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The
Mitre

VOL. 50 NO. 2

LENTEN ISSUE
1943

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Founded 1843

Royal Charter 1853

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In Memoriam

KILLED IN ACTION OR ON ACTIVE SERVICE

- Sgt. Pilot D. W. Bennet, B.Sc. '38
- Cadet Pilot J. D. Wilkey, M '39
- Pilot Officer D. H. Budden, M '40
- Pilot Officer D. J. Carmichael, B.A. '38
- Wireless Airgunner H. J. T. Gray, M '40
- Lieut. J. N. Lyster, B.A. '38
- Pilot Officer Gerald P. Mackay, M '41
- Sgt. John Michaels, B.A. '35
Royal Worcestershire Rgt.
- Major H. B. Munro, B.A. '34
(lost in plane crash at sea)
- Sgt. Pilot W. D. Page, B.A. '36
- Sgt. Pilot H. H. Pibus, B.A. '34
- Sgt. Major K. D. Pyper, M '37
(killed in accident in England)

MISSING

- Pilot Officer E. J. Ames, M '41
- Lieut. J. H. J. Royal, M.A. '34
- Lieut. A. E. S. Woodside, M '33

Canadian Poetry

Prof. F. O. CALL

THE SUGAR-MAKER

Peasant in form and face old Philippe stood
Beneath tall maples in the softening snow,
That spread its whiteness through the sugarwood;
Above him cawed the first returning crow;
A blue haze lay upon the hilltop's rim,
When early April wrought its magic spells,
And from tin buckets filling fast to brim
The dropping sap rang out like sanctus bells.

And as old Philippe heard the echoes pealing
Among the maple trees and silver birch,
That rose above him like the vaulted ceiling,
And painted pillars of the village church,
He looked toward the blue mysterious sky—
Then bowed as though the Host were passing by.

CHAMBLY

The unruffled water of the Basin lies
Hushed by the brooding August afternoon;
The distant rapid's monotone, in tune
With beating steel-blue wings of dragon-flies,
Among green rushes sings old lullabies;
About the crumbling fort, like some dull rune
Of ancient days, echoes a drowsy croon
That on the rose-gray bastion breaks and dies.

Across the waters sleeps the silent town,
Where through a silver haze the gray church spire
Rises against the fading sunset fire;
A boat drifts downward towards the far-off sea;
The angelus rings, and darkness, creeping down,
Enshrouds the whole in night and mystery.

BURNED FORESTS

The half-burned tree-trunks stretched like praying hands
Clutch the empty sky, and bare and black
As fallen pillars in old scourge-swept lands,
Great pines and spruces lay across my track.
Charred branches crumbled underneath my tread,
But from the silence of the empty plain,
Among white birches, burned and scarred and dead,
I heard the white-throat sing his song again.

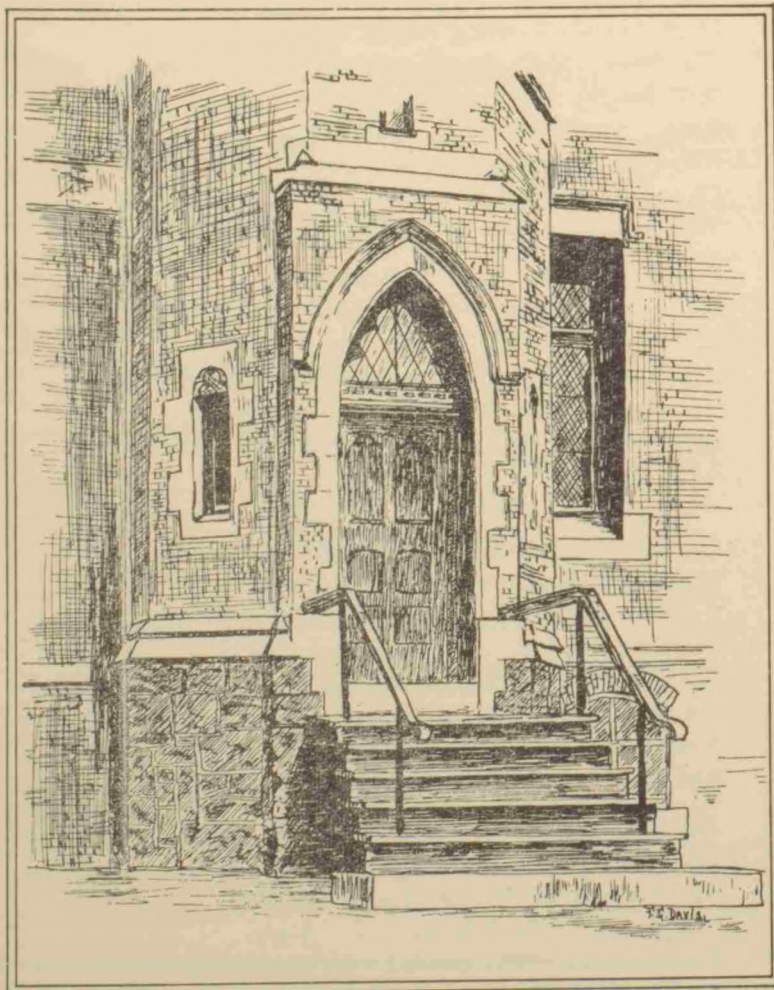
And from the ashes drenched by summer showers
I saw uncurling fronds of brake pierce through,
And fire-weed holding up its purple flowers
Like torches in the dark, and then I knew,
Seeing burned forests touched with quickening breadth,
That Life still follows on the trail of Death.

TREES IN AUTUMN

Upon the hills the crimson maples burn,
And clumps of mountain-ash are all aflame;
In upland pastures the white birches turn
From green to gold, and make a glittering frame
Around blue patches of October sky;
For Death, with soft cool hands, has touched each bough;
And nestling to their mother soon must lie
The flaming leaves that flaunt their glory now.

And though on frost-browned hillsides one by one
Their leaves are scattered by an unseen hand,
Unbowed and glowing in the autumn sun,
Facing the wintry dawn the brave trees stand—
Great color symphonies that burn and glow
With beauty that the spring could never know.

—The Ryerson Press, Toronto.



The Reign of Terror

S. C. NARIZZANO

A white splash of moonlight, dim and eerie, formed an arched pool of ghostly light upon the Common Room floor. Into its haunting shadows moved two dark, silent figures, slowly and stealthily. They consulted together in hoarse, suppressed whispers.

"Which room is it?" hissed the fat man.

"Number 13, top floor," replied the short man.

"Is everyone asleep?" came back the other.

"Yes. It's a cinch," croaked the short man, laughing in suppressed gasps that echoed horribly in the still highdomed room.

"Shut up," ordered the fat man curtly. "Do you want to be heard?" He walked out of the light towards the wall, upon which hung an electric clock. The hands were squeezing out the last minute of the day. In a moment it would be twelve! It was the hour of the pale moon, and her risen dead, sweeping the sky on skelton wings.

He returned into the light where the short man waited. "It's time. Are you ready?"

The short man mumbled a grinning assent, his lips curled unpleasantly in a mirthless smile.

"Come on, then," ordered the fat man moving off towards the door, walking in a taut, cat-like crouch that did not become his bulky body. The other followed in the wake of the menacing leader.

Outside the Common Room lay a long corridor, lined on either side with bedrooms. The mysterious two passed several of these, and then down a short flight of five steps. The short man stumbled, catching himself upon the fat man. The stairs groaned with a startling sharpness that shattered the silence.

"Quiet, you fool," hissed the fat man angrily.

"Damn," muttered the short one.

From nowhere a light thrust itself beneath a door at the far end of the hall, intruding the blackness. With a start the prowlers hugged the wall, not daring to breathe, as though frozen. The crack of yellow played upon the gilt knocker of a slit-eyed cat on the door. No noise or movement came from the two as they stood rigid and tense against the wall. Was this to be the showdown? Should the door open the plot was lost and the two unmasked. The short man swallowed, gurgling in his throat. They seemed caught in an eternal minute.

As quickly and as suddenly as the light had come, it disappeared. The door was not to open. They were safe. The fat man seemed to sag and deflate as he let go a deep, sigh of relief. Still they did not move, still they waited,

their ears straining to pierce the silence. Time lapsed. The fat man beckoned with his hand and they moved forward.

A stairway now confronted them. It led to the top floor. They stopped a moment and viewed the ascent. Were these creaking, age-worn steps to reveal them? But it was too late to consider this. They must go on and finish the deed.

They began to mount, counting to themselves the steps won, as they cautiously and tacitly made their way upward.

"One . . . two . . . three . . ."

A white light which streamed in from the window at the first landing, fell upon their pallid and blotchy faces. It gave them an unreal quality, and they no longer seemed to be men of body, but spirits of fluctuating light, cloaked in evil.

"four . . . five . . . six . . ."

How kin they were to the mutilated and emaciated figures who now romped with the shadowy moon, ghoulishly playing their chants of sin upon her ethereal beams of light!

" . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . ."

Had the wretched goddess of the night sent them here on their midnight errand to play some foul crime in Room 13?

" . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . ."

Three more steps Three steps and the first landing was won!

" . . . thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen . . ."

They paused and breathed quietly. Five more steps and they were on the top floor. Slowly, oh how slowly these two demons crept up. Then they stood at the head of the stairs . . . and across from them, not more than twelve paces away, lay Room 13!

The fat man raised himself on his toes and moved toward the door. The short man did likewise. The pudgy fingers of the fatman encircled the doorknob and slowly twisted it to the right.

"Ready?" he asked the short man in a taut whisper.

"Yes," the other hissed back.

The fat man put his shoulder to the door. It gave way. They moved into the room. The door closed behind them.

Into the night shrieked a muffled scream. There was a thud, as if something had fallen . . . a tinkling of broken glass . . . a curse . . . then silence.

Two figures emerged from the room. They ran quickly but quietly to the stairs, and hurried down. On silent feet they flew down the hallway towards the library, and sped down the broad stairways to the main floor. It was no time before they were in the Old Lodge, locked behind the door of Room 4.

The fat man and the short man sat upon the floor in the dark. They panted heavily, trying to catch their wind. Then the fat man began to chuckle, and then to laugh. The short man, in a pitched voice, laughed also.

Excerpts From A Diary

February 16, 1943—

Up betimes and did have to run to catch my bus this morning. Did argue with the driver of the Lennoxville bus and curse him roundly for not having waited for me yesterday morning when I was but a minute or two late. I am convinced that he is a surly scoundrel and will hereafter not take his bus but the one after, caring not if I be late for lectures.

Did spend a very dull morn at lectures nor could I rest at all for the noise with which our maths. professor conducted his lecture. . . . Thence to dinner where I argued mightily with Dad on politics, of which I know nothing but it is pleasant to argue nevertheless.

Did change into my ski outfit with plaid shirt which is of such dazzling color that I must needs cover my eyes with dark spectacles whenever I wear it. Thence to Mount Pleasant in the hope of meeting some young ladies and so did ski down the hill but was mightily embarrassed and bruised by falling, with great impact, upon my posterior region. Did therefore retire to the clubhouse to rest and raise my spirits with some spirits. Thither and anon come a company of fools, three of whom, being drunk, did attempt to have a wrestling bout on the bowling alley so that their companions must needs drag them off with much ado and pitch them in the snow to cool their anger. . . .

So home feeling somewhat stiff.

February 20, 1943—Did to-day meet K. P. and his newly-found lady friend at the cinema and do think she is verily a bag nor yet pretty. Did buy my ticket from Jeannie and did compliment her fine new sweater which she wore. She has indeed the best looking profile in a sweater of any girl I have seen, having outstanding features.

Thence to Olivier's and was not there 10 minutes but was disturbed by a great commotion in a booth near to me. A gentleman, having attempted to wash down an extremely large bite of hamburger with some coffee, did choke upon his food and fall down to the floor as if dead. However Marie, the waitress, did with great presence of mind force him to throw up his hamburger and then revived him with a drink of water. I did then assist the gentleman to the Grill for he wished to take the taste of water from his mouth and to brace himself after the unfortunate experience.

The reign of terror had struck. The persecution was at hand. Another Freshman had been initiated into the mid-night activity of bed-dumping.

L. WALDMAN

Thence home and on the way met R.C. and M.P. who did together recite and attempt to teach me a very pretty poem which is now all the rage. It is entitled "Ode to Nell."

February 21, 1943—Up very early to-day and did find the weather extremely cold. On arriving at college I noticed that many of the girls due to the extreme cold were wearing slacks. I do not understand why a woman unless she is extremely bow-legged or knock-kneed should insist upon wearing trousers for these things were made for men and do not show to great advantage the feminine form. Women need but wear heavy woolen overstockings to keep warm on cold days but they seem to prefer slacks to stockings and I am afraid that eventually the hairy and muscular legs of men will be encumbered with shirts while women shall all have taken to wearing trousers.

Did this evening dine at college and do fear that our country's meat situation is become serious for it seems that, having used up all the horsemeat, we are now being fed on saddle steak. Even dogs are no longer safe. The Major's dog Toby was attacked by a butcher but very fortunately did escape with only a broken forepaw.

Attended a hockey game at college but think that I shall hereafter not go to home games for cleaning the ice is back breaking work. Our team did win the game despite the efforts of the referee, who was in the pay of the opposing players.

Thence home and to bed feeling very miserable with indigestion and have decided to eat nothing but lettuce sandwiches, which I may get at Herb's, when I am in Lennoxville. I now understand very many students are too ill to arise for first chapel in the morning.

February 25, 1943—Did have a terrible nightmare last night of one Rommel Pepys who was restless in his grave and sent up his ghost to haunt me. I take this as an evil sign for upon enquiry I have learned that the deceased Mr. Pepys also kept a diary and so I shall in future not keep this diary lest misfortune befall me.

Note to editor.—Any resemblance between this miserable article and the diary of any person living, dead or going to Bishop's is to be hoped for. Please send all criticisms, time bombs, etc., to Box P-117436, Bogutcharovo, Siberia.

A Day At An Indian Mission

E. PATTERSON

Situated at the head of the St. Maurice River and eight miles from land's height is Oskelaneo River, an important trading centre for the Indians from Mistissani and other parts of Quebec as far north as Hudson Bay.

Around the middle of May four or five hundred of these uncivilized human beings leave the Hudson Bay posts in their part of the country to come to the main trading centre. Formerly all supplies were carried in by plane, but since the war they have to be carried in by the Indians themselves. Weary after travelling six hundred miles over water, often portaging their canoes laden with furs and children, they arrive near the end of June.

Their arrival is one of the greatest events of the year. The fur-buyers are on the spot to welcome their old customers, the Provincial Policeman watches with a wicked eye for the trouble-makers of the preceding year, the Divinity student estimates the number of baptisms and burials he expects to have. In spite of all these thrills it is not as exciting as it all seems. Every person has to guard his property to see that the Indians do not camp on his land, the policeman tries to persuade them to go to an island which is one-half mile away, and the divine regrets that he will be so far from civilization when he is conducting the mission.

Such was my experience. I had to take a funeral shortly after their arrival, quite an ordeal as it was my first. All the Indians attended and several of the local folk. The man buried had died of pneumonia a few days before their arrival. The women wept bitterly and the men hung their heads in silence. When the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" were uttered everyone tried to throw some ground on the casket. I had several burials during my three months with them, but the first is the one I remember most distinctly.

The second day, Sunday, June 27, was most interesting. The Indians are early risers and they expect their services at an early hour. At 9.30 a.m. the motor boats loaded with Indians came to the trading post; all were eager to pray. The police advised me to take all services on the island. At 10.30 a.m. I was there surrounded with chattering Indians. My troubles now started. The interpreter had stayed in the north, and only one person could understand English. He took on the job. By eleven o'clock the first service of the

Mission had started. Their singing was like that of a trained choir, and their attentiveness like that of a girl listening to her boy friend's secrets. Never had I been surrounded by 350 persons who seemed more sincere.

Visiting the sick was on the programme for that morning. Many had colds which soon proved to be whooping-cough. It was very difficult after I had crawled into a tent to smile nicely at the wife and children, to feel the forehead of the sick child and to decide whether or not we should send for the doctor. Talking was impossible, smiling was essential! The women always sat in the farthest corners of the tents and hung their heads. My interpreter did a good job.

I was pleased to go to the mainland for lunch, but I had scarcely finished it when the assistant Indian Chief came to take me back to the island to baptize a child. When I arrived I found that there were three instead of one, a baby, a boy one and a half years old, and a girl of the same age. The mothers had forgotten the dates of their births, they weren't sure of the fathers' surnames, but they had a faint idea what the names of the children were to be. After the baptisms and afternoon service I visited the remainder of the tents. In each there was something different; some had wild birds in cages, one had an owl tied over the entrance of the tent, one had a young otter, and several had litters of Indian puppies hidden behind the flour bags.

When I left the mission at six o'clock I hoped it would be the last sight of the Indians for the day, but at seven o'clock 150 or more were in the school house where the white people were to worship. Amid their coughing and whooping in a room filled to capacity I had to conduct the service.

The following morning I took eight to the nearest doctor who lived in Clova, a distance of seven miles. The train was something new to most of them and they enjoyed it; the hospital was also new but they loathed it. Before they returned to the north many had spent sometime in the hospital, some with whooping cough and many with T. B.

The time I spent among these Indians has helped me to realize the importance of missionary work, and to admire all who have sacrificed their lives for it.



Don't - Quit - - -

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but never quit.
Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can feel how close you are;
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

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BECK PRESS REG'D
LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC

The Fates Laughed

S. C. NARIZZANO

The gilded oriental tumbler slipped from my bloodless hands, and shattered on the hard floor into countless millions of fragments.

I am going to die.

You're alarmed? I don't wonder, but please don't be frightened. I only want to talk. I couldn't bear to sit in my study alone, waiting for *Him* whom we must all meet some day. *He* comes to us all, to most, unexpectedly. But I am prepared for his visit. I wonder what *He'll* look like. It shall not be long before I know, and I have not much time to tell my story.

To begin with I will introduce myself. My name is Ronald VanNeer. Perhaps you recognize me as the novelist who gave you the best seller "Jeannette, a Mountain Maid." You do not? Well, that is understandable. I have only lately arrived in the spotlight of the public eye. But already I have gained considerable success. People have begun to notice and point me out as Ronald VanNeer, the author. My mail is full of those absurd letters from admirers that tell a man he's reaching the top. I have admittance into every fashionable cocktail circle in New York. My friends are prominent men, composed of artists, writers, singers, scientists, explorers, dancers and all those hundreds of others who whirl to fame in the craze glory of Manhattan. The critics call me a new discovery, and the small citations I have received from them have given me the password into this world of light and sun.

But what these fools who have swept me to acclaim do not know about me would draw the blood from their pale emaciated faces, and twist their blank bored miens into contorted awe. But they do not know, and so they continue to pay me lying compliments and toast my rising star. That is why I laughed when my agent called tonight.

"Ronny," he said, "I've got you a contract. The Saturday Evening Form will offer you two thousand dollars for a brief success story of your life. There is one stipulation however. It has to be written tonight so that it can make tomorrow's afternoon edition. A messenger will come around at two o'clock and pick it up."

That's what comes with popularity. Two thousand dollars for four or five hours work! Yes, I'd give them a story that would have them shaking their heads and praising me the louder. I think you know the kind of material the public loves to swallow—early struggles and sufferings, the humiliations and rebukes, the hunger and loneliness. It doesn't matter what you say as long as they like it. I'd tell them any damn thing, but they'd never know the truth, they'd never know that Ronald VanNeer was a——.

But wait. I am getting ahead of my story. I went into my study and switched on my desk lamp that brought out the hightone of the polished mahogany table. The light spilled a hot yellow cone of colour about me. I lit a cigarette and stared at the blank white sheet of paper set in my typewriter. Suddenly I sat up rigid, as I do when an idea hits me. With rapid, steady monotony the machine spilled forth word after word, sentence after sentence, until I became lost in my work.

It is difficult for me to tell you all that happened last night. Perhaps it's because it isn't real, because it was my subconscious that played the trick to bring justice to my sins. I do not know when I first became aware of it, but I suddenly felt as if I had been taken up and set aside from myself. I was no longer the man at the typewriter, but some one else that felt the taste of rust in his throat and the pungent smell of death in his nostrils. I knew as I looked upon that figure at the typewriter that I wanted him to stop, but the keys kept up a steady click-click although the fingers that touched them appeared stiff and cold.

A distant bell penetrated my numbed senses as I pulled myself from a troubled sleep, and I scattered the shadows and fogs that dulled and clouded my brain. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was two o'clock. That would be the messenger, I said to myself. I gathered up my manuscript, and gazed at the unfamiliar sheets. I could not seem to recall what I had written. I only knew that it was complete, and that my story was finished.

I went to the door and admitted the messenger.

"Good evening, Mr. VanNeer. Are you finished?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

I didn't realize then how finished I was. It was not until that afternoon that a copy of the Saturday Evening Form was placed in my hands. What I read there threw me into a sweat, and panic chilled the length of my body. It was all there, details of my life that I had thought I had long forgotten. Now I knew who that man at the typewriter was. It was my subconscious self pouring out the story I did not dare tell. In black and white on the cool crisp paper was my secret, my sin that I had guarded all these years so well: It told of Judith and my brother, Robert, and how I had found them in each other's arms. It told of my bitter, brooding, silent hate and jealousy. It told of the hunting trip in the Catskill Mountains, where Robert met with his unfortunate and tragic death. Here on these pages the truth of his death was revealed. In vivid

detail it went on to tell how, as we two stood on the crag top, looking down at the surf-surg-ing waters on the rocks far below, I had moved treacherously toward him and hurled his writhing, terror racked body over the cliff.

I, in this ununderstandable blunder, had exposed myself to the world. What a monstrous jest on the part of the fates to trap me by my own unwitting folly. I stood with the magazine twisted between my hands as I pictured to myself the newspaper headlines branding me murderer. I should be set aside from the world of men into a category of wretched beings that are known to have taken a human life. I should be subjected to the eyes of men gazing at me with curiosity and contempt; to the humility of the trial; to the wagging tongues, and the slander and calumny thrown in my face; to the bars of the detention cell, and then, looming big and repelling, the electric chair.

Suddenly I relaxed, and the tenseness left my body. I was surprised at my own calm and unhurried actions. I lit a cigarette, poured myself a scotch and soda, and sat in the great overstuffed couch by the window overlooking the Hudson, partly lost in the twilight gloom. I do not know how long I sat, staring before me. It was sometime there that my mind became clear upon my course of action. I raised myself and walked into the bathroom. I had not much time, for it could only be a matter of minutes before the police arrived, I thought to myself. I was not afraid as I took the sleeping tablets from the cabinet, and filled the little oriental tumbler with water. I do not know how many I swallowed, but they passed down my throat so simply that I could hardly believe that I was bringing myself to death. I returned to the couch, still clutching the little gilded oriental tumbler. Upon its surface a fat Japanese in silk kimono mocked me as he prepared his belly for the

dagger. This was not suicide; it was hari-kari, the honourable end.

The telephone jangled at my desk. I laughed to think that I could so calmly answer a telephone when I had but an hour or two to live. I walked over to my desk, and put the phone to my ear. It was my agent, speaking with excitement and agitation. His voice hurled itself at me through the earpiece.

"Ronny," he cried, "You've done it. That was a masterpiece, one of the finest pieces of realistic writing that has been produced in years. I just got a call from Rudolph Goodman. He calls it the most fascinating and psychological portrayal of the human mind that has ever been presented to the public. Ericstein wants to give you the Procter Society Prize for the best short story of the year. The critics are giving you rave notices in their columns, and . . ."

I did not hear anymore. His voice was only a dull meaningless echo. I dropped the phone into its cradle with icy cold fingers, and staggered to the middle of the room, my mind surging in a desperate turmoil.

They did not believe it. The fools thought it was a story, fiction. They had not even guessed at the truth. No one knew, no one should ever know. It was fantastic, horrible, unbelievable. I was free. I was saved. I had confessed the perfect crime, and no one believed me. The fools! The fools! I laughed hysterically and the room rang with the sickening jabber of a half-crazed mind.

Suddenly I became tense and rigid as a monstrous thought took possession of my whole body. The gilded oriental tumbler slipped from my bloodless hands, and shattered on the hard floor into countless millions of fragments.

Now I am waiting for *Him*.



Charles Mitchell

A. ROY

I have not chosen to write on this man merely because he was my uncle, but because he lies among the list of those long forgotten heroes, all of whom are worthy of mention. Like so many millions of others, he gave his life in the last war for the preservation of those same liberties for which so many are dying today.

Of his early life I know little. His name is seldom mentioned among the members of our family. In fact I might never have learned of his existence had it not been for his shrapnel-torn Bible which still lies open on a table in our drawing room. As a child it naturally aroused my curiosity.

Mitchell was born on a small farm three miles outside of Lennoxville. He was one of a family of ten. His father had been a lawyer in Scotland, but when his health failed, he was advised to come out to Canada. He chose for his new home a plot of land about a mile west of Huntingville. As can be well imagined, life in these new surroundings was not easy.

Charley Mitchell, as he was generally called, was a tall, stalwart lad, with dark hair, blue eyes and a large nose. He received his early education at a little red schoolhouse close to their farm, attended Lennoxville Academy, and at the age of eighteen was ready for college. Times had never been easy; his childhood had been one of misery. Of the original ten children, only five were now living. Tuberculosis had played havoc with the family; two of his brothers had died on Christmas Eve, 1897, and two of his sisters had died on Christmas day, 1897. Life had indeed been an uphill grind, but he had not faltered—indeed better times were to follow. During the four years in which he attended Bishop's University, he walked three miles down in the morning, and three miles back in the afternoon. In his final year he won the Prince of Wales Medal for a first class average in the Classics, an award since achieved by only student of this University.

Eventually aided by scholarships, as well as increased revenue from his father's farm, Mitchell was able to continue his education overseas. In 1902, he went up to Cambridge as an Advanced Student, passing the required standard in the Theological Tripos and in the Oriental Language Tripos, consisting of Hebrew and Aramaic. Having completed his course, Mitchell was appointed Hebrew Master at the Merchant Taylors' School, London, a post which he held till he went out to the Front as a Chaplain. Finally, several years later he was ordained Priest by the Bishop of London. While stationed as a master at Merchant Taylors' School, he took a great interest in the parish work of a small church

in the poorer section of London. He collected funds with which was erected a magnificent club room, a no small achievement for a young man. During the war it was converted into a home for Belgian women refugees, whose hands had been amputated by the Germans on their entry into Brussels, in order to render them helpless.

His new post as a Master of this well-known English boys' school allowed him leisure as well as easy access to the British Museum. His surprising aptitude for languages soon became a well-known fact among many prominent scholars of his day. In the British Museum he was shown an old Syriac Palimpsest, found in the Nile Delta several years before, which dated back approximately fourteen hundred years. The key to the language was unknown. Several great British linguists had attempted to translate it into English without success. Mitchell was asked to undertake the work. This Syriac Manuscript was written on large pieces of vellum, closely bound together with thongs of leather. Unfortunately, over the whole surface of these sheets a thin layer of tallow had been spread, into which had been forged another sheet of writing. It was necessary to remove this top layer of writing in order to get down at the original texts. The work was colossal. Patience, determination, and a good knowledge of the Syriac idiom, as well as a trained eye, were all absolute necessities for anyone hoping to undertake this work. All of these Mitchell had, with the result that he was able to translate whole columns of text that at first sight seemed absolutely invisible.

The text of these Refutations, which shed such a flood of light upon religious and philosophical thought in the Euphrates Valley sixteen centuries ago, will always be connected with the name of C. W. Mitchell, but his interests and activities were in no way confined to the past. He was a man of fine physique, and an enthusiastic teacher and leader of boys and young men. Moreover he never forgot that he was a Canadian. When the first Canadian contingent came over and landed at Plymouth he felt it intolerable that they should be in the post of danger, while he stayed behind in England, and in 1915 he became a Chaplain to the Forces. Indeed his fame had already spread. In order to serve his country he had refused two Bishoprics, one in Africa, and the other in England. In the following year, because of his perfect mastery of fourteen European languages he was attached to the Headquarters Staff as Chaplain, and became one of the chief interpreters at General Foch's headquarters.

What he most desired however was to get to the Front. At last to his great joy, he was attached to the 8th Battal-

ion of the East Yorks. The Yorkshire men appealed to his Scotch instincts. He went through the Somme campaign with them. He felt that he had found his life's work among the wounded, where he could be active too. He formed a devoted friendship with his Commanding Officer, Colonel de la Perelle, also a Canadian by birth. "He was always up near the men," wrote the Colonel in one of his letters to my Mother. "Nothing in earth could keep him away. He was indefatigable in his efforts to do all he could for the men's comfort and welfare. He was beloved by all. Curiously enough it was only a few days before his death, that

he was being chided by the interpreter for going up into the danger zone. His reply was that he believed it to be his duty to be there, and, if he were called away to answer the last Roll Call from there, he would be prepared to do it." That Last Call came on May 3, 1917. He was helping the doctor to bandage the wounded near the firing line, when a shell struck him, wounding him fatally. He was carried to a Field Ambulance, where he passed peacefully away. He was buried at Arras. Six of his fellow chaplains bore his body to the grave, attended by a party of the East Yorkshire Regiment which he had loved and served so well.

On Carrying A Sandwich Board

R. WESTMAN

So you—unlucky freshman, have been chosen as sandwich board carrier for the hockey game to-night. Lucky boy—supposing you had to scrub the gym floor, or even clean the ice. It'll learn you to skip association meetings. Don't say I didn't warn you.

—But what the heck! It was the first one I skipped and I had to be caught.

And so, at eight o'clock that evening you—a lowly freshman—are given a great honour, that is in the form of a beautifully adorned sandwich board. And in passing may I compliment our well-known college artist whose handiwork you are about to exhibit. Ah! but now you are about to receive the honour. How beautiful it is, with its simple lines—comparing somewhat to Dottie's sarong, only it doesn't respond to curves.

For those of you who have never viewed one of these—apparitions, I shall describe it to you. From its name, you can gather it is on the principle of a sandwich. You—I may add—are the filling. Tempting—aren't you! But I have strayed from the subject. The placards are placed on two fairly large boards, plywood usually, which are comparable to the two slices of bread in a sandwich. May I add—there are no three deckers. The two slices—I mean boards—go over the head as a pullover but there are no sides, only a back and front, and straps over your shoulders, much as in a ladies evening gown. Hm-m, who'll I vote for. Oh! Pardon me, I was just reading the announcement in the top left-hand corner of the sign on the back. Thus at last you are attired in your newest of garb and you must now make a dash for the rink—it's late of course, stupid!

On arrival at the rink you are greeted by the cheers of the audience—freshmen attendance compulsory—all of

whom are eager to read the news you are exhibiting. (You know, judging from the time it takes the average student to read and comprehend the five or ten words set forth in bold print, that Bishop's boys and girls are awfully slow readers. It would take them at the rate they read your beautiful sign, about three twenty-four hour days to read a six hundred page book.)

They are all eager, which usually means a rush in which "survival of the fittest" holds true. Someone shouts "Hey turn around—I wanna read the back." My advice is, don't turn. Probably someone nearer is reading the front, and if you oblige—well you have, I presume, seen a top in full motion. A freshman did oblige once, I have been told, and even today he walks as if he had just got out of a plane that's been in a tailspin.

By this time at least half the audience—I should call them crowd—have seen your signs. Anyway, the first period is over, because you hear the scrapers, and the seniors hurling comments such as "Hey you forgot a flake over there in the corner." Finally you manage to get down on the ice, where you parade around so everyone can get a good view of you—and the sign too, of course. After the freshettes throw you several admiring glances you begin to take that "superior" air, but you'll be sorry. Crash! didn't I tell you. In case I forgot, you are now pulling your head out of the sign board. The ice is awfully slippery, isn't it?

Finally, at about ten o'clock, it is deemed that everyone has seen, and read the posters that you have so proudly worn, and so you doff with great sorrow that "knee-bruising-apparition-of-the-devil", and kick your knees like a dog just freed from his leash. You are free!—till the next hockey or basketball game.

Utopia

T. E. TORRANCE

"A song, a song,"
The landlord quoth,
"Your drinking now should stop,
Or each of you,
Yea, one or both
Will end this night a sop."

Thus spake the beaming host to us
As draughts we drink full down,
"Methinks 'tfortells considerable fuss
When these lads wander home."

"For how," quoth he
"Can jollity
Go bereft of much noise,
Indeed it can't
It won't
It shan't
For I know well these boys."

And thus speaks he,
"Your jollity
Is of such mighty size,
That e'er the moon has disappeared
From view of worldly eyes,
The town will wake,
The town will shake,
And townsmen feel much thunder,
When goodly men, yea college men
Do rupture peace asunder."

And he was right,
For on this night,
O'erruled by Bacchus' eye,
We pull the stars,
We pull the moon,
And throw them from the sky.

The townfolk bawl to no avail,
The law doeth hurry hither,
But Bacchus' flail
Does make them quail
And send them yon and thither.
A mad march,
A glad march
Make we through the town,
We like not right
And we shall fight
Attempts to calm us down.
For Bacchus rules us through this night

And Bacchus we obey,
And not for years has such a fright
Been felt in night or day.

We rush up here,
We rush down there,
We rush all o'er the place,
Led by the light,
That noble light
Which shines from Bacchus' face.

Indeed the landlord was quite right,
Is not the landlord wise?
For well he knew
What we would do
Before the sun did rise.

And thus with hearts a'soaring high,
With spirits far from low,
We do repair to downy beds
When dawn begins to show.
And sleep we long,
Aye sleep we well,
As happy dreams have we,
So when next, night
Does cross our sight,
We'll make more jollity.

A Letter From England

September 5, 1942.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Raymond:

Thank you ever so much for your welcome "Air Letter". I'm sorry that I have not answered it sooner.

My six weeks in Wales were particularly interesting and enjoyable. From Aberystwyth northward, Wales is a strikingly beautiful country. As soon as I obtain my leave, which has been somewhat delayed, I intend to return in order to further enjoy its beauties besides increasing my knowledge of Welsh lore. During my stay there I was fortunate in meeting many interesting, kindly people.

On July 1, while taking part in a sport event, I broke my ankle. Tuesday, September 1, the cast was taken off. What a relief! To-day I've been given permission to walk on the foot for five minutes every hour. Soon I shall be fit again and ready to return to my work.

Recently I made an attempt to transfer to the American Forces, but my request was refused, because the deadline for transfer was set—June 6.

During my two months in hospital I've occupied my

time by making leather purses, wallets, belts and over-night bags. I'm really becoming quite an expert. So far I've made some 15 ladies' handbags and easily a dozen men's wallets. You may wonder what I've done with so many articles. Most of them were for nurses here in the hospital, or wives of some of the soldiers here.

This leather work, together with embroidery work, rug making and string belts, is proposed by the Red Cross. It is an excellent passtime besides being instructive. Though I have not tackled embroidery, some of the lads do some very fancy work. Sometimes I feel that the women are being surpassed. Not having taken the time to make a wool rug, I bought one, with a large Artillery crest worked in it, from another chap. It cost me £2 10, but is worth considerably more. My mother will appreciate it.

Trusting you are both in the best of health, and keeping the old Bish spirit,

I remain

Sincerely,

I. M. Gibeau.

Notes and Comments

K. L. FARQUHARSON

The ingredients of a good column in the *Mitre* are usually one old battered typewriter, several packages of slow burning cigarettes and any other stimulus available. Oh yes! Also one sadly mutilated sucker to do the composing. Anyway, here we are again with a "weed" in one hand, a rusty portable before us, a glass of cider to provide the aforementioned stimulus, and a few badly chopped up and oft-disputed bits of gossip upon which it is our duty to comment.

Well this is the Lenten term with its typical weather. One day we plan to go skiing and when we go out we find that it is so much like spring that we start dusting off our golf clubs and getting the spring and fall coat out. Accordingly we sally forth dressed to greet the first robin and are immediately snowed under in forty below zero weather. Moreover, it is rumoured that these changes in the barometer have made one of our esteemed faculty members homesick for Vancouver. Well, if they really have such fine weather out there, many of us would gladly take a trip to the west coast.

Some of us can still remember those first two weeks in January. We were reminded of it the other day when, looking through some recipes for a quick-acting poison, a small rectangular paper adorned with a variety of "Fs" floated gently to the floor. One man breathed the word "report" and was ruthlessly exterminated, but his remark brought back memories of some trying times. The Government was threatening, in no uncertain terms, to "weed out the mediocre students". Most of us were almost packed and several immediately rushed to the nearest recruiting station. For a while it looked like the student body at Bishop's was going to be considerably diminished. The most surprised group in the college were the co-eds who, having strutted about for a week without fear of any consequences, suddenly read in the *Queen's Journal* that that University had eliminated several members of its female ranks. At any rate we eventually survived the ordeal with surprising success and having banished all our fears of "ruthless reduction" settled down to enjoy the term.

No sooner had the last paper been finished than the first pair of skis appeared. Soon sports reigned supreme. On every hill skiers could be seen gracefully slaloming down between little red and green flags only to pile up on a tree stump at the bottom. On the basketball floor several figures dashed madly around trying to put a lopsided basketball in the hoop, and, at the same time, keep their footing on a floor recently waxed for a bi-weekly dance. On the hockey rink more, rather pugilistic beings, could be seen practising

hitting one another over the head with their hockey sticks in order to get in condition for the coming season, while in every part of the college where a four-legged table could be found "bridge" and "rumm" held sway.

Of late several people have asked us what is meant by the phrase "All day scheme". We regret that due to military censorship we cannot disclose all the facts, but here are the few permissible data. The scheme occupies most of any "free day". One rises early in the morning and having encumbered oneself with a heavy pack, skis are fitted on, and the march begins. Having laboured dolefully to the top of any high hill in the near vicinity we are immediately deprived of our ski poles, which we had planned to use as supports for the rest of the journey. With four poles and a map we form a table. Unknowingly we think this is perhaps dinner time, but we are mistaken for it is too early yet and we have some map reading to do. Finally dinnertime does arrive, and, after some anxious waiting, we finally obtain our rations, dig ourselves a comfortable hole in the snow, cheerfully stirring our coffee with an icicle. After dinner there is a "break" which consists of individual K. P. duty. The afternoon is usually a repetition of the morning except that we either attack an enemy position and succeed in getting wiped out to the last man, or sit in a six by four hole in the terra firma and try and pick off an advancing force. Due to the mixup in uniforms, however, some bright recruit usually succeeds in wiping out several of his own men. Following this we dash madly home for supper and, having eased our mighty appetites, we collapse on the nearest bed.

On Tuesday, January 26, the girls' Students' Association held its annual dance in the gymnasium. It was a fine affair, the hall being decorated with literally reams and reams of comic strips. Round about nine, couples started drifting in and at nine-thirty the dance was well underway. Caricatures of Maggie, Jiggs, L'il Abner, Harold, Moon, Herbie and many others were strewn liberally about, and in the resulting confusion of faces several couples became separated. However, by making their way to the magnificent bar at the far end of the floor they reunited and made merry over a coke. Around ten-thirty Miss Kay Witty, the mistress of ceremonies, announced that there would be an intermission. During intermission Prof. Kuehner won a lie telling contest with an amazing discourse on the habits of a certain magnanimous mosquito with which he came in contact on a camping expedition. As a prize he was presented with a small shovel which he is since reputed to have accidentally dissolved in some secret solution. Other items of



entertainment included the famous dancing team of "José and Marquita", alias Senor Gale and Senorita Schofield, who, dressed in the costume of their native land, performed the famous "Mexican Conga." In the ensuing applesauce (pardon me—applause) several of the college belles were heard to remark that Miss Schofield was beyond doubt a voluptuous blonde. Then the dancing was resumed and the party continued joyously until about twelve when there was a rush for Sherbrooke to round off the evening's activities.

The second social event of the term occurred early in February one rather dreary Saturday night. About thirty couples boarded sleighs early in the evening and towed by four chargers set out on a five-mile trip which brought them back to the gymnasium about 9.30. Here they found that certain members of the divinity faculty had arranged a party for them. Several others who had spent the early part of the evening skating joined the party and in spite of several pairs of 11-E ski boots succeeded in dancing away the few remaining hours until midnight.

We are glad to hear that the Dramatic Society has again decided to have a major play. Although unaware of their new talent, due to the fact that there were no minor productions before Christmas, nevertheless, they have many old standbys which should make for a successful representation. The play chosen is the "Wind and The Rain" which concerns a group of medical students and their trials and tribulations. Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, better known as "D.K." will again be on hand to direct the production and it is felt that its success will be equally if not greater than that of last year's.

Judging from the various sounds emanating from the anti-dining room we may judge that Bill Blackstock is again struggling to whip the college Glee Club into shape. We should be hearing a recital in the very near future.

Not so long ago many of us said good-bye to a friend with whom we came in contact during our first few days at Bishop's. Somebody led us over the tracks into Lennoxville, past the Post Office and Gay's taxi stand and then into a little store over which hung a sign "Hunting and Loach". Here we met a guy by the name of "Herb" who has during the time we have been here become one of our greatest friends. Whether it was a late evening snack or an early morning breakfast, whether it was a cup of coffee or a Vi-Co, Herb was always on his toes to give us every satisfaction. In the ten odd years that he has been in Lennoxville, he has created a name for himself that college students during the decade will not soon forget. But now Herb has a greater job to do, and he's off to do it. We'll miss him but each and everyone of us wishes him good luck and is hoping to see him back when the fight is over.

And so we come to those little sights around the college

too numerous to enlarge upon but the sad details of which we hope you can provide. Last term we reported "Ronnie" was busily engaged in the chemistry laboratory. It now appears that not only does a certain professor disagree with this statement, but those of us who have had occasion to visit the area have found him, from time to time, in the 1st floor telephone booth, or in the college library, pensively contemplating . . . for a while we wondered, and then we gave up. Another man who we miss around here is a certain "Sub-Lieutenant" who due to a three-day fast earned himself the name of "Ghandi Torrance" . . . we would like to know the name of those three men in a trench who succeeded, during a scheme last winter, in eliminating their platoon commander . . . speaking of platoon commanders and section leaders, etc., for the information of those freshettes who have been missing a boy friend lately, you'll probably find his sadly mutilated body, along with those of his section, about a mile down the railroad tracks . . . they tell us squad cars make wonderful conveyances to the New Sherbrooke . . . the skiing season brought many thrills but none so great as when some foreign material was imported from Cowansville early in February. . . . From Divinity house we hear that the archdeacon's hat was royally sat on . . . who cleaned up the Magog House? . . . who wants to be a cardinal any way? . . . We are coming to realize more and more every day that there is a humorist among the freshmen and that he has a "stock" expression for everything . . . Monday night is not a good time to be lost in Sherbrooke for three hours. . . . It is reported that one of our young lovers recently stumbled across first base with a glass of cider in one hand . . . flash! he is now making for second . . . for the information of a certain misinformed person horse is not steak . . . we are informed that we have a two-minute man in our midst . . . "triple", "backwards" and "Bottoms Up" are three expressions describing contortions of one of our local playboys . . . we would like to know if the authorities have a habit of preventing people from going to such shows as the "Pride of the Yankees" . . . lately some of our boys have been frothing at the mouth because they couldn't blow . . . the results were none to pleasant . . . in fact we may goggle at the end of that snow journey . . . they say that last year's juvenile lover has turned wolf and tried to steal this year's juvenile lover's girl . . . who likes champagne coolers and "coolers"? . . . some of us think we ought to turn over the three Hams to alleviate the meat shortage, it shouldn't take much for them to act the part . . . when a nominee makes his debut at a sports party and then tries to demonstrate his prowess by walking in a straight line, explanations that this was an experiment are usually discounted . . . Judging from the well-worn path it aint "Stuart's ginger ale" that the boys are after nowadays . . .

they say love just flows along, but does it ever get less and less? . . . There is no truth in the rumour that one of our young professors has succeeded in crossing a homing pigeon with a woodpecker so that it not only delivers the message but knocks on the door . . . Anyway, to sum it all up we

might say that more than one girl at "Bish" might be described as a co-ed in her early nicoteens!

So-so we leave the sidelights and byways for another couple of months but we'll be back later in the year with the final standings. Until then, *bonne chance*.



A Recruit

I'm one of those fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought but I had to go anyway. I was called in class A. The next time I want to be in class B—be here when they go and be here when they come back.

I remember when I registered. I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. "What's your name?" I said, "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him, "August Childs." He said, "Are you alien?" I said "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said "Pittsburgh." He asked me how old I was so I told him 23 on the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in France, and that will be the end of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I could live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps." I went a little farther and some fellow said "Look what the wind blew in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft's doing it."

On the econd morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit: As soon as you are in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turn around three times and they don't move, and what a raincoat they gave, it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said "Yes, but what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice: Five below zero one morning they called me out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B-V-D's of all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said "I'm up, sir, it's the underwear that makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch—a little later he passed and said, "Don't throw the dirt up here," I said,

"Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a sergeant that stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that twenty-seven of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier, and the captain came by and said "Fall in." I said, "But I've been in sir."

I was on the boat 12 days—seasick 12 days. Nothing going down, everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in." I said "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the brigadier was up yet. I said "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped the anchor," and he replied, "I knew we'd lose it, it's been hanging out since we left New York."

Well, we landed in France. We were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind the tree but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The captain came around and said "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "Captain, I would like to have a furlough." He said "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top—10,000 Germans came out, the way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our captain yelled, "Fire at will," but I didn't know their names. I guess the fellow in back of me thought I was *will*, he fired his gun and shot me in the excitement—(bad place to get shot). On my way to the hospital I asked the fellow where they were taking me—he said, "You're going to the morgue." I said, "There's some mistake, I'm not dead." He said, "Lie down, do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse said "Move over"—oh, what am I saying. That was another story.

Alumni Notes

Births--

EBERTS—At Ottawa Civic Hospital on 4th February, 1943, a son to Christopher C. Eberts, B.A. '34, and Mrs. Eberts.

GODWIN—At Sherbrooke Hospital, on 12th February, 1943, a daughter to the Rev'd A. E. Godwin, M '35, and Mrs. Godwin of Sawyerville.

PUDDINGTON—On January 23, at Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Montreal, to John C. Puddington, M '31, and Mrs. Puddington, a son.

REEVE—At Calgary, Alberta, on 9th December, 1942, to the Rev'd Charles E. Reeve, B.A. '31, and Mrs. Reeve (Dorothy Hall, B.A. '25), a daughter, Mary Helen.

TRENHOLME—At the Sherbrooke Hospital on December 1st, 1942, to Lieutenant W. H. Trenholme, B.A. '37 (Overseas), and Mrs. Trenholme, a son, James Graham.

Marriages--

BARRETT-GINZBERG—The marriage took place in Valleyfield, Quebec, in November, 1942, of Miss Lillian Ginzburg of Montreal, to R. Damon Barrett, B.Sc. '39, son of the late N. R. and Mrs. Barrett of Lennoxville.

BEERS-HUNTING—On February 11, 1943, the marriage took place in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, of Miss Norma Alberta Hunting, B.A. '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth W. Hunting of Huntingville, Quebec, to Writer George Nimmo Beers, R.C.N.V.R., son of the late Dr. Arthur Hope Beers and Mrs. Beers of Montreal. The Principal, Dr. A. H. McGreer, performed the ceremony.

GROOMS-STAPLES—On February 6, in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, the wedding was solemnized of Miss Bernice Rosamond Staples, B.A. '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Staples of Lennoxville, to L/AC John Elsworth Grooms, R.C.A.F., son of the Rev'd and Mrs. H. E. Grooms of Toronto. The maid of honour was Miss M. L. W. Richardson, B.A. '40, and the best man L/AC Earle Besner of Moncton, N.B. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Albert Jones, Rector of St. George's Church, Lennoxville.

GUNBY-WATSON—The marriage took place in the Southminster United Church, Ottawa, in February, of Miss Patricia Jane Ann Watson, member of the class of '41, daughter of Mr. J. G. Watson of Ottawa, and the late Mrs. Watson of Lennoxville, to 2nd Lieutenant Lloyd Charles Gunby, R.C.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gunby of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Charles Donald, and the bride was attended by Miss Doris Ollett as maid-of-honour. Lieutenant Miles

W. R. WRIGHT

Benson was the best man for the groom. After the wedding trip to Montreal and the Laurentians, Lieutenant and Mrs. Gunby will reside in Barrie, Ontario.

PATERSON-MACINTOSH—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Catherine Johnston, daughter of Squadron Leader and Mrs. Donald A. Macintosh of Toronto, to Flying Officer Donald S. Paterson, B.A. '39, R.C.A.F., eldest son of Senator and Mrs. Norman M. Paterson of Fort William, Ontario, took place on December 29, 1942, in Toronto.

ROSS-WALTON—The marriage took place on January 10, 1943, of Kathleen Walton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Walton, The Anchorage, Cottesmore, England, to Flying Officer Duncan Donald Ross, R.C.A.F., B.A. '41, son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Ross of Sherbrooke. Pilot Officer Kenneth D. Ross, B.A. '35, brother of the groom acted as best man. Flying Officer Ross is now attached to the Royal Air Force.

WILLIAMSON-THOMPSON—The marriage took place at 3 o'clock on Tuesday, 24th of November of Catherine Edith Thompson, B.A. '41, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Edmund Thompson of Lennoxville, to Lieutenant James Dean Travers Williamson, B.A. '42, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Williamson of Georgetown, Delaware, in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University. The ceremony was performed by the Principal, the Rev'd A. H. McGreer, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Albert Jones, Rector of Lennoxville. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Emily Ward, B.A. '42, as maid-of-honour, and the best man was Lieutenant John Stuart Visser, B.A. '42. After the ceremony a reception was held at 133 Quebec Street, Sherbrooke. The bride and groom left on a wedding trip to New York and Delaware.

Engagements--

HOLDEN-GREEN—The engagement is announced of Flying Officer Henry T. Holden, R.C.A.F., B.A. '38, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holden of Montreal, to Gillian Elizabeth, daughter of Major-General W. Green, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Green, of Brancaster, Norfolk, England.

GENERAL

Dr. L. Paul McMAHON, B.A. '37, is now in Sherbrooke carrying on Dr. Gordon Loomis' practice while the latter is doing post-graduate work in New York.

Lieut. T. R. GILES, B.A. '40, Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa, now Overseas, has been promoted to the rank of Acting Captain.

Lieut. Hector BELTON, M '41, now Overseas, has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

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P. O. Barclay WESTGATE, M '43, has been promoted to the rank of Flying Officer and is acting as an instructor in an R.C.A.F. station in the Maritimes.

Flying Officer J. Basil DOAK, B.A. '35, is now on duty with the R.C.A.F. in Alaska, co-operating with the United States Air Force in an effort to drive the Japanese from their foothold in the Aleutian Islands. F/O Doak says in an interview with the *Gazette* representative "If you can live on scenery, this is the most beautiful country in the world."

Squadron Leader C. A. Willis, brother of K. R. WILLIS, B.Sc. '39, is among the senior officers in Alaska.

L/AC William MACVEAN, M '41, who has been in the Radio Location branch of the R.C.A.F., has been accepted for training for the combatant branch of that service.

Captain the Rev'd A. V. OTTIWELL, B.A. '34, was with his men, a detachment of the Calgary Highlanders, at the Dieppe raid, and, we are pleased to learn, returned safely to England.

We are pleased to note that among the survivors of H. M.C.S. Louisburg which was torpedoed early in February in the Mediterranean, is Sub/Lieut. William Richard WRIGHT, son of H. P. WRIGHT, M.A. '09, M.D., and Mrs. Wright of 1390 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal. Sub/Lieut. Wright was a member of the class of '39 and later went to McGill University.

Our congratulations are extended to Messrs. B. E. CRAGG, B.A. '39, P. G. EDGELL, B.A. '39, and R. M. FYFE, B.Sc. '39, who have successfully completed their medical course at McGill University and will receive the degree of M.D., C.M. at the annual Convocation in May. Messrs. Cragg and Edgell are interning at the Montreal General Hospital, while Mr. Fyfe is attached to the medical staff of the Laurentian Sanatorium, Ste Agathe des Monts, Quebec.

On 25th August, 1942, in Toronto occurred the death of Professor George Oswald Smith, formerly Professor of Latin in University College, the University of Toronto, and Registrar of the College. Professor Smith was a distinguished graduate of the University of Oxford. He came to Lennoxville in 1900 and was a member of the Faculty of Bishop's University for one year. In 1901 he removed to Trinity College, Toronto. Professor Smith was a brother-in-law to Dr. J. B. Winder.

The *Mitre* records with pride the election of the Rt. Rev'd Ralph SHERMAN, L.S.T. '09, Lord Bishop of Calgary, to be Archbishop of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Island. Bishop Sherman, who is a Rhodes Scholar, is a graduate from the University of New Brunswick and Oxford. He has the degree of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa, from three universities one of them being Bishop's.

The Rev'd Douglas M. CHRISTIE, B.A. '38, has been appointed by the Bishop of Ottawa to the rectorship of St.

Paul's Church, Renfrew, Ontario. He assumed charge of his new parish on January 1.

On the Feast of St. Thomas, December 21, the Rev'd Percy CLARK was ordained Priest in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa. The day following the Lord Bishop of Quebec ordained to the Priesthood the Rev'd Reginald TURPIN, B.A. '37, and the Rev'd Hugh APPS, M '42, in Quebec City.

The *Mitre* records with regret the death of Mr. John Perley Wells, K.C., D.C.L., Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Corporation of the University, which occurred on Friday, February 12, at his home in Sherbrooke. He was seventy-four years of age.

Mr. Wells had been a member of the Corporation for more than twenty years. He was Chancellor of the Diocese of Quebec, and had taken a leading part in philanthropic work in Sherbrooke and the Eastern Townships. On December 29 last he was tendered a complimentary dinner by the members of the St. Francis Bar Association, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the practice of law.

Mr. Wells took a great interest in the welfare of the students of the University and gave a prize for French which was awarded on the results of the annual examinations, and was presented at the annual meeting of the Convocation.

At the funeral in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, on February 15, the President and several other members of the Students' Council represented the Students' Association.

The Right Reverend Arthur Carlisle, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal and Vice-President of the Corporation of Bishop's University, died on Tuesday, January 5, at his home in Montreal, at the age of sixty-one. He had been Bishop since 1939, in which year he succeeded the Right Reverend J. C. Farthing, who retired as Bishop of Montreal after an episcopate of thirty years.

Bishop Carlisle was a man of great charm. He had the faculty of remembering people and their names, and a rare gift for helping those in trouble. He took an active interest in civic and welfare work, and particularly in the work of Juvenile Courts and of the Children's Aid Society. He had been a member of various Boards of School Commissioners, and of the governing body of more than one university. In the first Great War he served overseas as Chaplain with the 18th Battalion of the Fourth Canadian Infantry Brigade. A gracious and courageous leader has been removed from the Canadian Episcopate by his death. Requiescat in pace.

The Chancellor of the University, Mr. G. H. Montgomery, K.C., the Chairman of the Executive Committee, D. C. Coleman, Esq., and the Principal, represented the University at the funeral of the late Bishop of Montreal on January 8.

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Sports

E. G. STEVENS

After a whirlwind start in the Sherbrooke City and District Basketball League in which the Bishop's University hoopsters outclassed the smart Windsor Mills Flying School team 39 to 35, the college five fell into a losing slump from which it had not recovered when the *Mitre* went to press. Bishop's now stands fourth in the league which is made up of the Air Force, the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A., the Sherbrooke High School and Stanstead town. The college with two more league games to play, has but a mathematical chance of getting into the league play-offs later this month.

After trailing by four points at the end of the first quarter, the Bishop's squad built up a lead throughout the remainder of their first league game against the Air Force on the home court to give them a 39-35 victory. Forward Ed Stevens, veteran of last year's fast team (and other years) paced the attack for the college, netting a total of 14 points while center Ken Jackson got 10. Bob Carpenter and Farquharson each got 6 points while Ian Scott and Keith MacLean got 2 and one respectively. The line-up for the game was completed by Robinson, Fairbairn and McCredie.

Bishop's in their first game put on the court the same team which last year took second place in the league, with the exception of George McCammon, whose place is being filled by Keith MacLean. Newcomers were McCredie, a promising freshman, Farquharson, the hockey star who plays a good game of basketball, and Morse Robinson, who has not appeared since three years ago. The veterans of last year's team are Stevens, Jackson, Carpenter, Scott and Fairbairn.

A humiliating defeat was suffered by the college to the Sherbrooke High School by the score of 28 to 25 on the victor's court. Over-confidence, and lack of time for practice proved to be the bogey for the college in this game and later ones. The High School, playing faster and better organized basketball than last year, held the advantage throughout the game, and relying on their famous last-half rallies of last year, the college failed to pull out of the game ahead. For Bishop's Jackson led the scoring with 9 points, and Stevens and Carpenter were next with 6 and 5 points respectively. Also Scott and McCredie got 3 and 2 respectively.

In their third league game, the college perked up a bit and put on a better game of basketball against the Y. M. C. A. but was unable to overcome the Y in the last quarter, and lost 44 to 43. The college team held the advantage at the halfway mark, 16 to 15, and nearly kept apace of the

victors until a foul shot in the final minute of play put them ahead to win by one point. In the game, the high scorers were Jackson 12, Stevens and Farquharson 9 each, Carpenter 8, MacLean 3, and Scott 2.

Determined to win, but still over-confident, the college again was beaten by one point, by the High School, 28 to 27. In the fourth league game, the college was ahead 16 to 15 at half-time kept this slim margin until the final minutes of the game when a long shot by MacFarlane, High School center, dropped through the hoop to end the game in a High School victory, 28 to 27. For Bishop's, Jackson got 12 points, Stevens, Carpenter, MacLean, and McCredie, 4 each.

In a return match against the Air Force, the college succumbed 48 to 40 in a rough game in which the referee was forced to call many fouls. The strong Air Force team held the lead throughout the game, and the plucky Bishop's lads were unable to draw near enough to win. In the final quarter, with the Air Force far in the lead, Bishop's staged a magnificent rally which netted them 19 points to their opponents 4, but this was not enough to overcome the air-men's lead. Ed Stevens came out of a scoring slump, and netted a total of 19 points while Jackson got 9, Scott 6, Macredie 3, MacLean 2, Carpenter 1.

So far in the season individual aggregates of points stand as follows: Stevens and Jackson, 52 each, Carpenter 24, Farquharson 15, Scott 13, MacLean and McCredie, 9 each.

Playing in a three-team league, the Bishop's University hockey team ended a season that had its ups and downs in the second place after a thrilling play-off series with the rough and ready (for a fight) Bromptonville outfit, which the college pucksters lost out in the fourth game of a three-out-of-five play-off.

In the season's opener, Bishop's lost to Bromptonville on the college ice 5 to 3. The uninitiated college team put up a game scrap but the visitors held the lead throughout the game. The game was one of the best seen at the college in two years, and was the only one which did not end in a fight. Several freshmen players were brought into the spotlight in the first game, and Bown, McMaster, Davis, Day, turned in good performances. Veterans from last year who appeared for Bishop's were high-scoring Keith Farquharson, Mert Tyler, Mac Johnston, Pete Schoch, George Scott, Bob Smith, Clem Brodeur, Jimmie Giroux, manager of the team, handled the aggregation throughout the entire season as coach.

The second league game saw Bishop's overpower a weak Jean D'Arc team in Sherbrooke 13 to 0 in which practically every member of the college team scored at least one goal. It was a field day for the college team, and it was with regret that they saw this team drop out of the league. After last year's losing slump, this game gave the team the spirit to make a good showing in the play-offs later in the season.

The return game with the Jean D'Arc team on the college ice saw the opponents putting up a little stiffer opposition, but the Bishop's men were able to defeat them handily, 6 to 1. At this point, the Jean D'Arc team dropped out of the league, leaving only Bishop's and Bromptonville to participate in the play-offs for league honors.

In the first play-off game, played at Bromptonville, the home team won 9 to 4, but at the end of the second period, the score stood at 4 to 4. At the outset of the final period, Bromptonville got 5 fast goals, and while the Bishop's men were still blinking and were unable to get back on their feet the final whistle ended the game. The first two periods saw two evenly matched teams playing good hockey, but the sudden spurt downed the college and they were unable to rally.

The second play-off game, ended in a 5-all tie, and at the close of the overtime period the score stood at 6-all. The game, played on the college ice, was played over, and in the rematch Bishop's won 4 to 3, to tie up the series at one-all. Bishop's took the lead early in the game, and was able to hold it until the end.

At Bromptonville, Bishop's was defeated 6 to 3 in the next game. The Bishop's team put up a scrappy game and only once was a threat to the home team. With the score at 4-3, Bishop's scored a goal which was not allowed because the Bromptonville referee "didn't see it", and then the Bromptonville team went on to win 6-3. Had the goal been allowed, the college team doubtless would have had the fight to push ahead to win.

In the final play-off game, Bromptonville defeated Bishop's 5-4 on the college rink. This gave Bromptonville three wins, and also the league honors. In the second period Bishop's was ahead 3 to 0, and then through over-confidence, they allowed the visitors to snap four fast goals into the net to make the score 4-3. Each team scored one goal in the final period.

Individual scoring records place Farquharson at the top of the list with Tyler and Schoch right behind him. Others who contributed goals were Davis, McMaster, Scott and Smith.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY

In the annual inter-year hockey series, third year won the cup hands down with a strong team made up of Jimmie Giroux, Ed. Stevens, Keith MacLean, Red Millar, Frizzell, Buchanan, Raycraft, Peake, Mills, Tomlinson, Smith. The powerful third year team did not drop one game in the entire series. In next place was second year and first year was last.

SKIING

The women's ski team participated in the Eastern Townships meet at Cowansville. Kay Witty, Lydia Aboud, Ann Musty, and Doreen Bishop represented the college and Dick Tomlinson and Jack Peake acted as manager and coach.

In the annual Mount Pleasant Club meet, the college would have cleaned up had Dick Tomlinson and Jack Peake, Don Macdonald, Pat Schofield, Ian Scott and Red Millar entered as a team. Jack Peake won the combined scores, taking in the second places in the cross-country, slalom, downhill. Dick Tomlinson won first place in the downhill and third in the cross-country but could not participate in the slalom because he set the course.

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ELIZABETH BRADLEY

71 WELLINGTON ST. N.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by

GRACE JACKSON

THE NOVELS OF ELIZABETH GOUDGE

One of the main pleasures of discovery is the delighted compelling of others to look at your find. Columbus discovering a continent, Galileo revealing a planet, or a child uncovering the magic of books are all explorers whose first cry of "Look!" discloses their common desire to share the joy of their discovery. I think it is true to say that one cannot fully enjoy any revelation of beauty without sharing it. An artist *must* paint a sunset that others may see beauty as he saw it, a writer *must* express that something in his heart which demands to be shared with other people to complete its value. It is as though the writer says, "I shall reveal what I have discovered, you will discover what I have revealed, and we will both cry "Look!" to the passer-by.

It was with this sense of discovery that I first read the novels of Elizabeth Goudge and felt, if not like Columbus and Galileo, at least like the Ancient Mariner, constrained to make others listen to the words of this imaginative artist in prose. Apart from the pleasing style, the satisfying stories, the gentle wisdom of Miss Goudge's books they all have one factor in common which should make them very popular just now with the reading public, and that is their escapist nature. For no one to-day questions the value of judicious escapism, when possible, from this world thundering with war, into the quiet paths and green lanes of other times. Miss Goudge has been criticised for her flights of fancy, the fairy-tale quality that pervades and detracts from reality in her books, but in these faults, if so they must be termed, lies her very charm; and they are counterbalanced by a sanity and faith in the nature of man that should steady the mind filled and embittered by the literature of battle, murder and sudden death. And though Miss Goudge may be an unblushing escapist at times, she does not turn her back on modern problems, but faces them with consistent optimism and intelligence. Her stories may sometimes be unconvincing, but they never fail to entertain; they may be romantic, but they are seldom sentimental, and always they are filled with a freshness of outlook that is entirely at variance with that aspect of twentieth century realism which sees and depicts only the sordid and the tragic.

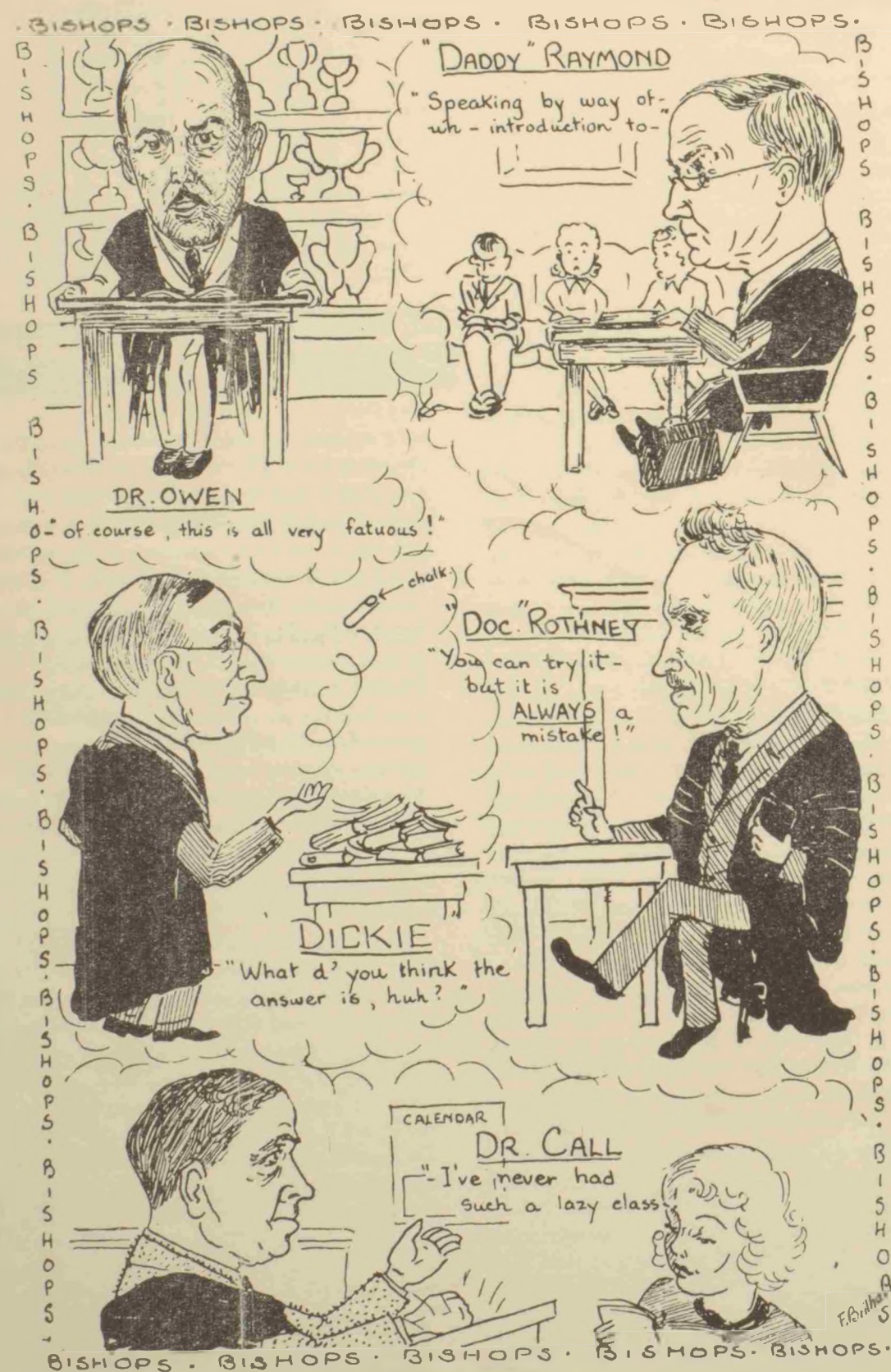


To preface her first book written since the war began, "The Bird in the Tree", written in 1940, Miss Goudge uses a poem of Arthur Symonds' entitled "The Bird". This poem might be called the symbolical epitome not only of this book but of the author's attitude to the worldly scheme of things and the solution she has found. It reads in part:

"I have grown tired of sorrow and human tears;
Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears,
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.
I would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood;
Here between sea and sea in the fairy wood,
I have found a delicate wave-green solitude.
Here, in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,
I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,
And the peace that is not of the world has flown to me."

It is this inner peace at the core of all Miss Goudge writes that sends the reader away satisfied, and yet always eager for more.

Miss Goudge is the daughter of Canon H. L. Goudge, regius professor of Divinity at Oxford University, and author of many books on the New Testament. The imprint of the background of her own life in cathedral and university towns has made itself felt especially in her second novel, "The City of Bells." This delightful book is generally regarded as perhaps her best, and certainly her most widely known work, and to read it is sheer pleasure. It is a glad, spontaneous story about Henrietta, and Hugh Anthony, nine and eight years old respectively, who live with grandfather and grandmother, old Canon and Mrs. Fordyce, in the cathedral close of Torminster at the turn of the present century. Into their lives come Jocelyn Irvin, invalided home with a lame leg from the Boer war, and Felicity Summers, a refreshing and unsophisticated actress, who spends her time between London plays with a quaint elderly godmother whose chief eccentricity is to clothe herself entirely in



keeping with the fasts and festivals of the church's year as they come and go. Jocelyn is persuaded to set up a little bookshop in the Cranford-like village. The warp of the plot is made up of Jocelyn's reaction to the little house which chooses him for its master, and which so effects him that he digs out every scrap of available information as to the former occupier, Gabriel Ferranti, who has mysteriously disappeared at the beginning of the tale. Jocelyn finds some of Ferranti's work, completes it, and with Felicity's help makes from it a successful play. The woof is the love that springs up at sight between this young man and girl. The surprising dénouement involving the tragic Ferranti and the enchanting child, Henrietta, is both surprising and satisfying. But a mere outline of the plot does scant justice to the quality of this book which has captured an atmosphere of serene and steadfast cathedral towers, quiet cloisters, gentle, cultured bishops, deans and canons, quaint townsfolk, gay, curious, wholesome children, wistful humour, an atmosphere of Hans Anderson magic salted with nineteenth century realism. Listen to the description of the little house that captured Jocelyn's heart and changed his whole future for him: "Between the tall Green Dragon and the equally tall bakery two doors off was wedged a little house only two stories high. Its walls were plastered and pale pink in colour and its gabled roof was tiled with wavy tiles and ornamented with cushions of green moss. There were two gables, with a small window in each, and under them was a green door with two white, worn steps leading up to it. A large bow-window was to the right of the door and a smaller one to the left. There was something particularly attractive about the bow-window. It reflected the light in every pane, so that it looked alive and dancing, and it bulged in a way that suggested that the room behind was crammed so full of treasures that they were trying to press their way out. But yet it was in reality quite empty, for Jocelyn could see the bare floor and the walls papered with a pattern of rose-sprigs. Behind the house he thought that there must be a garden for the top of a tall apple-tree was just visible behind the wavy roof."

The house affected him oddly. He was first vividly conscious of it and then overwhelmingly conscious of himself. His own personality seemed enriched by it and he felt less painfully aware of his own shortcomings, less afraid of the business of living that lay in front of him. He had felt like this once before, at the beginning of an important friendship."

Miss Goudge has recaptured the spirit of Christmas in her picture of the Torminster choir boys annual Christmas party held on Holy Innocents' Day at the Bishop's Palace, because the Bishop liked giving parties for small boys. We see the choir boys standing in excited groups near the huge Christmas tree, "looking terribly clean in their Etons, their

faces shining with soap and their eyes with expectation." We see the great log fires lit at either end of the gallery; we watch the present-giving and hear the ensuing rumpus; we follow the party, boys, dignitaries and all, down to the old banqueting hall where kings and queens had feasted, and watch them eat with blissful unconcern at the long candle-lit tables, till the Bishop's warning sends them all, replete and happy, to sing a Christmas evensong.

This is a joyous, optimistic book in which coincidence and even fantasy mingle with possibility and reality. After you have read it you will want to turn to another long short-story about Henrietta and Ferranti and all the Cathedral friends, the book entitled "Sister of the Angels", a tale written especially for Christmas. Once more we visit Torminster, this time under a mantle of December snow. A walled-in chapel in the crypt of the cathedral had been opened up by grandfather and found to contain frescoes that legend attributed to a medieval monk who, stricken with leprosy, had covered three sides and the roof of the chapel with the story of the "Second Coming", dying before he could do more than lightly block in the design for the east wall. How a modern young artist with vision and genius adds the remarkable "First Coming" to the frescoes, and in so doing frees himself from a broken past, forms the basic plot into which Miss Goudge weaves her own flawless atmosphere of beauty and faith. One critic suggests that to turn from reading a war bulletin to this book is not unlike turning from Hades into a happy garden.

A book which has its story literally set in a garden is Miss Goudge's first novel "Island Magic" published in 1934. The garden is one of the small Channel islands close to the French shore, a locale which the author knew and understood because of her childhood partly spent at Guernsey, her mother's home. Here in the farmhouse of Bon Repos, "very old and very grim, low and solid like a grey rock", live the du Frocqs, father and mother and five turbulent, spirited children with names like music, and temperaments as swift and varied as April weather. In 1888 Rachell du Frocq, dignified, poised, beautiful, and André, her bewildered, dreamer husband, forced by fate into the rôle of a practical man of affairs, are trying to save their farm from ruin in order that Michelle, Peronelle, Jacqueline, Colin and Collette may grow up in the home that is their natural environment and rightful heritage. Just when things seem almost hopeless salvation comes out of the sea to fulfil Rachell's vision; for these Islanders, nourished on proverbs and folklore have great faith in their uncanny "seeings". After a storm and shipwreck a mysterious stranger arrives at Bon Repos and becomes bound by many ties to the island and the du Frocqs. How he works out his own salvation in helping the children find themselves, in freeing André to write his remarkable poetry, in saving the farm and win-

ning the love of the family forms the actual plot of the story. But the story would be slight indeed without the charm of Miss Goudge's beautiful descriptions of the island scenery, the quaint town with its cobble-paved streets, the water-lane and the wishing well, and the wine-dark sea beyond. The book has magic in it, yes, but it also has excellent characterization, and nowhere will you meet more lively, human, convincing children than at Bon Repos. They are gay and lighthearted, full of zest and fun, troubled by their unruly tempers, sensitive and imaginative. The scenes where anger and passions let loose, turn the farm into a temporary Bedlam are very real, and help balance the ingredients of fantasy and sentiment which are here in good but pleasant measure. The scene where Michelle, her dreams rudely disturbed during supper, upsets the cream is a good sample of the du Frocq temper unleashed:

"Michelle," roared Colin, "pass the cream, you greedy pig!" It was the first remark he had made since the meal started, but then it was the first time he had been unable to reach the cream.

Michelle started and found that she was gripping the cream jug in her right hand.

"Michelle," said Rachell, "if you want some cream take it, but don't sit there holding it like that."

"Your rock's undone," said Peronelle, wrinkling her nose with disgust, for she hated slovenliness, "I can see your combies."

The blood rushed in a wave to Michelle's forehead. She felt hot with fury. Their remarks, forcing themselves in on her exaltation, were like a horde of stinging insects. She gave the cream jug an angry push and it emptied itself across the tablecloth into Peronelle's lap, making a nasty slimy river all down the front of her dainty pink cotton

frock. Peronelle, always exquisitely fastidious, leaped to her feet in a rage, her cheeks as pink as her frock, every single curl standing straight up on end with exasperation.

"You pig! You pig!" she stormed, stamping her feet, "you've ruined my frock! I hate you! I hate you!"

Rachell rose to her feet, her eyes blazing, looking like Mrs. Siddons as the tragic muse.

"If there are any children on this island worse behaved than mine I've yet to meet them," she thundered.

Jacqueline, the tension of her misery broken by the sudden storm, burst into floods of tears, and for a few moments the du Frocq temper was in full blast rolling backwards and forwards, an unseen force, from wall to wall. Then as quickly as the tumult had risen it subsided, and the habitual peace of Bon Repos flowed back. The cream was wiped off the tablecloth and Peronelle, the tears off Jacqueline. Everybody kissed everybody else. Michelle apologized to Peronelle, Peronelle apologized to Michelle. Colin finished what was left of the cream while they both apologized to Rachell.

You will like "Island Magic", and you will want to read other Elizabeth Goudge books such as "The Middle Window", "Pedlar's Pack", "Smoky House", written especially for children, "Golden Skylark" short stories in which the du Frocqs play a prominent part, "Towers in the Mist", a story of Oxford in Elizabethan days, "The Bird in the Tree", and a very new story, "The Well of the Star", about a shepherd boy of Bethlehem on the first Christmas. If you are not already a Miss Goudge partisan, may I recommend her without reservation. She is not a great literary artist, but she has integrity of vision, and beauty of talent, and her stories are sung from the heart.

T. E. TORRANCE

Household Hints

1. *To Press Pants* — First take the pants and with great care immerse them in a bucket containing a 50-50 solution of water and lye. Then, when thoroughly soaked, remove from bucket and place on a dirty ironing-board. Next, take a red-hot iron in the right hand and a small fire-extinguisher in the left hand and with great care drop the iron on the pants and let it rest there for a few minutes. When you detect the smell of burning wood, you know the pants are done. Now, remove the iron, scrape up the pants, and put out the ironing board with the fire extinguisher. See, you have a pair of pants that will never have to be pressed again.

2. *How to Cook a Steak in a Hurry.*—Purchase a large

steak at your favourite butcher's and hasten home. Remember, in order to follow these instructions, you must be in a hell of a hurry. Now you are at home, prepare to cook your meat in double-quick time. First, moisten steak with oil, any kind of oil. Then, dip it into a basin of benzine and let it soak for 2 minutes. Next step is to place it in the oven, having had the gas on (unlighted of course) for a few minutes. The steak is now ready for the final operation, namely, that of lighting the stove. The approved method is to stand ten paces away from stove and light a cigarette. The ensuing explosion will probably disconcert you slightly, but wait! Just take a look at that steak. Ah yes, here it is. A more delicious piece of carbon just can't be found.

Exchanges

Since the *Mitre* is now limited to three issues a year, the periodicals from other institutions pile very high before they are perused for the Exchange Column. For this reason we will be unable to report on these publications as thoroughly as in the past. As our readers know, one use of this column is to cull any news from other colleges that will lead, directly or indirectly, to the improvement of our *Mitre* or our university. It is also our custom to discuss interesting news events reported from other universities. In view of the large amount of exchange to be reported on for each issue of the *Mitre* it might be advisable to open a new column for the purpose of informing us what is going on in the rest of the collegiate world. This would leave "Exchange" to its normal task of remarking on the literary merit and the novel ideas to be drawn from its mailbox.

Has the war hit Canadian universities very hard? From the papers we gather that life at college is much the same as before the war as far as the sports and entertainment fields are concerned. Proms, plays and sleigh-rides are still regular events. Elections and war charity drives have also held their place in the headlines. In several universities candidates for election have regular publicity campaigns in action, complete with party slogans, campaign pledges and platforms. We note in the *Brunswickian* that at U. N. B. it's the custom for a class to elect life officers. We wonder if this plan would not help classmates to keep in touch with one another, and hold reunions more easily, after graduation. Developing on this thought, we have often considered an appeal to Bishop's men to write "home" more often. By printing their letters the *Mitre* could help classes keep track of their members and at the same time entertain its readers with reminiscences which are sure to be amusing.

Quite a large amount of newsprint was devoted to discussions of Selective Service. According to the most up-to-date report, some 870 students, some of them girls were placed at the disposal of the Selective Service. College papers also helped explain the new status of Science students. The situation in American colleges seems much more severe than in Canada. At first, we learned that many enlisted men were being partially trained at colleges just as is now done in the pre-aircrew courses at McGill and Queen's. The U. of Virginia reported 600 seamen being trained there. The next we learned was that all reservists at college in the U. S. were to go active after the first semester. Now it appears that this general call-up has been postponed for several months. In reference to boys joining up, we read that Varsity is arranging for the payment of subsidies to University of Toronto lads who have been in the army for more than

D. MACDONALD

eight months and wish to resume their studies on receiving their discharge.

Bishop's students read with much interest the now-notorious Commerce issue of the *McGill Daily*. We look forward to the paper's reinstatement as it was (in spite of its occasional wanderings from the path of propriety) an excellent mirror of McGill thought and McGill activities. The Daily has tried to represent the McGill student and only recently held a poll to obtain suggestions for the paper's improvement. This idea could well be adopted by the *Mitre* Board who have hitherto had more criticism than help.

In our mail are two outstanding issues of the *Dalhousie Gazette*. One is the O. T. C. issue which is devoted especially to affairs military, and the other is the *Dalhousie Zeitung*. The latter, dedicated to the Aid to Russia Fund, and the Red Cross Ball, is a fine parody of Nazi journalism. The news-stories and the proclamation of "Fedor von Bock (Commandant-General, Halifax)" are not so exaggerated as to be taken lightly. The proclamation would be worth republishing for the benefit of all those who think the war has imposed too much hardship on them alone.

On reading some of the college magazines, we wonder if Bishop's men and women lack the literary flair or whether there are not enough of us to produce enough writers to keep the *Mitre* on a par with other college journals. We seem to find better short stories and better articles written by students of other universities than we can write. For example *Arta Ridleiana* recently published a story called Simon the Magician, concerning the thoughts and words of one Simon Magus as registered just before his death. In this psychological portrait the hero believes he is a god and is about to prove his power to the Roman Emperor by flying down from the roof of the Coliseum. The picture we have of this poor maddened heathen in mind is rather startling. There are other short stories and articles by college students which are more than worthy of a place beside our popular magazines in the Common Room. Among the fiction offered there is already a scattering of war stories most of which are significant in their treatment of war and should be read, if only to see how Canadian youth sees war.

Articles in several journals have as their topic, post-war reconstruction. A little reading and writing on this subject might help us get this important consideration straight in our minds.

A new item of great interest on our Exchange list is the Melbourne (Australia) Technical College Annual, *the Jargon*. This is the first picture we have had of student life down-under. If the *Jargon* is any example, we gather that

the Aussie students have it over us, at least in the journalistic field. For literary value the *Jargon* is almost on a par with the Yale Literary Magazine. The *Jargon* has rather a tendency toward the humorous side of life. And the cartoons and caricatures . . . the caricatures! . . . Well, they lead one to wonder why we haven't uncovered a caricaturist for some time now. Couldn't we have just one cartoonist for the Year Book this year? Of course we can top the *Jargon*, even if it is put out by a technical college.

The *Mitre* is grateful for the receipt of the following:

The Acadia Athenaeum
The Argosy Weekly
Bates Student
Brunswickian
Challenger
College Cord
College Topics
The Carabin

College Times
Dalhousie Gazette
The Manitoban
McGill Daily
The Queen's Journal
The Silhouette
Xaverian Weekly
Alma Mater
Arta Ridleiana
B. C. S. Magazine
King's College Record
Muse
Quebec Diocesan Gazette
The Record
Red and White
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
The Trinity Review
Yale Literary Magazine

The Little Fellow

W. GALE

The era of the brotherhood of Chaplinites is past, but many still remember the little tramp who was dear to their hearts in the days of the silent picture. When Chaplin was on the screen no sound or captions were needed to convey to the audience what he was thinking or saying. Every gesture of his superb acting spoke for itself. During the twenties, Charlie captured the hearts of everyone as they followed the trials and tribulations, the joys, the sorrows and the gallantry of his life on the screen. To the great brotherhood of Chaplinites, Charlie was not primarily a comic—a figure of fun. He was innocent courage, matchless courtesy and gallantry—the finest gentleman of our time.

In his pictures Charlie is a shabby little hobo, always struggling to protect some charming girl from the world. He must needs be her knight errant, whose chivalry and dignity finally win the lady and, in his mind, he carries her away on his great white steed to his castle on the other side of the moon. As always the odds are against him and he must overcome them with firmness and dignity. He is the little fellow with that innocent, preposterous courtesy and gallantry who champions the fair lady against the brutal giants of the world. He instantly wins our sympathy and admiration with the defiant elegance of his tattered clothes and the correct politeness of the gesture of tipping his hat.

His pictures are filled with rich examples of his genius. Who but Charlie could think of such a deft, clever scene as the dance of the buns in "Goldrush"? When I saw that

picture, I felt pity for Charlie as he made his homely little preparations for a New Year's eve dinner for Georgia. He had blown all his meagre savings on this great opportunity to be with his Georgia. Time ticks on and she doesn't come. Waiting, he falls asleep and dreams of the party as it would have been. He had planned a charming, happy party for a saloon girl of a frontier town and she didn't come. Towards the end of the picture when Georgia realizes the dignity and sincerity of Charlie's affection for her, she leaves the saloon and goes in search of him. When they do meet it takes no sound effects to make you hear his heart as it thumps joyously against his ribs.

Do you remember that very comic scene of the boot? It happened in the cabin when Charlie and Big Jim, delirious and weak from hunger, prepare to eat one of Charlie's boots which he has prepared with the expertness of a master chef. To this unsavoury process, Charlie imparts the elegant nonchalance of a king banquetting with his court. Thereafter, poor Charlie must wander over the Alaskan snows with one foot wrapped in heavy clumsy rags.

Charlie Chaplin created a lovable, chivalrous and dignified little tramp who instantly became the darling of millions. He had all the qualities that are the unquenchable in mankind. It was an artist whose craftsmanship was incomparable, that created Charlie—Charlie with "his battered but cherished bowler, his jaunty bamboo stick, his absurd black patch of a mustache, his monstrous shoes, and the desperate elegance of his shabby clothes."

A Comparison Between the Propaganda of Canada and the U.S.A.

A. LIVER

The Germans blamed their defeat in the last war on their lack of diplomacy and their poor use of propaganda, and this defeat has been remedied in the present war with startling results. It was propaganda that won an alliance with Italy and that cowed Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria into submission. And it was propaganda that caused distrust and paved the way for the military subjugation of many other countries. On the home front, propaganda fashioned the internal unity of Germany herself.

When the Nazis had shown that propaganda was a weapon, other countries were quick to use it. But it took on different forms in different countries, and there is a striking contrast between the way that it is used in Canada and in the United States. Canada tends towards the British method, while American propaganda is much like German.

Anyone who reads newspapers or sees newsreels notices that there are far more pictures of American troops and industrial plants than there are of Canadian. The Americans tell the world of their military and industrial might, but the Canadians keep silent, in spite of their magnificent war effort. This hardly seems fair, yet Canadian propaganda is of the indirect type. It is a propaganda of actions, not words. The sight of a Canadian tank means more to the Russians than production figures. Most of the news of the Canadian war effort is carried abroad by visitors and foreign diplomats, who in their own countries would gain more attention than Canadians speaking the same words.

Politicians and public speakers in the United States are inclined to be optimistic as to the prosecution and duration of the war, whereas in Canada they are neutral, if not pessimistic. Which is the better type of propaganda to follow? Here one must consider the question of morale. Will a nation work harder if it thinks it is winning or if it fears it is losing? Nobody can answer this question, but the Canadian method seems to be the better when another aspect is considered. An optimistic nation finds it difficult to take in its stride minor military defeats, and major defeats mean extreme disillusion. The effect of the loss of Libya and Stalingrad on German morale has not yet been determined, but it will play a big part in shortening the length of the war.

When the Canadians landed at Spitzbergen there were very few details of the raid released from Ottawa, yet commentators from many other nations wrote articles on its significance. On the other hand, when the American forces landed in the Solomons, many of the commentaries were released by the United States Government. The disadvantage of emphasizing strategic moves is that if they are foiled by the enemy, the nation is disillusioned. The raid on Spitzbergen is a poor example, yet it shows clearly what the

Canadian attitude would be if a major strategic move were made by troops from this country.

The German type of propaganda, adopted by the Americans, demoralizes the enemy in defeat, and the nation itself when the enemy is victorious. Thus, when Germany was winning, that type of propaganda aided victory, but now that the military situation has changed, it has now turned against its inventors.

In the British type victories are not emphasized, nor are defeats minimised. All praises come from other countries. But this method is effective. There must be a great effect on the morale of the people in the occupied countries when as Germany begins to suffer defeats, the Beveridge plan is being considered in Britain as the first step in post-war reconstruction. It is an indirect but effective way of showing them that their liberation cannot be far off.

The question of which is the better type of propaganda, that used by Canada or that used by the United States, is an impossible one to answer, since both have their advantages and disadvantages. But one thing is certain—propaganda is a weapon, since it can make and break alliances, and disunite and subjugate nations.



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Bishop's and The War

It is hard to see at first sight the connection between Christmas examinations at Bishop's and our war effort, but any student here will tell you that there is one. It is all to do with the Government's decision to make all students who fail university examinations liable for military service. Things were certainly tense around here when the results were on early in January and far tenser when the results finally came out a few days later. As a result some students have already left us. We were sorry to see them go, and we wish them luck. The Government's decision is a fair one. Not only do they protect themselves, but the universities as well. This measure prevents many from taking advantage of the concessions made to students by the Government with regard to military training. This is total war, and the universities have their part to play both now and after it is over. The man in the street does not always realize this.

* * *

Mr. Yarrill, our French lecturer, has left us to join the Naval Intelligence. His keen knowledge of languages well fits him for his new work. His case is just one example of the contribution of the universities to the war effort.

CANADIAN AID TO RUSSIA FUND

Bishop's helped to put this worthy cause across. Among other things the Women's Council sponsored an Aid to Russia Fund dance which netted around \$25.00 for the fund. Those in charge are to be congratulated.

THE C. O. T. C.

The Officer Commanding informs us that the work of the Corps is progressing favourably. The Sergeants' examinations will be held sometime in the middle of April. Lieutenant Yarrill's place was taken by C.S.M. Tyler. So far this year the highlight has been the visit of Major-General Alexander, the Inspector General for Canada. He was accompanied by Brigadier-General Panet, Officer Commanding M. D. 4. He was impressed by the fine work being done by the Corps. Thanks to the cold weather the men are really becoming acclimatized to working in sub-zero weather. Several week-end training programmes have been held and there are more to come.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* Ellwood Patterson has taken over active direction of the sale of stamps. The resident students in particular are holding up their end of the quota. (Don't get me wrong — I don't mean delaying.)

W. R. WRIGHT

Keep up the good work, guys and gals, we *must* meet our objective for the year. The Department of Propaganda (Herr Goebbels Robinson) has placed two bulletin boards in strategic positions to remind all students of their part in the campaign to stamp out the Axis.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mary Lynn is filling the newly created office on the Women's Council of Organizer of Wartime Activities.

In the last issue of the *Mitre* the Exchange Editor made reference to the lack of a Blood Donors Bank here. We, too, regret that there is none. It seems strange that no action has been taken on this matter in a city the size of Sherbrooke.

The money from the last Victory Bond purchased by the Students' Association is for the use of the Council of 1956. We had previously reported that it would be used to pay the expenses of a reunion of the classes of '43, '44, and '45.

We hope that all at Bishop's will do their share to make the forthcoming Red Cross campaign a success.



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The
Mitre

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