marsh at the bottom, through which the horses picked their way with as much discrimination as a woman buying a dress. We crossed over another log-built bridge which seemed to make the horses nervous, and swung around a bend in the river. Here the path led upwards through tall pines and Douglas fir for a distance of two or three miles until the glacial green of a lake could be seen in the distance. The Californian rode up from the rear and asked the red-head the name of the lake.

"That here is called Kinney Lake ma'am. Mighty purty ma'am, but mighty cold." He grinned and rolled himself another cigarette. We maintained a deep silence until we came to the edge of the lake, where we dismounted at the cabin and delivered mail to the people staying there. There were some seven people staying there, but the majority were climbing in a preparation for a dash to the snow-bound top of Mount Robson. We had a drink of water at the lake and pushed on.

The trail broke out of the woods and came to the edge of a vast valley, which had at one time evidently been the bed of a glacier. It was wonderful ground on which to ride the horses, and they seemed to break into a canter of their own accord. The floor of the valley was divided by numerous small streams which all converged into one towards the center. We crossed quite a number of these before we were able to see the head of the valley. Directly in front a mountain raised its glacial bulk, and on all sides the walls of the valley formed a sheer wall of three or four thousand feet, which receded to a point some three or four thousand higher again. On the left the spray from a waterfall made a rainbow in the slanting rays of the sun. I was unable to see any means of ascent, the walls of rock around us were practically smooth.

"That's Emperor Falls. We be goin' right up along side it," said the red-head. I couldn't doubt him, but it seemed impossible. The Californian had become interested in the curious vegetation again, and asked him the name of some berry.

"Waal ma'am we ain't git any special name for them, we just call them deer berries." He turned to me with a grin and said: "One time I was a packin' a dude up here an' she begins to ask me the names of all these here falls, so I jist says, lady this here valley is called the valley of the thousand falls. She didn't ask no more."

By this time we had come to the edge of the river, and it seemed much wider than I had thought at first. The cowboy went first. "You foller me if'n I git across alright." With that his horse sank into the water, and started to feel its way along the slippery bottom. At one time the spray seemed to cover him completely, but he soon reached the other side, and set off at a quick trot without so much as a glance behind. I followed with some misgivings, but the horse seemed to be endowed with some second sight, and we were soon following close behind the cowboy. We crossed the river twice more before we came to the fartherst wall of the canyon. Here the cowboy dismounted and began to lead his horse up a zig-zag path which led up the face of the cliff. "You don't have to worry about these here cay-uses Mister, they knows this path better than me." He might well have been consoling for we were some five hundred feet above the canyon the waterfall had cut out, and the path was none too wide. In fact at one point in the path they had had to construct a bridge on the edge of the cliff to traverse a gulley which had evidently been made by years of corrosion.

At length we reached more level ground, but unfortunately it was still too steep to ride over. We stopped for a moment to catch our breath and to admire the view. We were now able to see the whole length of the valley, and the mountains which had been obscured from us in the valley were now visible. It was without doubt the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. To the left glaciers hung over the lips of the valley in icy splendour, to the right the snowy tip of Little Mount Robson caught the last rays of the sun as they disappeared behind the darkening mountains in the distance. Night came quickly in this hidden world, and it was with a little shudder of cold that we turned back to the path.

Another hour's climbing brought us to a level with the falls, which fell with deafening roar to the first level three hundred feet below. With one last look at the valley which was already hidden in semi-darkness, we trotted along the trail which wound its way between large boulders. Here we seemed to be on top of the world and the sun was still brilliant. On our left, a bare hundred yards away, the ever receding tongue of a glacier licked at the edge of a stream from some farther snow deposit. The right was formed by a range of mountain tops which extended as far as the eye could see.

In a few moments we could see the famed Berg Lake, a dull, cold, green which seemed to catch the light and cast it across the surface of the water. It was if the unseen hand of the Mountain God were throwing a shadow over it. Here and there one could make out small white "bergs" floating away from the glacier at the far end. As we rode

along the edge of the lake we obtained a better view of this glacier. It was called Tumbling Glacier, as it falls in reckless abandon to the very water's edge, where every so often pieces split off and fall into the water, giving the appearance of icebergs.

In what seemed an eternity, a very cold eternity, we reached the cabins. The red-headed cowboy let out a piercing yodel, which like Aladin's lamp, produced warm fires, steaming hot tea, and most welcome of all, soft eiderdown sleeping bags.

I haven't the time nor the space to tell of all that we did, but perhaps I can tell briefly of the life these people live, tucked away in this mountain fastness accessible only by horse and on foot. They have to bring all their supplies up by means of pack horse, even to the very stoves and beds. The situation of the camp in such proximity to the glaciers makes it impossible to sleep in anything but a sleeping bag. Even in the middle of summer the temperature drops to 32° at night, and in the morning, about four

o'clock, when the cowhands go out to "wrangle" the cay-uses they frequently ride through pools of water with a coating of ice over them.

The camp is within easy distance of many interesting spots. Although the camp is in British Columbia, a five-minute ride brings one to the Continental Divide, where it is possible to have the rump of one's horse in Alberta and the neck in British Columbia. A two hour ride into Jasper National Park enables the rider to come into country where caribou, moose, sheep and mountain goat are as common as squirrel. The scenery speaks for itself, it is the most beautiful natural scenery I have ever seen anywhere.

It was with sincere regret that I saw the little station disappearing in the distance. It will be hard to forget the people that I met there, specially a red-headed cowboy who rode a jet black thoroughbred called Music, and rolled his own with one hand, he will always stick in my mind as the typical Westerner.

TWILIGHT

(Dedicated to S. A. W.)

God is here!

Tread softly, lest thy noisy footsteps mar
The silent beauty of this vesper hour.
Be still. Look up and see the evening star
And feel the holy silence of His power.

God is here!

The endless caravans of melody
Go winding down the roadway of the breeze.
His unseen Hands lift high a canopy
Above the sun-crowned heads of maple trees.

God is here!

While sunset calls the world again to rest,
Offer a thankful prayer for life to-day.
As woodland draws the twilight to its breast,
Hold up thy head and smile—then go thy way.

Léon Adams

THE TRUEST ECONOMY
IS TO USE ONLY THE
BEST. If you deal with us
you get only the best work-
manship, price and service.

Printers of This Magazine

BECK PRESS REG'D

Quotations Gladly Given

Phone 133, Lennoxville

The Bishop



Looks Down

Mary Webb and Her Novels

I happened to discover Mary Webb for myself. Quite by chance I read a copy of *The House in Dormer Forest*, and knew that I had found something rare and lovely in literature. I wondered why no one had told me of her before. I felt, as Keats has put it "like some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken." For here was great beauty of thought, and a style, to use John Buchan's words, "impregnated with poetry, rising sometimes to the tenuous delicacy of music, but never sinking to poetic prose." Here was the delightful humour and sombre pathos of country life in the Shropshire district of England. Here too were nature descriptions showing an inspired love of the sights and sounds and wild life of the country. I turned from one Mary Webb book to another. *Precious Bane, The Golden Arrow, Seven for a Secret, Gone to Earth*: each one fulfilled all my expectations, and increased my respect and love for the warm, imaginative genius of its author. But Mary Webb has been neglected by a public not so much unappreciative of her novels as unaware of them. This is partly because she lived a quiet, obscure life in Shropshire, and died when she was only forty-six year of age, after a literary career which had lasted but eleven years.

Mary Webb was born Gladys Mary Meredith in March, 1881. She was brought up at the village of Much Wenlock in the Shropshire country of England where her scholarly father prepared pupils for Sandhurst and the universities. Shropshire and her father were two of the most telling influences in her life and work. As a little girl of six she wrote verses in imitation of her father, and she started to make paintings and sketches because he did. From him too she inherited her passionate love of all country things, a

love which was inestimably deepened by that Shropshire country, romantic and mysterious, bordering upon the marshes of Wales where almost her entire life was spent. With the exception of a year or two at a finishing school in Southport, Lancashire, Mary Meredith was educated at home, and in her turn helped to teach her younger brothers and sisters. It was not until she was recovering from a serious illness at the age of twenty that she began to write essays and poems which showed the influence mainly of Shakespeare and A. E. Housman, the Shropshire poet. Her first literary product was a series of twelve nature studies called "The Spring of Joy", but as she could find no publisher for these the manuscript was laid aside in 1911. In 1912, when she was thirty-one, she was married to Henry Bertram Law Webb, a schoolmaster, and also a native of Shropshire. With him she lived happily for fifteen years, and during this time she wrote the five novels which should have made her far more famous than she is even to-day. Mary Webb died in October, 1927, after a short illness diagnosed as pernicious anemia and Graves' disease. Notices in the press were few and very brief.

It was not until seven months later that she became suddenly famous. On April 25, 1928, Lord Baldwin, then Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of England, who had been an admirer of her work, expressed surprise in a speech at the Royal Literary Fund annual dinner, that Mrs. Webb should have been so neglected and so little read. Immediately the critics began to praise her work and readers clamoured for her books which were out of print. To meet this sudden demand her five novels were reprinted in 1928 with introductions by such prominent critics and authors as Stanley Baldwin, John Buchan, H. R. L. Sheppard, Robert Lynd and G. K. Chesterton. Her poems, with an introduc-

tion by Walter de la Mare were published along with a reprint of her essays, "The Spring of Joy" in 1929. Yet in spite of this burst of enthusiasm and the subsequent recognition of Mary Webb's legacy to literature her novels have not penetrated public consciousness to the extent which they deserve.

Precious Bane is probably the best known of Mrs. Webb's novels, and the most important. It was her last complete work, and won in 1925 the Femina Vie Heureuse prize for the best work of imagination in prose or verse descriptive of English life by an author who had not attained sufficient recognition. Here, as in her other novels, Mary Webb's theme is the struggle between the flesh and the spirit. In his preface to the book the former Prime Minister tells us that "it is the tragic drama of a youth whose whole being is bent on toil and thrift and worldly success only to find himself defeated on the morrow of the harvest by the firing of the cornricks by the father of his lover. The dour figure of Gideon Sarn is set against that of his gentle sister, Prudence, who tells the tale. She is a woman flawed with a hare-shotten lip and cursed in the eyes of the neighbours until her soul's loveliness is discerned by Kester Woodseaves, the weaver. And so there comes to her at the end of the story the love which is 'the peace to which all hearts do strive.'" The story is set in the country of North Shropshire and is told in first-person Shropshire dialect. The characters are drawn with great insight, but it is the interweaving of the elements of nature with those of man that gives the tale its force, its poignant beauty, and its spiritual richness. The story is haunted with the strange superstitions of the simple Welsh border folk. The old wizard Beguildy seems to epitomize their beliefs in charms and black magic, while the accounts of sin-eating and witch-ducking are typical examples of the reality of superstition to these simple people.

If *Precious Bane*, which was two years in the writing, is Mary Webb's best work from the point of view of literary importance, *Gone to Earth*, her second novel, which, we are told, she wrote with great speed during week-ends at her farmhouse in 1916, is her most beautiful novel. Open the book at random, any page will reveal passages of extraordinary loveliness. John Buchan says of Mrs. Webb that "no one of our day has a greater power of evoking natural magic. The landscape, the weather, the seasons, are made to crowd in upon us as we follow the doings of the protagonists. Mary Webb need fear no comparison with any writer who has attempted to capture the soul of nature in words." Take for example the passage where Hazel Woodus, the wild, shy heroine of the tale goes out into the early morning to pick mushrooms. We see through her sensitive eyes a world of enchanting beauty. "The sky blossomed in parterres of roses, frailer and brighter than the rose of the briar, and melted beneath them into lagoons greener and

paler than the veins of a young beech-leaf. The fairy hedges were so high, so flushed with beauty, the green airy waters ran so far back into mystery, that it seemed as if at any moment God might walk there as in a garden, delicate as a moth. Down by the stream Hazel found tall water-plantains, triune of cup, standing above the ooze-like candelabrae, and small rough-leaved forget-me-nots eyeing their liquid reflections with complaisance. She watched the birds bathe—bullfinches, smooth-coated and well-found; slim willow-wrens; thrushes, ermine-breasted; lusty blackbirds with beaks of crude yellow. They made neat little tracks over the soft mud, drank, bathed, preened. Then they 'took off' as Hazel put it, from the top of the bank, and flew low across the painted meadow or high into the enamelled tree, and piped and fluted till the air was full of silver." It would be hard to find more inspired description than that I think. May I quote from John Buchan's preface once again, where he tells us of the story. "The scene," he says, "is laid in the Welsh marshes, a haunted country, like all borderlands. The date is perhaps fifty years ago. There are only a few human characters: a girl in her teens, the daughter of a gypsy and a crazy bee-keeper; a local squireen; a half-educated minister and his mother; a peasant or two. But there are multitudes of others, for winds and seasons, day and night, God's Little Mountain, the Callow, Hunter's Spinney, the house of Undern, are as much persons of the drama as the men and women. The animate and the inanimate combine to work out tragedy.

"The book is partly allegory; that is to say, there is a story of mortal passion, and a second story behind it of an immortal conflict, in which human misdeeds have no place. Hazel Woodus suffers because she is involved in the clash of common lusts and petty jealousies, but she is predestined to suffer since she can never adjust herself to the strait orbit of human life. She is a creature of the wilds, with no heritage in the orderly populous world. In the end she is 'gone to earth', as she has come from it. She is eternally a stranger.

"The chief beauty of the book is the picture of Hazel, which is done with extraordinary tenderness and subtlety. She is at once the offspring of the mysterious landscape, and the interpretation of it. Wild and shy as a wood nymph, she has none of the natural world's callousness to pain. She is the protector of all wounded and persecuted things—a lame cat, a blind bird, bees frozen in winter, a fox-cub saved from the hounds. With the elemental things of hill and shaw she is at home, but when she travels beyond them she is a wild creature in a trap." And as surely as the cruelties of mankind and of nature conspire to work out the destiny of all hunted things they set an inevitable trap for one whose birthright was the wilderness. In her efforts to save her fox-cub from the hounds Hazel Woodus

TIME

Challenger
WATCHES

From a knoll, in the grounds of McGill University an unpretentious building glimpses the campus, and from that observatory building comes a "beat". It is "the pulse of time". Birks receive this "beat" from early morning until evening -- a message from the stars confirming every second, the accuracy of Challenger Watches. Challenger wearers carry with them "The pulse of Time"

Men's 14 kt. yellow gold, 17-jewel Challenger movement..... 60.00

Ladies' 14 kt. yellow gold, 17-jewel Challenger movement..... 50.00

Birks

Sold and serviced by "Birks" from Coast to Coast

is driven over the rocks of the quarry, the victim of both man's cruelty and man's love. *Gone to Earth* is more than a mere novel. It is a drama that is lifted above the level of pathos to that of tragedy. In this it is not unlike Emily Brontë's great and enduring work *Wuthering Heights*.

The Golden Arrow and *The House in Dormer Forest* are tragic in content also, but both of these impassioned tales strike a note of happiness at the end. Destiny is kinder to Amber Drake and Deborah Arden than it was to Hazel

Woodus. And the sombreness of these stories is often relieved by touches of simple humour as vivid as the country folk who inspire it.

These novels too like everything which Mary Webb touches, are rich with the colour and magic, vibrant with the life and natural beauty, and filled with the intense spirituality that were the essence of Mary Webb herself.

For a truly rare experience I can only recommend that you read her books.

In Defence of Herr Hitler

Before I do more than pen the title of this article I would like to explain briefly its purpose. I am not a Nazi; on the contrary, I am a sincere democrat. I do not approve of all of Hitler's actions, such as the persecution of the Jews, nor do I seek to defend them. However, I feel that Herr Hitler has, in many ways, been absolutely misjudged, and I would like to point out why that opinion has formed in my mind.

To understand the leader of the German Reich it is necessary to consider those conditions which brought him into power. To do so I take you back to that historic day when Germany's ambassadors signed the Peace of Versailles. A proud nation had been beaten to its knees before a non-too-forgiving Allied avenger. That judge quite wrongly attributed the four years of disastrous calamity not to a deposed German autocracy, but to a disillusioned, blameless and helpless people. They deemed it right that justice should be enforced. Therefore the terms of the Treaty of Versailles were formulated. Germany's colonies were taken from her; a monstrous war debt, intended to keep the country penniless for decades, was imposed. Germany's market and sources of raw materials were then taken away, and her government was deprived of all means of improving or building up the country. Contrary to all the laws of justice, a group of protesting ambassadors, incapable of any resistance, was forced to sign the document which offered little short of national suicide.

But the Allies did wish to do something for the German people, to give them a new national life, to free them from their old warlike and autocratic masters. The pre-war leaders were deposed and Germany was given the most perfect

democratic constitution that experts could devise. No one seemed to realize that by robbing the nation of its wealth and by continuing the now unnecessary food blockade this government was doomed before it was born.

The resulting conditions in Germany were not surprising. That the country was facing economic ruin became increasingly evident throughout the months and years following the war. Food was scarce; money was scarcer. The people were uninterested in a government which they could not understand, which could effect nothing, and which was only an added burden to their already over-laden shoulders. The depression of 1928-1930 hurt them more than it did any other nation. The Germany of 1930 was a bitter, hopeless and frantic country. One man alone seemed to hold the key to the problem, to offer Germany a chance of escape, to possess the daring to cope with the terrific odds which chal-



lenged his homeland. That man was Adolph Hitler.

Hitler rightly enough laid the blame for Germany's troubles upon the Treaty of Versailles. He saw that she could never rise until that pact had been changed. He knew that France and the Allies would never alter their demands. To submit to the clauses of that infamous treaty meant only ruin. Therefore he applied himself strenuously to the organization of his nation, to its re-armament and to its economic security. His object was to make himself powerful enough to enforce a hearing. He established his dictatorship for three reasons — because he needed an efficient, inexpensive governmental machine; because it was the only system which Germans understood, and because he could afford to tolerate no opposition. A crushed nation grasped tenaciously the new means of escape he offered.

That Herr Hitler is a statesman he has proved conclusively. He knew that he could not hope to defeat the world in battle, but he realized that democrats throughout Europe and America were horribly afraid of war. Therefore he divined that by threat of war he might build up his prestige and obtain some consideration of his demands. We all know how successful his policy has been. His first step was to rid himself of the war debt. For weeks he paraded his troops, talked vaguely about inability to pay and the injustice of the demands. Then suddenly he shouted to a cringing Europe: "I will not pay; I will fight first." Not a voice was raised in answer to his challenge. Next he marched his troops into the Rhineland, but no one dared move to oppose him. Hitler wiped his brow and congratulated himself. His scheme had worked admirably. Two gigantic steps forward had been taken. His prestige and confidence were growing. Then, only recently, he seized Austria. Still the democratic world, silenced by the danger of warfare, made no serious move to stop him. In the past few days he has made his last territorial demand in Europe, and it has been granted. Who can dare to say that his policy has not been successful?

We, of the western world, are prone to judge Herr Hitler by the moral standards of democracy. We say that he is a persecutor of helpless people, a breaker of oaths and treaties, a butcher (consider his bloodthirsty purges), a disturber of the peace; in short we consider him to be an absolute bounder. We are apt to forget that the course of action he adopted was, in its main principles, the only one which afforded any hope of salvation for his country. Surely if we consider the question as impartially as we can we must admit he is an energetic, shrewd leader, a genuine patriot, a man who has remade his country and opened up a new era for Germany. He is not a mad man, as I have heard him termed; he is a great man.

WIPPELL'S

World-Famed
CASSOCKS & SURPLICES



CLERGY CASSOCKS	-	from \$10.25
" SURPLICES, Cathedral	"	\$7.75
Shape, Hand Smocked,		
as illustrated.		
" SURPLICES, Slightly	"	\$5.20
Gathered		
CLERICAL CLOAKS	-	\$13.15
STUDENTS' S.B. CASSOCKS	"	\$8.25
" LINEN SURPLICE	"	\$3.90
CHORISTERS' CASSOCKS-	"	\$3.60
SURPLICES-	"	\$1.15

Duty, where chargeable, to be paid to the Authorities by the purchaser upon delivery.

Samples and Illustrated List No. 314 sent free upon request.

J. WIPPELL & Co., Ltd.
55/56, High Street, EXETER
ENGLAND

J. S. MITCHELL & CO., Limited

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware

Importers of Fine China, Crockery, Pottery and Glass

Distributors in the Eastern Townships for

SPALDING'S
Sporting Goods



Special Prices to Schools, Colleges and Clubs

Get Our Prices on Club Uniforms

78-80 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Sports

In the whole history of Bishop's University there has probably never been one sporting year which has not been preceded by a considerable amount of speculation regarding the chances of the various teams in the coming season; those "in the know" calculate that so many of the old faithfuls can be depended upon, and they estimate the value of the numerous "stars" in the freshman year.

This year has been no exception. Last spring there were the usual threats and promises about the teams of "next year". In addition, this year saw the advent of the new Athletic Society which is supposed to revolutionize all past athletic organization. Despite this rather extensive preparation football affairs began with no coach available until after the term had begun. The first few conditioning turn-outs were ably directed by Pete Greenwood (who since then has managed to have himself elected captain of the team) and some person or persons (perhaps Starnes) began to insinuate that a coach wasn't necessary.

About a week after term began a rumor spread around that "Oggie" Glass was going to coach the team. It is doubtful whether Mr. Glass realizes it or not, but to the average Bishop's man of today he and his contemporaries appear as Hercules did to the Greeks. A glance at the football pictures in the lower hall of the New Arts building will tell any skeptic why. The teams of 1932, '33, and '34 are Q. R. F. U. champions, and Oggie served on all three—as captain of the last. It is not altogether fantastic to assume that his moral support alone would build up the fighting spirit of the team. Since his arrival Oggie has kept the boys pretty busy both on the football field (assisted by Bob McComb as line coach) and in the rink at night.

It is encouraging to see the material supplied by the freshman year. Both the line and the backfield have been bolstered enormously by lads who call themselves Bateman, Noel, Udall, and Hay. At the same time it would be the height of insult of the veterans of last year were not given honourable mention. Alongside the aforesaid Pete Greenwood there are would-be's and has-been's (you sort them) such as Starnes, Scott, Flintoft, Bradley, Willis, Walters, Bredin, Morrison, Lane, Giles and Tulk—all of whom held positions on the team last year (which doesn't mean that they still hold them).

One or two practice games against B. C. S. and Lennoxville High showed the boys a little practical application of Coach Oggie's principles. These scrimmages resulted in a number of lay-off's from injuries. The regrettable accident to Harry Morrison's shoulder caused no end of worry to refill the vacant position of snap; up to now Starnes' one-

handed work seems to be the best prospect. Injuries to Ken Willis' back will keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. In addition Lew Smith was unable to play this year because of the C. I. A. U. regulation re passing the academic year. In view of these facts the Loyola game could not be confidently considered as being "in the bag".

LOYOLA AT BISHOP'S

The Loyola game, although a 7-4 defeat for Bishop's showed that the team was in good physical condition and capable of effective attack. In the first three minutes it appeared to Joe Public that the boys were going to be slaughtered as in the past two years. In the first play a Bishop's fumble recovered by Loyola on the Bishop thirty-yard line placed the maroon squad in a scoring position, and a subsequent end-run from the twenty-five yard line resulted in a touchdown by Shaughnessy. Loyola, however, failed to convert. From the kick-off Loyola again carried the ball deep into Bishop's territory, but this time the Bishop's boys had recovered from their "first game jitters" and when Loyola fumbled on the thirty-five yard line, it was Bishop's turn to fall on the ball. After ten minutes of effective attack Bradley's kick over the Loyola line was rouged by Greenwood and Everett. The remaining few minutes of the quarter were characterized by a stronger resistance by Loyola aided by costly fumbles on the part of Bishop's. In the second quarter Shaughnessy, the Loyola captain, was injured as the result of a hard tackle, and although his loss undoubtedly weakened the Loyola team, it still continued to threaten Bishop's territory with accurate forward passes and fake end runs. Just before the end of the first half Loyola scored one point on a placement that failed to go between the goal-posts.

In the second half Bishop's had a definite edge in the play. Fumbles were less frequent; Bradley and Walters completed several forwards; and gains by Greenwood, Flintoft, and Scott kept the ball in Loyola territory most time. Shortly after the start of the fourth quarter a successful placement by Pete Greenwood made the score 6-4, in favour of Loyola. Toward the end of the game, however, Bishop's attack began to waver under a repeated forward pass advance of the Loyola team, and with five minutes of play left Loyola scored a rouge, despite the combined efforts of Bradley and Scott to run the ball back across the line. Bishop's final attempts to score proved fruitless, and the game ended as a 7-4 victory for Loyola.

BISHOP'S AT MACDONALD

After a rather disconcerting bus trip to St. Anne de Bellevue the team of "ministers" showed the football heroes of Macdonald that rugby can be just as scientific as farming. Never once did the Macdonald team really threaten the Bishop's goal line, and the only part of the play in which Bishop's was not superior was the kicking. The first quarter opened very mildly and was characterized by costly fumbles on both sides, the one bright spot being a thirty-five yard forward pass, Bradley to Walters. In the second quarter Bishop's began to show a superiority which climaxed in a touchdown by Walters, who recovered a kick blocked by Lane on the Macdonald five-yard line. The Bishop's team failed to convert. Toward the end of the first half Macdonald threatened to score for the only time in the game after three brilliant runs by Neish. The half ended with the score Bishop's 5, Macdonald 0.

The third quarter did not bring forth any great display of football. The Macdonald team tried desperately to penetrate the Bishop's defence with a series of incomplete forwards, while the Bishop's squad made several bad fumbles. Several minor injuries occurred in this quarter, but they were of no consequence. The final quarter opened with Bishop's in possession of the ball on Macdonald's five-yard line, and a kick by Bradley rouged by Walters gave Bishop's another point. There was no further score, but Bishop's maintained a definite superiority in the play. A pass intercepted by Flintoft had the Macdonald boys worried for a minute, but they managed to stop the Bishop's advance. The play ended with the score 6-0 in favour of Bishop's. This victory did much to build up the team's morale for the journey back to Lennoxville.

MCGILL AT BISHOP'S

With the victory over Macdonald under their belts the Bishop's boys rather looked forward to the McGill game at the end of the week. But as events have shown it required more than mediocre ability to make an impression on the McGill defense. From the time of the sloppy kick-off by the Redmen until the last second of the final quarter both teams had to employ both energy and strategy to keep the opposition in check. In the first few minutes of play McGill advanced to Bishop's twenty-five yard line, but Bradley ran the ball from behind the Bishop's line to the forty-five yard line. A few seconds later Flintoft ran around the end for thirty yards (down on the McGill thirty-five yard

line). Due to penalty setback Bishop's failed to score on the kick, and in the following plays McGill made yards twice. The kick to Bishop's thirty-five yard line was run back by Scott to the McGill forty, and a subsequent exchange of kicks combined with an intercepted Bishop's pass gave McGill the ball on Bishop's forty yard line. The quarter ended with the score tied, 0-0.

After three plays in the second quarter McGill kicked to the deadline for a rouge. A fumble on Bishop's thirty yard line gave McGill possession of the ball, and they renewed their advance toward Bishop's goal-line. A completed forward and a series of successful bucks gave McGill a touchdown, which was converted. After the kick-off Bishop's checked the McGill attack and a fumble gave the home team possession on McGill's thirty-five. The half ended a few minutes later with no further score—McGill 7, Bishop's 0.

In the second half McGill's attack seemed to lose its effectiveness, while that of Bishop's gained momentum. It is doubtful whether anybody in the crowd of spectators will forget the way the Bishop's team, set back thirty yards by a fumble, plunged three times for yards to the McGill three yard line (where Russell, the Redmen's hero, was taken out of the play) and the final buck by Greenwood that carried the ball over the line for Bishop's first score. The subsequent convert made the score 7-6 still in favour of McGill, who managed to keep the lead until the end of the game. In the last few minutes of play it looked as though Bishop's would score again, after a completed forward, Bradley to Walters, but Bradley's kick from the McGill forty failed to cross the McGill goal-line. The play ended on the McGill one yard line, which newspaper reports have truthfully called "the last ditch".

GOLF

1938 will go down in history as the year in which the U. B. C. Golf Tournament was played off in one piece. With a field of thirty players from all walks of life, including Divinity, the "draw" was truly an impressive document. One dark horse by the name of Martin, or something, was a threat for a while, but he seems to have fallen by the wayside before the event of the finals, which were played off by Geoff Scott and Sherm Peabody. Peabody finished two up, and to him goes all the ballyhoo which victory entails. Notable among the also-ran's were Starnes, Power, and Joe de P. Wright.



YOU'RE BACK

A BUSY TIME getting back to work, sorting out courses, interviewing profs, renewing old acquaintances. But when you have a moment to spare drop in at the nearest branch of the Royal Bank and establish your connection. We welcome your account and the opportunity of meeting you.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



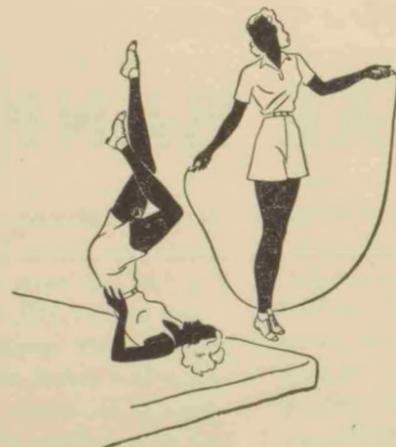
Crown Laundry
of Sherbrooke
Limited

LAUNDERERS
DRY CLEANERS

"Only thorough Workmanship can
give lasting satisfaction—
Only Quality Cleaning can make
your clothes give longer service."

Phone 10





"I'm getting in shape for a Susie Q"
 "Thanks, I'll stick to Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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



Notes and Comments

With the opening of college those of us who are entering our last year are beginning to realize how much it has meant to us. "Men may come," but the college changes little. Chief alterations noticed were the magnificent greensward fronting the main building, the partitions in the physics lab, and the showers on the top floor of the Old Arts. Evidently the much discussed science building for which there is such sore need is still very much in the speculative stage. Mr. Preston, last year's subdean of residence has moved to the village, while Mr. Yarrill has taken his place. May we take this opportunity of welcoming our new French professor. Still we don't altogether approve of his choice of domicile—the New Arts are a disorderly lot according to some authorities.

We have a record registration this year — due as much to an unusually large third year, as to the freshmen. The latter seem to be a promising lot and adhere faithfully to the mild initiation rules. In addition they have shown great talent as entertainers. On Tuesday night following the first regular meeting, presided over by Ronnie Fyfe, the president, the freshmen entertained with songs, music and recitations. Incidentally Gibby Stairs seems to be a worthy successor to Bud Seveigny.

Following the meeting many of those present adjourned to Canada's leading hostel for refreshments. There was much rivalry, for prominent members of both "The Honourable Order of Froth-blowers" and the "Parchesi Club" were on hand. Many rash boasts were made on both sides, but the teams seemed to be equally balanced. However, if the President of the Froth-blowers, Mr. D. Paterson, had been on his job he could have protested the use of Mr. Pharo, whose indisputable abilities were extended on behalf of the Parchesi Club, although he is no longer a resident of the New Arts.

For the most part we have had miserable weather and the result has been an epidemic of colds, doubtless the cause of those red noses and bleary eyes. The Equinoctial hurricane which did such damage to the aged pines around the University was not without its enjoyment, and many strange sights were witnessed by those who—"like a pack of ravening wolves"—roamed the neighbourhood during the height of the storm. For two nights the college was without electricity, and a weird assortment of candles flickered amid the gloom. The atmosphere lent itself to ghostly tales, and Walt Neilson's story of the whistling tube sent shivers coursing down sophisticated spines.

The European crisis was of course the subject of much heated discussion with many would-be statesmen giving their viewpoints and solutions. Speaking of heated discussion, the debating society is letting no grass grow under its feet. With the writing of this, one freshman debate has already been held. The subject was "Resolved that co-education should be abolished." Debaters for the affirmative were Tulk, Rexford and Hay, while those for the negative were Leggett, Shaughnessy and Boyle. The closely contested argument resulted in a win for the negative. The judge was Professor Boothroyd.

The Dramatic Society under its dynamic president, Peter Edgell, has three one-act plays projected for the 22nd of October. They are "Drums of Oude", directed by Lincoln Ici-on-Parle-Francais Magor; "Bargains in Cathay," directed by Vivian Parr; and "The Little Father of the Wilderness," directed by Guy Marston. We can all help by spreading the news and dates of these performances, and indeed the splendid reputation which Bishop's Little Theatre productions have had in the past will assure a good audience. . . . The C. O. T. C. held a well-attended smoker last week. Decisions concerning promotions are still unknown, but it is rumoured that "Diamond" What-a-team-Cornwall-has Bredin will be second in command.

The Glee Club is starting early this year and settling down to hard work under the capable direction of Mr. Graham George who is resplendent with new hirsuite appendages. Much fresh talent is on hand, and although some weird sounds float upon the tortured air at times, Bill Robinson and Co. are able to report progress.

Two elections for positions on the Student Council were held. Peter Greenwood is the new President of Debating and John Starnes the Vice-President of the Students' Association.

With regard to the local gay spots the situation is far from satisfactory. The Mayfair is closed for the season, and the Winter Gardens is no longer operating. The result is that the Masonic Hall, whose accommodation is far from adequate, and the Grill are the only places left. With regard to the former, certain nearby houses should institute a cover charge. Which brings us to the very successful Introduction Dance. The majority of the freshmen were on hand as well as most of our attractive freshettes. Arrangements and decorations were taken care of by a capable committee under the direction of Geoff Murray.

Three comments were noted afterward — that these dances should be held more frequently, that the time of closing should be extended to at least one o'clock, and "That Foo is here again".

There remain a few random comments which I don't seem to be able to fit in elsewhere in this somewhat rambling description of college activities. . . . A keenly contested golf tournament is being waged. Of special interest are Don Paterson's sea-green pants which closely resemble those sported by Mac Hume last year. . . . At least one prominent member of the Old Arts went to bed at the hour of 9.30 the other night. . . . Is this the start of a new health campaign like last year's Charles Atlas course? . . . The greens of our Golf Course are places of vantage if one is interested in making astronomical observations. . . . The new seats at Herb's certainly prevent slouching. . . . We have at least one poet in the Old Lodge with published works to his credit. . . . The authorities in Sherbrooke gave our visitors from Loyola a civic reception. . . . Gren Tem-

Dramatics

It's time for the Plays again, and we who are proud of the Little Theatre and its standards are hoping to put forth on November 7 and 8 a production fully worthy of those that have gone before. With the very beginning of term play-readings were well under way, and the enthusiasm and ability of the freshman class were particularly encouraging. Men of every type appeared — tall, short, thin, fat, even Miss McRae's famous four—to provide spicy variety and fill our every need. As for the ladies, the graces of the freshette group so loudly hailed by the men in general did not for a moment escape the anxious eye of the Dramatic Executive.

Since the traditional function of the annual one-act plays is primarily to discover and develop potential talent among the newcomers, one must recognize at once the difficulty of making three selections which will fulfil that purpose and at the same time provide a well-balanced entertainment. But if the determined effort and combined resourcefulness of a conscientious executive have been to any avail, the programme under production should more than satisfy both requirements. The three casts together number about nineteen players, of whom all but five are new students, so that the untried year should have ample opportunity to show its best colours.

"The Drums of Oude", by Austin Strong, which begins the performance, is the story of the defence of an Indian palace by British troops during the Mutiny of 1857. Exciting and full of suspense, this dramatic piece is made the

ple, pig sergeant par excellence, has given the team a new mascot, a goat. . . . but look what happened to our pig last year. . . . "No buts", says Gren, "we'll guard him well". . . . Still, buts are all that can be expected.

Postscript: One of the outstanding features of the past month was the visit to the university by the Hart House String Quartet. Knowing nothing of technique or score we can only say that to us the music was beautiful, was given a depth of expression which is seldom found in much larger orchestras. It is to be hoped that this event will have awakened in all who attended a genuine desire to continue this form of entertainment, and that soon other orchestras will be playing to an audience of Bishop's students upon their own campus. An excellent suggestion was made to us directly after the performance: why not have an outdoor concert in the quad during the summer term? Surely Douglas Clark of the Montreal Orchestra could be persuaded to come and play for us. This suggestion we commend highly, your opinions we will welcome gladly.

more attractive by the addition of costume and the unusual atmosphere of mysterious Indian night (see stage manager, Geoff Murray). The play is directed by Lincoln Magor, and the players are Hector Belton, Hugh Mackenzie, Merritt Bateman, Alan Magee and Mary Hoye.

Rachel Field's "Bargains in Cathay" savours refreshingly of the spring morning and of the more pleasant characteristics traditionally attributed to it. The almost miraculous powers of persuasion exhibited by an attractive department-store salesgirl in love will provide gracefully light-hearted fun for any audience. The players, under directress Vivian Parr, are Hume Wright, Rex Nixon, John Carroll, Sidney Meade, Ernestine Roy, June Graham, and Pat Hall.

Bringing the production to an effective close comes "The Little Father of the Wilderness", directed by Guy Marston. Two simple Jesuit missionaries are summoned to the magnificent Versailles court of Louis XV, presenting a tenderly comic, delightfully bewildering situation. Here again picturesque costuming will add greatly to the scene. The cast is as follows: Leon Adams, Pat Boyls, Bob Perkins, Tony Carlyon, George Rothney, Gilbert Stairs, and Sarah Echenberg.

Rehearsals are now in full swing, with directors and casts contributing their very best to the work. Let us see all Grads and friends out to support the Little Theatre through another evening of really good entertainment.

Till November 7 or 8, then . . . !

An Individual ----

With troubles of his own, can he give your affairs proper attention?

The Individual Executor has three very important interests -

His family; his business; his health and recreation

These interests, no matter how conscientious he may be, must get his first attention.

Consequently, if you name some friend Executor, the work entailed in the administration of your Estate will receive only his spare time. Will this be fair to your beneficiaries?

On the other hand - if you appoint this Company as your Executor, your Estate will be part of our main work and in consequence it will not suffer with only part time care.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

R. C. McFADDEN, Reg'd

PAINTS, VARNISHES and
WALLPAPER

GENERAL HARDWARE

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Phone 105

Night Calls or Holidays 48

We Give You:

Reliable DRUG STORE Service

THIS IS NECESSARY:

for YOUR SATISFACTION

for YOUR POCKET

for YOUR HEALTH

McKINDSEY' DRUG STORE

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

ANSELL'S DRUG STORE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

HUNTING & LOACH Restaurant



Main Street, Lennoxville

Alumni Notes

At the beginning of the season 1938-39, I would like to solicit assistance from all graduates of the University in making this column come into its own. However, it is quite impossible to make a thing without the raw material, and therefore I am making this appeal to you, Graduates, to send in items of interest about the former inhabitants of the College. Please don't hesitate about sending interesting items in. Every item, no matter how small, helps a great deal towards making the column a success.—Editor.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of DR. ARTHUR MOORE, B.A. '93, who was accidentally drowned near the South Shore summer resort in Nova Scotia where he was vacationing this summer. Dr. Moore was class valedictorian in his final year at Bishop's. Later he became a member of the Board of Governors, as well as president and vice-chancellor of King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Following a lengthy illness, WILLIAM MORRIS, B.A. '82, L.L.B., D.C.L., passed away in the Sherbrooke Hospital, Sherbrooke, on July 9, 1938. Mr. Morris spent most of his life in and around Sherbrooke, serving terms in the offices of Mayor of Ascot, Warden of the County of Sherbrooke, and Mayor of Sherbrooke.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. DR. A. A. BROCKINGTON, who died at his home in Cheshire, England, a few weeks ago. After obtaining his M. A. from this university in 1896, Dr. Brockington became headmaster at Brynmelyn School, Weston-super-Mare, where he taught for many years. Later, in 1931, he obtained his Ph.D. from London University, and during his later years contributed to some of the leading reviews of literature.

Mr. D. R. COOPER, B.A. '29, is now in charge of two Canadian Industries, Ltd., plants in Shawinigan Falls, Que. These plants are concerned with the manufacture of hydrogen peroxide and chlorhydrocarbon solvents.

Mr. E. W. LENNON, B.A. '32, has recently been made General Manager of the Beckwith Box Toe Company, Sherbrooke, Que.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Matthews (EILEEN MONTGOMERY, M.A., '30) who are now living in Edson, Alberta, visited the university during the summer months.

Now for a few notes of the class of 1938. Among those taking post-graduate work at other universities is A. V. L. "Dogger" MILLS, B.A. '38, who is leaving for Oxford University, "Dogger" was back here at Bishop's this season for a few days taking a last look.

Among those students registered at McGill University, Montreal, this year are WILLIAM "Bill" DELANEY, B.A. '38, and G. B. "Dago" KNOX, B.A. '38. The former is in first year Medicine and the latter in the faculty of Law. There

are also unconfirmed reports that RONALD R. "Prince" RIVETT, B.A. '38, has escaped thence to study for Law.

W. L. O. "Boake" CARTER, B.A. '38, and FRANK L. LYSTER, B.A. '38, have entered Laval University at Quebec this year in the Faculty of Law.

The Rev. NORMAN PILCHER, L.S.T. '38, has returned from the Lake St. John district to continue his post-graduate studies at the university.

We are pleased to announce the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. DONALD S. RATTRAY, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on June 13, 1938. Don Rattray graduated from Bishop's College with the degree of B.A. in 1929.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we welcome back C. L. O. "Oggie" GLASS, B.A. '35, who returns to Bishop's College to coach the football team. Oggie returns from Oxford where he went to take post-graduate work as Rhodes Scholar from Bishop's in 1935.

We congratulate Mr. JOHN HOGG, B.A. '34, who successfully passed his fourth year in Medicine at McGill College, Montreal. Mr. Hogg obtained the highest marks in the surgery class.

Rev. COLIN CUTTELL, B.A., THEO., '37, has returned to Lennoxville for a short visit. He is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, College Street, prior to his return to Wabamum, Alta., where he has been assisting at St. Savior's Mission during the summer.

Rev. GEORGE MACKEY, B.A. THEO. '37, is now priest in charge at the Breton Mission, just across the South Saskatchewan River from Wabamum, Alta., where Rev. Colin Cuttelle is stationed.

On June 16, 1938, at a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary at Waterloo, Ont., Mr. J. D. JEFFERIES, M.A. '37, was elected Professor of Classics.

Rev. RUSSELL F. BROWN, B.A., THEO. '38, has returned to Montreal, Que., for a three months' leave of absence from his duties at Fort St. John, British Columbia.

WALTER G. STOCKWELL, B.A. '38, graduated in Dentistry at McGill University this year, with the Governor-General's Silver Medal for second highest standing in examinations, and the Dental Association Medal for the highest standing in practical work in the final year.

The Rev'd W. J. BELFORD, B.A. '36, who has been curate at St. James Church, New York, has returned to the Diocese of Quebec and will be stationed at Grindstone, Magdalene Islands.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. RUSSELL P. BLINCO on the birth of a daughter at the Homoeopathic Hospital, Montreal, on September 5, 1938. Russ Blinco graduated

from Bishop's with the degree of B.A. in 1930.

The Rev'd J. M. BRETT, B.A. '29, has been appointed to the Mission of Malbay, replacing the Rev'd W. T. GRAY, L.S.T. '36, whom, we regret to hear, is away on three months' sick leave.

Mr. ORSON WHEELER, B.A. '27, spent two months this summer travelling in Europe. Mr. Wheeler visited France and England as well as Italy.

The Rev'd H. B. S. HARPER, L.S.T. '36, assistant priest at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec City, spent the month of July in England.

Miss DOROTHY WALLACE, B.A. '35, has been appointed Mistress of Science at King's Hall, Compton, Que.

The Rev'd A. R. PERKINS, B.A. '37, was ordained to the priesthood in the Holy Trinity Church, Grosse Isle, Magdalen Islands, on the 7th of July by the Lord Bishop of Quebec. We congratulate Rev'd and Mrs. Perkins on the

BOOKS

FOR

PRIVATE READING
CHURCH USE
TEACHERS
COMMUNICANTS
CONFIRMEES
CHOIRS
CLERGY
STUDENTS

Hymn and Prayer Books

ALL PRICES

G.B.R.E.

604 JARVIS STREET
Phone MI. 3833

Petery's Barber Shop

SHOE SHINE PARLOR

All kinds of Hats Cleaned and Blocked

48a KING WEST

Phone 1282

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

birth of a daughter at the Sherbrooke Hospital on the 29th of July, 1938.

Dr. G. H. FINDLAY, B.A. '30, is now in charge of the Research Laboratory of the Canadian Industries, Ltd., at Beloeil, Que.

Mr. DOUGLAS "Hoagie" CARMICHAEL, B.A. '38, is registered in the Faculty of Engineering at Queen's University this year.

Messrs. NORMAN PILCHER, L.S.T. '38, and W. E. WALKER, B.A. '36, were ordained to the Diaconate at North Hatley, Que., by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

The Rev'd W. W. DAVIS, B.A. '31, B.D., who was recently Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook, has been appointed Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec City.

The Rev'd A. V. OTTIWELL, B.A. '34, has entered upon his duties as Assistant Priest at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.

Our Examination of Your Eyes

and the subsequent fashioning of Ophthalmic Lenses
in suitable mountings assures you of satisfaction.

McCONNELL'S
OPTOMETRISTS

54 KING ST. WEST Tel. 37 SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Service and Quality

TRY THE

F. L. LUNCH CARS

MAGOG
Main Street

LENNOXVILLE
Depot Street

Exchanges

Looking over the large assortment of university and school publications which are scattered in a haphazard manner on my desk, I come to the conclusion that we are not fortunate in having so many exchanges at our disposal. From outward appearances it would seem that the early summer editions of various magazines and pamphlets must contain any amount of good reading material. But as I peruse the lot I find that a great many colleges and schools suffer from the same oppression of June examinations as we at Bishop's. It is an unfortunate situation, and one that seems to have no apparent solution other than that, in the long winter months when time is not quite so precious, the student writes some article or story to be set aside for the June publication. It is only natural that to the serious-minded student the matter of passing examinations is rather an important one—more important, in fact, than that of supporting his college magazine. Although the standard of reading material is not up to that of an earlier date, nevertheless the various editors are to be congratulated on publishing their magazines with what material they had.

The full page photographs of "The Stonyhurst Magazine" from Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England, continue to be the main feature of an excellent magazine. All phases of student activity are represented in photographs and these, together with a large section devoted to athletics, make up a very fine publication.

The summer number of "The Leopardess" from Queen Mary College, University of London, England, contains a rather striking article under the title of "Tirade". It deals with the everlasting struggle of the steel worker, his loves, dreams, and hardships—all overshadowed by the continual cry of "More Steel".

An article in the Acadia University's "Acadia Athenaeum" headed "The Formation of a Bog" proved to be of interest, although this reader was under some misapprehension as to what its title referred.

As usual the Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan, published a very gratifying magazine. Its athletic and literary sections are exceptionally good, and accompanied by clear-cut photographs the whole makes a very distinctive publication.

The following publications have been received with thanks:

The McGill Daily, Montreal.

The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.

The Torch, Town of Mount Royal High School.

Saint Andrews College Review, Aurora, Ont.

King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Norvoc, Northern Vocational School, Toronto.

Red and Grey, Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

The Record, University High School, Parkville, Australia.

The Year Book from Stanstead Wesleyan College.

The Magazine from Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.

Loyola College Review, Loyola College, Montreal.

The Ashburian, Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.

The Stonyhurst Magazine, Blackburn, England.

The Dumbel, Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke, Que.

Westmount High School Annual, Westmount, Que.

The Review, Saint Mary's College, Brockville, Ont.

The Northerner, King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Acta Ridleiana, Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ont.

Alma Mater, St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

Black and White Review, Catholic High School, Montreal.

Groote Schuur, University of Cape Town.

Craccum, Auckland University, Auckland, New Zealand.

The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

Commissioners' High School Year Book, Quebec.

Trafalgar Echoes, Trafalgar School, Montreal.

The Annual, Burnaby South High School,

New Westminster, B. C.

Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown,
P. E. I.

The Leopardess, Queen Mary College, U. of London.

The Wolf Howl, Sudbury High School, Sudbury, Ont.

The Lantern, Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask.

The Howardian, Howard Gardens High School, Cardiff.

Quebec Diocesan Gazette.

The Magazine of Codrington College, Barbados.

Argosy, High School of Commerce, Ottawa.

College Echoes, University of St. Andrew's, Scotland.

The College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Windsorian, King's Collegiate School, Windsor.

Algoma Missionary News, Sault St. Marie, Ont.

The Challenger, Saint John Vocational School, N. B.

The Waseda Guardian, Waseda University, Japan.

The Student Voice, Paris.

The Aquinian, St. Thomas College, Chatham, N. B.



OBSOLESCENCE

It's such an awful big word that we keep clear it. We don't want to use it! So we're always renewing our material, modernizing our methods, perfecting our equipment. It allows us to do away with the abhorred word—and also to do the highest quality printing.

La Tribune

PRINTING

SHERBROOKE Tel. 971

Riddell, Stead, Graham and Hutchison

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

460 ST. FRANCOIS STREET MONTREAL

TORONTO	EDINBURGH, Scotland
HAMILTON	EDMONTON
OTTAWA	VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG	LONDON, England
CALGARY	

And Representing

ARTHUR ANDERSEN & CO.

CHICAGO, NEW YORK and BRANCHES

WIGGETT'S SHOE STORE

Special Badminton and Basketball Shoes
Professional Hockey Skates and Boots
Ski Boots

DRESS SHOES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

J. A. Wiggett & Co.

Established 1886 SHERBROOKE, QUE.

WELLS & LYNCH

ADVOCATES

SHERBROOKE QUE.

SUN LIFE BUILDING

Compliments

CHARLES A. WHITE

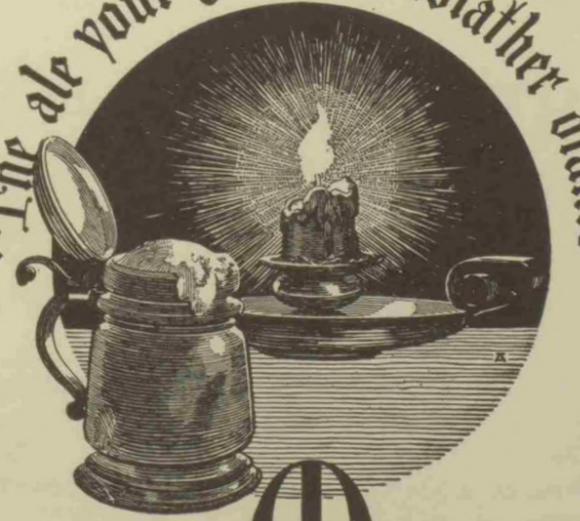
AVOCAT — BARRISTER

SHERBROOKE QUE.

LIST OF ADVERTISERS

Bank of Montreal - - - - -	p. 6	Neilson's Chocolates - - - - -	Back Cover
Barnes, T. H. - - - - -	4	New Sherbrooke Hotel - - - - -	5
Beck Press - - - - -	28	Nichol, J. & Sons - - - - -	2
Birks, Henry and Son - - - - -	31	Petery's Barber Shop - - - - -	44
Bishop's University - - - - -	1	Page-Sangster - - - - -	22
Brown, Montgomery and McMichael - - - - -	5	Quick Lunch, F. & L. - - - - -	44
Bryant, J. H. - - - - -	15	Riddell, Stead, Graham, & Hutchison - - - - -	46
Chaddock, C. C. - - - - -	15	Rosemary Gift Shop - - - - -	22
Crown Laundry - - - - -	37	Rosenbloom's Ltd. - - - - -	3
Dramatic Society, Bishop's University - - - - -	48	Royal Bank of Canada - - - - -	37
Echenberg Bros. - - - - -	22	Sample's Taxi - - - - -	4
General Board of Religious Education - - - - -	44	Sherbrooke Laundry - - - - -	2
Georgian Hotel - - - - -	22	Sherbrooke Record - - - - -	4
Hunting's Dairy - - - - -	4	Sherbrooke Trust Company - - - - -	41
Hunting and Loach - - - - -	42	Sun Life Insurance Co. - - - - -	5
Imperial Tobacco Co. - - - - -	38	Tobin, A. R. - - - - -	22
Meredith, Holden, Heward and Holden - - - - -	4	Tribune - - - - -	46
Mitchell, J. S. & Co., Ltd. - - - - -	34	Watson, Lee M. & Co. Reg'd - - - - -	22
Molson's Brewery Ltd. - - - - -	47	Wiggett, J. A. & Co. - - - - -	46
McConnell, J. C. - - - - -	44	Wippell & Co. - - - - -	33
McFadden, R. C. - - - - -	42	White, Chas. A. - - - - -	46
McKindsey's Drug Store - - - - -	42	Wells & Lynch - - - - -	46
National Breweries Ltd. - - - - -	p. 17		

The ale your great-grandfather drank.



MOLSON'S

ESTD 1792

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY

PRESENTS

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

“THE LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS”

A delightful episode at the Versailles Court of Louis XV

“BARGAINS IN CATHAY”

Light modern comedy

“DRUMS OF OUDE”

A thrilling drama of the Indian Mutiny

IN

BISHOP'S LITTLE THEATRE, LENNOXVILLE

November 7th and 8th at 8:15 p.m.

* *

*Tickets on Sale at the Box Office or from
the Rosemary Gift Shop, Sherbrooke*

* *

General Admission 50c.

Reserved Seat 75c.

Produced by Special Arrangement with Samuel French (Canada) Limited