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The Mitre

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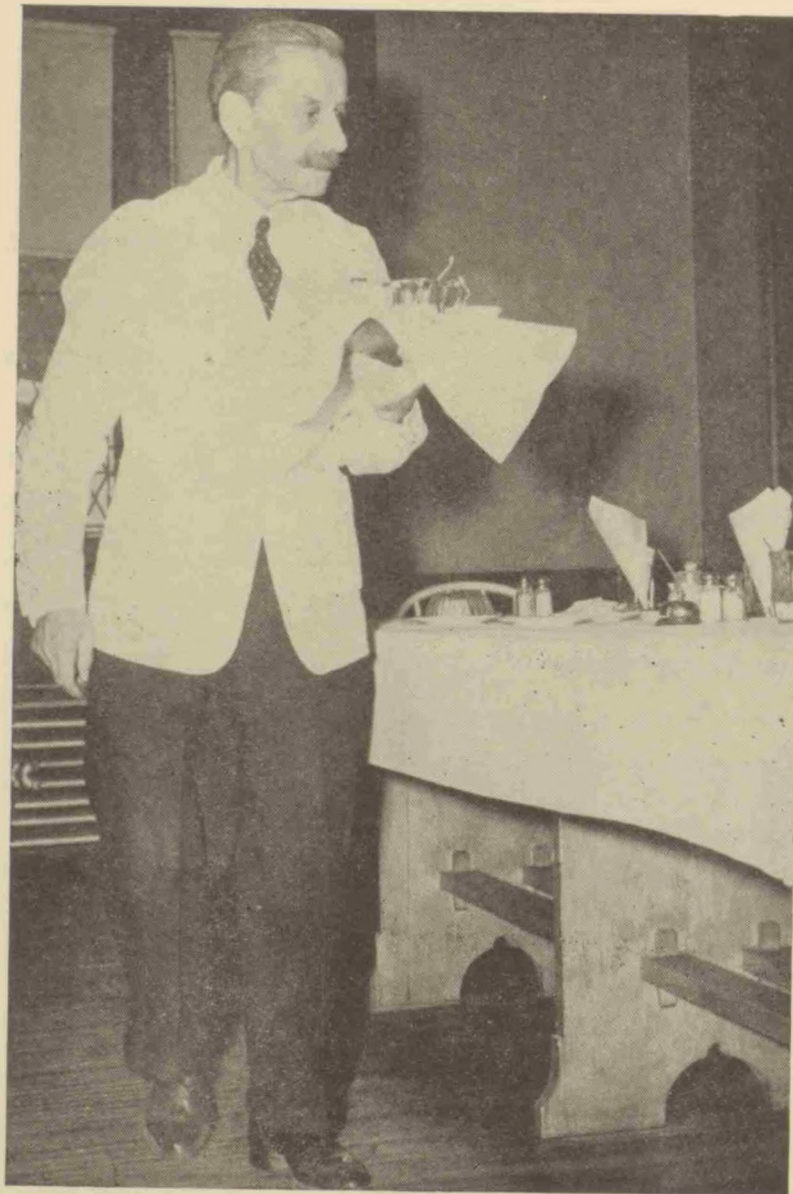
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DEDICATION



AS AN EXPRESSION OF RESPECT AND APPRECIATION
ON BEHALF OF PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS OF THE
UNIVERSITY WE WISH TO DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO

— JAMES DEWHURST —

WHO HAS NOW COMPLETED FORTY-SIX YEARS SERVICE.

EDITORIAL

Any survey of present world conditions can but disclose more plainly and emphasize more effectively the widespread distress in lands ravished in World War II. From many parts of the globe the pleas for aid are heard and those in need quite naturally turn their gaze to their more fortunate fellowmen, rightly expecting a response to their urgent call. Nor has a generous response been lacking, for if no other good result has arisen from the horror of war, we have learned more clearly that all men are members one of another and when some are afflicted all are affected. For this reason we have seen the birth and growth of UNRRA as concrete evidence of a realization of our opportunities and a determination to fulfill the same.

Yet within the broad scope of UNRRA has been found a place for many works of mercy organized upon a smaller scale with a view to rendering assistance to particular groups amid the millions in dire distress. One such prominent place has been filled with increasing effectiveness since 1943 by World Student Relief — an international force for good, affording relief for students from students. This vast effort comprising three major student organizations, International Student Service, Pax Romana and World's Student Christian Federation, seeks to bring help to students in the trying period of reconstruction, thus continuing an effective form of wartime co-operation.

The need to be met is greater than ever. In France, Italy, Holland, Yugoslavia and other areas of Europe; in India and China and far corners of Asia; thousands upon thousands of students are sick or hungry, or recuperating from wounds sustained in war service or in resistance forces, or incapacitated by work in forced labour and internment camps. All these offer a compelling challenge that cannot be ignored. As if any other burden need be added, many, indeed nearly all these students are further hindered by a grave shortage of such essentials as clothing, books, medical supplies and decent accommodations. The relief of such dire necessity, the restoration to their place of preparation for leadership, of the university students in these war-torn countries, has flung down to us — in our abundance — a gauntlet. How readily, how generously have we taken up the challenge? How earnestly, how consistently will we strive to continue to meet that need?

The response made by Canadian students, both collectively and individually has been and will remain a clear indication of our attitude to the opportunities presented and our intentions as to their fulfilment. Such challenges as now face us cannot be ignored unless we be wholly, utterly self-centred and callously indifferent to the needs

of our fellow-students. For the university has become a world community, a huge family with many branches but the distress of one part is felt in all. We of our abundance can give to the relief of their necessity. Nothing could be clearer than that their importunity is our opportunity. That opportunity has been and is being met. It will need to be met again and again until the disastrous results of the war years are eliminated. Already shipments of food, medicine, clothing, books, and grants in cash for local distribution; have gone to university centres in Europe and the Far East. Sick and tubercular students are being cared for in rehabilitation centres and sanatoria. Faculties and students long dispersed are again assembling and effecting in some small measure a revival of former university life. Thus is the response to the challenge being made in ever increased measure. But there must be no slacking off in the intensity of our efforts for the need is still urgent.

Canadian university students may be proud of their achievements in this field of endeavour. Since 1940, their measure of response has been in proportion to the increasing need. Now, with an even greater enrolment than ever before in the Canadian universities, there is every reason to expect our response to be more outstanding. If students in Danish universities, themselves sufferers in large degree, can declare their willingness to give to world student relief, how much more readily and generously should we, whose universities are intact, whose libraries are complete, whose routine of work or study scarcely affected, make our contribution. In this year Canadian students are asked for \$50,000—\$1 per student for world student relief. For some, this contribution will mean a greater measure of sacrifice than for others, yet in all, of our abundance we cannot refuse. For this appeal pierces all barriers of race, colour, religion or political views. A refusal to participate on these grounds is nothing less than gross selfishness and inexcusable bigotry. It is too soon to ascertain the response from our Canadian universities as a whole, but if the result in this, a small university, where the quota, though unsupported by some, was oversubscribed by 20%, is an indication of the general response, we need not be ashamed. We must not rest content with this effort but must be ready and willing to give again and again not so much until it hurts—but rather until it helps. Only generous co-operative effort can achieve a goal of relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction. Thus we may establish a greater feeling of amity among future leaders of the world, for it is in the classrooms of to-day that the world of tomorrow is being built.

Genetics and Medicine

Medicine is that branch of biology which deals with the diseases of man, their prevention and cure. As such it is based on a knowledge of biology. Disease, and indeed every life process, is an interaction of the individual and his environment. A study of any disease should, therefore, comprise an investigation both of the environmental factors and of the response of the diseased individual, and proper control measures should be based on both these factors.

Tremendous strides have been made in medical knowledge, resulting in equally great improvements in its practical application. So great have these advances been that it is difficult for us to realize that the germ theory of disease only gained general acceptance about sixty years ago.

Hundreds of years before Christ certain of the Greek philosophers suggested that infectious diseases were caused by minute worms which were present in the air. They had, however, no direct evidence to support this theory. Plenciz carried this idea further when in 1762 he postulated the existence of specific diseases. It was not until a hundred years later, however, that direct evidence for this theory was obtained. In 1863 Davaine discovered that the blood of sheep which had anthrax contained a rod-shaped organism, and that such blood if injected into healthy sheep caused them to develop the disease. Similarly, in 1865 Pasteur discovered the organism which caused a specific disease in silkworms. The idea that these "germs" actually caused the diseases was not generally accepted, however, for another twenty years.

Once it was recognized that infectious diseases were caused by germs, both preventive and curative medicine progressed rapidly. Many new drugs, most recently the sulphonamides and penicillin for example, have been developed and used with amazing success. But, in spite of these great advances, one side of the problem of disease, differences in individuals' reactions, has been largely ignored.

About the same time that Pasteur and others obtained evidence that germs cause diseases, a paper was published bearing on the other side of the problem—the variations between individuals. In 1865 Mendel published his Laws of Heredity, which form the basis of the whole science of genetics. At first glance there seems to be very little relationship between Mendel's studies of inheritance in pea plants and the problem of human disease, but the principles of heredity are fundamentally the same whether one studies peas, pigs or people. Since 1900 a great deal of genetic

E. R. BOOTHROYD, M.A., Ph.D.

research has been carried on, and even in man a considerable body of information has been obtained concerning the mode of inheritance of many characteristics.

In recent years not only geneticists, but many medical men also have come to recognize the potential role which genetics may play in the practice of medicine. In 1933, for example, Lord Horder, president of the British Medical Association, proposed that genetics be included in the medical curriculum, if necessary even at the expense of some other part of the course. Many people, however, feel that the medical course is already overcrowded and would make genetics one of the prerequisites.

Since the development of a disease is determined by the reaction of an individual to his environment it is possible to classify diseases according to the relative importance of the individual (that is, his hereditary potentialities) and the environment. In this connection the term disease is taken to include not only infectious maladies, but any deviation from the normal condition.

Many abnormalities or diseases are clearly hereditary in nature; that is, the environment in which the individual develops has little or no visible influence on the progress of the disease. Included in this classification would be red-green colour blindness, Huntington's chorea, a disease causing gradual deterioration of the brain, Friedreich's ataxia, in which automatic control of the muscles is impaired, haemophilia or "bleeders' disease", and many others. The fact that heredity appears to be the determining factor has led to the popular misconception that such conditions can never be cured or controlled. In this connection Scheinfeld in his book *You and Heredity* tells of his visit to a famous Paris hair specialist to enquire about a treatment for baldness (a hereditary defect). When he entered the professor's office the specialist bent forward with a smile, showing that he himself had a distinct bald spot! Scheinfeld was speechless for a moment, but finally asked "il n'y a rien à faire?" to which the great specialist replied "oui, il faut choisir vos parents!"

This fatalistic attitude towards all "hereditary diseases" may have been justified in the past, but recent research holds out hope that in the future many such conditions may be controlled, and even cured. This work has mostly been done on animals, where properly controlled experiments can be performed. A case in point is that of the dwarf mouse. Snell, in 1929, found a hereditary form of dwarfism in the house mouse, in which a mouse which in-

herited the factor for dwarfism from both parents (carrying the factor, but themselves normal) always remained a dwarf, attaining only about a quarter of the normal weight. A careful study of these mice revealed that several of their glands, and particularly the anterior pituitary, were underdeveloped. Frequent transplantations of anterior pituitary glands from rats under the skin of these dwarf mice caused many of them to grow to normal size. Thus it was possible to cure a hereditary disease. If this can be done in the mouse there is no reason to assume that it cannot also be done in man.

At the other end of the range from the "hereditary diseases" are those in which the environment appears all-important, and hereditary differences in individual responses may often safely be ignored. In this category fall many of the infectious diseases, those conditions caused by some specific pathogen—bacterium, protozoan, virus—and the effects of numerous poisons, in which variations in the response of different individuals are negligible.

Between these two extremes, the "hereditary" diseases on the one hand and the "environmental" on the other, lie vast numbers of maladies in which both hereditary and environmental factors play an important part. Tuberculosis is a case in point. The disease never develops in the absence of the tubercle bacillus. It might, therefore, be classed as an environmental affliction. However, there is hardly an adult in Canada who has not been exposed to infection by this germ, has not, in fact, harboured it in his own body. Yet only a small proportion of the population ever develops active tuberculosis. The disease, then, is not only the presence of the bacteria, but the response which certain people make to the presence of those bacteria. This response is determined in large measure by the heredity of the individual. Thus we see that tuberculosis is a disease which is caused by a specific pathogenic organism, but only when an individual with a particular heredity is infected.

Frequently, as for example in the case of epilepsy, similar symptoms may result either from the action of a specific gene, or from some environmental factor such as trauma. It is reasonable to assume that the proper treatment would be different in these two cases. In yet other cases what has been described clinically as one disease has been found to be two or more, inherited in different ways. Friedreich's ataxia may be determined either by a dominant or a recessive gene. Bell finds that these two may be distinguished by the age of onset, which is about 20 years for the dominant and 12 for the recessive form. The same has been found for several other muscular and nervous disorders.

The potential value of such subdivisions of a disease be-

comes evident when we study the history of medicine. A hundred years ago typhoid, paratyphoid and typhus were not clearly distinguished. Now they are recognized as distinct diseases which require different methods of control and treatment. It seems reasonable to assume that the differentiation between conditions caused by different hereditary factors may be as important as between those caused by different bacteria.

Already we have a large body of facts concerning human heredity, many of which could and should be made use of in medical practice. However, the greatest practical and immediate value of genetics to medicine may lie in its use as a research tool. Medical science has benefitted immeasurably from the use of experimental animals. Thus, the use of a new drug in combatting some disease is usually tested first on mice or other animals infected with that disease. In the past variations in response due to hereditary differences between the animals used could not be taken into account. Now, however, the importance of such variations is recognized and may largely be overcome by the use of a uniform, inbred strain of animals. With such strains available, there is no more excuse for using animals of unknown hereditary potentialities than there is for an analytical chemist to use impure reagents. It is not only possible to use genetically pure stocks of animals, but in many cases animals can be used which show a specific, desired response. For example there are strains of mice in which ninety percent of the females develop a particular type of cancer, while in other strains such cancers are almost nonexistent. Such strains are of great value in the study of cancer prevention and cure. These examples will, I hope, suffice to indicate the potential value of a knowledge of genetics in medical research.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have attempted to show that it is impossible to separate heredity and environment, to say this is hereditary and that is not. It is only possible to say in any particular case which is the more important variable. Even this may change, since control of one variable will result in the other assuming greater importance. In the past, however, medical practitioners have tended to stress the importance of environment to the exclusion of heredity.

The great need, then, appears to be first, a recognition of the value of a knowledge of genetics, which could be developed by teaching genetics to all medical students, second, the fuller use of such knowledge as we already possess, and third, an increase in the number of qualified research workers. The latter two would, I feel, follow inevitably from the first.

The Shakespeare Foundation

Literature is an institutional device by which society administers to itself its gains and discoveries of finest sentiment and sublimest thinking. To be educated is to be provided with the chance of success, and this is available nowhere but in the thoughts and experiences that great men like Shakespeare have bequeathed to us.

We, of the English-speaking nations who claim Shakespeare ours, have become the largest of literary publics. While we are trying to live up to our truest intellectual light, we are partly conscious of standards towards which we are slowly rising. Hence it is our personal appreciation of Shakespeare that falls much below our judgment concerning his place and worth in the study of self-efficiency. Many of those who have been schooled concerning Shakespeare's quality declare that they have received no insight, and do not believe what they have been taught. That the last named group should be recruited year by year from the graduates of our colleges and schools, is not very reassuring.

There is not the slightest question that Shakespeare's following increases year by year, and one day intelligent and educated people will know what Shakespeare really is, and appreciate him fully. We have clearly reached a stage where the growth of literary taste and wisdom might well advance with more accelerated speed. Those who have the power of literary appreciation, which is an accomplishment that can be imparted as well as learned, should be able to read plays and poetry as well as fiction with ease and success. Many readers who have this power with novels find themselves reading Shakespeare merely for the story, and they do not know how to appreciate or approach a play.

Things that happen to everybody are not inspiring, and are not generally used in making plays and novels. Shakespeare is useful to the world and has come to be prized by wise people of all lands because he was possessed of a founder and more complete knowledge of life than others. He is capable of inspiring and enlightening us more abundantly than his rivals are, for the reason that he seems to have been acquainted with all the vicissitudes of human existence, and because running through all his works are seen the threads of spiritual import.

Shakespeare's plays provide a fundamental and entirely adequate training for the student of the theatre. A success with the poet is far more enduring than a success with more modern types of drama; and a judicious presentation of Shakespearean plays is essential to the general progress of the student. The conscious aims, ambitions, and practices of Shakespeare were those of every contemporary man of letters, but the difference between the results of his endeavours and those of his fellows, was due to the magic and natural workings of genius which exercises as — "Large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom it pleases."

Lovers of Shakespeare should lose no opportunity to urge the cause of simplicity in the staging of his plays. Mere scenic realism is antagonistic to the law of dramatic expression in its connection with Shakespearean drama. Individual performances and the standards of acting should always be maintained at the highest possible level. Shakespeare should be treated as drama rather than spectacle. His dialogue does no more than suggest the things the audience should see and understand; and the players aid these suggestions according to their ability. In all cases of play production, the spectators' imaginary powers are the real keynotes of dramatic illusion.

Shakespeare, therefore, has a universal appeal and application to the every-day affairs of life, and in no other form of drama are acting qualities more necessary. Not only is this true of the leading roles, but in the subordinate parts as well. In all Shakespearean roles, the highest ability of the actor or actress can find scope for employment. The players should not rely for general success upon mere mechanical gesticulation. And the gift of oratory, and the dignity and the grace of posture and movement must not be forgotten.



"A SOJOURNER AT BISHOP'S"

DICKSON - KENWIN

Last, but not least, perfect control of the voice in the whole range of its inflections, is essential. Shakespeare provides the opportunities, in his plays, to display the constituent qualities of true histrionic ability and capacity; and his drama can always be interpreted in a personal sense. He presents his ideas with startling novelty and force, and he evolves them from familiar incidents, strange problems, and weird possibilities. In this is seen his complete grasp of theatrical technique.

Shakespeare is able to embody the thoughts in simple language, and he presents them through an infinite diversity of characters, and with a masterly discrimination of detail. The poet was first an actor, and then a director. But he was always a thinker. He was also a creator, and being so, was able to combine the literary with the practical or professional side. Possessed with a marvelous imagination, Shakespeare was a master painter of all men in all their fortunes and in all their moods; and he had the power above all others of conveying, with language, each varying, fluctuating, and graduated feeling inherent in the passions of people. In his plays there is an expression for every phase and sentiment throughout the range of human nature, art, and thought in the individual.

Undoubtedly these gifts were due to Shakespeare's early training and experience as an actor.

AN ENGLISH INFLUENCE

Empires may fall, civilisations may crash, mankind may be plunged back into paganism, but as long as there is a spark of culture left among English-speaking peoples, the immortal poet, with his plays, will stand on the unbreakable rock of tradition.

Nobody can deny that Shakespeare's influence has become established beyond risk of decay, and the more closely his career is studied, the more apparent it becomes that his experiences and fortunes were identical with those who have followed him. Unfortunately, the custom of acting Shakespearean drama has dwindled because of the indifferent attitude of thought towards the true aims and ideals of the Theatre. These ideals are universally expressed throughout the works of Shakespeare.

The sense of unity among English-speaking people has been quickened by a knowledge of Shakespeare. Admiration for his works is one of the strongest links in the chain which binds civilized nations together. One gets the fraternal sense when witnessing Shakespearean drama. To the man and woman of culture in all civilised countries, Shakespeare has symbolised the potency of human intellect.

Those who are content to merely read Shakespeare's plays, are apt to overlook the significance of the drama and patriotism which is so powerful. Whenever there are signs of Shakespearean revival, encouragement should be given by all who value and appreciate the importance of self-expression as a national character builder. All aspiring to act Shakespeare should endeavour to reach the highest level of efficiency, for this is the only way to keep alive the fact that the poet stood out as the greatest "improver" of the stage, in his time. It is up to the present generation to carry on and keep the flag flying high.

The secret of Shakespearean drama lies chiefly in his treatment of the history of the British Empire, and therefore he should be used to uphold the principles for which the Empire stands.

The instinct of patriotism must be advanced if the present evils are to be overcome, and if we are to be assured of a righteous and lasting peace.

Feast of the Presentation

Rev. LEON ADAMS, B.A.

Our Lady treads the drifting snow,
With Love held to her breast,
Her eyes alive with ecstasy,
Her heart with sorrow blest.

The silver parapets of hills,
And pines in silvered green
Unfold their beauty in the sun
To kiss their forest Queen.

The four-edged breezes of the morn
Their snow-smoked censers swing
In silent worship, as she bears
Her first-born Offering.

"All Holy to the Lord" she sings,
And then, with arms uncurled,
She lifts Love and presents Him in
The Temple of the World.



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The University Of Paris

(The following article has been especially written for publication in "The Mitre" by the Ottawa branch of the French Information Service. We are presenting it to our readers as the first in a series of several articles about well-known foreign universities.—Ed.)

In this year of Our Lord, 1946, Paris has once more resumed her place as the capital of learning. Back from Buchenwald, from Ravensbruck, from the Maquis camps in the Vosges mountains and the Landes forests have come thousands of old-young veterans to throng the lecture rooms and laboratories of the University of Paris.

The student body has changed no less radically in numbers than in character, for this year's enrolment of 45,000 men and women is 10,000 more than last year's total. Thus in common with Canadian universities the University of Paris has faced an acute student housing problem in a city where living quarters are already at a premium.

But Paris has surmounted many crises in the eight centuries which have intervened since its famous schools first attracted students from all over the world. As early as the middle of the 12th century the *Universitas magistrorum et scholarium Parisiensium* was recognized as an influential body of masters and scholars where the elements of the sciences then known, general knowledge, the liberal arts, and later, specialized subjects like medicine, civil law, theology and canon law were taught.

Clustered about Notre Dame Church on the *Ile de la Cité*, these schools operated under the direct authority of the Archbishop of Paris from whom the "*licencia docendi*" was secured. Under pressure of overcrowding many schools moved to the left bank of the Seine establishing themselves about the cloisters of Sainte-Genevieve and Saint-Victor in the area better known today as the Latin Quarter. This move was accompanied by an emancipation from episcopal authority and under the aegis of both royal and papal power the schools gradually achieved complete freedom.

Upon the basis of common interests and individual rules governing their studies, the development of faculties began during the 12th century. There were four — art, which included the largest number of teachers and students, canon law, medicine and theology. Within the faculty of arts students of various national origins coalesced in small groups called "*les nations*". Each "nation" elected its own procurator who was responsible for its interests. After 1245 these procurators were subordinated to a rector of the faculty elected for short terms. Gradually the latter's authority grew to the point where he even dominated the elected deans of the remaining faculties and he ultimately became

head of the whole university.

Following a battle between students and the bourgeois townspeople of Paris in 1200 the charter bestowed upon the university by Philippe-Augustus was withdrawn and the university once more came under the jurisdiction of the church. Fifteen years later a papal bull acknowledged the university's right to unite and to possess an official seal at the same time placing it under the direct authority of the pope and removing it from episcopal control.

The appearance of the University of Paris on the intellectual horizon preceded its material realization by many years. Classes and lectures were held in the cloisters and refectories of nearby convents and general assemblies in the churches. Lessons were also taught in private homes, in the streets, at a crossroads or even, in summer, in some pleasant corner of a field or coppice.

The colleges which appeared during the 13th century were little more than houses that had been turned over to poor students to ensure them a roof over their heads. Gradually the colleges attained a specific character as certain professors made a habit of lecturing in them. By far the most illustrious was the college founded in 1257 by Robert de Sorbon, master of theology and the king's confessor, for the benefit of 16 poverty-stricken masters of arts who aspired to become doctors of theology. The College de Sorbonne developed into the faculty of theology in consequence, although most of the other colleges belonged to the faculty of arts, and it became so important during the 16th and 17th centuries that for a long time its name was used to designate the whole University of Paris.

The period of the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries was one of the most brilliant in the university's history. It was unchallenged in the realm of scientific knowledge and popes and kings regarded their relations with it in the light of a high honor. The scholarship of its teachers was respected throughout the world.

However with the Renaissance a period of decadence began as the university fell out of step with the needs of the age of humanism. Its prestige was eclipsed at every turn by new and powerful competitors. First amongst them was the Royal College of France founded in 1530 by Francis I followed by colleges established by the Jesuits, famous for their modern methods and their distinguished professors. At the same time the privileges of the university were

threatened by the growing power of the crown. Henry IV made his authority felt through control of the education of French youth. In 1579 the Edict of Blois attempted a reorganization of university education and in 1627 Richelieu who had been headmaster of the Sorbonne since 1624 entrusted its reconstitution to Lemerrier. As a result the importance of the Sorbonne was reduced to that of an ecclesiastical tribunal. Colbert reorganized the faculty of law and in 1707 similar reforms were carried out in medicine.

By a strange misreading of its own interests the University of Paris continued aloof from all external influences. It failed utterly to make the most of its chance when the celebrated College of Louis-le-Grand fell into its hands in 1762 at the time the Jesuits were banished from France. The intellectual life of the institution had almost been extinguished when the Revolution burst forth and a decree of the Revolutionary Convention on September 15, 1803, closing all colleges in France suppressed it.

Under Napoleon a general overhaul of education was affected. The law of May 10, 1806, set up an Imperial University centralizing all public instruction and further decrees on March 17, 1808, and November 15, 1811, completed the process. The Imperial University was to be headed



Courtesy French Information Service

ST. LOUIS CHAPEL IN THE SORBONNE



Courtesy French Information Service

FOUNTAIN OF THE MEDICI — SORBONNE

by a "grand master", assisted by a university council. The university itself or "empire" was divided into academies, each headed by a rector and academic council. (France is today divided into academies.)

Thus Paris became a seat of an academy and was endowed with five faculties — law, medicine, science, letters and Catholic theology. However these faculties had neither buildings nor common organization and their resources were strictly limited. The Imperial University became the University of France and its organization was but slightly changed under the Third Republic.

Decrees dated July 25 and 28, 1885, established a general council of faculties presided over by a rector assisted by the deans and two members from each faculty. The Finance Law of April 28, 1893, recognized the civil character of the union of faculties and laws passed in July, 1896, and July 21-22, 1897, designated them as universities.

Today the University of Paris is composed of, from an administrative and financial point of view, the faculties of law, medicine, science, letters, pharmacy, the *Ecole Normale Supérieure* as well as the institutes, schools, libraries, laboratories and observatories which have all been annexed.

Each faculty is directed by a dean elected by his professor colleagues of the faculty and is then appointed by

the Minister of Education for three years. At the head of the university is the rector of the Academy of Paris.

The name, Sorbonne, has persisted in the old building constructed by Richelieu on the Rue des Ecoles and together with the chapel houses the faculties of letters, sciences, the administrative offices and public lecture halls.

Gustave Roussy is the present rector while Julliot de la Morandiere is dean of the Faculty of Law, M. Baudoïn dean of the Faculty of Medicine; P. Montel, dean of the Faculty of Science; M. Cholley, dean of the Faculty of Letters, and M. Pauphiet, Director of the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*.

Admission to the University of Paris is limited to holders of the Baccalauréat which is something midway between the Canadian matriculation and bachelor degree and may be secured in either science or philosophy.

At the moment university authorities are confronted with a variety of problems arising out of the fact that many of the students are former prisoners of war, prisoners from Vichy prisons, deportees, veterans of the orthodox French armed forces or of the Resistance. Many of them are boys who went into the Resistance at the age of 15 and 16, hundreds of them took part in the six day battle to liberate Paris and for them the quiet atmosphere of academic life offers the sharpest contrast. Another group includes those who graduated from state schools all over the country in 1939 or later but who preferred to wait until peace to continue their education. Still others fled France to continue their studies elsewhere and of course there are considerable numbers of the Allied service personnel attending the University of Paris.

For the 1944-45 term, November to June, the enrolment of 36,230 was divided as follows: Law, 13,166; medi-



ARC DE TRIOMPHE

Courtesy "Le Nouvelliste"

cine, 5,912; science, 4,545; letters, 9,724; pharmacy, 2,718; medicine at Reims, 165. Of the total there were 22,246 men and 13,057 women French students. Foreign students numbered 593 men and 189 women while colonial students totalled 132.

While the large numbers of Allied troops in Paris on leave or stationed in the vicinity have complicated the student housing problem during the present term the return of the Cité Universitaire to its original use and requisitioning have accommodated 3,000 students. The Cité consists of 20-odd residences built by various countries including the United States, Great Britain, Canada, the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Spain, China. They are beautifully furnished and set in acres of parkland. International House itself contains studios for students of art, music and sculpture and is served by its own swimming pool, badminton courts, reception rooms, cafeterias. The Cité in addition has its own theatre and hospital. During the occupation the Germans used the buildings as a hospital and residence for officers.

Nevertheless, some 6,000 students last November were obliged to find rooms elsewhere. Since second and third rate hotels in the Latin Quarter were asking two and three dollars a day for single rooms, prices way beyond the average student budget, such rooms are now being shared by four to six young men. The authorities finally requisitioned air raid shelters and in enormous underground dormitories students can have a bed for \$10 a month though there are no facilities for studying there.

Communal restaurants have helped to ease the food problem as regards supply and cost but textbooks, paper, scribblers, pencils, etc., are both scarce and exorbitantly priced.

Scholarships, bursaries and special privileges are numerous and help to reduce the already comparatively low tuition fees. In addition student cards admit holders to many

theatres and art exhibitions at special rates, and on Monday evenings the Comedie Française is turned over to them at prices ranging from one to 10 francs.

A special word might be said about the magnificent libraries, study centres, institutes and archives which are open to all students. The National Library is, of course, famed among scholars the world over for its manuscripts, engravings, documentation and nearly five million printed volumes. It is open to the student body every day except Sunday.

The library Sainte-Genevieve, just around the corner from the Sorbonne and the Library of International Documentation are a part of the University of Paris. Sainte-Genevieve has more than 800,000 dealing with every subject on the curriculum and is open to everyone over 16 years of age. It is probably the most popular among students and its great central study hall contains seating and desk accommodation for seven hundred. In addition there are any number of specialized libraries and collections dealing with subjects from agriculture to anthropology; from armies to oriental languages.

One of the most popular courses with foreign students attending the university is given on French Civilization. Divided into two terms, November 3 to February 28 and March 1 to June 30 it includes French literature, the historical evolution of France, history of French art, philosophy and evolution of ideas, French geography, French life as it is observed in the family, and French politics. Examinations are held at the end of each term and the only prerequisite for the course is a good knowledge of French.

This year students of the University of Paris will have an opportunity to take an extra-curricular course in world affairs the early part of the summer since the Luxembourg Palace, site of the Peace Conference, is no more than five minutes' walk from the Sorbonne.

NEXT YEAR - - - -

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History In The Making

Hunter College in New York's Bronx is a place where history is in the making. For the past three months the Security Council of the United Nations has met there to discuss plans for a world at peace. Always striving to present to its readers articles of interest, The Mitre commissioned Fred Kaufman to attend a session of the Security Council during his recent visit to the United States and his impressions are given below.—Ed.

Somebody once said during the war that there were four great powers: Great Britain, the United States, Russia and the press. The truth of the statement becomes evident when one gets the opportunity of seeing the facilities provided for the fourth estate at the sessions of the Security Council of the United Nations at Hunter College in New York's Bronx.

A forty minute ride from Manhattan on the I. R. T. subway will take the visitor to a subway station in the Bronx, appropriately marked U. N. and a five minute walk from there will bring him within sight of the two main buildings of Hunter College. It is there that he will encounter the first of many policemen who will make a preliminary enquiry into the visitor's business. A press card (with the possible exception of "Campus" press cards, since they are not signed by a police official) will usually do the trick and one is admitted to a small one-room office next to gate six, the gate reserved for newspapermen and official photographers. Business has to be stated again and if the story sounds convincing a temporary pass is issued, which will clear the way to the public relations officer on duty, where a thorough check of all credentials is made.

With luck, one may get permission to use the "television room", a large chamber, with dimmed lights, comfortable chairs and six television sets and loudspeakers. There one may smoke, eat, drink and relax, while viewing the proceedings in the inner sanctum, the council chamber, on an eight by twelve screen. Although the television transmission is far from perfect, most newspapermen and women (there are a lot) prefer the comparative comfort of this room to the usually hot and crowded council chamber, converted to suit the needs of the security council to the tune of \$40,000. Sessions are scheduled to commence at three o'clock in the afternoon, but proceedings are usually delayed by the throng of photographers that surrounds the entering delegates. Approximately ten minutes past the appointed hour, the chairman calls the meeting to order and no flash bulb shots are permitted after that. The delegates

are seated at a semi-circular (one newspaperman insisted on calling it sickle-shaped) table, with the chairman at the center. The day I attended, the British delegate Sir Alexander Cadogan sat directly opposite to Russia's Andrei A. Gromyko. During May, when a new chairman will take over, all delegates move one seat to the right and this will bring Sir Alexander next to Gromyko and facing Edward Stettinius. Unimportant as the detail of the seating arrangements may sound, it is the result of much planning. Thus, for instance, when the Security Council sat for the first time, the three English-speaking delegates, Lt.-Col. Hodgson of Australia, Stettinius of the U.S. and Sir Alexander sat next to each other, while they were faced by Poland, Brazil and the Netherlands. A coincidence to some observers—planning to others.

For the sake of motion picture cameramen and the television crew, the lights in the chamber are very strong, forcing some of the members to wear dark glasses during the session, so as not to be blinded by them. The heat radiated by them can also be felt.

Delegates are entitled to speak in any language they please, but most speeches are made in English, Russian or French. Approximately every ten minutes the speaker will stop, the lights will be dimmed and a translation, first into French, and then into English, whenever necessary, can be heard over the loudspeakers. This practice delays the proceedings considerably, but it is preferred to the earphone method of translation, such as is used in the Nuremberg trials. For the convenience of the four hundred odd newspapermen some delegates file advance copies of their speeches with the public relations officer before the meeting. Within approximately thirty minutes, a mimeographed English copy of the speech will be available. This is marked: Check against delivery — for publication after speech is made. They are printed on white sheets, in contrast to the yellow sheets which are available twenty minutes after delivery and contain a ready-for-publication version of the address. This speedy and efficient service is greatly appreciated by newspapermen.



PREPARING FOR WORLD PEACE:

With the opening of the UNO Security Council meeting at Hunter College in New York, new hopes were raised that some of the critical problems that have threatened to split the wartime allies would be amicably solved. Top photo shows U.S. State Secretary James Byrnes addressing the delegates at the opening meeting where he stated that "no nation has the right to take the law into its own hands." Seated left to right around the table are: Edward R. Stettinius, head of the U.S. delegation; Col. W. R. Hodgson, Australia; Dr. Pedro Leao Vellos, Brazil; Secretary-General Trygve Lie; Secretary Byrnes; Dr. Quo Tai-chi, China, chairman, and Akardy Sobolev, assistant secretary-general. The Iranian question being high up on the agenda, the representatives of that country are seen watching proceedings. Ambassador Hussein Ala, is shown at left with counsellor to the embassy, Dr. A. Daftary, at right.

Courtesy of "The Gazette".

All news-agencies, such as the AP, UP, INS and others have their own offices in the main building, but the smaller folk isn't forgotten. A room, about half the size of a regulation football field, has been put aside as the "filing office", that is, a place where a reporter can file his copy (i.e., send his story) to his paper. About two hundred typewriters are provided on long tables and every telegraph and cable company has a representative there. Equipment for sending pictures by wire can also be found in this communications centre. One wall is reserved for telephone booths, and direct lines to all major countries, including trans-Atlantic and Pacific connection, can be had almost immediately. Thus, news of an important event inside the chamber, can be in London, Paris or China within ten minutes. Recreational facilities are by no means lacking. I followed an arrow marked "Press Lounge". It led to the basement and upon entering I found it was little else but a regular bar. The only thing out of the ordinary was a television set, conveniently placed near the bar. This set was used by a great many people. A cafeteria is in the second building, but intervals between speeches are usually not long enough to permit one to cross the lawn to get a cup of coffee or a sandwich.

There are seven hundred seats in the chamber, forty-five of which are reserved for the public. Hunter College, in return for lending their gymnasium to the U.N. gets five tickets for every session. For the remaining forty tickets

one has to line up and people usually make their appearance as early as one in the morning. They come with pillows and blankets, take their place in front of the gate and prepare to sleep. A vast majority of them are youngsters who skip school, but in the past few weeks a truant officer has been stationed there.

All official cars are greeted by a special Marine Corps detachment in dress uniforms. They enter at the main gate and drive along a circular driveway, lined with the flags of all the United Nations until they reach the main building. There they are met by a throng of newspaper men, photographers and police guards. Delegates generally arrive a few minutes before the meeting, with the exception of one or two who prefer to get there early to put the finishing touches on their speeches.

Dress of the visitors is varied. Many correspondents are still in uniform, and these include several women. American, British and Russian uniforms were much in evidence, but others are also seen occasionally. On one press gallery two telegraph sets have been installed and while a correspondent writes out his story in long hand, a telegraph operator sends it to his office by direct line on a silent "bug" type sender. On the whole there is little evidence of the formal atmosphere of meetings at the late League of Nations at Geneva, where delegates attended the sessions in morning clothes. Rather, there is a congenial and friendly feeling in the air — perhaps the key to lasting peace.

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DDT - Dangerous Weapon

KENNETH BANFILL

DDT has been hailed by the press as an amazingly potent insecticide—as it undoubtedly is—but its qualities have been overplayed and its dangers largely ignored. The letters DDT are an abbreviation of one of its two complicated scientific names, dichloro-diphenyl-trichlorethane. It was first compounded some years ago but remained forgotten until 1940 when a Swiss firm discovered and reported its insecticidal properties. Britain and America started experimenting with it in 1942 and were amazed at its possibilities. For some time it was a close military secret but reports on it were gradually allowed to reach the public.

Its military uses were mainly in the control of lice-borne typhus and the malarial *Anopheles* mosquito. Against lice it was found to be very effective when mixed in emulsions or solutions and applied to the clothing of troops, and still to retain its powers after several washings. Its use in louse control was dramatically demonstrated in Naples, when, to prevent a serious typhus epidemic in early 1944, it was used as a dust sprayed underneath clothing.

DDT was effectively used against mosquitoes in humid, tropic war zones. As a fine suspension in air it was used in many aircraft to prevent the transportation of disease-carrying insects from one region to another. When sprayed from the air over large areas of land it killed the ones flying at the time and sufficient residue remained on the leaves of plants to act on those not reached by the spraying. Occasionally this method was effectively used on Pacific islands before invasions. When in water it killed surface larvae, but its killing power lasted only about one week. It was sprayed liberally on Saipan to kill irritating mosquitoes and the green-bottle fly. Its wartime uses suggest some of its peace-time applications.

DDT has great agricultural potentialities. It will kill a wide range of pests including the potato beetle and leaf hopper, onion thrips, tent and other caterpillars, the cankerworm, flea beetles and the gypsy moth. However, it is nearly useless against grasshoppers, the Mexican bean beetle, the aphid and green fly. It is being tested on the codling moth, the oriental fruit moth, the boll weevil, the corn borer and the Japanese beetle. DDT has effect on some of these but as yet results are inconclusive.

But if used for agricultural purposes great care is necessary. After DDT had been sprayed on peach trees to kill the oriental fruit moth, the moth was found to be more abundant than before. The poison had killed those parasites and predators that normally keep the moth under control, and by not injuring the moth had allowed it to flourish

freely. Also when used against the woolly aphis it killed the *Aphelinus* which was parasitic on it. DDT kills the honey-bee which does important work in pollinating and thus fertilizing many flowering plants. Similarly, in other areas, while killing the undesired pest, DDT also killed many small, pollinating insects, so that for some time after the spraying many plants died off and it was not till new generations of these insects appeared or were introduced that the plants increased in number. Spraying over small areas is permissible as the insects soon return and the balance of nature is re-established, but haphazard poisoning of large areas can have far-reaching and damaging effects on a nation's economy. As mentioned above it was sprayed on Saipan, but a few months later the island was almost devoid of animal life except for a few flies and the plant life was rapidly dying off. This would not have happened had more been known at the time about its use and possible after-effects. It will take years to repair this damage. For pest control purposes it must be used with care and knowledge, for DDT might very quickly upset the balance of nature by destroying the pollinators as well as by eliminating the parasites and predators that are chiefly responsible for keeping potential insect pests in check.

DDT when used as an aerial spray against flies in buildings is effective for only a short time as it rapidly settles out of the air on places where flies do not normally light. For this purpose pyrethrum and rotenone are better as they remain as a fine suspension in air and act more quickly. But a film of DDT on walls is very effective and lasts for about six months. Light pulls of DDT-soaked cord are very good as flies tend to land on them and be killed. To prevent fleas it can be rubbed as a dust into the fur of dogs, but must never be used on cats as they lick themselves and can assimilate enough poison to become ill or die. When sprayed on cows it kills the irritating horn fly that spends most of its life on the animals. On sheep it kills the blow-fly or fleece worm and is good against the tsetse fly.

DDT kills by attacking the nervous system. In insects it is absorbed through the feet and skin, producing twitches, paralysis and finally death. In experimental mammals—i.e., rats, mice, guinea pigs and rabbits—its effects are very similar, with muscular spasms and tremors, though death may not always result. It is notable that a larger dose in proportion to their weight is required to induce death in mammals than in insects and cold-blooded forms. Poisoning can be produced easily if DDT is mixed in oils and then

(Continued on page 53)

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Wanted: An Education

WM. C. McVEAN

There has been a tendency to give names to centuries and eras for some time now. Last century was the century of America, the age of steel and of the capitalist. This century is supposed to be the century of Canada, the age of the common man, and has lately become the atomic age. Man has probably been common in every connotation of the word for quite a few centuries. There is one phase of human activity, however, in which the common man is indulging to a greater extent than ever before. That is, the field of education, or at least the field of higher studies.

Since the turn of the century, the numbers attending Canadian universities have increased continuously, until now as a result of the ex-servicemen taking advantage of the government's rehabilitation scheme, the universities are entirely unable to cope with the situation. At the same time theories of education have increased correspondingly as has the number of students. Let us take a look at modern Canadian education.

By this time, as you may have gathered, we have reached the age of six or seven. It is time to begin our search for knowledge. Depending on where we happen to have been born, we shall attend either a one or two-room school, anywhere from a half mile to two miles from home, or a large fairly well-equipped town or city school. The teacher, if in the country, will be either an extremely young woman teaching in her first or second year, or an elderly woman with no great ability but possessed of a spirit of social responsibility towards the country children, who she feels, ought to have the opportunity to benefit by her undoubted teaching ability; or if in the city, she will be somewhat of a specialist in teaching children, or will have had considerable experience with which she is able to command the higher salary of the city school.

Teaching the children is only one of the difficulties—and often the least—of the country teacher. She has to keep on the good side of her trustees, she must not antagonize the parents by undue severity towards the children, she must take an active part in the young people's society of the local Church, and if the winter is particularly cold, she must confine her remarks to the obvious state of the weather and say nothing about the fact that the school temperature is never above fifty-five degrees. Then there are the constantly changing text-books, curricula and teaching methods, the low salary out of which she must save enough to attend summer school and pay her pension dues, and sometimes the problem of finding some place to board.

The student, meanwhile, comes to school when he is able, and later on when his father does not need him. He has all his classes in the same room with six other grades, and he never receives the proper amount of attention. At this stage of the game when he ought to be drilled in the fundamentals of languages, arithmetic and spelling, half his day is spent dreaming while the teacher takes the other grades.

The city student is rather more fortunate. His grade is in a separate room with its own teacher, and he attends school regularly. Very likely, however, his school is a progressive school, which means that the predilection of the child is given more attention than is good for him, and the necessary drill in basic knowledge is neglected.

At the age of about fourteen the great day of change has come. The age for passing entrance has come down, but that is a doubtful advance. In any case we have reached High School. Some of our country fellow-students we have left behind, for they have had enough education, and are ready to face the future come what may without any further abnormal excursions into books. A few live too far away from high school, or cannot afford to attend. We who live in the city, or are members of the rural plutocracy, however, begin our secondary education.

Now we really appreciate what education means, for we work before and after school hours and on Saturday mornings. We earn money, and we discover it enables us to buy those things we have always wanted. Now an education is intended to make it possible for us to obtain more money more easily. Of what use then is Latin? We drop that subject in Grade Ten. In this age of progressive schooling, the proper thing to do is to get rid of those subjects which we find difficult, and concentrate on those we find easier or which we feel sure will make more money for us in future. After four years, in which we have obtained a smattering in many subjects without a real knowledge of any in particular, we obtain our matriculation.

We are now in a position to obtain a real education, the type of education we have always wanted. All those dry subjects which were necessary for matriculation can be forgotten, but of course there is still English. However, if you take science at many universities they do not demand a very high standard in English, and naturally everyone will take science. There is no money in anything else.

Of all the stupid ideas people used to have about education. They based it on morals, manners and religion. Now-

adays though, we try to have as few manners as possible, we hope we have no morals at all, and as for religion, we long ago relegated that to the position of a comfort for old people and a refuge for the mentally unstable. Not for us the breadth of the classics, the depths of philosophy: not even for us the exactness of advanced science. Let us only get B.A. or B.Sc. after our names, and we will be able to add another thousand dollars to our salary—and another fool to the world's total.

The first thing we discover is that without Latin we cannot take the Bachelor of Arts degree; then more likely than not, on examining the subjects of the course, we are convinced the Bachelor of Science work is beyond our capacity. That almost rules out university education altogether, but the authorities have considered our case, and have devised such things as the degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics so that we may not be left out of the scheme of things.

When will we realize that education is not studying only the things in which we are interested, that it includes manners, morals, religion, classics and languages as well as sciences. If we fail to humanize our sciences, if we refuse to admit that there are things scientific which the classicist ought to learn, if we divorce all our studies from religion, we cannot call ourselves educated, for a right understanding requires knowledge of them all.

It is time we recognized that our universities are turning out too many third-class degrees in honours cramming. Reading for a degree has no meaning today. We attend lectures or not as we wish. We are insulted when an essay is assigned, for then we have to take books out and read them, but of course we copy verbatim from the reference books, hoping the while that the professor will not have read them all; so shall we escape the charge of plagiarism. Little or no studying is done during the year, but the week before and during the exams is spent in frantic efforts to swot up the year's work.

We commonly hear it said that the elementary schools must be raised in standard. The schools are a mirror of their teachers, and unless we insist on a higher standard of

education from teachers, we shall never have a higher standard of matriculant. Every student who comes up to university should be capable of taking any baccalaureate degree, from the point of view of his matriculation subjects. He should have very little choice in high school as to what subjects he should take. It is too late to begin languages like Latin and Greek in secondary school, they ought to be started in elementary school, which is the proper place and time for drilling. If high school students were just about ready to construe the classical authors in Grade Eight, there would be less desire to drop Latin, and the general standard of knowledge and therefore of education would be higher.

Finally the university course should be increased to four years for pass, and five years for honours degrees in both Arts and Science. The first year would be a preliminary year in which the student would take a few lectures in a very wide range of subjects covering the whole field of work for both arts and science degrees. No examinations would be required in this year, but the student would learn to take notes from lectures, would obtain an idea of what would be expected in any course, and would be advised in his choice by the faculty, who would have had an opportunity to form an opinion as to his particular abilities. Actual work on his degree would begin in the second year at college, and if an honours student, he would begin to specialize in his fourth year.

To ensure continuous effort, terms should be shortened, vacations lengthened, and a certain amount of work demanded during the holidays. Students should be obliged to live in for part of their course at least. Community life is a necessary part of an education, and the day student would acquire an interest in the affairs of the college he does not obtain if he lives out.

It is recognized that all these recommendations would require expenditure beyond the present resources of many universities, but if we are finally determined to raise our standard of elementary and secondary education, we must first raise the standard of our college education. If we are really interested in education, we will help make this possible.

Bishop's Needs An Active Alumni

HUGH BANFILL

This year, as in the last eight years, there has been talk of what Bishop's needs—new buildings, more staff, better facilities, but most of all what we need is an active alumni association. Though most of you do not realise it, the size and activity of the alumni association of a university is what makes it expand, provides funds for it, and makes its name known. The alumni association is what keeps a university alive and functioning. Without an association the university dies a slow death, and without an active alumni this university will slowly come to an end.

I am not saying that we must start a new alumni association but what I am saying is that the old one that existed before the war must show some signs of life or give up any claim to being an alumni association. For those of you who know even less than I do about the association, it functioned before the war but did not have a very high membership. I am told that this was because many wouldn't join it because it didn't do anything. Whether or not this is correct I don't know but that is what I was told. I was also told that a few willing people did all the work while the rest sat back and forgot about doing anything. During the war the men who did do the work have been in many war activities and the whole association was left in a coma. These men individually are not to be blamed for the course that was taken, in fact they are to be commended for trying to do something in peace, though time has proven it a mistake for they were not responsible for it, but we can blame the apathy of the mass of the alumni. It is about time that they realized their responsibilities. Too many say that Bishop's was a wonderful place and that it has something no other college has, yet too few of them will do anything for their alma mater except talk unless a gun is put in their backs. If this college is to grow and get the buildings and funds it wants, the alumni will have to be active and support it. They are the ones who are the most effective canvassers and the ones who will have to supply most of its funds. How is it possible to get support for the university when even the graduates do nothing for it? Surely they are not ashamed of their university!

Rumours have it that the university plans to build a new men's residence and convert the New Arts building into a science building. After that there should be a women's residence, a new gym, an auditorium of some kind that could be used for debates, dramatics, recitals, convocation

when necessary. There could also be a properly designed science building, designed from the ground up expressly for the sciences. We need an implemented staff because even now, some of the staff are over-burdened with lectures and duties and this unfortunately has an adverse effect on the amount of time they can devote to the preparation of any one course that they have to give, and, what the students get from their courses.

The time is now. If the alumni get together into an active group now they can lay the ground work for the future. Times are flush and while not many of the alumni are millionaires, with their help it would be possible to raise well over half a million dollars in a single drive for funds and perhaps have an additional fifty or hundred thousand a year after that. If McGill can raise money for the Sir Arthur Currie gym and the addition which is to be built, if the University of British Columbia can raise \$500,000 for a gym as a war memorial why can't we raise a million over a period of six years and build not only a gym, but a new residence and science buildings as well. Perhaps only a million wouldn't be enough to build even the three items I just mentioned, but it would be a start and a mortgage would not be hard to get if the alumni association proved itself interested in the college and so made it a good financial risk. Furthermore, a good mortgage makes people work so that when it is finally taken off they feel a glow of satisfaction and it is a concrete objective instead of merely wanting funds to start something. Once something is started it can be finished, but unless a start is made nothing will ever be done at all.

The time is now. The graduates of this university must get together if the university is to prosper. The alumni association must be revived into an active and influential body. The graduates of this university must get together and give it their support. They must realise that they owe it a debt they can never fully repay. It is an utter disgrace when they do not realise their responsibilities towards it. It is the graduates that make a university and it is the alumni association that makes it live and prosper. It is up to them to see that the university gets back something of what it gives them. It is up to them to make his university something that they can be proud of not apologise for, it is up to them to support it.

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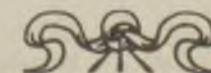
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Areopagitica: An Appreciation

M. J. SEELEY

To understand Milton's impassioned defence of the freedom of the press in this seventeenth century period of revolution in England, one must look not only to the text of the discourse, but also beyond the text of Areopagitica to the earlier divorce pamphlets which Milton wrote. Though Areopagitica was a rational defence of the freedom to publish, without having to obtain prior government approval, it was also a defence of learning and learned men, a defence of other "free reason" teachers like himself, and indirectly a defence of the religious sects — as opposed to Presbyterianism.

His masterpiece, addressed to the "Lords and Commons", showed with great eloquence that licensing was a Papal measure, which was reminiscent of the Inquisition, that it was contrary to the principles of freedom in the pursuit of learning, set forth in precept and example, by Moses, Daniel, St. Paul and the Fathers. Further, that it was a necessity for the proper "constituting of human virtue" to have complete freedom in the choice of one's reading matter. And lastly, that it was impossible to keep out evil doctrine by the mere prohibition of matter deemed unsuited by some civil servant.

Milton's discourse attacked the published order of the English Parliament and constituted a "speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing". The order decreed "that no book . . . shall be henceforth printed unless the same shall be first approved and licensed by such . . . as shall be hereto appointed." His blast was especially severe on those who were appointed to administer the act, for he contended that "how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptness?" He contended that it would take a man of almost super human wisdom to do the licensing, and a man possessing that wisdom would never consent to such a degrading job. He therefore asserted that the men who volunteered for the position would be after money, and would be unqualified to judge the merits of "wise men".

The tract itself took its name from the Greek representative assembly, and on several occasions Milton took the occasion to remind the "Assembly and Lords" that they should imitate the old humanity of Greece "with whom is bound up the life of human reasoning". Milton himself, according to Barker, rejoiced in the spectacle of the people "disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discovered or written of", but he nevertheless addressed his remarks chiefly to "all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch."

Milton, at this time, occupied a middle-of-the-road position with regard to politics and religious controversy. He disliked the rising autocratic attitude of the Presbyter-

ian Parliamentarians who were intent on imposing just as many dogmatic restrictions as had existed prior to the revolution. He also opposed "the tyranny of Puritanism's discipline." The Areopagitica is anti-clerical because Milton maintained that the licensing ordinance was an offence against freedom and reason. As he asserted, "he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye", and "strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason". By reason, Milton meant the right of every man to "judge for himself with the judgment of discretion". God had given man freedom of choice, and he argued that "reason is but choosing."

He was equally eloquent in the cause of freedom, which could only be maintained by the "rules of temperance", or by "the unwritten, or at least unconstrained laws of virtuous education, religion and civil nurture."

Professor Barker maintains that Milton was unable to differentiate between "divine and human learning", and was a humanist. He pleaded for forbearance, and denounced the censorship on the stand of the sovereignty of human individuality and reason. He was opposed to religious liberty, but maintained that freedom should be retained by men in all matters which were not specifically prohibited by God. He further stated that without the knowledge of evil, there could be no wisdom of choice where God's will had not been declared. To understand Milton's idea of liberty is to know that he thought of it as "Christian liberty", which demanded for the individual conscience freedom from human ordinances.

Milton was worried about the possibility of this licensing being but evidence of a trend to further encroachments by the state on the private rights of individuals. He spoke very bitterly of further "national corruption" which might lead to the eventual regulating of the commonest of man's activities, from ordinary eating habits to the cutting of men's garments "into a less wanton garb."

In the light of the above it is easy to understand the strong stand taken by him in defending the great principle, which, even today, is still threatened in many parts of the world—that of freedom in the printing and dissemination of news, truth, reason and learning. With the trend towards socialism in the world, we have need of a twentieth century Milton to exhort the "Lords and Commons" of every land to consider "what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors, a nation not slow and dull but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit," and to further exhort them to free the shackles and loose the restrictions enslaving men's minds. We have to get away from the regimentation of the world and return to a state of civilized humanitarianism, where we can all have "the liberty to know, to utter and to agree freely according to conscience" which is "above all liberties."

Attack

ANONYMOUS

Our regiment occupied the village of St. Brigide on 7th July, 1944. It was a hot sultry day. Headquarters was immediately set up at the town hall and a strange hush settled over the civilians as troops of the 2nd Bn. Sherbrooke Regiment took over the vital points. I was platoon sergeant No. 3 Platoon, my only brother was sergeant No. 2 Platoon in the same company. We were both preparing for our first action and there were butterflies in my stomach when I reported to my Company Commander at 0900 hours. My brother, already there, greeted me with a sly grin. I knew he was as excited as I was. The Company Commander began to address us.

"Gentlemen, Recce. reports an enemy position 3 miles out on the eastbound highway at reference point 401556. They occupy a wooded section and their fire covers the road. Estimated strength is one platoon, 2 mortars and 2 M.M.G. Your Company will destroy this post at 1100 hours. You will be supported by a Regiment of Field Artillery, and a section of M.M.G. Have your men ready in 10 minutes. Any questions." As silence greeted him, he turned brusquely and walked away.

Ten minutes later we found ourselves jammed into a lorry on the way to the debussing point. As the lorry lumbered over the eastbound highway I studied the men of the platoon I was to lead into action. There were many young faces around, boys still in their teens who perhaps were away from their mothers for the first time. There were the oldtimers too, their faces were hard, lined with worry and hardship. Beside me sat our C.S.M. His tunic bore the Mons Star and Rosette and the Long Service Medal. A man of many campaigns he took this as an interesting bit of the day's work. The men about me were not the parade-ground soldiers I had trained with. Their faces were blackened, gone was the sheen of the steel helmets, lost under the green hesian nets. Yes, around me was as motley a bunch of partisan fighters as could be found any where.

I soon found myself thinking of home and the girl I had left behind. She was a Greek goddess if any girl was. Her beauty was nature's own. I could see her now as clearly as I saw her at the dance we had attended the night before my Regiment had en-trained. I could see her radiant black hair that reflected all the colours of the rainbow and looked wonderful in any of her dozen styles. I could see her hazel eyes that could flash a thousand messages in a single glance and her smile that was as endless as Tennyson's "Brook". That night she had worn a pale blue evening dress that just

suit her. I remembered how she told me I could write—as though a curtain had been drawn down this vision was obliterated. I suddenly found myself in a new train of thought, brakes were being applied and the truck came to a halt. This was it. This was what I had trained for and waited for all those long days.

We dismounted and immediately took up all a round defence. For this purpose I organized my platoon in a hay-field and awaited the order to advance. As I lay in that dry sun-parched field I studied my surroundings. Before me the field extended to a dark stand of woods, somewhere beyond this wood was the enemy. On my left a road ran straight for about a mile, curved and straightened out again. Past this bend the road was under enemy observation and fire.

The order was given to move forward and we took up our prearranged positions on the road and moved off immediately. We were in staggered formation and I could see up ahead a long line of khaki men snaking their way into the brush on the left of the road. We were taking no chances of being seen. As my platoon was about to take cover I was ordered back to the road by my Platoon Commander. Communications with Company H. Q. had been broken. The platoon sergeants were to be rushed up to the bend in the road, jump, and the carrier now under fire would withdraw. From here we were to make our way to Company H. Q., situated in the stand of woods, obtain the necessary information then go back and bring our platoons up for the final assault.

Our instructions were brief but carried dynamite. In a few minutes my brother, another sergeant and myself lay crouched over the roaring motor of a Universal Carrier. We seemed to be travelling at an incredible speed and the heat from the motor was intense. Not many minutes passed before we got the word to jump. I lifted my head, caught a momentary glimpse of the enemy position. I hurled myself towards the ditch and as I jumped, I felt a sickening shock. We bolted into the woods to the rendez vous. Crouched under the trees getting our final orders I first noticed my right knee laid open, this was the shock I felt in jumping from the carrier. First aid was hurriedly applied, then we surveyed the enemy position.

Peering through the trees with the caution of a hunted animal we watched the enemy in the opposite wood make hasty last minute defences against our much expected assault. Between ourselves and the enemy was an open field with a brook halfway across. Out of the woods which we

now occupied was a very shallow depression that extended about two hundred yards into the field. By careful fieldcraft a man could make this two hundred yards unobserved, but he would still be some three hundred yards from the enemy with a brook and a wire entanglement to cross before the position could be reached. It was a highly improbable way of attack so the Company Commander decided upon it. No. 3 Platoon would lead down the depression, followed by No. 2 Platoon, while No. 1 Platoon acted as fire section giving defensive fire from our woods. We were to be screened by smoke for the final 300-yard dash. Everything was clear, we brought up our platoons and in whispers told them the plans.

I was the first to leave the woods. Cautiously I crept into the open. Inch by inch I moved forward, my game leg dragging behind me. The going was tough, tedious and nerve-racking. The khaki chain gradually lengthened as more troops inched their way into the open. If one man were to show himself for the next two hundred yards the assault would be a failure. The sun continued to beat down unmindful of our agony. Overhead a few wisps of clouds lay stranded in the sky like sailboats without a breeze. Behind me I could hear the laboured breathing of my comrades. Soon twenty yards had been covered. Endless minutes later found us with still another hundred yards to go. We crawled on, the depression was less shallow now; we could not go much farther. After what seemed years I had gone as far as I dared. Breathlessly I lay waiting for the covering fire to start. I had not long to wait, it came in sporadic bursts. Then, from the enemy wood came an answer I will never forget. The roar of explosions deafened me momentarily, there was the rattle of machine guns followed by the crack, crack, crack, of the rifle volley. I prayed we

had not yet been seen, but too late, a terrific explosion to our right warned me that we were under fire. It was now or never, I looked behind for a sign of our smoke. From the woods we had just left I saw mortar bombs climb swiftly skywards, their smoke trails wafting lazily behind as they plummeted towards the enemy position. I blew my whistle and plunged forward, feeling new vigour in myself. The assault was on and as countless men appeared from nowhere, a blanket of smoke cut us from the view of the enemy.

Behind me I could hear the yells of excited men. We staggered through the wet, soggy brook, up the opposite bank. The thin line of khaki-clad troops swept onward. over the barbed wire entanglement, across one hundred and fifty yards of broken ground to the safety of that white blanket of smoke.

The smoke screen was a magnificent, almost terrifying, sight. From its centre came the crackle of flames and the crash of explosions. Acrid smoke burned our eyes and chemical smoke blinded us as angry flames reached up and licked about our knees. The whole field was aflame, ignited by our smoke bombs. For thirty yards the troops battled against nature, then, nearly suffocated, and exhausted from the strenuous advance that tensed our every muscle, we broke through the screen and were upon the enemy. Yelling like madmen we charged across the enemy line.

There were a few more explosions as the crack of rifle fire died away, then only the crackling of the fire in the grass broke the silence of the still air. I looked around and waited for my Platoon to consolidate. Presently excited umpires rushed in and congratulated us.

The sham attack had been a success.

Major A. R. CAMPBELL

Prayer Before Battle

When, neath the rumble of the guns,
I lead my men against the Huns,
It's then I feel so all alone and weak and scared
And oft' I wonder how I dared
Accept the task of leading men:

I wonder, worry, fret, and then . . . I pray
Oh God; Who promised oft'
To humble men, to lend an ear;
Now in my troubled state of mind,
Draw near, oh God, draw near . . . draw near.

Make me more willing to obey
Help me to merit my command
And, if this be my fatal day
Reach out, oh God, Thy helping hand
And lead me, down that deep, dark vale.

These men of mine must never know
How much afraid I really am,
Help me to lead them in the fight,
So they will say . . . "He was a man."
—Major A. R. Campbell.

Common Citizenship

WM. C. McVEAN

No country excites as much comment, adverse or otherwise, about itself as Britain. Whenever the name of England is mentioned, as it is constantly, in the press and widely varied opinions are expressed. England is the Old Country, her people are backward. They live in houses without central heating or refrigeration, and with outside plumbing. The English, we say, are too slow, they have a queer sense of humour, they are supercilious, they are grasping and avaricious, they are, in fact, everything people ought not to be, and yet are content to remain so. In international affairs, if England interferes, she is serving her own interests; if she does nothing, she is rated for her lack of interest and her isolationism. As A. P. Herbert has said:

"Nobody's wrong but England, and England's always wrong." That is the debit side. Now let us take a look at the credit column.

Little need be said about the contributions of Britain in the fields of mechanical invention and scientific research. The finest aircraft in the world, the Spitfire, Mosquito and Lancaster are British designed and built. Her ships both of war and peace, are the envy of the other nations, while in surface transportation systems she has always been a leader. The development of radar and other secret devices proved her scientists equal with any in the world.

It is however, in the field of government that the British have proved themselves definitely superior to any other nation. Her enterprise and experimentation in many different types of governmental control are still a wonder to other peoples. From an early time she has moved continuously in one direction—the control of the people over their government through their elected representatives. The advance has not been continuous. There were times when it appeared as though the gains made were about to be lost, but the general direction has been forward and lost ground has been recovered.

The result of this enterprise is the British Empire, a group of self-governing nations owning a common allegiance to the British crown. We are accustomed to hearing of this spoken of as an experiment, and doubtless in the light of the whole human development it must so be considered, but it has successfully come through several severe tests, and might almost be said to have proved its efficacy.

Within this Commonwealth, the citizens of each state have a separate national identity, yet all are British subjects. Difficulties between the various components of the Empire are seldom heard of. You can hardly imagine, for instance, Canada declaring war on Australia. We should

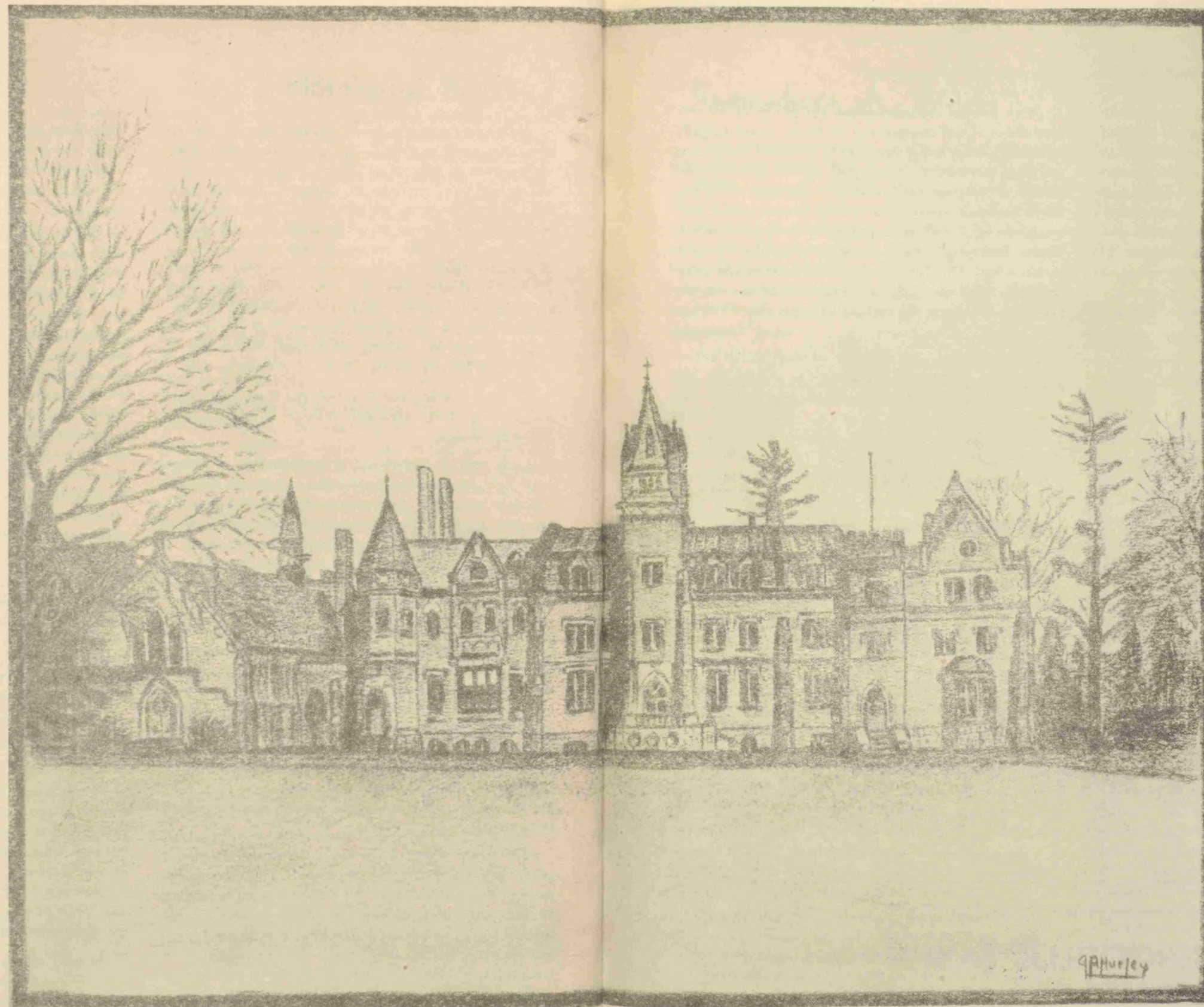
more likely agree to disagree just as the members of any family do. If this condition can be secured by a common citizenship within the Empire, could the same end be achieved by granting similar citizenship to peoples of other countries?

The present tendency in Canada is towards the creation of a definite Canadian citizenship. Canadians would swear allegiance to the King as King of Canada, not as King of Britain. The danger here is in dividing the kingship in this way. Citizens of Britain would not owe allegiance to the King of Canada, nor the citizens of Canada to the King of Britain; yet the King became King of both countries in the same act. At the coronation in the presence of the representatives of all the autonomous nations making up the British Empire, the Archbishop of Canterbury crowned George VI King of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the possessions to any of them belonging or pertaining, and Emperor of India. That act made all peoples in the Empire common British subjects. There was no division in the citizenship which acclaimed King George on that day.

The oneness of British citizenship is the binding factor of the Empire and Commonwealth, and the value of it should not be underestimated. Mr. Churchill recognized its possibilities in a wider sense when he suggested on two occasions what might well be the greatest contribution to the world in the field of government of the British race. The reference is to the historic offer to France in June 1940 of common citizenship in the British Empire, and the suggestion that the United States and Britain should join in a common citizenship for the protection of their common heritage.

It might well be that the suggestion is premature. It may be that common citizenship will never be attempted, that indeed it is not the solution of the evils of war. If, however, we use the British Empire as an example, a common international citizenship makes war between nations an inconceivable project. It would be a civil war, upon which few peoples care to embark at any time even under the direst provocation.

If every citizen of France were a citizen of the United States—a questionable honour—much of the ill-will between these two nations might have been avoided. The possibilities of common citizenship between France and Germany can hardly be measured, and the bitterness which resulted between Britain and the United States over the post-war loan would never have arisen. The goods of each



Reprints of this etching may be purchased of the Secretary of the Mitre at 10 cents each.

part of the international state would automatically be used to the benefit of the whole group.

The core of the problem is, however, the question of allegiance. Would the King and the President be equal to us? Would we think as highly of the Stars and Stripes as of the Union Jack? What effect would common citizenship have on such things as trade and commerce, tariffs and duties, and the problem of language?

If nationalism has been a cause of division and war, will internationalism necessarily result in a reign of peace. Is the failure of the League of Nations and the bickering of U.N.O. indicative of probable impracticability of common interest and action by the citizens of one country in the

affairs of every other country?

With modern communications and travel by air, the happenings of one country can be almost instantaneously reported in every other country. If perfervid nationalists and petty dictators could be ousted, and the general public trained in international thinking, a common citizenship might become effective. The ancient Romans united their empire by giving Roman citizenship to people outside Rome. Perhaps the world could be united by the same means today. The British have proved that several states can unite under one head. One Briton at least has seen the possibility of uniting the world under a common citizenship.

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"Somewhere A World"

B. A. FAIRBAIRN

Three men were sitting in a small night club in downtown Chicago. One of them paused in the act of lighting a cigarette to answer a question from the youngest of the three.

"Well, I've been working on a new twist to one of Poe's stories. I hope it gets by the editor. How about you, John? Ideas still flowing freely?"

John nodded and remarked, "The grey matter hasn't stopped functioning yet. I guess I'll be going strong for some time."

The waiter came by to refill their glasses. The three were well known to him. They were writers of fantastic stories for the pulp magazines which appear on the news-stands in covers depicting voluptuous heroines in the toils of a monster from Mars or Pluto. The two older men had been habitués of this club for some time. The younger man had been coming here with them for only about a year. He had been very successful in selling his tales of inter-planetary adventure in spite of the fact of his extreme youth.

The waiter having left, one of the older men asked John, "How is it that you always seem to have fresh ideas? I've been at the game for years and I have a devil of a job trying to think up a new plot."

"I'll tell you," John replied. "It's quite a long story so you'd better relax."

"About three years ago I was looking for a quiet place in the country where I could write. I was tired of the everlasting noise and smell of the city. In my search I met a man who turned out to be the superintendant of one of the largest, most modern hydro-electric power units in the nation. He offered me a job as an operator on the night shift. My duties would be very light, as the operations were entirely automatic. I would have only a few readings of meters and gauges to take during the night. The rest of the time would be my own. Naturally I was delighted at the opportunity and accepted without hesitation.

"The next day I arrived at the power-house. It was some distance from the town . . . a large structure at the foot of a great dam. At some distance from it the hum of the turbines and generators could be heard. As I entered the building, I noticed a strange quality in the atmosphere. It seemed charged with energy, stimulating, yet at the same time oddly soothing. The hum of the machinery was loud enough to drown out ordinary sound yet after a few moments I grew accustomed to it and no longer noticed its presence.

"That night as I sat at my desk, my mind had a clarity of thought that I had never experienced before. Ideas for settings and plots raced through my mind like wildfire, yet I had no trouble in keeping them orderly. It was like being under the influence of a powerful drug. I thanked the fate that had sent me to such a place.

"As I had a bent toward the writing of stories about strange and wonderful places, I began to jot down ideas as they occurred to me. Then a wonderful scheme flashed into my mind. Why not create for my own benefit an entirely new universe, complete with galaxies, solar systems, planets and their inhabitants. So in that vibrant atmosphere I sat and all through that night, and the next, and the next, I mapped out a universe as complete as I knew how; and as different from my own as I could imagine. The instant I finished a strange thing happened. There was a sudden drop in the static charge of the air. The hum of the dynamoes fell, and then rose. Glancing at my dials I saw that an enormous amount of power had been expended. Noting the fact on my records, and finding that everything returned to normal, a general feeling of fatigue came over me, and stayed until my relief came on duty.

"The next night I thought over the happenings of the previous night. A fanciful idea which I soon disregarded came into my head. Supposing the enormous electromagnetic forces, with which the place literally seethed, had created somewhere a universe; had transmuted the workings of my brain into solid matter. But no, it was ridiculous!

"Well, having created a universe as a setting for my writings, the next step was to give the details to a planet as the home of my characters. So I set about plotting in continents and seas on a small planet of a small sun. I set down every detail of a strange geography, a fierce climate, wonderful physical and natural laws. I overlooked nothing. I believe that I was inspired then for never again could I accomplish such a task.

"Again when I finished there was a strange drop in tension and the surge of a huge power consumption at some unknown point. Again the static charge of the air returned to normal, the generators took up their basso hum, and, exhausted, I awaited my relief.

"The following night, I half believed the idiotic feeling that somewhere a new world had been created according to my specifications—created in actual concrete fact. But laughing my mood off, I turned to the work of populating

my new world. I gave it forms of life that ranged through all sizes and shapes. I created a superior species to rule over them. This ruling animal I made as ugly and as vicious as I knew how. I gave it a complete history, political and religious creeds. I put hatred into the hearts of each stratum by means of caste systems. I created perpetual war between them. In short, I made them as ugly, physically and mentally, as I could, and glossed it over with a thin veneer of civilization. Why, I don't know. It was probably an unconscious attempt on my part to create a race as different as possible from my own people.

"As I completed the last details, I once more experienced the unaccountable change in the atmosphere. This time I kept full control of my faculties. I was inwardly convinced that a freak concord between my mind and the huge electric forces in the place had resulted in the physical creation of a new world. I was frightened, yet enthralled with the idea. I was no scientist. True, I had worked out a set of laws for my new world, but any scientist would have laughed at them for their very orderliness and simplicity. I knew that the supposition that I had actually created a complete world, with living inhabitants, was absurd; but somehow I couldn't get rid of a conviction that it was true.

"I wondered what it would be like to live in such a place, to breathe with impunity poisonous gases, to understand barbarous tongues. I began to imagine the activities of its inhabitants at that very moment. Had I not created them in my mind for just such a purpose? Then suddenly,



My Most Unforgettable Character

STOCKWELL DAY

I knew him first as Skr. Lt. Manan, a well-seasoned, weather bitten First Lieutenant who looked upon terra firma with as much disdain as he regarded a Sub. Lieut. of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. Our introduction however was warmed by the presence of his favourite companion—hot rum.

"Just out of King's, eh?" he said, "well, you'd better stand watch with me so's I can teach you something useful." And so began my acquaintance with the man who was destined to become a great friend, but a merciless critic.

The first watch I stood with him was the worst four hours that I have ever experienced. His initial criticism I took with a grin. This was his opinion of the clothing that I was wearing, especially my new flying boots.

as I concentrated on a particular street in a particular city I had an acute attack of giddiness and nausea. I clutched my head as the walls reeled around me. When I opened my eyes, the scene which met them made me shudder. There I was in the place of my own creation. The inhabitants jostled me. Vehicles roared. The life I had dreamed up was an actual fact.

"For a moment I was amazed, but as I saw the figments of my imagination moving around me so oblivious to me, I was struck by the irony of the situation. The populace, so self-important, had existed only a few moments. I was responsible for them. I ran up and down the streets trying to tell them that their wars, their politics, their very existence was not so. It had never been! But so well had I done my work of creation that no one listened to me. They were amused, or annoyed, but wouldn't believe me.

"Finally I saw that I had to give up. They would never believe that they had only existed such a short time. As proof they had history books, archaeological findings, ancestors . . . all evidence of their heritage. I was trapped. I had to exist, so I wrote stories of my own land which were so fantastic to them that I had no trouble selling them. I resigned myself to my fate and lived with these people."

John stopped to light a cigarette.

"But I don't understand," said one of his companions. "how did you get back?"

"I didn't. I'm still here!"

"V. R. if ever I see it," he sneered, and I observed that his footwear on this cold winter morning consisted of ordinary shoes, stockings and rubbers.

However, I was convinced that I could show him some neat and accurate chart work. He merely laughed at my neat lines, arrows, circles and he swore at the time I took to write the bearings in on the chart.

"I'm sorry, but that is what I was taught, Sir," I apologized.

"My name is Joe," he answered, and I finished the watch as an unofficial extra look-out.

Joe would criticise once, and then there was supposed to be no next time. If I did make the same mistake again he would lash out with more fury than a hurricane-swept

sea. The caustic tongue-lashing would usually take place in his cabin and would always come to the same conclusion. When the blast was over, Joe would buy the drinks and the matter was dropped.

The men looked on him as a deity. He did not have to drive them to do the work, as they would slave for hours on end with the hope of getting a word of praise from Joe. As defaulters, they knew they would receive the punishment that they deserved, no more and no less.

His strength of body equalled his strength of character. He could, in a fight, whip any man on the ship "cept maybe the chief stoker, and I wouldn't mind a go at him."

Joe navigated with a piece of string and a pencil better than most people could with a sextant, and his knowledge of the sea and seamanship would make Neptune green with envy.

His career began on a rum-runner where he was paid "near two hundred a month plus two cents a keg and the old man took his pay ashore in a suitcase."

The easiest way to receive Joe's cynical sneer was to pronounce the "th" at the end of north and south. He expected even the most land-bound sailors to use a round, salty "sou'east and nor'west."

The unprintable part of his vocabulary admirably complemented his lack of mastery of the King's English. When

he swore he did so with graceful artistry. He did not stoop to the unattractive four-letter words so frequently used by men of his sort.

I remember going up to the bridge one evening and Joe remarking that we were in for a bit of a storm the next day.

"The glass dropping?" I asked.

"Glass, my —!" he grunted, showing a great contempt for scientific weather predictions, "can't you smell it?"

One afternoon when I was catching up on some much-needed sleep, he looked into my cabin to see if I was there. As I was just dozing I pretended that I was sound asleep. Eventually when I did turn out and proceeded to the wardroom, he greeted me with:

"Where the hell have you been all afternoon?"

I told him that I had been getting in a little "cart time", but I did not mention the fact that I knew he had seen me there.

"Well," Joe said, "you are lucky I couldn't find you as there was some work I was gonna get you to do. Had to do it myself, damn you."

Such was Joe who, before the war ended, had his own ship and today is back where he is truly happy, on the sea, with a stormy sky above his head and a fishing smack beneath his feet.



Out Of The Ordinary

RONALD OWEN

There sat Frederic Meredith, and on his face reposed the quiet dignity of a successful man. For years he had been sitting in the portrait. And, he was getting tired of such an existence. For time out of mind the only break in the monotony of his state had been the annual influx of students in Convocation Hall. It was amusing to watch the antics and reactions of these supposedly "education-bent" creatures. All types were represented from the devotedly studious to the carefree, fun-loving, pleasure-seeking kind. Frederic was getting tired, too, of listening to endless lectures which grew rather stale and monotonous after the first twenty years. What an existence—only it wasn't an existence. He was fortunate in having this one last fling at life.

With a sigh and a groan, Frederic pulled his long legs together, stood up and stretched to his full height of six feet. The quiet dignity of his long repose was shattered. The old twinkle of kindness and joy of living flashed back

into his warm blue eyes. A peculiar quirk in his eyebrows gave him an air of surprise and genial good humour. His finely moulded lips which had been pursed up for twenty years relaxed into a smile. The crinkling of his hair springing back to life produced a tingling sensation along his scalp. How musty was the air behind the glass of the portrait! The flexing of his long arms, grown somewhat stiff, gave a hint of former athletic prowess.

Murmuring "Amma moria", Frederick slowly filtered out through the crack in the glass. The two students who had contrived to crack the glass while playing ball during a lecture little knew the good turn they had done for Frederick. Ah, fresh air! — the joy of escaping from his prison.

Well he must hurry as he only had six hours. Dawn would come only too quickly. Frederick was seized with a sudden burst of energy, gave a leap into the air and landed quite heavily on the floor. He still wasn't very supple. A

student on the top floor was momentarily awakened by the noise and thought, "Oh! well, just another freshman getting dumped," turned over and went back to sleep. Just as well. He'd never know what he had missed.

Frederick sauntered down the length of Convocation Hall. It all seemed very familiar. But the door was locked. Undaunted Frederick merely whispered the magic formula and felt himself being gently transported through the key-hole. There was no point in walking downstairs. He had always been one to save energy. So, still floating in the atmosphere, he drifted towards the window, undid the catch and dropped to the ground as gently as a leaf in autumn. Upstairs a sudden gust of wind came tearing down the hall banging and rattling any open doors. Somewhere in the building a senior shouted, "Shut that — window!" and once more quiet settled down.

But to get back to Frederick. Outside, everything looked the same as it had twenty years ago when he had been lecturing at Bishop's. It was a lovely, warm June night. A pale silvery crescent hung suspended in a canopy of deep blue. A myriad of stars twinkled brightly in the heavens. There was just enough light to make everything discernible.

What would he do first? Frederick took a deep breath and set off jauntily towards the river. He needed that clean feeling outside that fresh air had wrought inside him. He hastily shed his dusty old garments and plunged into the refreshing waters of the Massawippi. But he couldn't make too much disturbance. That has been one stipulation in the agreement: if he was seen by any human being the remainder of his freedom would be snatched away at once. There wouldn't be much danger in the early hours of the morning but still it would pay to be careful. Frederick spent several minutes of his precious time, wallowing, plunging, diving and splashing about in the cool water. That was one way of loosening up those creaking joints.

Near the far bank of the river something leaped into the air and flashed briefly in the white moonlight. That was it. He knew what he would do. Frederick had always had a mania for fishing. Who would be the wiser? And, who could resist the tantalising thought of fried fish.

This, however, would involve a great deal of action and caution. A pole—that problem could easily be solved. Any hazel bush would do nicely. After giving his trousers a good shaking and donning them, Frederick happened to

come across an old piece of string, still strong and intact, while rummaging through his pockets. How Martha used to scold him for keeping so much junk there. H-m-m! What's this? — a couple of matches, no less. What luck! They would come in handy later on. That is, if he was able to catch any fish. There was also a nail—Danger!—Metal was something that people in Frederick's condition weren't allowed to tamper with. He speedily flung that away. However he couldn't spend too much time here. He had to get on. The next thing to do was to procure a fish-hook, somewhere. But where? Ah! yes, his old crony Andy Stewart. He would be sure to have scads of fishing tackle in his garage—if it was still there—and Andy would never miss it.

Another method of securing transportation. Frederick crossed his index fingers and he was away, over the river above the trees and housetops. Now where was the garage? This way, Frederick. In less time than it takes to tell, Frederick had acquired the necessary equipment for his expedition. With his old sense of humour and love for a practical joke he couldn't resist letting the air out of a couple of tires on Andy's Model T. He chuckled to himself over the consternation and surprise on Andy's face when he discovered this. Enough, however. Frederick swiftly and silently returned to the river by his own mode of travel and soon was absorbed in his sport. So absorbed, in fact, that scarcely had he caught a dozen trout before a brightening on the horizon warned him that time was relentlessly flying.

It was time to leave only too soon. Now to go back. Horrible thought. And no one knew for how long. Probably for eternity. Frederick regretfully slipped into his scholarly robes and, clicking his heels smartly together, rose gracefully into the air. He felt as light as down. Yes. The window. It had been closed by a freshman. But then, the windows at Bishop's had never been particularly air-tight. Even a thin crack was sufficient—for Frederick. This time he glided under the door of Convocation Hall to re-enter his prison.

The quiet dignity of a successful man settled down once more over his genial face. There was a slightly more pronounced quirk to Frederick's eyebrows and his tie was slightly askew but no one ever noticed. He was once more in the ranks of the forgotten.

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The Bishop Looks Down

SENSE OF HUMUS, by Bertha Damon.

Somewhere the authoress had heard the old saying, "If you would be happy a day, get drunk; if you would be happy three days, get married; if you would be happy eight days, kill your pig and eat him; if you would be happy forever, be a gardener." And the idea of being happy forever looked good to Bertha Damon. And so began her long battle with the soil of the Damon New Hampshire estate near the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee.

Inexperienced as she was, Mrs. Damon realized at the start that if her soil lacked humus and she lacked sense of it, she could buy plants until she was bankrupt and stick them all over the place until she was exhausted, but no good would come of it. The story of how she did acquire a sense of humus amidst the vicissitudes of gardening makes fascinating reading for some two hundred pages and carries the reader through the whole year—from sapping time and "diggin' messes o' greens" to gathering apples and cutting the Christmas balsam. But according to Mrs. Damon "The most satisfying of all the satisfying jobs which make the earth and its increase seem really yours, and your pleasure in it genuine and deep—is planting potatoes." For to her, a simple garden patch where common vegetables are beginning to grow has in it "history and prophecy, creation and conflict, procreation and growth"—in short, life.

Sense of Humus is a friendly book—witty and wise—and rich with the joys and sorrows of country life. It really makes the reader long to own a bit of dirt (if only a window-box) in which to experiment.

You'll meet—and be all the happier for knowing—two old New Englanders—Hannah Sprague, with her wise, pithy sayings, and Samuel, the hired man, who had two strong planks in his philosophical platform—"Anyhow, if et ain't one thing it's another" and "There's alluz an end to everything."

Even Bertha Damon learned to adopt a philosophical outlook. "Sometimes," she says, "the puppies dug holes and often they rolled down a few plants. But what of it? When hail beats the garden flat, we accept it as an act of God. Well, puppies are an act of God; and one of His pleasantest. I believe in a balanced universe—some poppies, some puppies. To miss the joy is to miss all."

When the last page is reached, one feels that Bertha Damon knew well the satisfaction that comes of working one's own land, and could truly say (like Moses of old), "Blessed of the Lord be His land . . . for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of

Miss CONNIE OAKLEY, B.A.



the earth, and for the fullness thereof."

Sense of Humus is one book you can reread with pleasure each year as the seasons roll around.

* * *

WIND, SAND AND STARS, by Antoine de Saint Exupery.

Few men were better qualified to write of their adventures in the air than the late Antoine de Saint Exupery, an experienced flier of pre-war fame.

Wind, Sand and Stars covers a period of ten years, starting with the author's initial flight in 1926 when he flew mail across the Sahara, continuing with adventures in South America and Africa, and ending with a tour of the Catalan front during the early months of civil war in Spain. The account of the Paris-Saigon flight, with its harrowing description of thirst in the desert and the final hymn to water, is an unforgettable piece of writing; as also are the portrayals of such pioneer pilots as Guillaumet and Mermoz.

Wind, Sand and Stars, however, is not just the story of an airline pilot's adventures. It is also a confession of his faith—deepened and enriched through the years by his own experiences. Each episode is pregnant with his philosophy of life—his firm conviction that the joy of living can come only from the warmth of human relationships.

M. de Saint Exupery is as sensitive to the fineness of writing as he must have been to the controls of his plane. Each adventure, which really forms a complete story by itself is written in so charming and informal a manner, and interspersed with such delicate gems of thought, that one

cannot but feel that the author was not only a great writer but a fine poet and artist as well.

Even the illustrations, although few in number, contribute to the general atmosphere of the book. Almost childlike in their design and stark in their simplicity, they forcibly bring home the loneliness and despair, the majesty and awe that are ever present with sand, wind and stars.

Truly, a beautiful, brave book—and written by a gallant flier whose zest for speed and beauty of language leave the reader almost breathless at times and certainly make him forget that he is earthbound.

* * *

SON OF NORMANDY, by B. M. Sawdon.

The setting of Miss Sawdon's novel is laid in rural Normandy in the late 1930's when rumours of war were still too faint to disturb unduly the inhabitants of the tiny village, St. Pierre de la Colline. There Pierre de Montargis, handsome younger son of an aristocratic family and veteran of the Great War, acted as mayor in addition to managing his small estate. For twenty years Pierre had been happy—and for the most part content—in the daily round of duties which centred about his wife and family, his farm, and the villagers.

Then he met Margaret Forster, a skilful little English artist, "with a gift for song and laughter" that was to make him young again. At their first meeting she was engaged in painting a view of his estate, Les Ifs, and with a start Pierre realized that on her canvas she had caught more than the warmth of sunshine on old stone walls—she had, as if by magic, caught something of the spirit that had been part of the young Pierre de Montargis—had seen a young man's dream.

That Pierre and Margaret should later fall in love was inevitable. Inevitable, too, that Pierre's wife should be a pious Roman Catholic to whom divorce was a crime against family, tradition, church and state. Drawn by his love for Margaret on one hand, and by his loyalty to his family and his ideals on the other, Pierre de Montargis is forced to make a decision—only to have tragedy intervene and solve the problem for him.

As a first novel, *Son of Normandy* is better written than most. Miss Sawdon reveals a deep love and understanding of rural France, her treatment of the old-age triangle theme is sympathetic, while the story is told easily, yet with a skill and warmth that holds the reader's interest throughout.

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Notes and Comments

IRWIN GLISERMAN

Ah, Spa-rr-ing! 'Tis the time of year when the swallows begin to twitter and so do the co-eds. And with spring comes April (and it snows). And then comes the Easter vacation (and novel reports to hand in). This of course is quickly followed by the month of May and soon after comes the June exams. Ahhhhhh—NUTS!

And with all your troubles, dear reader, you still have to bear this pessimistic patter so you might as well settle down m'lads and join your rollickin' reporter on the journey through the land of griping gossip and get all the low-down on uptown society.

So first of all, let's dust off the cracked crystal (now grimy with misuse from the other insidious issue), wrap the purple and white turban about our golden locks of straw, and peer deeply into the equipment boudoir of the New Arts. But alas and alack, the equipment is back, and Energetic (cough, cough) Edwin has once again resumed his favourite resting place. And there he now sits, a satisfied smile breaking the symmetry of his kaleidoscopic kisser, and gently, o ever so gently, tending his cute little pets, those inmates from a pineapple, the fruit flies. And for the rest of the year you may hear him softly saying: "One billion, six million, 203 thousand, one hundred and forty-six, one billion, six million, 203 thousand, one hundred and fortееа seven, etc. etc."

Yes, all you can hear now are the last strains of the sporting sonata and as they slowly die away on the campus horizon, let all those athletically-minded students strain their biceps (between their ears) and shed a leetle tear. Kerplunk! — or a condensed version of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire (compliments of P.J.J.J.T.B.).

S'too bad our basketeers lost out in the net parade but they shore did prove they had the right stuff and you definitely do desire that certain something to buck a seven-man squad in the Regimental gardens. They rilly should raise the ceiling a bit in there. It certainly would make a nice airport. It's even rumoured that the updraft in the place swept the bulgy portion of the Swami-Balmy-Bulgy line right off the floor so that he floated around in the hydrogen making baskets. But shhh, it's a military secret. But Mitre roses to you fellows for doing a bang-up job in the sneak circuit and we're only sorry that we can't afford Campus orchids.

Still talkin' about a bang-up game, our choice bits of basketball pulchritude in the female section sort of exploded in the mascara-ed faces of their Sherbrookite rivals

to end up the season in a fiery blaze of glory. Natch, this made everybody happy even to the extent of tickling a smile on Mr. G. Pharo's pessimistic puss and from then on everybody was amazed to see a star male centre and a star female guard working so well together. (Subtle as a brick wall, I allus said.)

"PUURR-OTEST!" I maintain, "Aw, shaddup!" I still maintain "I said shaddup". B-b-b-but I still maintain. "Say, do you want to find your !!! in a cold bath?" I-i-i-i s-s-still m-m-maintain . . . etc. etc." Note: the second game of the inter-year basketball playoffs has just been finished.

"Well of all the (censored). Aw-right, we'll play the (censored again) and we'll lick (c. for short) out of them. Call in Susy. (followed by two solid hours of bzzz, bzzz, bzzz.) Note: The protest has just gone through.

"SPRRRRRRRRssst!" (emphatic, delivered by adept manipulation of the taste organ—this is commonly called the "old razzberry"). Note: Second year have just won the championship. 'Nuther Note: In case you don't get it, the large print indicates Seniority, the small (and especially meek) print indicates the frosh.

Some fluid conversation all the way through and so ended the inter-year gymnastics for '46. It was nice, clean playing all the way but the magnificent way Stockwell charged through the opposition grinding Komery's head in the dust was too much for the flabbergasted frosh and even Joslin's attempt to bite MacDonald in return for a running-shoe in the rather sensitive part of his vertebra was futile.

Inter-year hockey. Hmmm. Might I say ditto. But this time first year's "Down with the Seniors" squad experienced a quick death and I still can't quite understand why manager Bunbury kept yelling anxiously for a spoon after the game was over. It was a dramatic ending as "Pencil", trying very hard to lift his smitten skeleton from the ice, slowly drooped his head (with a clunk) and raising one, long, bony, frozen finger, feebly stammered out questioningly "P-p-p-protest?" Good old Vic. True to the end.

Yet may I still add special N and C congrats to all the inter-year teams for putting up a good show and showing a good deal of spirit, something which had been lacking in the last couple of years. And to the frosh, above all: "Requiescat in pace."

And now as this griping—er—I mean gripping story winds the jiving road to the Bish Palladium, our cockeyed corneas become filled with spider webs and dust as we enter

the mighty portals of our athletically "inclined" (to about 30 degrees on the port side) dance hall. And on a little notice on the wall we see: "I, Giz Gagnon and my inmates from an unfinished symphony, have taken a temporary leave of absence for the Lent term. Signed X."

And so letting the blood flow back into our legs by loosening the cuffs of our zoot suits with the feet plectrum, we slowly turn around and depart, giving way to an enormous shadow that crowds the door—er—I mean as the most noble President of Dramatics enters with D.K. pushing him on, the cast pushing D.K., Connery pushing the cast, and Zeke pushing Connery. I think that last character has something to do with dances also. Then as all the dramatical dyspeptics settle down the following conversation takes place:

Russ: Oh, by the way—"

D.K.: Ah, yes, yes, yes. Say no more. Tear down those planks on the right wall. And those curtains. Yessss. Those. Oh my gawd. To be or not to be! Don't you think Burton that this change? Oh, no, no. Ah! Oh, frailty, thy name is—and Russell, these sets. Hmmm

Russ: I think—"

D.K.: Oh, no. Not that, surely. Connery, did you call Speid? How do you do, Miss Northridge. Ah, Juliet! Come, come now. Miss Legge. Burton, did you see that?

Russ: "Oh, yes, I—"

D.K.: Thanks. Thanks. Now the curtain again. Eh? What's that? Toast? Toast? Yes, with butter please. Oh, Ghost! Well—oh, my gawd never mind. Oh, how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable . . . What was that Connery? No tacks! Russell, tacks?

Russ: No more will I say. I refuse to wear out my voice!

P.S.—Folks, this goes on for hours.

The Paramecium Parada: For a few days thar before our ardent algaeologists presented their biology exhibition, there was a crunching of activity over at the Biolab in the New Arts. And what a magnificent display of facial feelings! Jean, gleefull and exuberant as he maliciously skinned his rabbits, "Stu", slightly saddened as he extracted the insipid insides of a dogfish, Prof. Langford, poker-faced and having to give ten thousand pieces of advice at the same time, the frosh and flabbergasted freshettes comparing their brains, and the rest of the New Arts inmates, mad as a plucked chicken, as they heard nothing but static sonatas over their crystal sets while some energetic eggster was hatching chicks below. Delaney counts his fruit flies. Then post-war conversion took hold of the lab on April 5 and 6 and the exhibition was presented. (Delaney again counts his fruit-flies.) And for hours and hours, our weary little heroes conducted the numerous visitors about as the "ahs" and "oohs" resounded through the lab. The Purple Heart

(latex-filled) goes to little Joanie Beers who had more questions hurled at her than Mr. Anthony. (Delaney still counting his fruit-flies.) All in all, congrats are definitely in order for the biology staff and their enterprising student, for a swell exhibition. Bioboner: Prof. Scot's young 'un gazing with amazed corneas at the pelvic girdle of the skeleton and classically remarking: "Daddy, I didn't know that men were put together by bolts!" (ah me! What is this younger generation coming to.) And so we leave the biologists to their slaughter and Frederick G. who is still counting those flies. By this time, the column is swarming with them.

The Campus Oddities Dept.: Joslin's 1876 convertible. And when we say convertible, brudder we mean it. When "squirrel" sees that the front seat begins to sag, which is every time Lee gets out of it, he just changes it with the back one. So h'yars a toast to the jerkiest, jumpiest, jittery little jalopy this side of heaven guaranteed to knock out all your molars at one sitting. I think it was made(?) in the States. Jos still doesn't know whether to get a confederate or union license for it. (Ask Colbourne III.) Jos says: It's a mixture of a Chrysler and a jeep—a creep!

Peppery Patter Dept.: New Arts water polo at \$4.50 a crack . . . Tribble dribble . . . the so-called "gestapo" in the same locality . . . J.C. and the "wolf-call" or a reasonable facsimile in Chem. room . . . Hutch pouring CaC₂ into ashtrays filled with H₂O—"Thar's gonna be a hot time in the old town one night" . . . Screwiest sight in weeks: Waldron and his "shadow".

Parliament proceedings: Shortest trial in history. Graham the "mustachioed" vs. the Association. Said the Defense: "Are the jury—" Said the Offense: "I object!" Said the judge: "How irregular." Again the Prosecutor: "I am going". And so did we. Result: the accused found it was colder in college than it is in winter.

Weather Weports: Cold. Hot. Cold. Hot. etc. etc. Sunshine 1, Sunshine 2, Sunshine 3, etc. etc.

Epistle Engima: Seexty-four fifty question of the week: What has that new manag. ed. of the Campus got that we couldn't get fixed, getting one light blue envelope (scented with Chanel 5?) per day? She probably owns a new non-refilling Parker but who knows!

Querious Quips: Freshman: a robot with ribbons . . . Senior: Gestapo with a constitution . . . Chewing up a pillow in a nightmare and feeling a little down in the mouth the next morning . . . and shall I say, he got "slugged" . . . S'too bad your parents couldn't have had children . . . In Economics Lecture (overheard in secret):

Syd: . . . and in '44, the dollar was worth approximately 48,000,000,000 marks and in '45 . . .

Zeke: Can anyone lend me a nickel? . . . That was a joke young man.

Estonishing Expressions Dept.: . . . Ronny O. Owen's face painted with the most bored expression as he throws your Campus at you (the O stands for Ovid) . . . Z.H.P.'s vociferous visage when the thirteen-year-old hecklers at the Hi-DIP-and SQUEEZE began making his nerves go jingle jangle jingle . . . Hutch's "excuse" getting all screwed up when he tries to stop from smiling . . . the old "ham" in him sure shows when Burton's got a mouthful of food . . . Joslin when partaking of his usual cracker about thirty times a day . . . Most astonishing: "Moose's" bewhiskered countenance when McGoon gives him an order!

* * *

Alumni Notes

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. HARTLEY MONTGOMERY (BERTHA COX, B.A. '25), a son, March 4, 1946.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. HURDLE (MARGARET BREWER, B.A. '29), a daughter, on February 14, 1946.

To Mr. and Mrs. NEIL DRUMMOND (L. J. BARNETT, B.A. '27), a son born in November.

Marriages

The marriage of PHYLLIS MONTGOMERY (B.A. '32) to Captain RONALD LEATHEM took place on Saturday afternoon, October 20, 1945, in Philipsburg.

MACKEY-HALPIN—The marriage of DAPHNE JOAN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Halpin to the Rev. GEORGE THOMPSON MACKEY (B.A. '37) took place in St. George's Church, Guelph, Ontario, at High Noon on July 24. The Right Reverend L. W. B. Broughall, Lord Bishop of Niagara, officiated, assisted by the Reverend J. Homer Ferris of Arthur, Ontario.

The marriage of GLADYS CHRISTISON (B.A. '34) to Mr. C. ANDERSON of Grand'Mère took place on August 24, 1945.

Miss HELEN LEGGE (B.A. '38) and Mr. JOHN A. FREEMAN were married in Granby on Saturday, January 19, 1946. Mr. Freeman was formerly with the R.A.A.F.

Miscellaneous

Rev. J. C. DICKER (B.A. Th. '32) was a recent visitor at the University. He has been serving in the Army Chaplaincy Service.

Miss AUDREY BELLAM (B.A. '40) has become engaged to Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR of Stanstead.

Sight of the Semester: Colloid Curphey, with those fruit flies in his pockets, going thru the halls, and sweetly calling out: "Hutchie".

But now we'll stick the old crystal back with the bats in the belfry and let the gremlins use it for a while. The Mitre Madhouse is finally over for the year but before dashing off downtown (exams don't affect me, don't affect me, etc. etc.) may I wish all the readers of this column a very successful year, thanks a lot for listening, and now I'll sign off. Adios.

CYRIL WATSON

KAY BANCROFT is a Lieutenant in the W.R.C.N.S.

Two of the most promising actresses who ever trod the boards in Bishop's Little Theatre, Mrs. E. H. BENSLEY (KAY SPEID, B.A. '36) and JEAN MACNAB (B.A. '36) have both had roles in recent productions of the M.R.T. Kay had a part in "She Stoops To Conquer" and Jean appeared in "Snafu".

Lieut.-Col. KATHLEEN ATTO (B.A. '17) went overseas on March 1, 1946. She is to be the Director of Nursing Services—U.S.A.N.C.

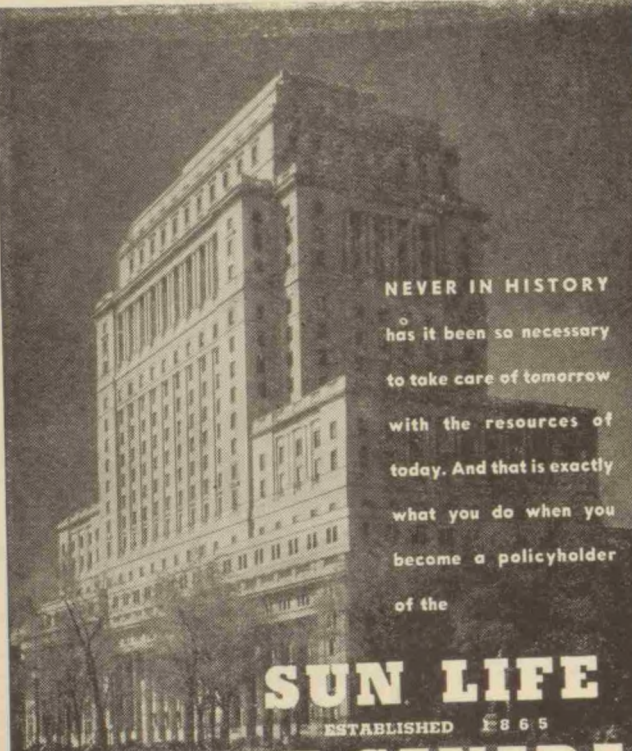
Captain A. H. VISSER, CADC, hopes to undertake post-graduate work in Dentistry at McGill after his discharge from the service.

JOHN ADAIR McCALLUM, who has been in the Meteorological Branch of the R.C.A.F. for the past six years, expects to remain in the Department of Transport Met Service. He is at present at Greenwood, N.S.

Rev. J. DE PENCIER WRIGHT recently discharged from the R.C.A.F. Chaplaincy service has been appointed Rector of Bowmanville, Ont. (Diocese of Toronto).

At a recent service of installation of Archdeacons and Canons at Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, two former members of this University were honored. They were Canon G. C. HEPBURN, B.A. '09, who became Archdeacon of Ottawa and the Rev. C. C. PHILIPS, B.A. '12, who was raised to the rank of Canon.

Rev. W. D. CHRISTIE, B.A. '35, has been appointed by the Bishop of Ottawa, as Incumbent of All Saint's, Westboro.



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Exchanges

HUGH BANFILL

Dear Reader, to you, my one and only friend, I bring sad tidings of great gloom—this is the last time I conduct this column and—I have had a great number of magazines sent to me, they number eight, since the last issue of the Mitre went to press. Ergo, as I did in the last issue, a part of my column will not deal with magazine reviews.

Another copy of the Trinity College School Record has arrived and is up to its usual high standard: quite a bit of literary material of quite a fair standard, and, a well-proportioned general layout.

Going from school to college magazines, I came to the latest King's College Record. It is a publication slightly like the Mitre but suffers even more than we do from lack of student support and lack of articles, however, what articles it does have are quite interesting. I express my sympathy with the writer in it who said that they still suffered from student apathy, as it could be made both bigger and better. The Revue of the University of Ottawa looks as though it may be good, but I can't take the time to read the French (my French is not good) so I will make no comments except to say that it deserves to go to the Library, not to me. It is not an undergraduate magazine and is, I think, out of my field.

From England I have another copy of the Arrows. When the paper shortage lessens over there I hope it will be expanded. I received a copy of the "Sphinx", a magazine that is being revived but which still suffers from student disinterest. Another copy of the Students' Standard has arrived and still functions as newspaper rather than a literary magazine and as such I cannot give any comment on quality or quantity of literary material. I am glad to see however that they do use some material from the Canadian University Press. It will help them keep at least some kind of idea as to what is happening in our universities over on this side.

For the first time I have a copy of the Review of Canterbury University College of New Zealand. Articles are good, but a two column page would look better than the present one column page. Please use a formal masthead, as I don't know just how to send back a copy of the Mitre since you give no address.

Since all but one of my exchanges for this issue have been reviewed (I want to leave the last till later) there is one thing I want to write about—I.S.S. The International Student Service exists here in Canada as it does in other countries. Mention is made of it in both English university magazines and it is apparent that the English univer-

sities give it hearty support. There is also I.S.S. in New Zealand. It also exists in Europe, with strong backing. It exists in Canada apparently with little backing and little support despite the N.F.C.U.S. support. Incidentally I was on the N.F.C.U.S. committee that recommended support of I.S.S. The contrasting views with which it is greeted are a product of ignorance and apathy. In this college the student appeal failed to produce the desired effects. Only two reasons were advanced for not contributing. One was the view of one student who was at an I.S.S. meeting and didn't like what he saw. I don't know his whole case so I won't comment on it, it may have been valid and I won't stick out my neck. The second reason for non-contribution was the plea of poverty. That most of the students who wouldn't contribute went out the same night or made preparations for a binge the following week, seems apparently superfluous. The apathy with which the appeal was greeted here is a disgrace, especially as it has been applied to all charities that have made appeals here during the last few years. It is about time that the students realised that most of them are at university through the charity and generosity of someone else and it is about time that they got a little more charitable themselves.

The last magazine I want to say any thing about is the Queen's Review, which is published by the Alumni Association of Queen's University. It is of great credit to the University that they have an alumni association that functions, that has branches spread everywhere and which functions well enough to publish a special publication of alumni news. That this University of ours has an alumni association which does not function, and at present shows few signs of beginning to function, and has apparently never done very much and has only a small membership, is an absolute disgrace of which we should be ashamed. You may find another article in this publication on the subject by me.

This is all I am going to say about exchanges except to include a list of the publications I have been getting, dailies and college newspapers generally excepted.

"The Arrows", University of Sheffield.

Codrington College (No title of publication).

"Students' Standard", Khaki University in England.

"Queen's Review" (General Alumni Ass'n of Q's.)

"Loyola College Review", Montreal.

"King's Hall Magazine".

"Macdonald College Journal".

"Adventure", Magee High School, Vancouver.
 "Muse", McMaster University.
 "The Gryphon", University of Leeds.
 "The Stylus", Boston College.
 "The Ashburian", Ashbury College.
 "Alma Mater", St. Jerome's College.
 "Trafalgar Echoes", Trafalgar School for Girls.
 "Guild Gazette", University of Liverpool.
 "Strathcona Oracle", Strathcona Academy, Montreal.

"Review", Canterbury University College, N.Z.
 "The Record", Trinity College School.
 "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa."
 "King's College Record", Halifax.
 "Sphinx", University of Liverpool.

If anybody sees this and is from a university that produces a literary magazine which the editor of this does not get, will they please send it along to my successor.—Adios.



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Sports

ZELIG POSMAN

Once again this column invites you to join us on a review of the college's sporting activities since publication of this year's first Mitre. The last issue of the magazine went to press without this department because the hockey and basketball seasons were not quite completed, thus making it impossible for your editor to give you a complete review of the games played. As I begin this column now, there isn't the slightest trace of snow anywhere and books are replacing hockey sticks and basketball sneakers. Although the college squads didn't manage to capture any championships this season, we can look back on the year as a successful one regardless because above all, sports at Bishop's were put back on a peace-time basis and intercollegiate sporting activities have once more become a very important part of college life. With this thought in mind, this column would like to extend its sincerest congratulations to those chaps who represented old purple and white on the various playing fields and although at times fighting against tremendous odds, never failed in spirit and carried on to the very end. To our coaches, Ozzie Clarke, Gerry Wiggett and Billy Hammond, our thanks for a job well done.

HOCKEY

Hockey again assumed its rightful place in athletics, and the college entered a league, playing against McGill, Loyola, Dawson and Macdonald. Originally scheduled to play eight league games, weather conditions and poor travelling accommodations forced the squad to default two. Out of the six remaining encounters, the squad was unable to defeat the faster opposing aggregations and although the season ended without a win for the purple and white boys, they played plucky hockey and kept on going against tremendous odds.

vs. Dawson

Bishop's opened its hockey season officially on January 19, meeting the fast-moving Dawson squad at the B.C.S. arena and dropping the encounter to the visitors on an 11-3 tally. The game started at a fast and furious pace and Bishop's slapped in three markers in rapid succession, Vinny McGovern accounting for two and Brig Day for the other. With a Bishop's man in the penalty box, the visitors made good use of the advantage and began an efficient drive soon equalling the home team's score and then scoring eight more goals to walk off with the match.

vs. McGill

On Friday night, January 25, McGill played host to Bishop's at the Loyola arena and the visitors went down in

the season's second encounter. Playing on a rough and soft sheet of ice, hard checking was the main feature of the match. McGill took an early lead and although the score was kept pretty close throughout, the purple and white squad were unable to cope with the more accurate-passing red and white men and at the final whistle, the score stood in favour of the home team. As in the previous match, McGovern scored two goals while Brig Day slapped home the final marker.

vs. Loyola

One of the outstanding games of the season in intermediate intercollegiate hockey was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators on Saturday afternoon, January 26, when Bishop's met Loyola at the latter's arena. This spectacular game featured some of the roughest checking and highest scoring seen in inter-U hockey for some time. At the final whistle, the score stood in favour of the home team on a 14-8 tally. With play pretty rough throughout, referee Al Murray was forced to hand out 13 penalties before the end of the match.

John Murray played outstanding hockey that afternoon, bulging the Loyola net four times. Eddie Curphey also managed to give a good account of himself, slapping in two more goals while Vinny McGovern and Brig Day chalked up one marker each.

Many U. B. C. spectators were on hand for this encounter which helped to make the week-end one which will be remembered for a long time by those present, especially if one is to consider the unfortunate bus accident which occurred two miles out of Abbotsford when the autobus carrying the Bishop's players and spectators slid off the road and ploughed into a tree. This mishap was responsible for taking three men out of hockey for the season and seriously hindering the team's progress for the rest of the year.

vs. McGill

The Bishop's squad met with another defeat on Saturday afternoon, February 9, when they lost to the McGill team for a second time by a score of 8 to 2.

With McBoyle and Pitfield leading the Red and White attack on the forward line and Chalmers playing hard on defence, the visitors took an early lead and kept it throughout. Purple and White scoring was done by Brig Day and Jerry Curphey who teamed together for both the college's markers. Bud Staples and Stock Day formed a steady defence pair but the speed of the McGill forwards showed its effect and goalie Des Stoker was given little chance on

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the shots that passed him.

vs. Macdonald

On Saturday, February 15, the Bishop's hockey team travelled to St. Annes to meet the Macdonald squad in the fifth intercollegiate match for the Lennoxville lads. The game got under way at a late hour due to the tardy arrival of the train carrying the visitors. The day was extremely cold and playing on an open-door rink, the home team handed the Bish sextet an eleven to one trouncing.

Bumpy ice proved a detriment to the Purple and White team and the home squad managed to slap in eleven tallies. The one goal for our squad was made by Jerry Curphey on an assist by Brig Day.

vs. Loyola

In the last game of the season Bishop's played host to the Loyola aggregation at the Sherbrooke arena and lost to the visitors by a score of 9 to 0.

Bishop's line-up for the season was as follows:

Goal: Des Stoker; defence: Vincent McGovern, Bud Staples; centre: Brig Day; wing: John Murray, Gerry Curphey.

Subs: Stock Day, Jack Bagnall, Jim Rowley, Tom Bjerkelund, Eddie Curphey, Tony Lee, Fred Anderson, Phil Gale, Zeke Posman, and Bob Emery.

BASKETBALL

The introduction of football and hockey into the list of the college's extra-curricular activities in no way diminished the importance of basketball as a major sport. The interest in the sport was stronger than ever before this past season, and basketball shows good promise of gaining more popularity as time goes on.

Under the able coaching of Billy Hammond, a fast and efficient squad was whipped into shape which shortly after Christmas began its scheduled games in the Eastern Townships League. The quintet smashed into the limelight by taking the first five games played and proving dangerous competition to any opposing aggregations. However, the tide turned and the team lost the next five encounters. Nevertheless, Bishop's place was assured in the play-offs. In the finals, the home team met the Sherbrooke Regiment squad in a best of three series, splitting the first two matches and going down by a very narrow margin in the last one. The championship went to the Sherbrooke squad after another short series with Thetford Mines.

This year's team showed a great deal of talent and ability and with those men who remain, plus players arriving next fall, the possibilities for a championship team next year are good.

vs. Stanstead

Playing their first league game away, on January 12,

the college lads handed the Butterfield aggregation a 32-28 trouncing. With Pharo, Johnston and Budning playing forward, and the defence work falling into the hands of McGovern and Cooling, the quintet took an early lead and kept it practically throughout the match. Harrington, Burton and Scott substituted very satisfactorily. At the half-way mark, the purple and white lads held a three-point margin over the home team on a 15-12 tally and at the final whistle had added one more point to their lead.

vs. Rand

On January 16, the college squad met the Rand aggregation on the "Y" floor and won over the home team by a narrow margin of 45-41. The game on the whole was quite fast and quite rough. The first line played their usual brand of good ball and the second line of Harrington, Bailly, Gurr and Burton gave a good account of themselves, adding several points to the team's final tally.

vs. Regiment

Meeting the much-feared Regiment team on our floor January 31, the home squad chalked up their third consecutive victory, handing the visitors a 35-24 trouncing. The first line of Pharo, Johnston, Budning, Cooling and McGovern played the complete game, leading by 18-14 at the half and increasing this lead in the last part of the match. The final frame was highlighted by two long shots by "Squirt" Johnston.

vs. Richmond

The Bishop's cagers extended their list of victories when they met the Richmond five on February 2 and took the match on a score of 27-18. The game was played in the college gym and at a comparatively slow pace. The visitors took the lead early in the first half on various long shots by Hume but as time passed, they were unable to stand up to the vigorous onslaughts of the college lads and soon dropped behind. Scott and Cooling handled the defensive work very well seldom allowing the visitors to get in for a clean shot.

vs. Rand

Meeting the Rand team on the college gym floor on February 12, the home team beat the Sherbrooke aggregation for a second time in the season, this time by a score of 38-29. Play was rather rough but spectators had a good opportunity to view the college's tight zone defence which proved so effective throughout the season. The fast-passing Bish forward line zipped through the visitors defence time after time, taking an early lead and holding it throughout the match.

vs. Thetford

The college's winning streak was effectively broken by the fast-moving Thetford team when the latter defeated

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our boys to the tune of 44-36. The game was played on February 15 in the Bish gym and proved very fast with the lead shifting several times during the encounter. In the dying minutes of the last frame, the mining-town lads took an eight-point lead to win the game.

vs. Thetford

Sparked by their first victory over the college aggregation, the high school boys played host to the Bish lads on the following evening in Thetford and again defeated the purple and white team, this time to the tune of 37-34. Good, clean basketball was again in evidence, and our second line consisting of Porter, Harrington, Bailly, Burton and MacNaughton showed their ability to play good ball by taking the lead away from the home team for the one and only time during the match.

vs. Regiment

Meeting the Regiment squad for the second time this season, the college squad lost the encounter on a 54-24 tally. The game was played on February 20, on the Sherbrooke team's floor. The armoury sports the largest playing area in the Eastern Townships and our boys were literally lost on the massive court. The visitors managed to take the lead early in the match but soon lost it to the more accurate-shooting Regiment team. Billy Hammond used both lines equally but the Sherbrooke quintet continued to increase its lead, holding it until the final whistle.

vs. Butterfield

With the first line resting after a rather strenuous schedule, the second line took the floor on February 23, to represent Bishop's in a match versus the Butterfield quintet. The visitors took an early lead and managed to keep it all the way through. At the end of the first frame the Stanstead boys had the match all in their favour but in the second half, led by Bob Bailly, our men played good ball and at the final whistle the score stood at 50-25 in favour of the visitors. Play was quite rough thus, cutting down speed considerably.

vs. Richmond

The Bishop's five travelled to Richmond on March 1 and lost to the home team on a one-point margin. Play was quite fast and at half time the score stood 11-5 in favour of Richmond. The pace was kept up in the last frame and with the score tied at 24-all, Hume sank a free shot in the last few seconds of the match taking the match on a 25-24 tally.

PLAY-OFFS

vs. Regiment

Playing a best of three series with the Sherbrooke Regiment team to decide who was to meet Thetford Mines to compete for the championship, each squad won a game on

their own floors, the Regiment taking the first one by a score 42-25 and the U.B.C. quintet winning the second on a 28-27 tally. The final encounter was played on the Y. W.C.A. floor and after a gruelling contest, the Regiment aggregation won the game on a narrow three-point margin. The game was one of the closest seen all season and ended on a 39-36 score.

Bishop's line-up for the year was as follows:

Centre, Gale Pharo; left forward, Gerald Johnston; right forward, Charles Budning; left guard, Bob Cooling; right guard, Vincent McGovern.

Subs: Harrington, Porter, Bailly, Burton, Scott, MacNaughton, Gurr and MacKay.

BADMINTON

With sports going all out at college this year, badminton was by no means left out in the cold. The University entered a team in the St. Francis Valley Badminton League and competed throughout the winter with Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke High School Alumni, Windsor Mills and Danville. Our team on the whole put up a very good show and managed to give an excellent account of itself in any of the tournaments. Much of the credit for badminton's increase in popularity and incidentally for the formation of a league is due to Jack Bagnall who worked untiringly all season to get the activity back on its feet. We hope that badminton will continue to hold its importance in the various college sports.

Several tournaments were held throughout the winter months and the following are brief reviews of these.

vs. S. H. S. Alumni

January 12 saw the Bishop's badminton squad play their first tournament in the St. Francis Valley Badminton league against the team of the Sherbrooke High School Alumni. The final tally showed a decisive victory for the collegians with the score standing Bishop's 5, S.H.S. 0.

The Bish team consisted of Lila Pharo, Jean Boast, Marge Allport and Mavis Clarke, while the men were represented by Jack Bagnall, Lou Hollinger, Bob Cooling and Fred Delaney.

Lila Pharo won the ladies' singles while Mavis Clarke and Marge Allport won the ladies' doubles. Fred Delaney and Bob Cooling teamed together and came up with a win in the men's doubles while Jean Boast and Jack Bagnall assured complete victory by winning the mixed doubles.

vs. Windsor Mills

The purple and white squad did not meet with the same success as it did in the first match when at Windsor Mills the college team went down on a 3-2 tally. Outstanding for the college in this match were Lou Hollinger who won the men's singles and Jean Boast and Jack Bagnall who walked off with the mixed doubles.

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vs. Danville

Against a very efficient Danville team, the Bish squad again lost a closely contested match on a 3-2 tally at Danville. For the University, Bob Cooling and Fred Delaney took the men's doubles and Jean Boast and Jack Bagnall won the mixed doubles.

at Danville

Saturday, February 23, saw the first invitation badminton tournament to be held in many years in this part of the townships. At the invitation of the Danville Badminton Club, teams came from Bishop's, Asbestos and Windsor Mills, and with the Danville team competed in two events, men's doubles and mixed doubles.

The Bish team which consisted of Jack Bagnall, Lou Hollinger, Bob Cooling, Fred Delaney and Jeanie Boast as ladies' representative acquitted itself with honour. The men's doubles which coupled Hollinger and Bagnall went to Bishop's. The mixed doubles went to Danville after a hard-fought contest.

vs. S. H. S. Alumni

The Sherbrooke High School Alumni lost for a second time this season to Bishop's when on March 14, the college squad walked off with a 4-1 victory. Jack Bagnall and Jean Boast won the men's and ladies' singles respectively. Judy Baker and Lila Pharo took the ladies' doubles with Judy playing beautiful badminton in the back court. Cooling and Stoker walked off with an easy win in the men's doubles. Fred Delaney and Mavis Clarke bowed to the Alumni squad in the mixed doubles.

To Jack Bagnall, Fred Delaney, Bob Cooling, Lou Hollinger, Des Stoker, Jeanie Boast, Lila Pharo, Mavis Clarke, Judy Baker and Joyce Johnson our thanks and congratulations for a wonderful season in the badminton field.

SKIING

Skiing got off to a flying start this year with Norman Fairbairn very ably filling the position of the club's chairman and Stuart Geggie and Bob Graham offering valuable assistance at all times. The college team took part in two intra-mural meets and in two outside contests, one at Hillcrest and the other at Orford. The team showed good skiing ability and certainly did its share in upholding Bishop's name in sports.

The first contest held was a cross-country run with fifteen men competing. The race started in the quad and after circling an arduous three and a half mile course ended at the starting point. Bob Graham took top honours in this event breaking the tape in 32 minutes and 56 seconds, closely followed by Bill Rowe who crossed the finish line less than a minute behind Graham.

At the annual Bishop's ski meet held on Herring's Hill, Roy Stewart took first place coming through with 195 points out of a possible 200. Fourteen competitors took

part in the event consisting of a downhill and a slalom run. Combined scores gave second place to Doug Snyder with 184 points.

Marge Allport and Gene Adams, the only two women competing, ran the same course as the men and turned in very favourable scores.

The annual Orford classic was again held this year with the contestants running the dangerous Three Creeks Trail. Bishop's entered six representatives: Bob Graham, Dunham Joslin, Stuart Geggie, Roy Stewart, Bill Rowe and Dave MacKay. On the whole, the Bish squad did comparatively well with Joslin placing sixteenth and Graham and Geggie taking 19th and 22nd places respectively. Miss Rhona Wurtele took top honours winning all events.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Women's basketball hit a new high this year and the sport aroused more enthusiasm among the many students than it has in many past years. Under the able coaching of Gale Pharo a hard-fighting and efficient squad was whipped into shape and was entered in a local league with Sherbrooke and Lennoxville High Schools, Y.W.C.A., Rand and Thetford Mines. The girls played a total of ten games using their system of zone defence to a great advantage. A great deal of spirit was shown in the various games and much talent was in evidence. The opposition from the Sherbrooke teams was heavy and out of the ten games played, our girls emerged with four victories, defeating Thetford Mines in two consecutive encounters and taking one game each from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke High Schools.

Veteran Lila Pharo returned to the floor once again this season to take over as the team's captain while after a year's experience with last year's squad, Monique Lafontaine, Marge Allport, and Judy Baker came back to swell the aggregation's ranks. The team was filled out by freshette talent. Audrey Burt, Barbara Stevenson, Margie Anne Forbes, Carol Legge, Isabel Hibbard and Betty Riddell proved valuable assets to the female cagers.

The team shows good promise and since all this season's players will be returning next year, we're really looking forward to a championship squad in the future.

INTER-YEAR SPORTS

Once again this year, inter-year sports were played with the view of letting all athletically-minded students take an active part in games. Two leagues were formed, one in hockey and one in basketball and each of the three years entered a team in each activity. Second year emerged with top honours, taking the championships in both sports.

In hockey, it was a tight fight throughout the term with First and Second years ending up tied in points. At a sudden death game played at the Sherbrooke arena, the

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sophs took the freshmen by a 6-1 tally bringing a successful season to an end.

Likewise in basketball, First year found itself tied with Second year on points and two games for total points were played to determine the champions. This series ended in a tie and another encounter was staged. In this last game, the sophs went all out and handed the freshmen an effective trouncing.

Inter-year sports as in the past have proved to be an excellent form of relaxation and also gives those students who fail to make the intermediate teams a chance to participate in sports. The games prove to be a great deal of fun and a source of enjoyment to participants and spectators alike. A good deal of talent is displayed on the various squads and a spirit of sportsmanship and keener understanding of athletics is fostered generally.

DUNN CUP ROAD RACE

Faced by Mac Sanders, speedy runner from Sherbrooke, the relay team representing Second Year won, by a thirty-second margin, the five-mile Dunn Cup road race on Saturday afternoon at Bishop's University. The coveted cup was competed for by four teams, with the Freshmen fielding two, in an effort to retain possession of the trophy won last year.

Times clocked by the respective teams were good, the winning team taking 29:33 minutes, two freshmen teams

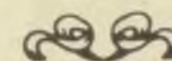
close together at 30:03 and 30:53, respectively, and Third Year winding up two minutes behind the winners.

The race started in front of the Screen Plate Company office on Main Street and made the circuit via the Huntingville mill and the Experimental Farm to the finish line in front of the College.

A large crowd of students followed the runners in cars and on bicycles and excitement ran high as the Freshman teams, run by Komery and Turpin, won the first two laps, with Second Year trailing both. The hilly section of the third mile proved hard going, but Fred Kelley picked up the lost 20 seconds and when he passed the baton on at the end of his mile he had a 25-second lead over the nearest Freshman team.

Bill Rowe, from the better paced of the two Freshman teams clocked the best mile time of the day in 4.59 minutes to again forge ahead of the Second Year quintet with 20 seconds to spare. Mac Sanders, who won the five mile race for the Freshman class last year, soon got into his stride and cleared the field on the level stretch in the last lap, coming in to win the race in 5.08 minutes, with McCabe and Hutchison of First Year clocking 5.31 and 6.29 minutes respectively.

The Third Year team made third place time in the last lap but were a full two minutes behind the winning team, despite the good runs made by Gale Pharo and Vince McGovern.



(Continued from page 19)

swallowed or rubbed into the skin, but it is harmless to most mammals as a dry powder. Humans are not normally poisoned by it unless very large quantities are taken, though in some persons it may cause allergies like hay fever and dermatitis. DDT is a cumulative poison but can be passed from the body in milk. A nursing female rat if fed DDT-poisoned food will pass the poison through her milk to her offspring and cause death in them. If a cow that has been sprayed with it licks itself, as many cows do, the poison will appear in the milk. Dairymen must exercise care in its use as, in time, it may induce poisoning in the population.

In the past, insects have developed natural resistance to insecticides. After a few years of using nicotine and the arsenates, it was found that three or four times as much poison was required to achieve the same effects as a small amount had accomplished when first used. Unfortunately, this will also be the case with DDT. In a few years, more

of the poison will be required than at present. How then will we be able to control insects at all? By using DDT where it has not been used before and by developing other insecticides to take its place.

DDT's use in the future will be to lessen the danger of crops being destroyed by insect pests. It will be used to prevent insect-borne diseases like typhus and sleeping sickness. It has been used to kill sawflies and other enemies of the forester; this will be one of its most important uses, as in the past insect pests have severely damaged lumber. It holds great hope for the future if used correctly—if not it can do irreparable damage.

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