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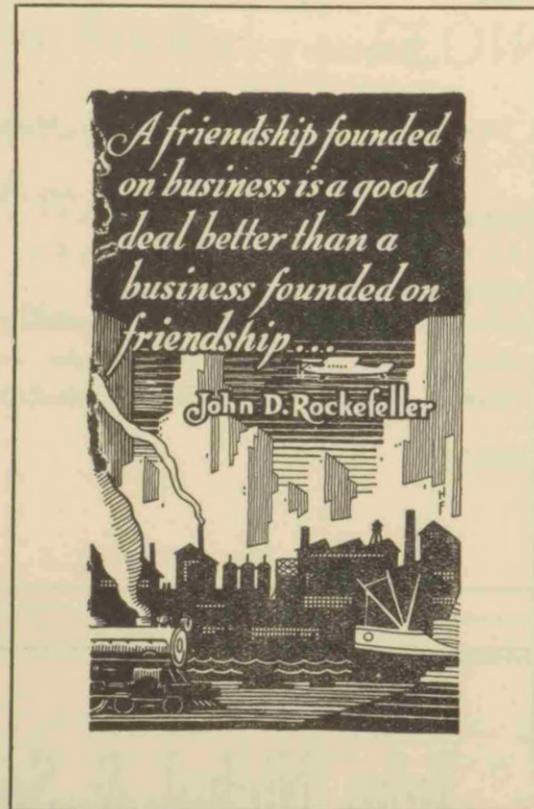
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EDITORIAL

On trial! The world is no longer a quiet home for man, but an immense law-court in which he stands trial for everything he has ever done. In the far East his most ancient civilization is being severely tested. In the near East his traditions and customs of centuries are on trial. In Eastern Europe his cherished principles of self-determination and national autonomy are being questioned. In the Western World his two great political theories, Democracy and Dictatorship, are being cross-examined. And in Bishop's the Athletic Committee, the status of the co-eds, student religious thought, student political and economic thought, and finally, poor thing, the *Mitre* are all on trial.

What is it that periodically prompts man to investigate everything? Is it a restless searching after something new, or is it a feeling that everything has a contradiction, that action and reaction are as equal and opposite in the laws of progress as they are in the laws of motion? Japan wants something new—recognition as a primary power in the eyes of the world. China wants something new—unity. The reason for both is that to antiquity there is always the contradiction of modernity, and both these countries, though they may thrive on the past, have to live in the present. Turkey wants something new—a new mode of living, the western mode. This is natural for to that which is Oriental there is always the contradiction of that which is Occidental, and the realization of this has now come to the fezzed head of Turkey. The principles of self-determination and national autonomy were ushered in with a new conception of international law, but the revival of the principle of force as the basis of all foreign policy is rapidly ushering them out again. Perhaps peoples no longer want to determine their own fates, perhaps the reaction to their ever having done so is beginning to have effect, and they are no longer able to. Dictatorship and democracy are both contradictions to one another, and each to the adherents of the other is something new. Is dictatorship beneficial to the individual? Is democracy beneficial to the state? Which is the more important—the Individual or the State?

In times like these it is almost in self-defence that we question, for if we do not we no longer belong to this age; we become anachronous, useless. But is our questioning of the right kind? Are not the answers elicited by our questions invariably destructive? Do we not ask "What have you done?" knowing the correct answer will be "I have done wrong," rather than "What will you do?" knowing

it will be "I shall do right"? Do we not prefer to hear a confession of guilt to a promise of improvement? We destroy but refuse to rebuild. We imagine we are developing our critical faculty, forgetting that the purpose of such a faculty is to destroy that which is bad in order to make room for that which is good, that the true critical faculty bases its criticism of a thing on the superiority of something else, and that to destroy with no intention of reconstructing is in itself a subject for the severest criticism.

But question demands answer, and as it is an age of prosecuting so, naturally, is it an age of defending. But is our defense of the right kind? When we are asked "Are you not wrong?" we unhesitatingly say "No". If we considered the question perhaps we might be forced to answer otherwise, but such consideration does not frequently occur to us, nor do its likely conclusion sufficiently appeal to us. If we answered "Yes", we would be admitting that we were wrong; but what is so terribly wrong with being wrong? It is perhaps going too far to say that success is built on error, but it is almost a self-evident truth that success depends on a proper appreciation of the causes and lessons of error; although many appear blind to it. By admitting that we are wrong we instinctively consider the nature of our error, which becomes impressed upon our mind as a warning for the future. There is no man so perfect that he can not be justly criticized, so good that he cannot err; but there are many willing to think themselves such. If it is conceit, the remedy lies in comparison with people who do better; if it is a fear of doing wrong, in comparison with people who do worse. A conceited person needs to be shown that he can make mistakes, an excessively conscientious person, that he may. The first feels himself beyond error, the second, pursued by error. If both were made to see the inevitability of error one would become less rash and the other less cautious; one would do less harm and the other more good.

And so let us prosecute more constructively and defend less blindly. If a person, a tradition, an institution is at fault let the fault-finder suggest the improvement and the faulty admit the error. Let not criticism fail because critics would only destroy, and progress cease because men would not suffer change. Following criticism there must be creation, and following creation there must be criticism.

Let us remember this when we hear the words: On trial!

What Religion Means To Me

The following is intended as a precis of a number of articles on religion which were submitted for this issue. Since it is desirable to record the opinions of as many of the contributors as possible and since the articles were, for the most part, too long for each to be reproduced in full, it was decided to make an abstract of them all and to include complete reprints of three which seemed to be the most representative and vividly expressed.

In general the articles reflected a belief in a Supreme Being, a faith in the basic goodness of Christianity, and a dissatisfaction with the organization and methods of the existing church. In treatment they were varied, the central theme ranging from God to Christianity and the Church. In criticism they were exacting, Christianity receiving the rose; the Church, the thorn.

One writer says with regard to the existence of a Supreme Being:

"I believe in the existence of God, chiefly because such belief is a family habit, but also because I cannot otherwise account for my existence."

And another:

"Most people realize that a great necessity of our life is to have something above us, something we are not able to understand. It has been well said that if a God had not existed we would have created one."

And another:

"I will always have a belief in a God no matter into what form my ever changing and maturing intellect puts him."

The conceptions of God, though necessarily vague, are of considerable interest:

"My God is a power, and He and His heaven exist on some high plane beyond man's understanding. Unreasonable faith tells me that there is an after-life of some kind which is enjoyed by all disembodied spirits. God and heaven—both indefinable."

"To me God is a God of Nature, an all powerful being who takes pleasure in creating all that is beautiful and good."

Few have undertaken actually to describe God, preferring to leave the problem as being beyond them, and to deal rather with the more practical aspects of religion:

"A religious person, who takes Christ's teachings as

the basis of his daily actions, words, and thoughts, is steady, humble, and kind. Crises find him with a power which people, religiously void, do not have."

"To my mind religion is the only answer to the problems of the day, teaching, as it does, tolerance and unselfishness in our dealings with all mankind."

"The Christian religion offers man the greatest code of rules for living a decent, moral life which he has ever had—or is ever likely to have."

"To me the Holy Ghost is vague, the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection speculative, but I do believe in Jesus the man who, under divine inspiration, set forth the philosophy of life which is still the guiding principle of one third of the population of the world. I intend to follow that philosophy in my life."

"I maintain that religion boils down to the difference between right and wrong, and that a person's spiritual success in life depends on his ability to live up to the code of honour and duty he has set for himself."

In sharp contrast to their belief in a God and their faith in Christianity, the great majority of the writers reflected a dissatisfaction with the Church and the way in which it has, according to them, distorted the teachings of Christ and misinterpreted his words.

"If only the Church would no longer insist on the strict observance of formalities, but rather stress the great basic truths of Christianity, I am convinced that religion could take its rightful place in the lives of men, and so remould the world."

"The fault is primarily with our religious leaders and the manner in which they preach the religion they profess."

"The chief trouble lies in the fact that religion has not kept pace with the other great forces which guide the world's progress."

"The spitefulness, hypocrisy, and bigotry which are exhibited in the relations of one sect with another, drive away in disgust any fair-minded person who might otherwise be of valuable service in furthering great Christian ideals."

"The truth is that highly organized Christianity, such as we have today, defeats its own purpose because it deviates from the principle laid down in the keynote of its great Leader's teaching—simplicity."

—"Sunday after Sunday we are told that Christ came to save the world, that he died to save us, and that we are miserable sinners, but are we told what we can do about it?"

—"Why should differences of opinion over Christ's divinity, or his deputies on earth, or the forms of God's worship cause schisms among mankind? There should be but one division—between those who believe in the Father Almighty under anyone of His many appellations, and those who do not."

—"I see no reason for the divisions in the Protestant Church because of small differences in the form of worship."

—"Each church is too absorbed in its belief that it alone possesses the formula of salvation to co-operate with any other. This attitude is aptly expressed in the following lines:

'We are God's chosen few,
All others shall be damned;
Heaven has no room for you,
We can't have Heaven crammed.'

—"What has become of the aim of the early Church to teach people to live according to the principles laid down by Christ?"

And so there appears to be a loss of faith in the Church as a means of communicating spiritual knowledge to the layman, as a place of worship, and as the guardian of Christ's teachings. It is more or less apparent that the majority feel there ought to be a remodelling of the methods employed in religious teaching, that most, while implicitly trusting Christ, are not so ready to trust his deputies on earth, and that all are looking forward to a day when the Church will unite and return to the fundamental simplicity of the Christian religion. There also appears to be a genuine interest in religious questions and a strong desire for more advanced religious education.

The following are complete reprints of three of the more representative and vividly expressed articles received.

* * *

Like any broad-minded, reasonably intelligent person, I am not at all satisfied with many of the technical aspects of the Christian religion, or, to be more specific, with the Anglican Church. I don't like the "I'm holier than you are because I've been to theological college and know all there is to know about religion" attitude that most ministers manage to acquire. I don't believe in standardized prayers,

canticles, and creeds, which the well brought up Anglican child can reel off automatically by the time that he is ten years old, and to which he therefore never gives a mature thought. And I do feel that there is a good deal of very unchristian backbiting going on between the various factions of the Christian Church.

But I still go to Church more or less regularly, even when I am not forced to by some antiquated college rule; so it is obvious that I must have some means of reconciling mediaeval Christianity such as the Church of England practises with my own streamlined variety. My method is simply this: I ignore all that I don't like about orthodox Anglicanism, and make what use I can of what there is in it that seems good to me. Thus I derive the benefits without their accompanying evils.

What is this radical religion that disagrees with all the more ordinary forms which simple-minded folk accept without a thought? It is this. In the first place I accept without question the belief that there is some divine power—which may as well be termed "God"—governing the universe, and secondly that there is a life after death. I realize that these can't be proved, but they are very comforting thoughts, and if I am wrong, I shall never know it. Finally I regard Christianity as symbolical of absolute morality: anything that conscience, honour, and decency term moral, I regard as being Christian, and therefore the right course to follow. Thus it is immaterial to my form of religion whether or not Christ was the Son of God, whether St. Mark's gospel was written before St. Luke's, or whether the document "Q" was written in Caesarea or Lennoxville. But my religion does for me what other religions fail to do because they are lost in a maze of petty controversy, and that is, it furnishes a guide—though I may not always follow it—to right thinking and right living, which, I believe, should be the final purpose of any religion.

* * *

The main reason why there is so much incredulity in the minds of college students is merely this: they do not know what Christianity really is. They have a false idea that the Christian religion is only a dreary code of "Thou shalt nots", a bogey that fills the night with fear, a finicking attention to ceremonial detail, and an emotional stimulant.

But true Christianity is not tainted with any of these ideas. It is not a pleasant drug. It cannot be imposed from

without. It is a growth in the heart. The Spirit of God comes gently, almost unawares, and fertilizes the soul so that it is transformed into a wholesome personality throbbing with love for its Maker and mankind. What Christians call "repentance" is merely a different way of looking at the realities of life. It is not only giving up this sin and that, but it is a new, positive change of direction which affects the whole of life, the use of our time, our money, our leisure, our talents, the way we do trivial things and the way we react to our fellowmen. Christianity is a two-fold attitude in which any man or woman can look up into the Face of God and say "My Father" and into the face of any man and say "My brother". The man who has found God has not insured himself against calamity, but he has found One who will show him how to turn calamity into triumph. He will not escape the thorns of life. He will wear them as a crown!

* * *

I am in some respects an agnostic. By that I mean a man who does not know what to believe, and says so, a man who refuses to commit himself to one side or another in an argument, and who wishes to suspend his judgment. Why have I tagged myself so?

Perhaps it is because Christians on the whole are poor advertisements for Christianity. The mass have only the vaguest notion of what their faith is. They are inarticulate and cannot give concrete ideas for maintaining their particular religious convictions. Almost without exception they lack a fine tempered quality in their characters. People are not drawn to religion because Christians do not show particularly admirable characteristics. Christianity does not appear to draw and hold people to its creeds.

Educated and well-informed men make extraordinary moral blunders, which shows that religion has not interested them sufficiently. Society is packed with Pilates—tragedies in life. They are remarkably fine individuals in many ways. They are cultured, brought up to understand and appreciate the classics and the arts, familiar with the current topics of the day, able business and public men, and intelligent to a high degree. But they cannot face a decision they know to be right, and they wash their hands publicly, meanwhile blaming circumstance. Society is

packed with Herods—men who live for sensation, thrill, excitement, and pleasure. Life to them must, if it is to satisfy, be a "terribly good time". They are the magnetic men found in every society, in every club, in every ball-room, on every golf course, and in every house-party. You find them as leaders in every government. They have one fault—they are not straight in their moral life and transgress their own religion. There are those who think that matters of human life and thought can be formulated as precisely as mathematics. Others criticise and tear down religion and build nothing constructive in its place. Some are without spiritual sensation. Sin, as Burns wrote:

". . . hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

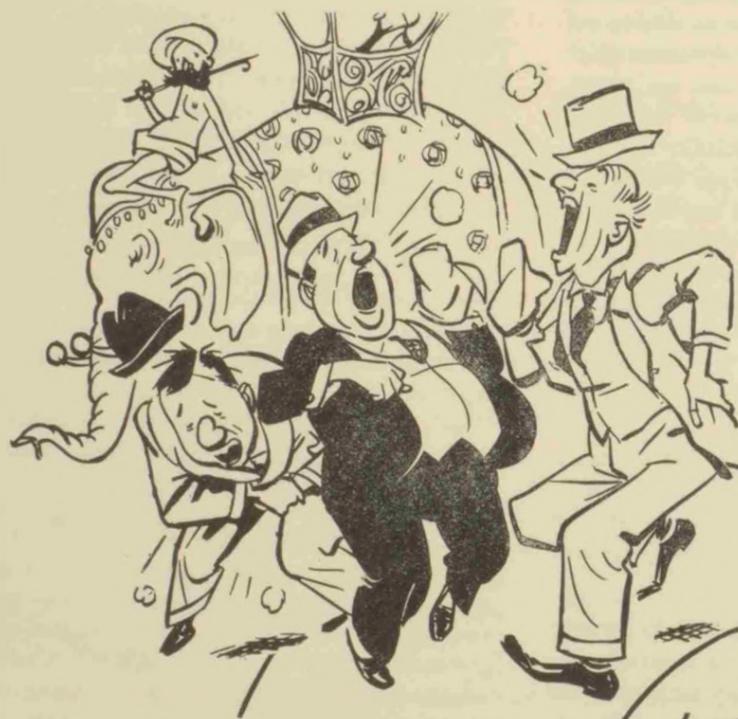
There are the mentally inert. Most people, and Englishmen perhaps especially, dislike hard thinking. They are unwilling to act upon such convictions as they possess. They say "I go", and go not. Still others sneer cynically—they lack reflection. The majority of our church-goers are hypocrites at heart and unaware of the fact.

Can I believe in a religion that to me is not a real, virile, and dynamic force in the people about me? Shall I take an active part in a religion hoping that one day a revealing light will shine? Can I believe in God without comprehension? They say you can. Is it self-delusion? Because religion keeps me close to ethical thinking shall I be a church-goer? Can I rely on books of thinkers and my own intellect to work out my salvation? Is the former or latter the surer foundation on which to build my life? That funny little silken thread that weaves a pattern of meaning in life: can I find an answer to it in religion? Shall I believe in a creed because it is beautiful and appeals to me, or because it seems right, judging by its consequences? Can one follow God logically to the end? Are my ideas so superficial that I cannot see reality?

There is only one thing to do; doubt everything. It is by meeting attacks that we gain victory, by doubting we gain conviction. As long as we refuse there remains a lurking uncertainty, a feeling that we may be wrong after all. That is what Tennyson meant when he said:

"There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

SOME PEOPLE ARE ALLERGIC TO ELEPHANT FUZZ



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The Cat

The self-centredness of a cat has often been unfavourably contrasted with the unselfish devotion of a dog. Yet there are certain aspects of this feline quality which are both pleasing and intriguing. Contemplate, for instance, a cat on a rug before an open fire, compactly curled or stretching in luxurious indolence. The animal is absorbed in its own well-being. But does not this concentration on its cosiness make it a perfect emblem of creature comfort? A dog in similar circumstances has one eye cocked on his master, and a bark in readiness for a passing foot outside the house. The cat in sleek complacency laps up the warmth of the fireside like cream.

Or consider another aspect of a cat's egoism. Puss is a born individualist. You fathom the thoughts of a dog as his eye meets yours with slavish adoration. But the inscrutable cat, like Iago, throws but a show of service on his lord. Whether blinking by the fire or roaming abroad, our velvet pawed pet is intent on his own designs. A healthy Tom is a scion of liberty. We call him domesticated, but in spirit he is untamed. A dog follows you at heel; a cat is a charter'd libertine. He may be only a miniature tiger, yet the blood of the jungle is in his veins. A house may afford him a temporary shelter, but he is a nomad at heart. His yowl at the dead of night is a diminuendo of a wild beast's hunting cry, yet of sufficient volume to drive sleep from the eyelids and evoke curses and brickbats. His phosphorescent eyes glitter in the moonlight. As he treads the paths of love and war, he is ready with resource of tooth and claw. His tail vibrates, not with the gentle pit-pat of a dog's affection, but as a symbol of the lithe energy of his sinuous body crouched for a spring.

And of what is our enigmatic pussy dreaming when he lies so placidly in the fire-light? Perhaps, as he suavely licks his whiskers, a faint flavour recalls a succulent fledgling or juicy titbit of a mouse that he has recently devoured. Alas! to them he has been "the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on." But I like to think that his mind rises above such gustatory pleasures. Unfathomable animal, he broods before my fire ageless and sphinx-like, compared to whom a mere dog is but a creature of yesterday.

Perchance his dream is of ancient mysteries, for the cat has been a central figure in religious and magical ceremonial of the remote past. It is true that in the Scriptures he finds no place. There is no mention of a cat in the canonical books of the Bible. Here the dog has precedence, though he has no reason to plume himself upon it. In the eyes of the Jew the dog was an unclean animal, and he is con-

stantly reviled. Wicked men are likened to the mongrel packs infesting the streets of Jerusalem. The Psalmist says that his enemies "grin like a dog and go about the city." The writer of the Apocalypse tells us that outside the gates of heaven are dogs and murderers. The apocryphal Tobit has the sole distinction in Jewish tradition of owning a pet dog.

Yet long before Israel came out of Egypt, the cat was given a prominent place in the religious observances of that country. Cats were domesticated in Egypt as early as 2500 B. C. Two goddesses, Pasht (from whom the name Puss may be derived), and Sekhmet were worshipped under the animal form of the cat. The ancient city of Bubastis was the centre of the adoration of these deities. The killing of a cat was regarded as sacrilege. When the temple cat died, the citizens went into deep mourning and shaved their eyebrows. There were cat cemeteries where thousands of the bodies of these animals were mummified. Bodies of cats were often enclosed in mummy cases of wood, or bronze, or clay. Many specimens of these may be seen in the British Museum. An idea of the extent of this practice may be gleaned from a curious incident of modern times. A speculator in Alexandria conceived the idea of selling the bodies of mummified cats as fertilizers. A cargo of 180,000 of these was landed in Liverpool in March 1890 and disposed of by auction. The auctioneer, in a vandalistic spirit that should have called down the plagues of Egypt upon his head, swung his hammer lustily on a specimen of mummified cat to punctuate his "going, going, gone", and knocked down the lot at the price of £3 13s. 9d. a ton.

As early as 2300 B. C., a proper name for a cat, Mait, the feminine form of Mau, appears on the monuments of Egypt. The Chinese name, Mao or Miu, evidently is akin. Both names may have had their origin in the sound of mewing.

From time immemorial the cat has been linked with practices of magic, and in particular with the superstition of witchcraft. It is the cat's nocturnal habits, and the baleful glare of his eyes that makes him, as Yeats has said, "the nearest kin of the moon", which are chiefly responsible for this association. "Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed", exclaims the first witch in Macbeth; but it is the black cat above all that is supposed to be in closest league with the powers of darkness. He is, par excellence, the familiar spirit of the witch. Frequently, the witch arrives at her ghoulish tryst mounted on a black cat, if she abandons the traditional broomstick. The cat may either be her

attendant or the embodiment of the witch when she assumes animal form. Cats, along with old women, have suffered throughout the ages on account of this deep-rooted superstition. They have been tortured and burnt. An old English inn sign reads:

The finest pastime that is under the sun
Is whipping the cat at Albrighton.

Shrovetide was in bygone days the favourite time for whipping a cat to death. At Aix in Provence, when the sun crossed the meridian in June, a cat was placed in a wicker basket, and thrown alive into an enormous bonfire which was kindled in the city square. Cat sacrifice, under the name of Taigheirm, survived in remote parts of the British Isles long after the middle ages. It is said to have been extant in the Hebrides till the middle of the eighteenth century.

The cat has been the star witness for the prosecution in many an infamous witch trial. The distinguished Puritan divine, Cotton Mather, in his account of the proceedings against witches at Salem in 1692, records, with full conviction of its truth, the so-called evidence of Robert Downer against Susanna Martin. The accuser testified:

The Night following as he lay in his Bed, there came in at the Window, the likeness of a Cat, which flew upon him, took fast hold of his Throat, lay on him a considerable while, and almost killed him. At length he remembered what Susanna Martin had threat'ned the Day before; and with much striving he cried out, "Avoid, thou She-Devil! In the Name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Avoid!" Whereupon it left him, leap'd on the Floor, and flew out at the Window.

Such was the trumpery which led to the putting to death of the wretched Susanna Martin along with some dozen other old crones.

Witches have been commonly regarded as priestesses of the moon, and the weird gleam of the eyes of the prowling cat at night caused ancient peoples to think that the cat

The Epicurean

I spend my wages every week
On liquor, love, and fun.
I won't be caught, my barns all builded,
When my life is done.
For what's the use of grain a-plenty
When a man lies cold and under ground?
But the blest remembrance of a kiss
Will surely make him sleep more sound.

Humphrey M. Porritt, B.A. '30

as well as the witch had a special affinity with the light and the phases of the moon. The Egyptians stated that the cat brought forth at birth first one kitten, at a later birth two, and so on up to seven. Her total progeny would then number twenty-eight, corresponding to the several degrees of light which appear during the moon's revolutions. Plutarch, commenting on this, writes:

Though such things may appear to carry an air of fiction with them, yet it may be depended upon, that the pupils of her eyes seem to fill up and to grow larger upon the full of the moon, and to decrease again, and diminish in their brightness on its waning.

Yeats has adopted this notion in his poem, "The Cat and the Moon."

Does Minnaloushe know that his pupils
Will pass from change to change,
And that from round to crescent,
From crescent to round they range?

Minnaloushe creeps through the grass
Alone, important and wise,
And lifts to the changing moon
His changing eyes.

Blest and banned, venerated and persecuted throughout the centuries, the cat dreams in the fire-light, and as we watch him we dream too. The incantation of the imagination conjures up shadowy forms, grotesque cat-headed deities of ancient Egypt and witches of the middle ages mounted on Graymalkin or Tibert. Then we return to homespun realism, and cosy puss becomes symbolic of intimate household pleasures, a cup of tea, a good book, an open fire — the atmosphere of home which gilds the even tenor of our days. But the embers burn low. The cat rises, claws the rug, and is ready to exhibit another side of his paradoxical nature. He steps out into the night, "for ever roaming with a hungry heart", and in doing so he keeps his secret still.

Pacifism

"Pacifism," he urged, "is not the answer. Pacifism means lying down and letting the enemy walk roughshod over your country. The only argument a tiger will heed is a shotgun." Good and humane men all over the world make statements like this in depreciation of pacifism, but they don't realize its implications.

First of all the obvious conclusion is that if pacifism is not, war is the answer. The strongest argument against such a contention is the war of 1914-18. Does any sane man today believe that the last war answered our problems? It has been pointed out to us so often what that war was meant to achieve and what it actually achieved. It was the war to make the world safe for democracy; we now have less democracy and more dictatorship in the world than we ever had. It was the war to end wars: the nations of the world are spending four times as much in preparation for the next struggle as they were in 1913. It was the war to make our lands fit for heroes to live in; one wit has suggested that this has in a way been achieved: conditions today in most lands are such that none but heroes can go on living and hoping amidst such widespread misery and suffering. It was the war to halt the imperial ambitions of a great power; today we have three great powers with imperialist leanings. It was the war to lay low the German menace; today Germany is more feared and is more threatening than at any other time in her history. It was the war that cost directly 10,000,000 lives and billions of dollars; as a result the Allies not only exhausted their opponents but themselves too. The outcome was, both victor and vanquished suffered the most devastating economic depression in recent times; victor and vanquished have been dogged by unemployment and poverty and their usual accompaniments: human degradation and suffering. Yet we, or some of us, are still unconvinced. "Pacifism is not the answer. The shotgun is."

"Pacifism means lying down and letting the enemy walk roughshod over your country." It means nothing of the sort. The pacifists at this very moment are the most active people in any country who are trying with might and main to remove the *known* causes that impel an "enemy" to "walk roughshod" over someone else's country. The Quakers are pacifists; when the hostilities to which they are always bitterly opposed break out, they don't lie down. They betake themselves to the "front" where they serve as ambulance drivers, doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers. Unlike

most other Christians at such times they refuse to forget their Christian tenets, especially the one about it being better to preserve life than to take it and the other concerning the brotherhood of man. Acting on the latter principle they render service just as freely and as generously to the so-called enemy as to their countrymen. This tendency of their's to follow Christ's teaching to the letter—(Act humanely towards your enemies; any one can act decently towards his friends)—this idiosyncrasy of their's wins them the censure of their fellow countrymen. However, the Quakers stand sturdily by their faith and insist on putting their Christianity before their country. The other pacifists don't do much lying down either. When hostilities are in full swing many of them have the audacity to hold rallies suggesting to their compatriots that the question could be settled without bloodshed, that war will not settle it, that the conflict is wrong on ethical, practical and humanitarian grounds. The only time these men lie down is when they get carted away to the hospital after being manhandled by an unruly crowd, or when they are snatched up by the police and bundled into jail as "disturbers of the peace". Among those who opposed the last great international "purge" there were some who actually did "lie down" once they were jailed. But it wasn't in order that the invader could "walk roughshod over their country". Their idea was that their refusal to do anything, their absolute non-cooperation necessitated the attention of one or more keepers who were thus prevented from joining the bloody mess going on elsewhere, and therefore were being prevented from killing or getting killed. You must note that the pacifist is not only violently opposed to his own extinction on so-called field of honour, but is violently opposed to the extinction of any other individual. Which brings us to a very common charge made against the pacifist.

"He doesn't like to fight and doesn't want to die for his country." First of all let us remember that most of the soldiers we encounter disclaim any love of fighting: "I don't like fighting any more than you do but . . ." In addition it is certain no soldier positively yearns to die. A. A. Milne asserts that not more than 5% of the soldiers of the last war (on either side) volunteered to fight; he suggests, not unfairly, that they went into action knowing there would be casualties but hoping naturally that the casualties would be, not themselves, but somebody else. In these two respects, therefore, the soldier and the pacifist do not differ greatly;

but the pacifist does differ greatly from the soldier in his refusing to *kill* for his country. This attitude on the part of the pacifist has been sadly overlooked. Bertrand Russell in his book, "Which Way to Peace?" writes as follows on this point: "Everyone thinks of the enemy as people who kill and of our own soldiers as people who face death: the one is brutal, the other heroic. It is remarkable that the relatives of soldiers always speak of their being 'ready to die for their country' and never of their being 'ready to kill for their country'."

Still the cry rings out: "The only argument a tiger will heed is a shotgun." True, very true—if you're dealing with tigers. But we deal with men in war, not tigers. We deal too, unfortunately, with the inevitable women, children and aged in war; these are even less "tigerish" than the men; but they will get dragged into the "argument". Is the shotgun, or what is more likely, its big brothers, the heavy artillery gun and the aerial torpedo necessary to make them "heed"? The trouble is that militarists are such amaz-

ingly romantic people. They refuse to face ugly facts and clothe them in vague phrases about the tiger and the shotgun; or the "pouring out of the blood-red wine of youth", thereby envisioning some splendid youth dying a clean, beautiful and painless death. Eyewitnesses of how death really comes to youth in a mudhole are not so finicky but refer brutally to "a screaming youth tripping over his own entrails"; and "a ghastly mask of a face floating in a mudhole; it has detached itself from the skull." But horror will not alone prevent men from warring; our task, Sir Norman Angell says, is "rather of intellectual clarification". We must make it perfectly clear to men that war is not inevitable, nor God-ordained but man-produced; that it has specific causes which are known; that if we will but work together those causes can be removed. As Sir Norman states: "It is not a question of moral intent, but of intellectual error. War does not arise because consciously wicked men take a course which they know to be wrong but because good men on both sides pursue a course which they believe to be right."

Winterbound

Along the unroaded air
comes the careless wind
with a rebel in its breast,
blowing the smoky snow
out of the clouded west.

Invisible hands erect
a mountainous fence of snow
upon the window-sill,
blocking my daily view
of the spruce on Moulton Hill.

The tattered cowl of winter
is drawn over the head of the hill,
and the lonely Massawippi
twists like a silver thread
through a grey-black tapestry.

And here am I winterbound
by a thousand taunting spirits
of the fading Hunger Moon,
peering with their white eyes
into my darkened room.

Leon Adams

What's The Matter With Bishop's?

It cannot be denied that we of the democracies have now to face reality even if we have avoided facing it for years. We now must prove our ability to make democracy work efficiently as a force powerful enough to combat the influence of totalitarianism. We must admit that our economic system, on which our whole society depends, is not working and cannot be made to work without a huge amount of unemployment, poverty and malnutrition. That is a plain statement and but one illustration of the situation in which we find ourselves. An even more tragic fact at this dark moment of history is that capitalism brings imperialism or the struggle for foreign markets in its train, for if there are no further markets to be found the economic system must founder. Ah, but we can still have the good old capitalism of the 19th century, in a modified form of course, by resorting to fascism, simply a device by which those in control of society maintain their hold for a while longer. The situation which I have so vaguely outlined should be enough to make men and women think, and think hard, indeed think for their lives.

Yet, as the whole rotten mess crumbles upon us in war and foul social conditions, we of Bishop's complacently look on, do nothing about it, and betray no apparent signs of concern. We seem much like contented cows, oblivious of the slaughter to which they are soon to be led. One hears that the C. O. T. C. regained some life and vigour after Munich but even that militant organization appears to be in need of rejuvenation and strengthening before it can face inspection. It is manifest that we are not, generally speaking, in touch with reality. We know neither the life of men, nor the Ultimate Reality which is God. The nature of both God and man appears to us only in a vague, undefined way. Our religion appears to be confined to compulsory attendance at chapel and our interest in life to the reading of lewd magazines, drinking of beer at the G, drinking of tea in professors' houses, bull sessions, and so on. Perhaps this is being too narrow, but it should, at least, be perfectly clear that we live in a world so full of misery and disease and sin that something should be done about it and that we're the fellows who should be doing it. Needless to say, our first job is to think the matter through. That doesn't mean seeing red when anyone speaks frankly or even, most amazing of all, if someone discovers an original idea. (All original ideas are marked suspect, you know, for original ideas may not always be respectable.)

We must all of us, if we think at all, be exceedingly conscious of this fact that the sacrifices of many past generations have made it possible for us to enjoy the benefits of a university education. We must also be conscious of the fact that were it not for the millions of men, women and children who work their life out in industry and agriculture, we privileged ones could not enjoy the relative luxury of life at Bishop's. Under the present organization of society, the work of the many make the profits for a few who are lucky enough to enjoy them. We have, then, a great debt which we owe to society and particularly to those underprivileged ones who make it possible for us to be educated. That is undoubtedly true of all university people and should be realized by us even if we are members of a diminutive institution. Much is expected by God and by society from those to whom much is given. *Noblesse oblige.*

A university is expected to provide research and leadership for the community. One fears that our generation at Bishop's is failing, and failing miserably. This is the hour and this is the place but where, oh where, is the action? Are we afraid even to think?

It is true that the Townships are generally regarded as most conservative. Yet Bishop's is so divorced from the English community in the district we are forced to admit that we cannot put the blame for the situation on our environment. It may be our isolation which is undoubtedly "splendid". Indeed we're proud of it, as of everything we have, good or bad. "My country right or wrong." Yet here we must seek truth. It appears that we are in that complacent position of muddled thinking and reactionary conservatism which so easily becomes incipient fascism. For some months now we have been able to describe the tone of Bishop's as semi-fascist. Of course, it is in keeping with much of what passes for thought in this province. Now, surely, all this is a serious matter and thought-provoking enough.

You men and women who have read thus far are certainly to be admired. If you call this a tirade or a milk-and-water composition (and it could be described fairly as either), that is of no interest to me but I hope it will make you think! I have been utterly frank, but why not? Here am I, a native of the Townships who call Bishop's Alma Mater, and I criticize. If I have a spark of affection for this little world what else can I do? It is a time for self-

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criticism. It is a time for hard thinking. It is a time for action. We owe much to society past and present.

I happen to be in charge of the souls of about 150 people who are facing realities which most of us in college simply could not face for sheer lack of courage. These people are merely representative of a vast number of people in all parts of the world who are experiencing untold misery and suffering because of the sins of men, because of an economic system which has ceased to work properly, because of the greed and selfishness and complacency and ignorance of

men. My correspondence and recent contacts in various parts of this continent reflect what is apparent enough in our newspapers, that there is growing ever greater a feeling of uneasiness and fear not only at the prospect of the worst of all wars, not only at the increasingly bad social conditions of our people, but a feeling of utter despair that our whole western civilization is coming to an end. In a crisis like this, what's the matter with Bishop's? She is certainly *not* all right!

The Dramatic Society Presents - -

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-26, this Society will present "Laburnum Grove" by J. B. Priestley—a modern comedy that has charmed the discerning theatre-goer on both sides of the Atlantic. In London it ran for over a year, and the New York critics in 1935 found it to be "one of the smartest and most delicately written plays of the season", that "fascinates and baffles the audience", and "mixes mirth with mystery".

To quote the weekly newsmagazine "Time" for January 28, 1935: ". . . cheerful novelist Priestley . . . is likely to make another fortune from the stage on the strength of his discovery that a playwright can get by with a few unpretentious tricks and a couple of good characters. For the characters of Bernard Baxley and George Radfern in Laburnum Grove, Playwright Priestley may be forgiven almost any of his dramatic shortcomings.

"Bernard Baxley (Melville Cooper), late of Singapore ('a man's life!'), has . . . a wolfish gait, greying hair and a small paunch. Constantly engaged in a verbal scimmage with his dowdy wife, he eats bananas all day long, wears dirty golf clothes and is a sponger by habit.

"Mr. Baxley is known as 'The Rajah' to his brother-in-law, Mr. Radfern (Edmund Gwenn). John Bull himself, Radfern has a face like the man in the moon, a way of smacking his lips over ham and cheese, an air of honest living. An established householder in Laburnum Grove, Shooters Green, a North London suburb, George Radfern seems as respectable a citizen as George V until he blandly informs the family circle that for years he has been carrying on a private system of inflation with homemade money. First result of this announcement is to rid the home of the trifling in-laws and another pompadoured loafer who has been hanging around Radfern's daughter and trying to bor-

row money from her father to go into the second-hand automobile business.

"What happens thereafter is between Scotland Yard and George Radfern, Playwright Priestley and his audience. . ."

The twelve Little Theatre players who make up the cast are shaping well under the expert direction of Mr. George Dickson-Kenwin, Toronto producer.

The part of Radfern is filled by Hector Belton, experienced at Bishop's and in Winnipeg. He will be remembered for his part in the one-act play "Drums of Oude." Vivian Parr (Mrs. Radfern) made her name in "Wayside War" and "The Admirable Crichton" of the '36-'37 season, and as Helen Pettigrew in "Berkley Square".

Bernard Baxley is played by Albert Baldwin, a newcomer to the Bishop's stage, and his sparring partner, Mrs. Baxley, by June Graham, who did such excellent character work in the one-act plays this season and last.

Marjorie Morrison, of "Ici on Parle Français" fame, plays Elsie Radfern and her "pompadoured loafer" is Rex Nickson, Harold Russ, who came to the Little Theatre last autumn from Westmount.

Radfern's hardboiled henchman is played by Tony Carlyon, Scotland Yard is represented by Patrick Boyle, and the local police force by Hugh Mackenzie. These three were first introduced to Little Theatre patrons in this season's one-act plays.

The stage management will again be in the competent hands of Geoff Murray. He hopes to have the stage arrangements complete by the end of the Easter holidays so that the cast will have a good week for final polishing.

Good entertainment will be available on the nights of April 24-26! Don't miss "Laburnum Grove".

Is Youth Going To The Dogs?

It seems that the question "Is youth going to the dogs?" has been finally settled. According to an article in the last issue of the *Mitre* it is not only going but has definitely arrived and there is little that can be done about it. Like most destructive critics, your contributor does not suggest a remedy for the situation which he so eloquently deplors. According to his findings, young people of the present day are all "slightly psychopathic" or "definitely neurotic" or both. Also, he brings forward the amazing idea that the neurotic and psychopathic states of which he complains begin at the age of eighteen and end at twenty-one. One suspects that your contributor has but recently attained this latter age of wisdom.

During an experience of many years in which it has been my duty (I almost said privilege) to deal with young people in matters of instruction and discipline, I have not found that all foolishness begins at eighteen, nor all wisdom at the age of twenty-one. In fact it is simply stupid to suggest that such a short space of time has much to do with the wisdom or foolishness of an individual unless the person concerned should be subjected to some very extraordinary experience. One would think on reading the article mentioned above that youth of the present day differs greatly from anything that has ever gone before. My own opinion is that young people of today are much the same as they were in days of tandem bicycles and mutton leg sleeves. True, there have been some changes on the surface, but it seems to me that these have been for the better rather than for the worse.

It might be interesting to note a few of the differences between the young people of the "gay nineties" and following decade and those of the present time. The average college student of thirty or forty years ago was, I believe, more studious than the present generation, that is, he spent more time at his books. But this fact is explained if we remember that the percentage of young people attending our colleges was much smaller than it is now, and that the more bookish were apt to be chosen to enter the so-called "higher learning"! But these same studious young people were far more narrow-minded than those in our colleges today. No interest was taken in politics beyond questions of a local nature, and scarcely any student was interested in psychology or economics beyond the formal study of the classroom.

Today all this is different, and it is not rare to find at some "bull session" a lively discussion of foreign politics, Russian Communism, Fascism, or local economic problems. Of course, the lighter always mixes with the more serious in most unexpected ways, but discussions are not all confined to "hops", "binges" and sex subjects as your contributor would have us believe. Again, young people now engage in sport for its own sake much more than formerly. I have watched the growth of sport in this college for a long time, and although there is sometimes a tendency to allow games to occupy too large a place, the results of increased activity in this sphere have been extremely beneficial to the whole college. Today, too, the young people are much more free in their social relations. I can remember when the demure co-eds stole in through the principal's house to the classrooms, but never spoke to a male student until properly introduced, while today—well, today things are different, and, I believe, better. But all these differences are really only superficial. I suspect that there is not a very wide difference between the youths of our time and those of Plato's age when training in athletics coupled with aesthetic and intellectual studies was the ideal. The same courage, light-heartedness and curiosity about life were characteristic of the youth of the gay nineties and, it may be, of the Athenian age. Indeed, it is probably true that present day youth does not need a champion at all. If it does, it finds one in Dean Manchester of the University of Minnesota, when in his "Saturday Letter" to his students he says:

"Why must we constantly work on the false premise that youth is flaming and middle age is flickering—that twenty-year-olds raise the roof while fifty-year-olds collect stamps—that youngsters break rules and gray heads put the pieces back in place again—that as far as advice is concerned boys and girls must always be on the receiving end and the fallen-arch crowd always on the transmitting end? . . . One of the tragedies of organized education is that we bring young men and women to a peak of ambition, training, enthusiasm, and skill and then turn them loose into a social set-up in which there is little chance to carry through on the levels they have reached. Let us remember that we must open roads that lead up rather than down for twenty-year-olds, and that most twenty-year-olds are flaming only in their desires to attain the finest things life has to offer."

Montreal To Los Angeles By Air

At eight-thirty a.m., a beautifully-appointed Cadillac sedan left the Mount Royal Hotel for St. Hubert airport. After a brief delay for customs' examination, we boarded a fourteen-passenger Douglas DC-2, of Canadian Colonial Airways, and took off for Newark, N. J., the present air terminal for New York City. Before the take-off, safety belts were fastened, and all cigarettes were extinguished, but after we reached a few hundred feet, our movements were practically unrestricted.

The crew consisted of the pilot, the co-pilot, and an efficient and attractive stewardess. These people seem to lead a very easy life; they never work more than four hours at one time, and during the whole trip we had five different crews.

The flight to Newark was interesting, but uneventful, except for the freezing of the heating system. The temperature in the cabin dropped to thirty above zero, but the stewardess plied us with hot chocolate, and covered us with blankets, and kept us fairly warm. There were only three passengers, and not minding the cold, we didn't stop at Albany, as the pilot suggested.

From the time the American border was reached we followed the Hudson River the whole way to Newark. We passed over Albany, the race tracks of Saratoga, West Point, and Sing Sing prison. We had to keep some distance from the last, lest one of us should attempt to rescue a prisoner or two. At Newark Airport we were again examined by the customs, and then driven to New York where we found it expedient to stay overnight.

The plane was held twenty-four hours because of weather "below the standards of the Civil Aeronautics Authority and American Airlines." This entire period was spent in drinking vodka, and listening to a balalika orchestra at a Russian restaurant.

At ten forty-five p.m., two days after our arrival, we boarded the Mercury at Newark. It was a tremendous ship with a ninety-five foot wingspread, and two motors of 1100 h.p. each. It seated twenty-eight by day and had berths for fourteen at night. The official name was the Flagship Skysleeper "Illinois", and it was a Douglas DST. I know that the three names must sound rather confusing, but there they are.

We took off into a windy, rainy night, and shortly after leaving the ground the wheels retracted into their wells in the motor housings. At a cruising speed of two hundred miles per hour we made our way to Washington, and arrived there in about one hour. The Capitol was very impressive by night, and brilliantly illuminated.

As soon as we left Washington we commenced a climb to fifteen thousand feet to avoid the bad weather and adverse headwinds below us. We broke through the overcast at eleven thousand feet and climbed for a few minutes longer.

The view was breathtaking. A three-quarter moon was off our starboard wing, and the air was so clear and gave one the impression of such vast emptiness that it seemed possible to look half-way round the earth. The moon glinted dully off the silver-white of the wing and the precise curve of the engine housing. Later, when the moon was somewhat lower, the propellor, which had been almost invisible, became an iridescent circle of pale white light. Below us the clouds, like monstrous puffs of bluish cotton, were slipping past



at more than three miles a minute; now and again, through a rift in the cumulus, we could see tiny patches of light coming from the towns over which we were passing, and which seemed an infinity away.

Clouds are queer; they look so beautiful when one is above them, but when flying through them, they are like part of a thick, unattractive fog. If the temperature is low enough, pulsating rubber de-icers along the leading edges of wing and tail assemblies, and a thin film of oil flung over the surface of the air-screws guard against the formation of ice. "Stuffed Clouds" are the most dangerous of all; they are clouds concealing mountains. A single stuffed cloud is all one ever meets.

For most of the night flight, we were entirely out of touch with anything earthly. This type of flying gives one a feeling of the most complete and absolute detachment. At two a.m., when the subdued but unending whine of the motors had made me drowsy, the stewardess made up my berth, and more or less put me to bed, quite drunk with beauty.

We made two more landings that night, at Memphis and Nashville, and it was only in descending from great heights that we noticed any discomfort. Our ears felt somewhat uncomfortable, and this feeling could be removed only by continued swallowing. However, after doing this vigorously for two or three minutes, we had nothing more to swallow, and just gulped miserably and ineffectively until we reached the ground. On the newest planes, not yet in commercial operation, the cabins are kept at constant pressure. The soundproofing in all the ships is remarkable; one can talk audibly in whispers, if so inclined.

The first daylight stop was made at Fort Worth, Texas, in which town the local citizenry periodically dress up like cowboys and have a fiesta to the immense amusement of the local tribe of Navajos. A few miles west of Fort W. we were served a large and inviting breakfast. Being very hungry, I was foolish enough to have two meals at the same time. This would have had no untoward effect if the air over Texas and New Mexico had not been particularly bumpy, but unfortunately a dust storm was in progress below and we encountered severe headwinds which necessitated fastening our safety belts for about half the time. The outcome of it all was that somewhere east of El Paso I went into the two by two by six-and-a-half washroom, and was very ill. A most humiliating experience in a surprisingly orderly manner. This was no mean feat, since

Star-Blind

The snow lies glistening soft upon the roof-tops,
That sleep there far below this spectre-hill;
The city contemplates in hushed white silence
The shadows of us two, so strangely still.

Oh, brave are we, and breathless in our dreaming,
Where stars trail snow-clouds down the misting sky—
This hour so fleet is, it should hardly suffer
The blasphemy of word or soft-breathed sigh.

We cast a soundless challenge to the shadows
And lift our thirsty faces in the light
Of dimly-haloed moon, while stillness whispers
An everlasting promise through the night.

The breeze awakened stirs with vague foreboding,
Disturbed by dreams of stormy heights afar—
Why do I tremble that your eyes are seeking
The rainbow-radiance of a distant star?

Vivian Parr

the air was still very rough. One particularly bad bump wedged me into the ceiling for about two minutes, but I managed to keep everything under control.

The flight over Texas was unbelievably monotonous, with nothing but an occasional alkali lake to relieve the tiresome endlessness of the parched brown mess. We came next to El Paso, then to Phoenix, where we saw the first orange groves. The continental divide was very impressive, as were the mountains surrounding Los Angeles, which we came upon immediately west of Palm Springs. We slipped through the pass just under the clouds, and passed over the race tracks of Santa Anita at sundown.

A few moments later the wing flaps were lowered, the wheels let down, and the navigation lights turned on, and ahead we could see the beacon and red boundary lights of Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale, California.

The comfort experienced in air travel is unbelievable, especially on American Airlines and Canadian Colonial Airways, which have the highest reputations possible. On the sleeper planes, the berths are more comfortable than those of a pullman and nothing is left to be desired. To quote from an American Airlines postcard: "Live aloft and like it . . . in a 200-mile-an-hour 'room with a view'". Surprisingly, there's no sensation of height or speed. You feel no connection with the earth—except as an exalted spectator.

On Canadian Artists

The following article from the Globe and Mail is reprinted here at the request of Mr. Milton Blackstone of the Hart House String Quartet. In a letter to us he says:

"If you can possibly find the space to reprint the enclosed article in your valuable columns, you will greatly contribute to remedy a much-publicized problem, which is causing grave concern—not only to the Canadian artist, but also to many public-spirited citizens throughout the Dominion who share the views I have expressed."

Remembering the delightful performance given here at Bishop's late last fall by the Hart House Quartet and the enthusiastic reception given it by the students, we are only too glad to be of some small assistance in this important problem facing Canadian music.

Another response to The Globe and Mail's campaign to encourage the engagement of a reasonable proportion of Canadian artists by Canadian concert-givers, is published below in a letter from Mr. Milton Blackstone, violist of the far-famed Hart House String Quartet. His wide experience in Canada and many other countries amply qualifies him to speak with authority on this subject.

Dear Dr. Mason:

"Regarding your article championing the cause of Canadian artists, I am sending you the following observations. I refer, of course, to artists of international recognition, or who have earned the general approval of their community. Such will surely give satisfaction, and deserve careful consideration from Canadians who book attractions. My conclusions are:

"1. The number of Canadian engagements available to Canadians is not wholly determined by professional booking-agencies or by the Canadian artists themselves. The final decision rests with committees of Canadian music clubs and concert courses. Theirs is the power to select or reject all artists who come into consideration for appearance under their auspices, and they can, if they choose, insist upon the inclusion of some Canadians, at least.

"2. Art is international, so are trade and commerce. Canadian commerce is protected from foreign competition by means of tariffs, but Canadian artists have no protection from any foreign competitor. Yet one practical form of 'protection' which they might and should have is the visioned support of those public-spirited, culturally minded Canadian citizens who act on artist-selecting committees of Community Concert and Canadian Concert Associations,

Women's Music Club courses or other similar organizations.

"3. Although Canadian artists cannot expect, nor do they desire, a monopoly of the Canadian concert field, one engagement for Canadians in every concert series would greatly help to solve their problem. Surely this is not too much to expect of those who have the power to help build up a national musical culture and a true appreciation of Canadian music.

"4. There is another aspect of the situation. At present, these artist-selecting committees are greatly influenced in their choice of unknown foreign soloists or ensembles through the glamorous build-ups given them by the highly paid press agents of the United States concert bureaus, yet they often suffer disappointment and regret when these performances fail to live up to their marvelous advance publicity.

"5. On the other hand, concert agencies in Canada and the United States are purely business enterprises, and must produce dividends for their shareholders. Whatever sells most easily, giving the largest turnover at the highest profit, is of paramount interest to any business, regardless of its artistic merits.

"6. Therefore, since agencies act primarily as salesmen of the artists' services, and, since sales depend upon the enthusiasm of the salesmen, it is necessary, in order to ensure their maximum interest, for Canadian artists to maintain closer and more friendly personal relations with Canadian and American agencies.

"7. But, it may be asked, 'Has Canada produced artists of a quality comparable to many foreign artists brought here from the United States?' Decidedly, yes! One scarcely realizes the number of young, unrecognized musicians of outstanding merit residing throughout the Dominion, but especially in the Province of Quebec, where young people of exceptional talent are sent by the Quebec Government to further their studies in Paris, returning to Canada as first-rate artists. Caesar said: 'Better to be first in a little Iberian village than to be second in Rome.' There are Canadian musicians who have rejected positions of highest honour abroad in order to devote their lives and talents to advancing the cause of Canada's music. Perhaps, some day, with the support of Canada's music-lovers and patrons of the arts, this farsighted group of idealists will make 'Rome' out of their 'little Iberian villages.'

Sincerely yours,

Milton Blackstone.

Sonata Appassionata

The last faint rays of afternoon sunlight filtered through the ivy leaves outside the open French window, forming curious patterns on the couch on which Sylvia lay. For an hour the odd, square patch of light had been moving slowly across the coverlet but it would soon disappear now. From the garden came the plaintive notes of a swallow calling a "good night" to his mate.

The family had known for some time that Sylvia would not get better; could not get better; and now they knew that at last she was slipping away from them. And Sylvia knew it. Scarcely moving, hardly speaking, they waited, John, her brother standing at the foot of the couch with his arm around their mother, her father kneeling beside her with one of her soft, delicate hands held in his. Paul, her other brother, would arrive from London later in the evening.

When they had brought her back from the hospital a week ago knowing that she could not recover, Sylvia had asked to be left in the living room. Lying here with the French windows opened she could look out into the garden where she used to putter around in the morning sunshine with the rose bushes and delphinia. Around her, on the walls, were the landscapes she had painted under old François' coaching. Across the room was the piano where she had spent so many hours, sometimes by herself, sometimes with Garth.

How strange it was that one's whole life could seem to revolve around a single inanimate object like that! But it was true in her case, especially during the past year or two. Even in high school days no one knew how she used to pour out in music innumerable thoughts and feelings of which she could speak to no human being she knew. How she had struggled to express in music the sorrows and joys which she was beginning to glimpse in the compositions of Beethoven! And it was through this piano that she had come to know Garth, and it was here that he sat the last time she had seen him.

Knowing his sister's passion for Beethoven's music, Paul had brought Garth home with him one evening to play for her. His striking appearance and his manner, direct and at the same time aloof, intrigued her, and she had invited him to come back again. In her own mind she had christened him "The Byron of the Piano." Garth came to the house often after that, sometimes sitting silent almost the whole evening, sometimes playing as though his very soul had been starved for music.

At first he had appeared to Sylvia almost as a cynic. Yet she often watched him as he began to play and it

seemed, once his fingers began to move over the keyboard, that the power of his own music would carry him away from the present into another sphere. Then the lines of his mouth would relax and the expression of his eyes soften until his very appearance seemed to change. When he had finished he would turn, looking almost embarrassed, as if he had been telling a stranger of his own life, his hopes and fears, and his sorrows. And then, in a second, he was back into his old self.

Alone in the parlor late one afternoon he had sat down at the piano and after a few preliminary chords began to play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata." Entering just as he had begun Sylvia stood motionless behind him, listening to the immense tragedy of the first movement, played as she had never heard it played before. Swept along by its growing tide of feeling to the inevitable conclusion, they both were left silent.

Now, at last, she understood those lines around his mouth and his strange silences; now she saw him as he really was, with the mask that he wore to the rest of the world set aside. Not wishing to break in upon his mood she hesitated, then gently placing her hand on his arm she spoke: "Only a man who had suffered could have written that. And only one who has suffered greatly could have played it—that way. Forgive me for listening. I didn't know at the beginning, and then when I did I just had to stay, I couldn't help it."

Startled, he looked up, obviously struggling to mask the expression that had come over his face. But he was too late. She had seen the real Garth, the Garth that so few people had ever seen. She had heard him in the most expressive of languages, speaking of things which never in all his life he had put into words. Looking squarely into her eyes for a moment, he hesitated, then shyly almost, he took the hand that rested on his shoulder and folded it into his own.

How quickly the following year had passed for both of them! Now consciously in love they spent more time together than ever. Occasionally they would walk miles through the country, but most of their time together they spent at the piano and then, as suddenly as he had come into Sylvia's life, Garth vanished.

They had been for a long walk one afternoon, and he had hardly spoken all the way. On their return, she had tried to persuade him to play her favourite sonata for her (he had been sitting at the piano idly running over a few vague phrases), but he would not. It was time for him

to go, he had said, but before he went she made him promise that he would play it the next time that he came. Sylvia had remembered that promise—she remembered it now. But Garth had not come back.

* * *

Sylvia herself was the first to notice him as he stood there looking at them from the shadows just inside the French window. Not one of them had heard him approaching along the path or heard his step as he entered. Motionless, he stood there for a moment or two, and then in reply to Sylvia's almost inaudible "Garth", he slowly crossed to the couch, unconscious, apparently, of the family gathered around her.

Feebly raising her hand to him Sylvia smiled faintly. "Oh Garth," she whispered, "I knew that you would come back before it was too late."

For a moment he made as if to take her hand in his but checking himself, he drew back almost imperceptibly. Looking down at her he said in a very low voice, "I'm sorry, Sylvia". A pause; and again, "I'm sorry."

Their eyes met for a moment, neither speaking further; then turning away silently, he crossed to the piano.

Never had Garth played the "Sonata Appassionata" as he played it now. Surely it's truest and deepest meaning had not been more clear to the composer than it seemed to be to the man who sat there at the piano. All the longing and sorrow of the past year of separation he seemed to pour out in the tragedy of the first movement. Swiftly the growing rush of sound seemed to tell of all the bitter sadness of life, being swept along to its irrevocable end. Silence. Then, slowly, came the unutterable calm of the second movement—the simple variations following a deep, slow theme seemed to tell of the infinite peace of a life after death.

Suddenly the music stopped, a phrase unfinished. The player turned. Sylvia still wore the same faint, sad smile, brightened for the moment by the small patch of sunlight which had moved up until it now covered her face. As he crossed the dim room the sunlight faded. But the smile was still there. It could not fade—now. Looking at her he smiled himself and, then, without a word to the family, he was gone.

Alone now, John and his mother and father stood silent looking at the still figure on the couch. Softly weeping his mother said, "For Sylvia's sake I'm so glad that he did come back. Even at the last, I'm sure she still hoped he would come, somehow, for no matter how he had treated her, she still loved him. And nothing we could have done would have meant so much to her as that. How he could possibly have known, I can't imagine, but—I'm glad that he came."

After she had gone the two men looked at each other

for several minutes. Then the father spoke. "I'm glad, too, for her sake. Although I must say that I certainly did not expect to see him. And I can't say that I particularly wanted to see him after treating Sylvia as he did. But I can't understand how he knew, or how could he have reached here if he did know? Paul said that he was in Paris somewhere."

Standing looking out into the garden, John turned to his father. "Say nothing of this to mother," he said, "but that man who played was not Garth."

In reply to his father's exclamation of surprise he went on. "I thought that's who it was at first, too, until he went over to look at Sylvia. Then I had my first good look at him. Do you remember those lines around Garth's mouth? Well, they were not there. That face was certainly not Garth's face."

"I don't think you ever knew it, but Garth has a brother that really looks startlingly like him—I met him once in London when Paul introduced us. Paul knows him well. This brother was very much cut up, evidently, when Garth left Sylvia, and often used to ask Paul about her. And only this afternoon some one 'phoned the nurse to ask about Sylvia's condition."

"The answer, I think, is right there. He knew of Garth's promise and took a chance on the faint light to pass himself off as Garth, waiting in the garden until it was dim enough for him to come in. He knew what it would mean to Sylvia if Garth came back, and he risked making himself an awful fool to make Garth appear more of a man, and to make her happier at the end. That was why he took no notice, whatever, of us."

Paul arrived home later that evening. Their parents having retired the two brothers sat up talking. John related what had occurred earlier in the evening and told Paul of his theory regarding Garth's brother.

Paul listened attentively until his brother had finished. Then, thinking a moment, he began, "That certainly was a sporting thing for anyone to do. But it was not Garth's brother. True, it was Garth's brother who phoned the nurse, but he did it from London—he was there all day. I saw him this afternoon on his way to the airport—he had cabled Garth in Paris and told him to fly over at once."

Not speaking. John sat watching his brother's face intently. A pause. Then, "What time did you say Sylvia died?"

"Just about seven-thirty."

"Just about seven-thirty. John, tonight at ten past seven, Garth was killed when his plane crashed landing at Croydon airport."

Shades of Sylvia Pankhurst

Have the Co-eds of Bishop's finally come to life? Have they finally decided that they wish to become persons of importance around this beloved old pile of red bricks? It is hard to believe after all these years, but there it is before our very eyes in the last issue of the *Mitre*—the Co-eds no longer wish to be nonentities. How quaintly feminine! How typical of exponents of the Pankhurstian gospel! The Co-eds want something—want it badly, evidently—but haven't the vaguest idea of what it is. In this manifesto of female emancipation we find three things; an appeal for self-government under the direction of another governing body, an appeal for co-operation on the part of the men students in joint activities, and finally, an exhortation to the women to rise up and assert themselves.

Perhaps we have missed the point altogether. Perhaps through our masculine obtuseness we have been unable to follow the intricacies of feminine reasoning through to their ultimate conclusion. In any case, we ask simply this, that no matter how this effort may strike the super-sensitive female nature, it may be borne in mind that this article is intended as an attempt to assist the suffragettes along the road to emancipation.

In an attempt to clarify the situation somewhat, may we first outline briefly the theory of student government, and in the light of fuller knowledge attempt to solve some of the problems presenting themselves to the minds of our militant female students. The Students' Association, the organization of the male students, annually elects the board known as the Students Executive Council whose duty it is to direct the extra-mural activities of the students, finding its authority in a written constitution. This Council has the authority to legislate for the Association and for nothing else; matters pertaining to the government of women students are not covered by it although it admits the existence and prerogative of a "Constitution of the Women's Student's Association". The charter of the Dramatic Society stipulates that at least one member of the Dramatic Executive shall be a woman but does not limit their membership on the board to one. The president has the power to add more if he sees fit. Likewise the *Mitre* Board provided for a minimum of three women students, the Lady Editor being selected by the popular vote of the Co-eds. In other activities in which both groups take part but which come under the supervision of the Students' Council, it is customary to give the women a share in the management.

Parallel to the men's organization is the Women's Student's Association which, like the former, elects its own

executive board and which has power, constitutionally, to legislate on all matters under its supervision. Like its male counterpart it has no power to govern outside its own field. It is an autonomous body unfettered by the surveillance of the Men's Association and is free to formulate and carry out any policy it sees fit, subject only to the approval of the college authorities. The women students have complete control of their own sports and if they wish to establish separate debating, dramatic, and literary boards they are free to do so.

From this brief resumé it should be reasonably clear that the powers of each group are parallel and that the women have complete control of their own government and sports. It follows naturally that if there is inefficiency in one organization, the blame rests entirely within itself and only action on the part of the women can rectify it. The men are willing to give what assistance they can but they can do very little unless they take over the running of the whole women's organization—a situation which would probably be equally distasteful to both parties concerned.

In the matter of women's athletics a plea is made for the recognition of team and individual ability by the giving of awards. Here again the solution lies entirely with the Women's Association. If the Co-eds wish to give awards what is to prevent them? It is not in the province of the men's athletic committee to grant awards to the Co-eds. The men have a system of awards which the women may adopt provided only that the design of the actual award be changed. Surely the most obvious way to finance the support of teams in organized leagues is to raise the athletic fees to the same level as those of the men.

In reply to the suggestion that there should be a closer co-operation between the two groups, may we suggest the obvious reply by citing one or two recent instances wherein the men made definite attempts along this line. Early last term the Students' Council called a joint meeting of the two executives with the result that four of the eight women on the Co-eds' executive did not bother to appear. Need we recall the attendance of the Co-eds at the joint Association meeting last year?

Much the same spirit of co-operation extends into the field of joint activities. How unpredictable is the female temperament! An effort to bring the Co-eds into debating last term aroused such a storm of feminine wrath that the idea has been dropped. For reasons unknown to us only two Co-eds have this year found the *Mitre* worthy of their literary creations. But, in dramatics and badminton we

find them only too anxious to participate; are we being cynical if we suggest that there are obvious reasons? This year the Co-eds thought it would be a nice idea if there were some form of entertainment at the college for those not asked to the formal dance. Result: the Women's Representative on the Council worked like a slave to organize the party for them and when it did materialize the very people who had suggested it found it beneath their dignity to attend. Such incidents could be multiplied but these are quite sufficient to indicate in what direction the lack of co-operation lies.

It was definitely a pleasant surprise to many of the male students to see the constitution of the Women's Student's Association appear in print this winter, mistakes and all. Last year when the Senior man undertook to revise it, it was impossible for a long time even to find a written copy. Finally one was unearthed by a member of the Men's Executive and the process of revision was begun. With the work partially completed the women, in a spirit of co-operation, lost interest, and so the matter was dropped.

The suggestion is made that the Co-eds be allowed a greater share in student government. Does this mean government of the men by the women and for the women?

Letter To The Editor

Sir:

Although I did receive my February issue of the *Mitre* nearer the end of March than the 10th of February, it was still very welcome and eagerly read from cover to cover. One article especially "Will She Always be a Nonentity" caught my interest because of its relation to something with which I had a connection last year. There are a few things which, I think, should be added in order to make this new "co-ed consciousness" more vivid and show how (I don't know why) this interest has sprung up so suddenly.

As was mentioned in the above article our Senior Man last year renovated and revitalized the constitution of the Women's Association with the help of some of the Women's Council. He was very interested in the venture and it was entirely through his initiative that anything was done at all. At the same time he tried to get the co-eds to organize into some sort of a workable unit. Before this no regular meetings were ever held and any organizing that had to be done was carried out by a few energetic girls without the knowledge or interest of the rest. This effort

The masculine reply to this, we may surmise, would be a loud and emphatic "No", especially if their handling of their own affairs to date is any criterion by which to judge the governing abilities of the women. If it is meant that the women should increase the efficiency of their own government, we heartily agree. The way lies open to them, clearly indicated. All that is lacking is initiative.

Finally there is the question of the status of women in the university and the lack of a women's residence. On these matters the men feel as strongly as the women and, likewise, can do nothing about it. It is possible that the pressure of public opinion might influence the authorities to change the status of women at the college, and we feel sure that a residence will be built as soon as the money is available. In the meantime perhaps the Co-eds would like to establish a fund to help.

In conclusion, it cannot be too strongly urged upon the women students that the present state of their affairs is entirely due to their own apathetic attitude, and the remedy lies entirely in their own hands. They can, however, be assured that any sincere effort to change such a condition will meet with, as in the past, real co-operation from the men.

at consolidation apparently didn't catch on at once. The Men's Council were quite willing to help and to give the girls a fair representation in all college activities in which they participated, if they felt interested, but apparently they didn't. It looked as if co-educational government was dead for another few years.

The article in this month's *Mitre* is naturally of great interest to those of us who know about last year's efforts, and failure, to awaken that natural instinct of the women to control. It is especially significant that the movement should start from within the ranks of the girls themselves, as it rightly should. Credit must also go in part to Henry Holden for it was he who, I think, gave the idea its first big push. Perhaps he described to the girls the immense possibilities involved in local college politics. It would be nice to have a weekly conference with some of those councillors.

Wishing the girls all success in their new venture, I remain

Yours truly,

Doug Rowe.

The Point of View

Fog swirled around the lamps on Chester Street, and the long line of houses reared their ugly shapes on either side. It was almost three o'clock in the morning, and the street was in darkness, except for one window in the second floor of a boarding house opposite the cab stand. If there had been a silent observer at that window, he would have seen two men seated at a table. One was a large man with the cruel hard face of a person who has had to struggle with the world, while the other was a small man with glasses, just the type of person you would expect to find as a bank clerk. As a matter of fact, he was a shopwalker at a department store not far away. The large man was speaking, and to make his point clearer pounded the table with his fist.

"Free love does not exist; you cannot convince me that a woman who believes in it is any better than a prostitute." The little man filled his glass from the bottle that stood on the table and began—

"Perhaps if I tell you a story you may change your mind. As you know, I am a person who does not make friends easily, and when I came to London from Kent several years ago, I knew no one. They say that work is the cure for most things, and if interesting enough, it is probably so; but in spite of my work at the store, I was desperately lonely. Every night I would walk home, and either read a book, or go to the theatre at the end of the street, but I hardly spoke a word to anyone. Occasionally the landlady would come into my room for a cup of tea, and we would discuss the weather or the new lamps the council had promised for the street; but there was no one with whom I could share my interests. Life became a mechanical procedure, and I would probably have wasted away from sheer boredom, had not something extraordinary happened."

Here the little man stopped to refill his glass, and before continuing, offered the bottle to his friend—

"It was Saturday night, and I decided to go to the cinema at the corner of the street. I think they were playing 'Queer Cargoes', but it does not really matter. I remember that the show was good, and I had quite forgotten how utterly lonely I was. It was not until I came out, and found rain pouring down on the muddy street that I realized how futile life could be. Since there were no cabs in sight, I decided to brave the elements and walk home. Just as I was about to step into the street, I noticed a young girl standing under the canopy. Her small brown hat, and her green raincoat were dripping with water, and she was shivering visibly from the cold. She was not beautiful as

beauty goes, but she was attractive with her dark hair and deep blue eyes. I couldn't resist asking her if there were anything I could do to help. It might have appeared impertinent, or even rude to most people, but it all seemed so natural to me, that I was not surprised when she accepted my offer to share the umbrella I was carrying. It appeared that she lived at the far end of Chester Street in a four-room flat, and that she was a teacher at a school about half a mile away. On the way home I had time to study her more closely. She had a soft, well modulated voice, although at times I noticed in it the characteristic twang of the north. Despite the raincoat, I could tell that she was slim and well proportioned. The eyes that first attracted my attention were a deep blue; there was something warm and sympathetic about them, also, when studied more closely, something impulsive, even rash. What really attracted me to her, however, was her understanding and interest in everything I said. She liked books—wrote a little, and could even sing. It was a fairly short walk to her house, but by the time we had reached it, I felt as if we had met years before, and it was without thinking that I kissed her as we stood together in the rain. She did not seem surprised, and when I asked if I could call on the next night, she nodded assent. I wanted to follow her into the house, but the kiss seemed to signify an end to the evening. I watched her as she climbed the stairs leading to the house, and then, with a final wave of my hand, walked slowly home.

"From that moment the whole aspect of my life changed. I would return home with an air of gaiety, and after a bath and change, would hurry over to Joan's flat (she had asked me to call her Joan) where we would talk for hours about music, art, books, and, in fact, everything that came to our minds. Occasionally she would sing, while I lay back on the chesterfield, thrilled by her musical voice. It must have been a little over a week after my first visit when she asked me to stay with her.

"If one month before, a crystal gazer had foretold what was going to happen in the near future, I would probably have laughed at him, or would have been insulted; but now it all seemed so perfectly natural and beautiful. The two months following were the most wonderful of my life. I felt as if I were in a continual dream, and not even Coleridge's vision of Xanadu could be compared with it in sublimity and beauty.

"Working late at the shop, I would come home dirty and tired, to find Joan waiting for me with a meal already

prepared. After supper we would sit on the sofa and talk, play the piano, or just remain silent, gazing out the window at the little urchins playing around the lamp posts, the Bobby on his beat, or the newsboy as he hurried along peddling his wares. For two months we lived together in complete happiness, but then something happened.

"I was walking home from the store one day when somebody clapped me heartily on the back, and turning around I saw to my great surprise and pleasure, Bob Grosvenor, the only real friend I had ever had. We shook hands vigorously, and walked along together. Bob was eager to know what I was doing, and why I had not sent him my address. It appeared that he had only been in London two days, having been just sent from Kent by his firm to take charge of one of their warehouses. He was full of news about home and Glaton, and before I knew it, we were outside my house. I invited him in, but he had to go down to the warehouse to engage a new watchman, so I asked him to dinner for the next night. He was delighted, and said he would be there on time whatever happened. I had told him all about Joan and my relations with her but I had a feeling he did not agree with my principles. However, I thought little of it at the time. Joan was delighted when she heard one of my friends was coming to dinner, and she started preparations immediately.

"That night in bed, I thought over my meeting with Bob. He had been a great athlete at school, and was liked by nearly everyone he met. He had a charming personality and a quick wit. At school no one could understand why he was interested in me, but few knew that behind Bob's outer self lay a deep interest in literature, and although he did not like to admit it, a rare ability to write poetry. Now Bob was in London, and would remain there for some time. I imagined how pleasant it would be to continue our friendship, and have those long talks together that used to take place when everybody was fast asleep. Lost in my thoughts, I fell asleep.

"The next day passed quickly in the anticipation of Bob's visit, and when I arrived home I found that Joan had made a splendid job of the dinner table. In the kitchen, she was preparing the meal which consisted of soup, fillet mignon, fish, pastry, sherry, port and champagne: it was a meal to satisfy the most particular of men. Bob arrived at seven o'clock sharp and after cocktails we sat down to dinner. The evening progressed rapidly, and it was soon time for Bob to go. He thanked us both, congratulating us on our magnificent housekeeping, and at the door, asked if he could come again. We said we would be delighted. He came the next night, the one after that, and then the one after that—and we always made him welcome. Of course, I was pleased to have my old friend around again, and I

gave little thought to the change in Joan's attitude toward me. She seemed to wait for his arrival almost impatiently, but any host or hostess would be glad to have such a charming guest come early. It was not until about a week later when she told me Bob was going to stay at the flat, that I felt the slightest annoyance or anxiety. But from then it took me less than a week to realize I was not wanted any more. The way their eyes met and lingered, the silence that followed whenever I spoke, and other small incidents convinced me that Joan was hopelessly in love with Bob. I did not blame her, for he had all the qualities women admire in men, and I was small, nervous and self-centred; but I felt that Bob should have conquered his love for the sake of our friendship. I believed then that he loved her in the same way as she loved him, but as I was to find later, this was a sad error.

"One day when Bob was at work and Joan at school, I packed my clothes, handed in my resignation at the shop, and left. For two weeks I attempted to forget the whole matter, but Bob's faithlessness worried me, and it was not until a week later that I discovered he thought he was helping me. I went down to the post office on Chester Street on the off chance that I might find some mail, and to my surprise there was a letter from Bob. In it he explained that he realized Joan was making a fool of me and that the best thing for him to do, was to put an end to my relationship with her. Knowing I probably would not listen to him, he devised the scheme whereby he could show me how light and faithless she really was. When he found that I had left he told Joan exactly what he had done. Joan, he told me, was gone when he arose next morning, and ever since he had been trying desperately to get in touch with me—would I write at once. I never did." The little man leaned back in his chair, and looking out of the window continued: "I went back to her flat on Chester Street about a week after receiving his letter, but she had gone, leaving no address, and as for Bob—I could not bring myself to forgive his folly. Ever since I have lived with those two months of ecstasy to sustain me." He looked at the large man across the table and said, "Do you consider this a case of true love, or do you think she was just a loose woman?"

The large man rose slowly from the table, and after putting on his coat, stood at the door and said quietly, "It's all in the point of view. Good-night John." The door closed and his footsteps could be heard going down the stairs. John Clinton sighed wearily as he prepared for bed. Outside the fog swirled around the houses, and as the only lighted window in the street went black, a large man could be seen thoughtfully making his way along the pavement.

Apologia

Not being aware of any desire on the part of the Athletic Committee to strangle minor sports, certain of its participants excluded, we feel obliged to answer statements made in a recent article in the *Mitre*, and during a recent association meeting, with regard to this matter, and for the benefit of those to whom the spoken word means little or nothing, to clarify the situation in a written article.

The Athletic Committee consists of an honorary president, who is a member of the faculty chosen by the students, a president elected by popular vote for the association, a vice-president selected in the same way, but from the elected managers who are considered nominees for the office, the managers of rugby, hockey, and basketball teams, and a manager of minor athletics. This body was constituted to direct the athletic activities of the students. It has no money at its disposal but simply the power to recommend expenditures necessary for the conduct of its business. Such proposed appropriations are then submitted to the Students Council which accepts or rejects them with a view to the funds available and the support given them by the Athletic Board.

The departments under the administration of this Board are basketball, hockey, rugby, skiing, badminton, soccer, golf, tennis, ping-pong, marbles, etc. The three major sports are under the direct superintendence of managers who sit on the committee. The minor sports are regulated by the manager of minor athletics, whose unenvied task it is to try to keep their various exponents happy. It is within the province of the Board to recommend or reject expenditures, subject only to the above mentioned authority. We presume then that since the criticism levelled could not be personal, it is directed at the Athletic Committee and the manner in which it has conducted its affairs.

The chief bone of contention is what is called the inequality of the financial support accorded to various enterprises. In these denunciations inaccurate figures are quoted, and the statistics are made to support a favoured theory. It is impossible adequately to support and equip the rugby team on less than five hundred dollars for a season, and the hockey team on less than six hundred dollars (even should the president stay home from Montreal); basketball, to be properly subsidized, should have at the very least two hundred dollars per season. This makes a grand total of thirteen hundred dollars. Taken from an approximate total income of twenty-one hundred dollars per year, it leaves

but little to finance other activities. Yet everyone, even the author of the "Plea", agrees that major activities should be placed first. The suggestion that operating expenses might be reduced has been the object of a very thorough research not only by the present committee but by last year's Board. We find that in spite of all contrary notions disbursements are at a minimum.

The Athletic Committee, faced with the sporadic demands of the minor athletic groups and a limited supply of money, found the problem almost insuperable until the complaints and requests were submitted in writing. Moreover, it was discovered after careful inquiry that the real reason why the ski committee was not receiving sufficient attention was that, suffering from a mild fit of secession, it had never properly discussed its needs in the presence of the manager of minor athletics as it should have done. When at last, however, we found that the ski committee wanted between fifty and sixty dollars and the badminton committee as much, if not more, we were able to formulate some sort of scheme, and after several hours of deliberation the following decision was reached.

The Badminton Club was to be supplied with all necessary equipment, all birds for the college tournament and for games played with visiting team, registration fee in the Eastern Townships tournament, and transportation costs to three local tournaments. On principle the Board decided not to pay for food to supply the players and guests with "tea parties". These "gifts" have been made possible to some extent by the generous support of the Women's Association and far exceed the demands made.

The ski team has also received a generous allowance. True it was not available this year, but chiefly because no definite steps were taken by the ski committee until it was too late to meet their demands. It has been decided that the ski team be granted money to register with the C. A. S. A., that the cost of registering a team in three Eastern Townships meets be paid, one of which is to be the Zone meet, that transportation costs be paid to two Eastern Townships meets, one of which is to be the Zone meet, that transportation be paid for a team selected by the ski committee in conjunction with the Athletic Committee, taking part in an intercollegiate ski meet.

This as we have suggested is not so much a definite appropriation of monies as a formulation of policy, for we realize as well as any one that we have no right to budget

the money of next year's student body. We believe it to be a generous policy; in fact the question is still in the minds of many of the Board, have we been too generous? This will mean between one and two hundred dollars added to the already enormous cost of operating the college sports. But it is a matter about which future committees will have to worry.

In spite of opinion to the contrary, there is no attempt,

Notes and Comments

Welcome Spring! Welcome Love! Welcome Easter! Welcome Floods! hello exams. The real gravity of the situation is hidden beneath the pleasing way in which the sun is mounting, the snow is melting, and the term is ending; but the good old Year Book won't let us forget, particularly the diploma-conscious third year. "Have your write-ups in early!"—how little that meant last year! how much it means now! Immediately one has to find someone who has a fairly accurate knowledge of oneself and English, and who can mix with discretion information, then one must compile a modest list of one's activities without undue strain on the imagination and hand it over with a smile and good-guy air to the carefully selected stooge. Having done this, one must begin the struggle to justify the remark about graduating in something or other. But our sympathies lie with the photographer, for although it is now generally recognized that there is nothing particularly amusing in having one's picture taken and that smiling is a chore anyway, we feel that some people might take the occasional vacation from that life's-a-mess look and try to humour the man on the other side of the lens.

On March 24 the U. B. C. C. O. T. C. once again did its little bit for the Empire, and gave one of the most creditable performances in years. The inspection was carried out by Brigadier Logie Armstrong, D.S.C., assisted by Major H. G. Vanderberg, and consisted in an exhibition of sand-table and platoon drill. Major L. Bowen of the Sherbrooke Regiment directed the sand-table, while the platoon officers, Second Lieutenants G. S. Murray and P. G. Edgell, were in charge of the drill. All went well, added interest being provided by Bateman and Edgell, the first of whom lost his cap, and the second, his bass voice. O. T. C. lovers must then have fondly recalled the classic inspection of three years ago, conservatively estimated to have been the worst military display ever given, when, looking like an antarctic

much less a desire, on the part of the Athletic Committee to discourage minor activities. It is merely a question of how to support all the enterprises on such a limited supply of money. We are conscious of the increasing importance of skiing and the greater prominence of badminton; we are well aware of the individual attainments in both; but we fail to see any corresponding increase in our funds with which to support them as we would desire.

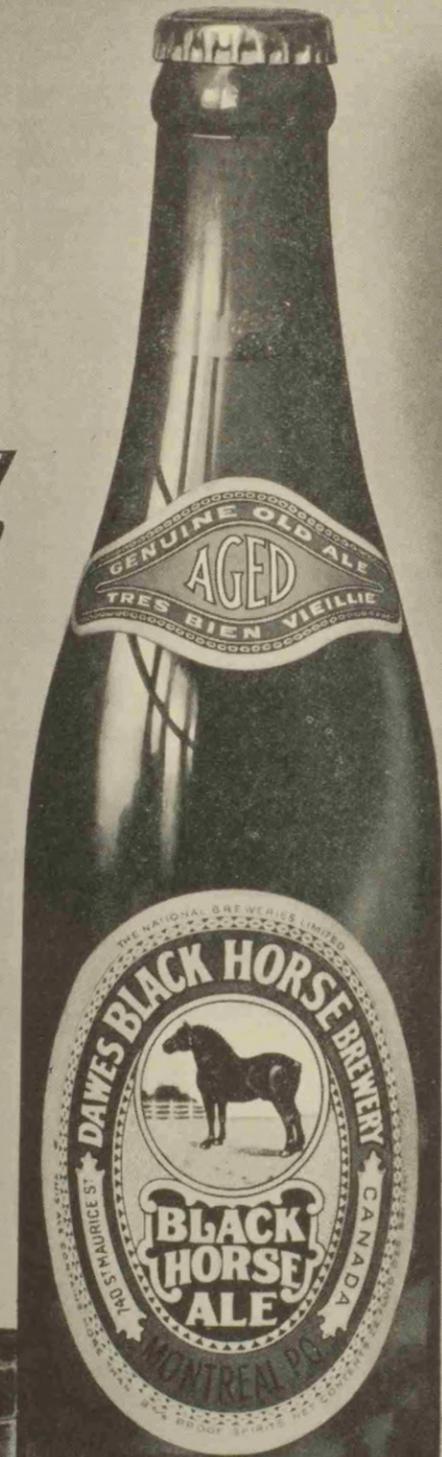
expedition in their old-style uniforms, the boys dropped their rifles, turned to the right on the command "Left turn", sloped rifles with a fine disregard for convention, split up into unorthodox units and marched about *ad lib.*, and so on to a chaotic climax. One candidate for the practical of his "A" certificate, realizing the futility of the whole affair, advised his squad to get back into position "as best you can." The inspecting officer looked on with growing amazement and then gave what we believe to be the only uncomplimentary address ever delivered at a formal inspection. This year the platoon competition was won by No. 1, commanded by Second Lieut. Edgell; the judges were Lieut. Col. Levesque, O. C. the Fusiliers de Sherbrooke, and Lieut. Col. Watson, O. C. the Sherbrooke Regiment.

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* the Glee Club has made progress and news. Having advanced from the There-is-a-tavern-in-the-town to the Do-You-Ken-John-Peel stage of musical development, the club, under the amiable and capable direction of Syd Meade made its radio debut a fortnight ago and followed up this success with another broadcast last Tuesday. We don't know about the audience, but there is no doubt that the singers enjoyed themselves, both during and after, even though we would just as soon try to breathe in a vacuum as in the CHLT studio when twenty-odd bellowing youths are crammed into it. The club's fame having spread to Coaticook and Compton there is a possibility that it will go on tour to these places before the year is over, but the possibility is still at the rumour stage.

The shooting team, composed of Lieuts. Edgell, Bredin, and Cragg, Corporal Giles, and Cadets MacKenzie, Magor, and McGilton has certainly taken its place in the Bishop's sun this year with an easy victory in the "C" section, a win over Bromptonville, the leaders of "B" section in the first round of the league championship, and a tough fight against

*It's fun to
keep fit with
Black Horse
Ale ~ ~ ~*

Made for five generations
by the Dawes Brewery,
Montreal



the crack Dominion Textile "A" section team in the finals. Unfortunately, Bredin was not available for the final shoot, being ill with the flu, one of the mainstays of the team, he was much missed. The high score of the year was Pete Edgell's possible (100 to you). With 95.5 Pete had the highest average in the section throughout the year. Giles and Bredin with an average of 95.2 were tied for second place on the team and third place in the section. So much for the crack shots; how about the poor wretches who with a couple of steel pipes, have been banging away at dim bits of cardboard in the dark recesses of the catacombs on the hill? With 15 first, 15 second, and 12 third classes so far they're not doing too badly, and to anyone who is familiar with the prevailing conditions they are doing phenomenally well. It is hoped that later in the year the corps will be able to do some firing with .303s and M.G.s with the Sherbrooke Regiment.

The venerable Parchesi club did things up rather well a few nights ago with a highly entertaining sleigh drive. Lots of snow, stars and members gave the event the proper atmosphere, and although the actual proceedings were a question of the survival of the fittest, the club membership does not appear to have suffered. To be "one of the boys" one had to spend one third of one's time getting thrown off the sleigh, another third fighting in snow drifts, and a final third trying to catch up again, and although things were pretty chaotic, one could count on being forced to repeat each operation with clocklike regularity throughout the ride. Those who survived gathered at Herring's where refreshments were provided, partly by the host and partly by the male members of the party, and where entertainment, under the direction and supervision of Messrs. Pharo, Rabatich, Bredin, Blatchford, Walters, Hayden, Chute, et al, was of a particularly unique and inexhaustible variety. Certain people, however, might pay more attention to what they leave behind, where they leave it, and when the party is supposed to break up . . . we think.

After five long years of disappointment and defeat, Arts have finally regained possession of the Skinner Trophy for Debating. On Tuesday, March 21, in Convocation Hall, an Arts and a Divinity team met, with one victory each, to decide the issue. The resolution: That There Should be a Unified Control of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways, was in for a severe hauling about, and the Arts team of Linc Magor, Waldo Tulk, and "Shag" Shaugnessy, managed to crack it open after an admirable attempt on the part of the Divinity team of Hector Belton, Robinson, and Ed Parker to hold it together. The Arts team seemed to have more difficulty with one of their lead-

er's garters than with their opponents' arguments, for in the middle of his speech it snapped under the tension. It was, however, summarily put back into place and the argument resumed. Beyond this, and the occasional sarcasm, the debate was fairly serene. The affirmative (Divinity) based their defense of the resolution on the waste resulting from duplication of services and the pernicious competition which are inevitable in a dual system. The Negative (Arts) denied the evil of competition, stating it to be essential to a proper development of the railways, and pointed out that the unemployment resulting from unification would counteract any economic improvements it might produce. The judges, Messrs. Bassett, Wolfe, Flaherty, decided 2-1 in favour of the Negative.

Following the C. O. T. C. inspection, the largest meeting of the year was held at Canada's leading hostel. Dissonant is about the only word to describe it. There was singing, but it was competitive rather than community, and not until Viol Viol Viola got properly underway was there any hope of a united front. The usual impromptu speeches worked their way into the proceedings and were continued *en plein air* at the bandstand.

Spring definitely affects people differently, for the other day Les Tomlinson, the college stoic, went for a swim among the ice cakes of a nearby creek, having first rolled in the snow to "get my circulation going", while we prefer to sit here at the good old typewriter. . . . The river is rising swiftly and since boys will be boys everyone is hoping for a good flood . . . Brigadier Armstrong is an alumnus and largely responsible for the formation of the C. O. T. C. . . . Chute is now chief slinker but Cooper, Walters, Perkins, and Hayden are all in there fighting . . . Blatchford is not much of a shot with a beverage bottle . . . The Froth Blowers held their annual dinner at the Magog Hotel on Saturday, April 1; a new president and assistant vice-gargler were elected and the retiring officials spoke a few words to the assembled members . . . Elections of officials for next year's activities have been taking place rapidly, with the following results: Ed Parker is Hockey Manager and Vice-Pres of Athletics; Syd Meade is President of the *Mitre*; Hugh Mortimer is President of Debating; Terry Giles is Manager of Minor Athletics; Guy Marston is President of Dramatics; Don Chute is Manager of Rugby, and Pete Rabatich is Manager of Basketball . . . The hockey match between the Parchesi Club and the Froth Blowers ended in a 9-8 victory for the latter, both teams displaying remarkably good form on the ice.

Bonne chance!

Re Sports

Late spring finds the sporting activity at Bishop's nearly at a standstill. Despite the proximity of the Easter vacation it is hard to realize that the Lent term has almost expired . . . What has happened this term?

INTERMEDIATE AND JUNIOR HOCKEY

The February issue of the *Mitre* pretty well covered the hockey situation. However, there was one more scheduled game for both the Intermediate and the Junior squads. The Intermediates completed the intercollegiate schedule with a game here against McGill. The final score 6-2 for McGill is no indication of the play, which was evenly balanced until the third period.

The first period saw the teams dashing up and down the ice in a display of good hockey, but with very little gained. Ken Willis began the scoring with a goal for Bishop's in the first ten minutes of the second period; Gordie Cooper is credited with the assist. Five minutes later Willis scored again for Bishop's on a pass from Goff. McGill retaliated in the next minute with a goal by Palmer. The score was tied in the last minute of the second period on a five-man attack by McGill.

In the third period McGill began a vigorous attack in the first few minutes, scoring twice. Bishop's reorganized to hold off the attack until the twelve-minute mark, when McGill scored their fifth goal. A few minutes later another goal by Smith made the score 6-2 for McGill at the end of the game.

The Junior hockey team ended the season with a loss to St. Pat's—score 3 to 1. This last game saw the team in good condition for defensive hockey, but the forward attack was ragged and ineffective.

Flintoft scored for Bishop's.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

As the local papers and the McGill *Daily* have been stating, Bishop's has a women's hockey team to be proud of. Under the careful coaching of Waldo Tulk the girls have built up a redoubtable organization. Local women's teams, such as Scotstown, provided little opposition to the Bishop's girls. In the intercollegiate joust with McGill the Bishop's team had an even break. Loosing a hard-fought 2-1 game here the girls avenged themselves in Montreal on the week-end of March 11. Since the McGill women's team has been rated as one of the best in the Dominion, the Bish-

op's girls deserve congratulatory mention. The team members are the Misses E. Everett, F. Crook, B. Greene, M. Marlin, K. Bancroft, E. Groome, J. Standish, N. McDougall, E. McDougall and R. Staples. Miss Staples merits special mention for her action against McGill. Even the McGill *Daily* had to express admiration for her prowess:

It was Bishop's versus McGill—but that isn't the way it happened and we're writing about what happened. Therefore this will be an eulogy on Rosie. It was Rosie here and Rosie there and as one McGill forward protested to the coach's plea to pass around her: "How can you—she's all over!" It was Rosie this and Rosie that and this time we heard another McGill forward remark: "What can we do—after all she's got glasses on!" Get it?

* * *

Seriously though, to give Rosamund Staples all due credit, she plays good hockey. She's fast, she can stick-handle which is rare in a girls' hockey game, and she can be rough at the opportune moments in the right places. She set the pace for Bishop's who went to town on the wide open spaces at the Forum. They like a big rink being used to one in practice and they outfought, outstayed, in general outplayed a McGill team that looked tired and ragged for most of the game. The McGill defence, Peggy Lamb - Eleanor Hunter combination, were the exceptions, holding the team together, cool in repulsing Bishop's attack and adding spur to the McGill offense.

* * *

The spectators, bequeathed from a previous game, were mostly superior male kibitzers who stayed to be amused. We hate to admit it being touchy about that sort of thing—loud haws were frequent, but sympathy wasn't lacking either. Several men came over with helpful suggestions expecting us to relay them to the coach.

* * *

It was too bad for that four-year record. A let-down especially for the senior players. They hadn't had that feeling before—didn't know exactly how to display the proper emotion. They were slightly dazed. They had beaten Bishop's once this year.

* * *

Another year gone and it was a good year, flying colours well deserved. Valuable seniors will be going, Peggy Lamb, Ruth Schofield, Barbara Barnard, Eileen Harris. Nice going.

Next year's team . . . it's only rumor but Rosie may come up to McGill to take Physical Ed. . . .

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY

In the inter-year league Third Year continued its triumphant march to victory. Having downed the Freshmen in the opening game, the "would-be graduates" squashed the Divines 13-0 in what might be termed a riot. Subsequently the Third Year defeated the notorious Second Year killers, despite the superhuman efforts of goaler Magor (of road race fame). The Third Year regret that weather conditions prohibited play-off games. It was thought that such play-offs would give the league winners a chance to prove conclusively their obvious superiority—quelling the under-handed suspicions of the skeptics . . . Wreathes of victory and notes of congratulation should be forwarded to the following stalwarts: McLean, Bennett, Greenwood, Planche, Murray, Voisard, Bredin, Bud Visser, Bunbury, Millar O. B., and Morrison.

BASKETBALL

("Re Sports" wishes to make grateful acknowledgement for the following contribution by J. C. Davidson, ace reporter for the *Sherbrooke Record*.—Ed. Note)

Bishop's forgotten major sport, basketball, had another fairly successful season, even though about half the student body does not know of its existence, and has never seen a game.

The team this year had Bud Visser for captain and guard. Other third-year men were Merritt Pharo, Walter Wood, and Jim Davidson. Ivor Richards played centre, flanked by Pharo and freshman Merritt Bateman. On the backline with Visser were Tubby Lane and Wood. Ralph Hayden, Ian Hay, Ted Ames, and Thayne McGilton are first-year men who will play a big part in next year's team.

Ed Loomis of Sherbrooke coached the squad, which won three out of six league games, finishing in second place, and which came out on top in three of four exhibition games.

The Y. M. C. A. Blues, featuring Bishop's graduates Bryce and Cohoon, came to the college to inaugurate the season, and were repulsed by Loomis' charges, 26-25. In the return game at the Sherbrooke Y. M. C. A. the College came through with another one-point victory, 23-22, and seemed well away in the league race.

Disaster overtook them when the champion Spartans invaded the gymnasium. Never quite in the running, the hard-fighting Bishop's crew went down, 38-24, before the strong Sherbrookers for their worst defeat of the year. The College were unlucky in the following game with the Quebec Central Railway, losing 30-27 after leading for a good part of the game. The return game, however, saw Pharo and Richards lead the purples to a fine 43-40 win over the railroaders, termed an upset by Sherbrooke papers, although

the College didn't think so.

The last game of the regular season, against the Spartans on their home floor, proved to be a free-wheeling, wide-open, basket fest. The final score was 60-56 for the home team, but only after Bishop's had come from behind a 36-22 deficit at half-time to tie at 56-all just a minute before the end. Two quick field goals by the Spartans gave them their narrow win.

As usual, the tall first line grabbed the lion's share of the points, with Bud Visser helping out with a few long-range goals. Bateman proved poison under the basket with his great arm spread, and with Pharo gave the Spartan guards a miserable time.

Concord, Vermont, sent a team to take on the college at the "Y" which was gently set down by a 47-41 count in the closest-checking game of the year. This win over an American team gave the boys some confidence for the tussle with Macdonald College the following week at St. Anne's.

On March eighteenth the team ended the season with the Macdonald trip, and very fittingly trounced the husky ploughmen by 41-18. Pharo was the big noise with eight baskets; Bateman next with six. Victory was especially sweet as it avenged the defeat suffered last year on the same floor.

Hugh Mortimer, who served his apprenticeship as assistant manager under Les Gourley last year, managed the team in efficient style with the help of Peter Rabatich, who will handle the reins next season.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

(The following is a summary of the activities of the girls' basketball team kindly submitted by Miss Patty Wiggett.—Ed. Note)

This year, as usual, the girls' basketball team was entered in the six team Sherbrooke County Ladies' Basketball League, and with one more game to play, it seems that they will take the championship away from the team that has held it for several years.

Handicapped by lack of players, they have been able to have few full practices, but under the able coaching of Bud Visser they have come through to win the nine games they have played. Back from last year were guards Nancy McDougall and Edythe Everett, forwards Bessie McDougall (Captain) and Bernice Brennand, and centre Patty Wiggett. First Year contributed Patty Watson; and Norma Hunting turned out for the first time to prove herself a great help to the regulars. Only three players will be back next year, so this appears to be the best year to take the championship.

The first league game was played against Y Blues in the college gymnasium on January 24. The score was 30-6 for the co-eds. Scorers were Bessie McDougall 10, Bernice Brennand 6, Patty Wiggett 6, Nancy McDougall 6, and Patty Watson 2.

On January 31, Lennoxville High School met defeat in the college gym, 23-3. Patty Wiggett scored 8 points, Nancy McDougall 6, Bessie McDougall 4, Bernice Brennand 4, and Patty Watson 1.

Playing again on their own floor a week later, Bishop's defeated Sherbrooke High 20-10. Bessie McDougall and Patty Watson each put in 7 points, Patty Wiggett 3, Nancy McDougall 2, and Edythe Everett 1.

On February 8, Bishop's went to North Hatley where they won by a score of 32-6. Scorers, Patty Watson 12, Patty Wiggett 9, Bessie McDougall 5, Edythe Everett 4, and Bernice Brennand 2.

In the game against Sherbrooke High on the S. H. S. floor the co-eds earned a 29-12 victory. Bessie McDougall tossed in 8 baskets for 16 points, Patty Watson scored 7 points, Patty Wiggett 4, and Nancy McDougall 2.

Bishop's swamped Y. W. Blues 36-6 on the Y floor. Scorers were Bessie McDougall 11, Patty Wiggett 10, Bernice Brennand 8, Nancy McDougall 6, and Norma Hunting 1.

On February 27, in the college gym, the girls scored the upset of the season. They handed Y. W. Greens, the champions, their first defeat in several years. Score 19-15; scorers Patty Wiggett 10, Bessie McDougall 4, Patty Watson 3, and Nancy McDougall 2.

The girls' team went to Macdonald on March 18, and played a game preliminary to the boys' contest. Although Bishop's lost 40-20, they actually gained a moral victory, for they were completely handicapped in the first half by girls' rules, to which the Bishop's girls are unaccustomed. In the last half, however, they outscored the opponents, netting 12 points to Macdonald's 7; this half of the game was inclined to be rough, the Macdonald girls enjoying the freeness of boys' rules. Patty Watson and Bessie McDougall each scored 8 points, while Nancy McDougall ran in the other 4.

ET AL

"Re Sports" has nothing out of the ordinary to report on skiing during the last month. The badminton tournament (an annual affair) is scheduled to take place in the last week of March. The number of names on the entrant list is increasing hourly. . . . Look for the report of this function in the June *Mitre*.

Spring, At Scarboro' Heights

The sun pours down her gold libation
Over sodden hills;
A robin sings a salutation,
And the valley fills
With music from a woodland symphony.

Sea-gulls, winging by the lake,
Join in harmony,
While the dusky starlings make
A glorious rhapsody
On wind-worn trees along the greening vale.

Pinnacles and forest spires
Awake to songs of Spring;
On the bough the feathered choirs
To heaven joyful sing,
Filling the sweet chantry of the winds.

Leon Adams

A Scrapbook

I often turn your pages day by day
To paste in something more, or just to read
Some incident that happened long ago.
Sometimes, in other moods, I lay aside
Your scraps and ponder over visions new.
But often, when the minutes onward drag,
I take you up and learn how great men lived,
How nation wars with nation for a dream,
How science glories in a novel find.
And, tucked away among the many sheets,
I read of murders, crimes, and sudden death.
A king lies dead, another takes the throne.
. . . Oh! I tire again. Away you go
Into the drawer, until the world proclaims
Another step in Time's triumphant march.

Leon Adams

Exchanges

As most of the universities and colleges have suspended publication of their various weeklies and dailies, due to approaching examinations, and as the spring numbers of the magazines are, for the most part, not yet off the press, there have been fewer exchanges than usual. The quality of the contained articles seems to remain about the same, however, and we reprint one or two which proved to be of interest to the Bishop's student.

The McGill *Daily* asks the question, "College or Work?" Says the *Daily*:

"Which do you think has a better chance of earning a living today—a high-school graduate who has had four years of experience or a man just out of college?"

"This is the question in the *Fortune* Survey for this month, and it shows what the general public thinks of the value of the college system. One third of the votes went in preference of college men, and one third for the school of experience. The rest did not give a definite answer pro or con. This shows that in spite of the tendency to disparage the value of college education, there is no fear that the 'potential college market' is in a dangerous slump. The one third which thinks college worthwhile is enough to guarantee a sufficient demand for graduates to absorb those going forth for some time yet.

"The opinion of business men is significantly different from that of men in other walks of life. The survey shows that business men do not think much of college, a fact which is generally known. As much as 41 per cent. voted against the college graduate.

"The results of this survey have little bearing, however, on the actual truth of the proposition. That people think so, and especially that business men think so, is no guarantee that they are right.

"The practical student will realize that much depends on the man himself, and also on whether a youth leaving high school can secure the employment which will be worth a college training. At the present time this is very doubtful. Another point is that a survey like this deals merely with the money value of education. Though the importance of the point is not to be ignored, this is certainly not everything."

The following definitions have made the rounds of practically every college paper, and we hope that they may still be of interest to some.

Socialism—You have two cows; you give one to your neighbour.

Communism—You have two cows and give both to the government and the government gives you the milk.

Fascism—You keep the cows and give the milk to the government and the government sells part of it back to you.

Nazism—The government shoots you and takes the cows.

New Dealism—The government shoots one cow, milks the other and pours the milk down the sewer.

It has been suggested that *Liberals* add still another definition to the list:

Conservatism—You do not have the cows in the first place.

Of interest to our prospective lawyers was an article in the *Manitoban* dealing with the official position of the King during his forthcoming trip. The article reads:

"This business of the King's tour is not a simple matter, according to Mr. John Read, in an unofficial interview with him recently. Mr. Read, legal adviser to the Canadian minister of external affairs, spent several days in Winnipeg in the middle of the month. His latest task is that of straightening the legal tangles of the royal tour.

"One of the most interesting of the legal twists has to do with the official position of the King during his trip. By the Statutes of Westminster, the governor-general is the personal representative of the King, and as such must sign all bills passed by the Dominion government. When the King arrives in Canada he will be, in truth, King of Canada. He receives the power of carrying out, personally, the duties regularly assigned to the governor-general. Inasmuch, however, as this would keep him in Ottawa, Lord Tweedsmuir will carry on as usual.

"In England a regency will be appointed, consisting of one man, or perhaps a group of men. This regency, while the King is absent from England, will carry out his duties, and the King will cease to have active powers in Great Britain while he is on his tour.

"The situation now is: In England the King is at present the acting sovereign; in Canada merely the nominal sovereign. While he is in Canada, the position will be reversed; he will be acting King of Canada, and nominal King of Great Britain. While in the United States, however, he will be the acting ruler of no part of the Commonwealth, but merely a symbol, with no legal powers—a king without a country!"

We again turn to the McGill *Daily* as we reprint "Spring Fever"—

"Of the four seasons of the year the one that is most anticipated and at the same time the most dreaded is Spring. Students in particular look forward to and yet fear Spring. The reason for their looking forward to this season of the

Set Your House In Order - - -

TO PUT OFF UNTIL TO-MORROW CONSIDERATION OF PERSONAL MATTERS WHICH DESERVE ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO-DAY, IS A HUMAN TRAIT TOO OFTEN EXERCISED.

Many persons, for example, who ordinarily are most punctilious, often defer making their Wills . . . a duty which if postponed too long, may cause needless trouble and embarrassment.

If you have made no Will why not put your house in order now by consulting your notary or lawyer? He will prepare the document according to your personal Wishes, thus providing for your family's future protection.

* * *

Our officers will be glad to discuss this matter with you.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

Sherbrooke, Que.

year is of course obvious to those who remember the phrase which begins 'in Spring a young man's fancy . . .'

"But for more than that does a student's thoughts turn toward Spring. He has gone through a Winter spent for the most part indoors under conditions that are not perfectly sanitary in spite of all precautions. And he has been expending his nervous energy through the winter in studying and worrying about exams. For a while during the early part of the Winter the student was proceeding on the reserve he built up during the previous Summer. But by this time of the year that reserve has been dissipated and the student tires easily in spite of his efforts to concentrate even harder than ever.

"Spring fever is the name commonly given to a serious danger. What it is everyone knows . . . Its effect on studying, on concentration, on everything in general is too well known to be mentioned here.

"What to do? Take your dose of Spring, but take it in small quantities; in quantities proportionate to your need to study."

We have received and read with pleasure the following:

The McGill Daily, Montreal.

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

The Stonyhurst Magazine, Blackburn, England.

The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University,
Sackville, N. B.

Quebec Diocesan Gazette.

Alumni Notes

The interval between this and the last issue of the *Mitre* has been so short that there has been very little time in which to prepare. However, there will be quite a period between this issue and the June issue, and I earnestly solicit the help of the Graduates in making the June column a record-breaking one.

The University had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev'd A. M. DUNSTAN, M.A., L.S.T. '06, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Dover, N. H., on March 19 of this year. Mr. Dunstan was the special preacher at the morning service in the chapel.

Mr. Dunstan has very kindly donated an annual prize for work in Moral Theology. This prize has the value of \$30, and will be awarded to the student obtaining the highest standing in the first annual examination in Moral Theology. To claim this prize, a candidate must obtain at least a second-class standing.

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

The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.
Review de L'Université d'Ottawa.

The Gryphon, University of Leeds, Scotland.

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

The New Northman, Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.

The Bates Student, Lewiston, Maine.

The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

The Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University, Halifax,
N. S.

Queen's Journal, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

L'Hebdo, L'Université Laval, Quebec.

The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick,
Fredericton.

The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.

The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University, Wolfville,
N. S.

The Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish,
N. S.

Technique, Montreal.

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

The Fettesian, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

The Review, Trinity University, Toronto.

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

Mr. Dunstan is also a graduate of the University of King's College, Halifax, N. S.

The Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Right Rev'd PHILIP CARRINGTON, has become President of the Corporation of Bishop's University since the retirement of the Right Rev'd John Cragg Farthing as Bishop of Montreal.

The Principal was the special preacher at the morning service at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York City on March 5.

J. P. WELLS, Esq., K.C., D.C.L., Vice-President of the Executive Committee of Bishop's University, his sister, Miss Amy Wells, and Mrs. G. M. Stearns of Lake Megantic, Que., wife of Mr. G. M. Stearns, a trustee and a member of the Executive Committee of the University, are sailing for England in May to be absent for several weeks.

The Rev'd L. I. GREEN, rector of St. John's Church, North Bay, Ont., having been advised by his doctor that his health would be greatly benefited if he lived in a less

★ **CHALLENGER**

the watch word



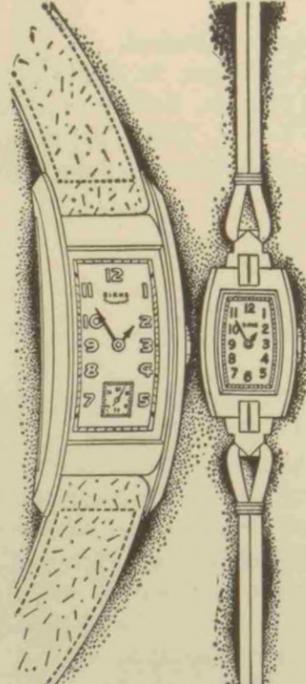
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severe climate, resigned his charge and left for England in the latter part of December. He served for ten years after his ordination in the Diocese of Algoma.

The Right Rev'd JOHN CRAGG FARTHING, D.D., D.C.L., has retired as Bishop of Montreal, and is now living in Kingston, Ont. The *Mitre* extends its best wishes to His Lordship for health and happiness.

CECIL MEADE, Esq., B.A. '38, attended both the broadcasts of the Bishop's University Glee Club from radio station CHLT in Sherbrooke.

Mr. J. D. GWYNNE of St. Lambert, Que., was a recent visitor at the University. Mr. Gwynne was a member of the University in 1933-34.

The Rev'd N. D. PILCHER, B.A., L.S.T. '38, attended the School for Preachers in Washington, D. C., in February.

Mr. CHARLES F. CARSON, B.A. '35, formerly on the staff of Bishop's College School, is now teaching at Ridley College School, St. Catherines, Ont.

Mr. J. S. EWING, B.A. '36, who is with Young and Rubicam, Advertising Agents, is now at their branch in Toronto, Ont. His address is 711 Star Building, Toronto, Ont.

At the conclusion of his work at the Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal, Que., F. J. HOGG, B.A. '34, M.D., will interne at the General Hospital, Hamilton, Ont.

E. R. BOOTHROYD, Esq., B.Sc. '38, is a member of the McGill University Glee Club.

Mr. ALAIN JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, B.A. '08, has just returned to Montreal from Villeneuve, Switzerland, where he spent the winter with Mrs. de Lotbinière and their son, Edmund.

Dr. J. A. JOHNSTON of Quebec City, one of the Trustees of Bishop's University, accompanied by Mrs. Johnston, has left on an extended visit to Baltimore, Md., and Charleston, S. C.

JAMES ELLIOT PURDY, B.A. '36, and former editor of this column, was deaconed in his father's parish church in Lansford, Penna., at the Trinity Ordination. After taking his M. A. here, Jim did post-graduate work in the General Theological Seminary in New York, and after his ordination was put in charge of St. John's Church, in the city of Scranton, Penna., where he was advanced to the priesthood in Advent.

P. S. GREGORY, Esq., B.A. '08, Assistant General Manager of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, has recently been elected a director of the Quebec Power Company, filling the vacancy created by the death of the Hon. J. P. S. Casgrain.

W. C. BISSON, B.A. '32, is now working in the Accountant's office of the Berkeley Hotel, Sherbrooke St., West, Montreal, Que.

T. LEMESURIER CARTER, B.A. '34, who is attending the London School of Economics, was one of the signatories of a letter recently published in the "Montreal Star", and addressed to the Dominion Government. This letter asked for the admission of refugees to Canada. The co-signatories were Canadian students at present in London, England.

The Rev'd Canon G. ABBOTT-SMITH, M.A., D.C.L., D.D., who has been Professor and Principal of the Diocesan Theological College, Montreal, for forty-one years, has resigned. His resignation will take effect on the first of September of this year. The resignation was accepted with great regret by a meeting of the governors of the College on February 14 last.

Dr. Abbott-Smith is widely known as a scholar, and honoured in academic and ecclesiastical circles throughout this Dominion. His rare gifts and saintly character have won for him the esteem and affection of all who have been associated with him. Not only did he exercise academic supervision over the work of the Diocesan College, but he assumed a large share of the responsibility for securing an adequate annual income for the maintenance of the college and for the provision of bursaries for students. His remarkable work has contributed not only to the success of the Diocesan College, but to the prestige and renown of his Alma Mater, Bishop's University.

The *Mitre* begs to offer Dr. Abbott-Smith its best wishes for enjoyment of the retirement which he has earned.

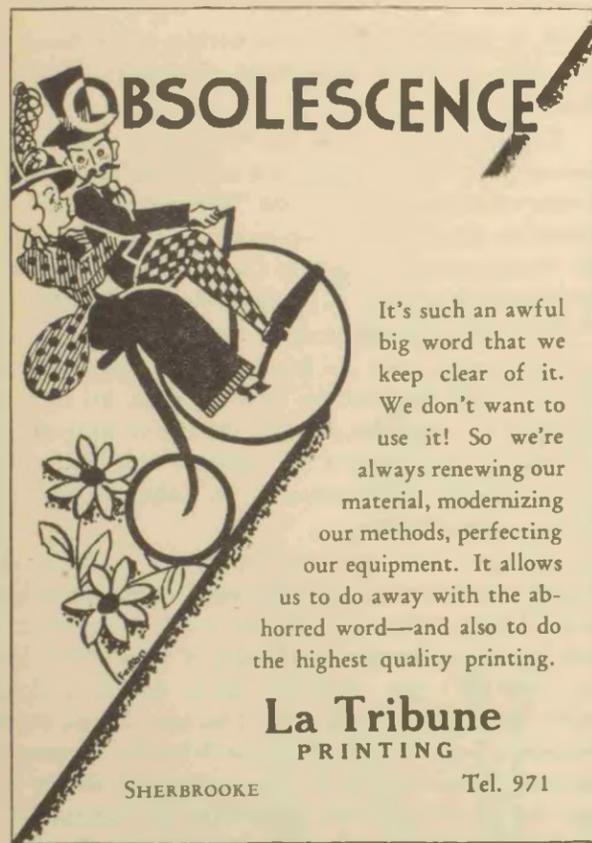
BIRTHS—

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Billings on the birth of a daughter on the 22nd of March, 1939, at the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, Quebec City. Mr. Billings was a graduate of the College in Arts, 1927.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ashton R. Tobin of Sherbrooke, Que., on the birth of a daughter in the Sherbrooke Hospital on March 22. Mr. Tobin was a graduate of the Arts Faculty in 1925.

DEATHS—

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. C. S. White on the 11th of March, 1939. Mr. White was the grandfather of Miss M. Catherine Speid, B.A. '36, and Miss Janet Speid of the Third Year.



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