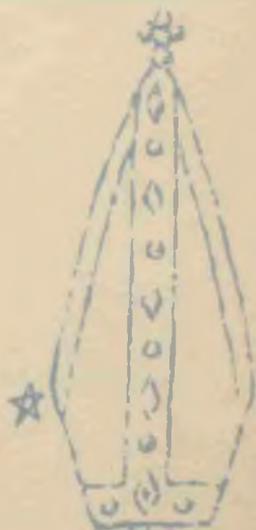


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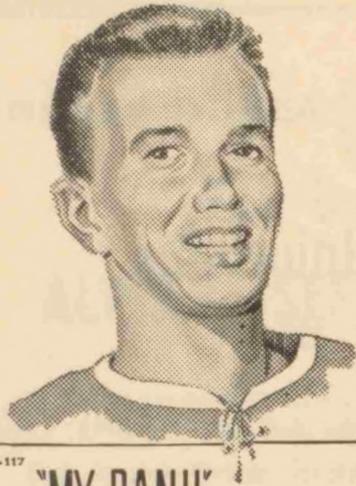
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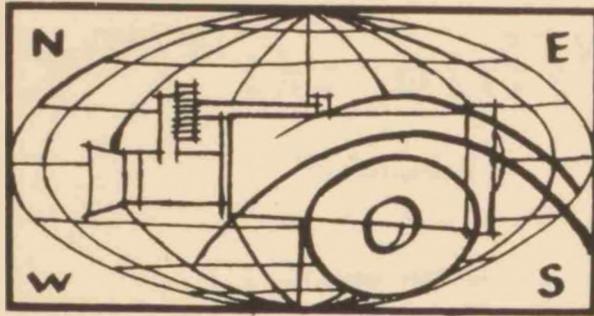
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Editorial

It is with pleasure that we present this, the first issue of Volume LXIV of **The Mitre**. To many students this is the first year at the university and to many others the last. We hope that the names of a large part of the former group will find their way to pages of this publication in the next few years, and we urge those students that now is the time to begin employing the facilities offered by this and other university institutions for the following of intellectual pursuits which they may find to their taste.

To the students who are at striking distance from an undergraduate degree, we should like to point out a dilemma with which they might soon be faced. The life they have led at the university is one which will be remembered with mixed feelings but with, we have been led to believe by those who have preceded us, a certain longing. Although there may be several isolated incidents which have not been the most pleasurable, the general attitude will, we hope, be one of nostalgia.

One of the main pleasures of life in a university residence is the frequent gatherings of the students at which a wide variety of topics is discussed. The very depths to the highest

peaks in philosophic thought are considered in an atmosphere which allows everyone to express himself. Such gatherings prompt the student to think things over and to reconsider his values. Often a student doubts something he has always previously considered beyond the possibility of doubt.

The society which allows a student to think and which actually encourages such action is not long-lived, regardless of how beneficial it may be conceded to be. The world beyond the cloister is not conducive to the furthering of any serious consideration of principles. Most of the students will be forced by custom, necessity, or some other force into entering that part of the world which is adverse to the continuance of such intellectual activities as those to which he was accustomed while a student. The profit-driven world of business which is so alluring to the impoverished undergraduate will force him to abandon his desire to think; like the lotus-eaters he will become inactive and too pre-occupied to remember the past.

There are fields, especially the academic, where the furthering of such thought is encouraged and expected. There are disadvantages to be experienced in leading a life in which there is room for pursuance of true ideals. The monetary gains are, as a rule, much less than those offered by the business world. The luxuries of life which the student might have envisaged as a reward for his labours might never materialize to the extent which he had anticipated. The advantages of such a life may, depending on the individual, be far greater.

To the student who becomes a scholar comes the possibility of opening a large circle of acquaintances with varied interests, but with the ability to assuage the desire to have intelligent discussion. The pursuit of intellectual goals is no mean reward, and although the goal may never be reached, the nearer it comes the dearer it becomes.

The students who are this year considering the world from afar before entering it should weigh the possibilities of both roads. The fork is just ahead and a transition in later life is difficult. Many there are who have not properly considered both and some have blindly chosen the right one; however, many more are there who have decided in mid-life to change. Must we follow their example?

IN THIS ISSUE —

In view of the mounting controversy on Freemasonry, particularly in England where a Vicar once denounced the Archbishop of Canterbury for being a Freemason, Mr. Michael Hewton's article, 'The Secret Name of God' is bound to arouse lively discussion. Mr. Hewton has expressed his belief to the Editor that the contents of his article are unanswerable; nevertheless, if his belief is erroneous, Mr. Hewton hopes anybody will endeavour to disprove the thesis of his article. Mr. Hewton, a Divinity student of this University, is assembling a library on myths and the Masonic Crafts.

Miss Naomi Curry, an Arts student in her first year, has contributed to *The Mitre* a reflective and meditative essay, 'Highways'. More essays of this kind are needed nowadays.

An analysis of the recent American Election campaign has been offered by Mr. A. Ross G. Heward, our Exchanges Editor and a prominent supporter of Adlai E. Stevenson on this campus. Mr. Heward had devoted his leisure time to a minute study of the campaign last autumn, and has had discussions with a variety of people on this subject.

Mr. John V. Cook, the Editor of *The Campus*, has forwarded us a specimen of the exclusive cult of New Writing in this University. This article which he wrote was written in answer to an enquiry of what is his ideal of the University.

And finally, not to mention other poems, there is quite a bit of poetry having relevance to the Hungarian situation, one by Mr. John H. G. Heward, a student here, and two others by Hungarians some years ago.

Judging by the entries in this issue, there is little doubt that greater things still are to come in the next two issues.



Lewis Carroll

... A. W. Richardson

We are reprinting this article to demonstrate that we are endeavouring to make *The Mitre* a vehicle of material other than that of interest solely to Arts students. Dr. Richardson was Professor of Mathematics at Bishop's for many years and this article of his has been published previously in *The Mitre*.

I WONDER if *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* are as much read by children and teen-agers today, as they were forty or fifty years ago. Whether this is the case or not, classics they were, and classics they remain; and as specimens of "logical nonsense" they have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. We need not be surprised that the works written under the pen-name of **Lewis Carroll**, — the two *Alice* books, *Sylvia and Bruno*, *The Hunting of the Snark*, and a few others — have had a far wider circulation and a more enduring fame than three or four small works on mathematics and logic, signed by the real name of their author, Charles L. Dodgson.

It has been suggested that Dodgson had a dual personality—that the rather prim and sedate Oxford lecturer was one aspect of the man, while the other was the "benevolent bachelor uncle" who delighted to entertain parties of small girls on picnics, inventing fantastic stories for them, and handing these stories down to posterity by means of his other hobby, photography. (Several recently discovered pictures taken by him in the 1860's were reproduced in *Life* not long ago). The dual-personality idea is, however, rather discredited today; some people, basing their opinions on the fact that Dodgson was a mathematics lecturer and a clergyman, have jumped to the conclusion that he was dull and priggish. To correct that idea, we have only to skim through some of his works on Logic—for instance "Euclid and his modern Rivals"—to realize that the mind which created the Mad Hatter and the Mock Turtle is still at work.

He lived in what is now considered a rather dull and stuffy age—his death in 1898, at the age of sixty-six, preceded that of Queen Victoria by less than three years, and so we must remember that he was a Victorian—and an eminent one at that. One of the most striking features about the *Alice* books is that they are written for people of all ages—children used to delight in them (and many still do), but it still remains evident that they could only have been written by one who was well versed in mathematical logic.

So we must consider Lewis Carroll as one person with three facets: entertainer of the young, logician, and mathematician—in this order certainly, for as a mathematician he was not in the first rank; in logic he made, we are told, some useful contributions (I do not myself feel competent to pass a critical judgment here); as a writer of children's books he was *sui generis*.

Doubtless some of his work in logic has been superseded by more modern ideas and methods, but at the same time his examples are still amusing; for instance, what conclusion can be drawn from these two premisses?

(a) Canaries, that do not sing loud, are unhappy.

(b) No well-fed canaries fail to sing loud.

(a) asserts the existence of a class of non-loud-singing canaries, and also the non-existence of a class of happy non-loud-singing canaries.

(b) asserts the non-existence of a class of well-fed non-loud-singing canaries. Therefore the non-loud-singing canaries, which are asserted to exist, must be both unhappy and ill-fed, from which we arrive at the conclusion that some ill-fed canaries are unhappy.

His paradox of 1894 produced, we are told, some sharp controversy at the time. Here it is:—

“There are three men A, B, C, in business together, whose movements are determined as follows:

(i) If A goes out, B has to go out also, (for A is infirm, and needs looking after).

(ii) All three men cannot be out at the same time.

Now (ii) can be put in the form—if C goes out, then if A goes out, B must stay in. But, from (i), if A goes out, so does B; hence it can be argued that it is false that, if A goes out, B stays in—therefore C never goes out at all. But it is obvious that C can go out whenever A stays in”.

I leave the untangling of this to the Philosophy Department!

Nevertheless, the logical ideas involved in the A, B, C problem are akin to those of some of the **Looking-Glass characters**. I wonder to what extent Carroll had earned the reputation of being a fanciful writer, on account of the famous **Alice** illustrations by John Tenniel. In reading the “Jabberwocky” poem, it is hard to forget Tenniel's pictures; without them the famous verses become a study of neologisms. Just look at Humpty-Dumpty's explanations in proof of this.

It has been stated that the fact that all Carroll's jokes are logical jokes is one reason why his stories have made such an appeal to

children. He has not the slightest touch of superiority, and the fact that he uses a phrase in an apparently correct but really nonsensical way appears as plausible to him as to a seven-year-old. Even in such a would-be serious work as **Euclid and His Modern Rivals** (1879) we get many evidences of the **Alice** habit of mind. It must not be forgotten that Dodgson was a die-hard of the old school in the matter of teaching Geometry, and had very little use for intuition—it is quite evident that Euclid's “Elements” appealed to him as a monument of logic, first and foremost. His effort of 1879 is cast in dramatic form, and mercilessly ridicules the attempts to simplify the famous parallel postulate in such terms as the following specimen:—

—“As far as I can see, Mr. C— quietly assumes that if a straight line is inclined to another straight line, it is equally inclined to all others. He might just as well say that because a young lady is inclined to one young man, she is equally inclined to all young men.

—“She might make equal angling with them, anyhow.”

Among his “nonsense” work, the famous **Hunting of the Snark** poem takes a very high place, in my humble opinion. It is nonsense indeed, but only inspired and logical nonsense could have produced such a scintillating mixture of the abstract and the concrete as—

“They sought it with candles, they sought it with care
They pursued it with forks and hope.”

—and also the pseudo-scientific classification shows in the sublime couplet,

“Distinguishing those which have feathers, and bite,
From those which have whiskers, and scratch”.

Nor must we overlook the Bellman's superb contempt for coordinate-systems, when he proposes to navigate by means of a map which is completely blank.

“What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropic Zones and Meridian Lines?”

So the Bellman would cry; and the crew would reply

“They are merely conventional signs!”

It is hardly surprising that at the head of every chapter in the **Air Navigation Manual**, published during World War II, one finds a quotation (usually very appropriate) from Lewis Carroll.

As a regular mathematics lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, for over 35 years, he must have been a familiar figure to many generations of undergraduates. One reads of instances of his shyness, kind-heartedness, and painstaking accuracy, which have become almost legendary. He never seems to have had to teach any very advanced

subjects, mostly confining his efforts to the freshman classes in Euclid, Algebra, and Analytic Geometry.

Most of his published work in Mathematics was in the nature of summaries, although he did produce a **Treatise on Determinants**—that book which, according to legend, was sent to Queen Victoria when, after reading **Alice in Wonderland**, Her Majesty expressed the gracious desire to possess all other works by the same author!

There must have been a distinct touch of the White Knight, of **Through the Looking-Glass**, in Dodgson himself. His suggestions for new symbols for the six trigonometrical ratios bear the authentic touch—one can almost hear him murmuring—"It's my own invention". These symbols did not catch on, but all the same they show the logical background of his mind.

He saw, of course, that purely logical argument had its definite limitations—witness the following gem with the appealing title **Arithmetic Cannot Lie**.

—"If 5 men, working 8 hours a day, can construct a wall 100 feet long, 16 feet high, and 2 feet thick, in 2 days, how long will it take four million men, working six hours a day, to construct a wall 150 feet long, 12 feet high, and 1 foot thick?" The answer to this, incidentally, as worked out by the ordinary processes of arithmetic, is a small fraction of a second. What would today's Trade Unions have to say about it?

The mathematical work which he carried out in his leisure hours, largely for his own amusement, is to be found in his **Pillow Problems** and in his diaries. One finds some quite interesting things here, and also one experiences a feeling of surprise in noting how he has overlooked some comparatively elementary things. To give an instance, **Pillow Problem No. 14** is: "Show that three times the sum of three squares is also the sum of four squares", which he solves correctly enough by noting that $3(a^2+b^2+c^2)$ is the same thing as $(a-b)^2 + (b-c)^2 + (c-a)^2 + (a+b+c)^2$, but it looks as if he were unaware of the famous number-theorem which antedated him by many years—"Every integer is the sum of four squares", of which the above is merely a special case.

These **Pillow Problems** (so called because worked out mentally in bed) contain one very startling paradox—one might almost call it a "leg-pull": "A bag contains two marbles, as to which nothing is known except that each is either white or black. Ascertain their colours without taking them out of the bag."

Solution:—"One white, one black", arrived at by the following "argument".

"We know that if the bag contained **three** marbles, 2 black and one white, the chance of drawing a black one is $\frac{2}{3}$. Now the chances that the given bag contains (1) black-black, (2) black-white, (3) white-white are respectively $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.

Now add a black marble. Then the chances of (1) black-black-black, (2) black-black-white, (3) black-white-white, are as before $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$. Hence the chance of now drawing a black marble

$$\begin{aligned} &= (\frac{1}{4})(1) + (\frac{1}{2})(\frac{2}{3}) + (\frac{1}{4})(\frac{1}{3}) \\ &= \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{12} \\ &= \frac{2}{3} \end{aligned}$$

Hence the bag now contains black-black-white, and so before the black marble was added, it contained one black and one white". Again, I leave the fallacy-spotting to the Philosophers.

Characteristic extracts from the Diaries are:-

Oct. 31, 1890—"A Theorem that $2(x^2+y^2)$ is always the sum of two squares, seems true but unprovable."

Nov. 5, 1890—"I have now proved the above."
It is hardly credible that he took six days to notice that $2(x^2+y^2) = (x+y)^2 + (x-y)^2$.

Dec. 19, 1897—

"Sat up till about 4 a.m. over a problem sent me from New York—"Find three right-angled triangles, all of whose sides are whole numbers, and whose areas are equal. I have found **two** of sides 20, 21, 29 and 12, 35, 37, but cannot find **three**."

And yet there are three: i.e. of sides 24, 70, 74: 40, 42, 58; 15, 112, 113. But the analysis of obtaining the general type is not of the easiest.

One gets the impression that Dodgson was out of touch with the more recent developments of his chosen field. But he had, it seems, a full and happy life in spite of his retiring habits. Even at a children's party he could meditate (surely the only time that a quadratic equation has ever occurred in verse form!) that—

"What are all such gaities to me,
Whose thoughts are full of indices and surds?
 $x^2 + 7x + 43$
Equals eleven-thirds."

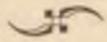


Requiem for a City

*What price freedom
If death is your sole reward?
What price liberty
If death comes by a cord?*

*We, who only heard your cry
We, who only sensed your sigh
Cannot feel the need
To die for an intangible creed
Content, we rest in ease
Freedom we do not have to seize.*

John H. G. Heward



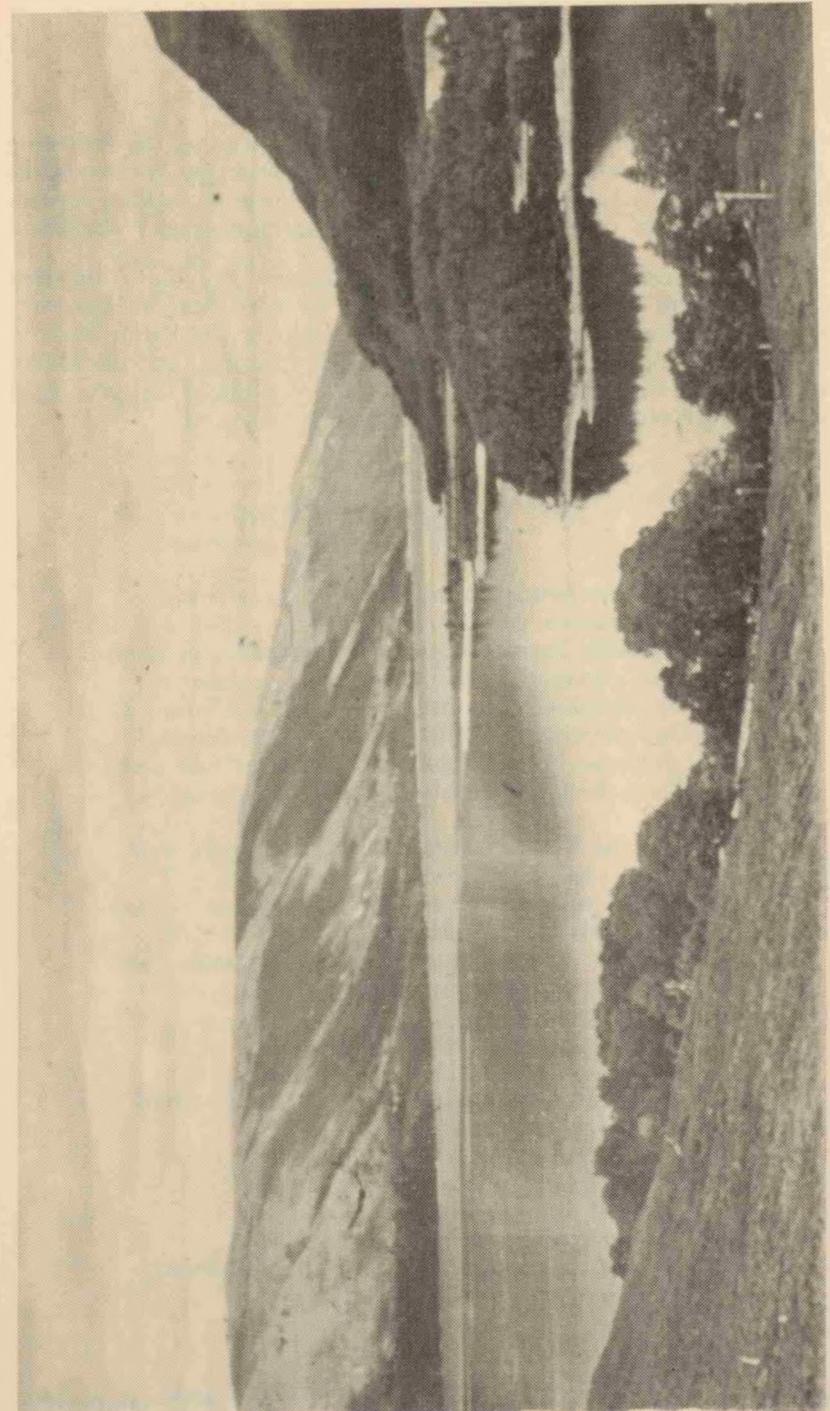
Winter Night

*Alone below the silent dizzy stars
I drown in light-pierced darkness, knife-cold air.
I balance on the edge of teeming space,
And feel that nothing, everything, is there.*

*Whiteness of snowdrifts purged of daytime grey,
Moonlight, lamplight, shadows on diamond snow,
Dark ghosts of trees and houses, dim with frost,
Promise of timeless night that I may know.*

*All things that all mankind has longed to know,
The why, the how, the where our quick lives are.
Breathless, I reach to touch the universe,
But God is wise, and hides beyond a star.*

Phyllis Parham



Charles MacInnes

It is with very great pleasure that we are printing the following two poems translated from the original Hungarian by Watson Kirkconnell, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Acadia University, which appeared in a pamphlet published by The American Hungarian Federation.

Dr. Kirkconnell has been highly honoured by the Hungarian people for his work: Pre-War Hungary awarded him an honorary degree from Debrecen, a foreign membership in the Petofi Society, a corresponding membership in the Kisfaludy Society, and the Medal of Honour of the P.E.N. Club of Hungary. We indeed feel privileged to have received permission to print these translations.

A Summons, 1836

O Magyar, keep immoveably
Thy native country's trust,
For it hath borne thee, and at death
Will consecrate thy dust!
No other spot in all the world
Can touch thy heart as home;
Let fortune bless or fortune curse,
From hence thou shalt not roam.

This is the country which thy sires
Have shed their blood to claim;
Among a thousand years not one
But adds a sacred name.
'Twas here brave Arpad's mighty sword
Once won a land for thee,
And here the arms of Hunyad broke
The chains of slavery.

Here Freedom's blood-stained flag has wav'd
Above the Magyar head;
And here in age-long struggles fell
Our best and noblest, dead.
In spite of long calamity
And centuries of strife,
Our strength, though weaken'd, is not spent,
Our country still has life.

To you ye nations of the world,
We call with passion'd breath:
"Should not a thousand years of pain
Bring liberty — or death?"
It cannot be that all in vain
So many hearts have bled,
That haggard from heroic breasts
So many souls have fled.

It cannot be that mind and strength
And consecrated will
Are wasted in a hopeless cause
Beneath a curse of ill!
It yet shall come, if come it must,
That better, fairer day
For which a myriad thousand lips
In fervent yearning pray.

Or there shall come, if come there must,
A death of fortitude;
And round about our graves shall stand
A nation washed in blood.
Around the graves where we shall lie
A weeping world will come,
And millions will in pity gaze
Upon the martyrs' tomb.

Then, Magyar, keep unshakeably
Thy native country's trust,
For it has borne thee, and at death
Will consecrate thy dust!
No other spot in all the world
Can touch thy heart as home;
Let fortune bless or fortune curse,
From hence thou shalt not roam.

Minaly Vorosmarty (1800-1855)
tr. Watson Kirkconnell.



Highways

... Naomi Curry

WROTE Antoine de St. Exupéry in "Wind, Sand and Stars": "The aeroplane has unveiled for us the true face of the earth. For centuries highways have been deceiving us. They shape themselves to man's needs and run from stream to stream. Scarcely have we taken off, when we abandon these winding highways. And then only, from the height of our rectilinear trajectories, we discover the essential foundation."

In the part of his book where these words are written, St. Exupéry is telling how aviation has opened up the planet, Earth. When he was in his plane, he could see many things that revealed to him what the earth is really made of. It made him realize that the highways, or routes that one follows in any other means of travel, are really just connections between the fertile parts of the earth, the oases of the desert. Thus he became conscious of the real earth, the hard rock and strong masses which form the planet and are able, at any moment, to wipe a civilization from the face of it. Aviation, to St. Exupéry, has made it possible for men to see how slight is their importance, and that of their civilization, in contrast to the vast extent of cosmic time. Through aviation man may see, in true perspective, his position in the universe.

To St. Exupéry, everything he saw away from the highways was depressing in its sternness and complete command of the life of civilizations. It may have been, however, that he was depressed, not by the sight itself, but by the realization of man's inclination to apply to his importance in the universe more value than it merits. In his writing, St. Exupéry does not fail to convey the feeling of awe and reverence he experienced when in the presence of some supreme revelation of nature. Although he does not say anything, I seem to feel a sense of his recognition of eternal beauty, by his very expression of his experiences.

Whenever I wander away from the paths in the woods I feel this same quiet awe in a small way if I see a peculiarly shaped rock or an elfin water-fall. The sights seem to have acquired a soul in themselves, in the presence of which one is aware of a chasm of spiritual feeling, but also a companionship. Maybe this is the kinship of two of God's beings, making itself known.

Occasionally one gets the same feeling when with another person if one recognizes his influence over much of what one does or thinks. The simplest example is the commanding influence which one cannot deny, and yet the kinship one feels, when with a true friend. One has seen his soul, from time to time, which has the power, if it wills, to control the actions of the physical man, just as the lava and rock can control, in a way, the actions of a civilization:- the soul which has eternal life like the physical earth.

But these glimpses into man's eternal being can only be found when one strays, or deliberately wanders, from the highways in men's minds. Man, since his origin, has always had the tendency to consider his fellow-men in categories, and to have each category follow the same highway, or existence, in his mind. He breaks the population of the world into creeds, races and classes. In a Christian's mind all Hindus are in a category and seem to live along the same pattern. To the Christian they seem to follow the same route through life. But not until he goes away from his own highway, meets a Hindu in strange circumstances, and considers him, apart from the Christian and Hindu channels in life, can he find the human tie between himself and his Asiatic companion. How can a Christian recognize part of himself in a Hindu if he is always thinking they are travelling different spiritual paths? Somehow those who are afraid to stray from their own highways, and seek in the wilderness people from others, seem to me to be losing a little of human companionship and fulfillment.

Highways, which we assume to be connecting us to our goal, are often deceiving us, because they are severing human ties. Thus our goal, which is communion with God in fellowship with all human souls, is blocked from us.



Pacific Harbour

*Somewhere in memory was a lagoon,
Where seaplanes soared
Through waves. A reef lay deep, hidden beyond
The palm-curved shore.*

*White-wrapped policemen stood like brown granite,
And everything
I saw was very white and blue and green,
And jewelled with sun.*

Phyllis Parham

Myth and Man: The American Campaign of 1956

... A. Ross G. Heward

IN the late week of August, 1956, the speakers at the Republican Convention at Cow Palace, San Francisco, droned on, praising the President and the Grand Old Party. Then came balloting time. The only thing interesting about it was the speed with which President Eisenhower was being nominated to head the ticket for another term. What remains to be known is whether the balloting set record time in the history of the conventions of both parties. An editorial in *The Reporter* for September remarked with some justification that the Republican Convention had eternalized and canonized Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was such a dull affair that even Alfred Landon, Roosevelt's opponent in 1936, declined to attend the Convention, anticipating correctly that it wasn't worth the time.

A week previously, the Democratic Convention had reached its peak of flurry and excitement when Adlai Ewing Stevenson was gaining surely in face of Truman's defiance, backed up by the now slightly obsolete New Dealish forces rallying around Governor Averill Harriman of New York. On the first ballot, the former Governor of Illinois had reached the highest pinnacle of his political career when he emerged as the leader of the new, rising generation of the Democratic Party. Unscathed by the vicious denunciations of Mr. Truman, Stevenson imparted much enthusiasm that rallied the Democrats into a new lease of life. There was much reason to be confident: Eisenhower's health had been very doubtful; Nixon was still very much of a shyster in the eyes of many voters, particularly independents; the agricultural element was in a ferment over Ezra Taft Benson's policies; there was supposedly much dissatisfaction at the way President Eisenhower delegated his authority to a number of men; and there were a few other reasons, in short, for uncertainty in the voters' minds concerning Mr. Eisenhower.

Yet in spite of all the quickening spirit of the rejuvenated organization of the Democratic Party, the popularity of Mr. Eisenhower as a person ran so strong that it amounted to a myth. The question remained to be seen whether this myth was strong or not. And Mr. Stevenson was the Man who had to strive to diminish this myth to the point of wiping it out altogether. It was a formidable test, and it clearly showed Mr. Stevenson to be the underdog from the start.

With Senator Kefauver holding the second place on the ticket, Mr. Stevenson hoped to fan the flames of discontent in the farming areas, particularly in Iowa and Minnesota. At first, things went quite well. But the campaign started off none too well. Mr. Stevenson made a none too impressive start with two major errors.

Considering the importance of the nuclear weapon revolution in the military sphere and the growing reliance on military weapons rather than on number of men in the forces, Mr. Stevenson considered it fitting to call for an eventual end to the Draft, known in Congressional records as the Selective Services Act, which had been a creation of the Roosevelt era. Such a proposal was worth the consideration, but it appeared that it was only a reflection of Eisenhower's 'I will go to Korea' speech in 1952. In other words, it smacked too much of an eager all-out call for the women's votes, which went to Mr. Eisenhower quite heavily in 1952. So reasoned the independent-minded *The New York Times*, which had been more than favourable to Mr. Stevenson's nomination. Yet, ironically enough, this influential newspaper had called on Mr. Eisenhower to display initiative, particularly in the military sphere. Mr. Stevenson's error lay not so much in the merits of his proposal as in the timing of it. It must be said, however, to his credit that he had the courage to introduce this issue before a gathering of American Legionnaires, who are more or less committed to an universal military draft. Considering the Korean War, the Democratic Party was suffering from the Republican stigma that it was the 'war party'.

His next major error was an attack on Milton Eisenhower, who was the President's personal representative to Latin America. It turned out that what the President had offered as an economic aid to Peron of Argentina was in no way different from an act carried out in the Truman Administration. The attack only left a bad taste in the mouths of many voters.

Yet in other respects, Mr. Stevenson had a formidable array of issues and reasons for calling for defeat of the Eisenhower Administration. These issues and reasons were often too complicated or subtle, and in most cases, not easily perceived by most voters. The Republican cry of 'Prosperity' was sustained by the fact that the Administration has had the largest national income in history; this cry, however, is nearly meaningless when the Administration also has had the highest national debt in history, something remarkable in that the United States had no war to account for it. Furthermore, the cost of living was at its highest after the Eisenhower Administration had completed its first three years. In farming regions, a drop of two

billion dollars in farm income surely excluded the Piers Plowman from participation in the benefits of Republican 'Prosperity'. There was much to be said for the argument that the military staff system, perfectly adaptable to the work of a commander, who is bound to the president's authority only, cannot be satisfactory in the office of the President, who is accountable to the people. Hence, Mr. Eisenhower's cabinet, far from being a model cabinet as described by *Life* magazine, had not been successful on the whole. This is clearly shown by the resignation of Mrs. Hobby, whose Department of Health had made a mess of the polio vaccine policy, by the resignation of Martin Durkin, the Secretary of Labour, because he felt the President's policy was open to disagreement, and the departure of Douglas McKay, ostensibly sent to unseat Sen. Morse (a move which failed) but actually, in the opinion of many experts, because he had made a 'hash of conservation' with his 'give-away' policies. Then, as for lesser figures, there was the unfortunate case of the Secretary of the Army, Mr. R. Stevens, who resigned after a clash with Sen. J. McCarthy and the resignation of Mr. Harold Talbott, the Secretary of Air Force, who was involved in a none-too-scrupulous deal in private business through his department's stationery.

But above all there was the foreign affairs that were open to strongest criticism. The Administration had not during the last three years presented a definite foreign policy. Rather all decisions made by Mr. Dulles or, for that matter, by President Eisenhower were conditioned by the most contemporary happenings. The record of failures, ranging from the Bandung Conference to the Suez Crisis, was impressive.

Still all these were difficult to create an effective political mileage. It was within Mr. Stevenson's ability to grasp clearly the direction in which the United States was heading. In his speech of acceptance at the Convention, he contended that the United States was losing the Cold War. Even the Scripps-Howard newspapers which endorsed Mr. Eisenhower for re-election had previously declared so in similar terms. At the beginning of the campaign, Mr. Stevenson desired to take the Administration to task for its foreign affairs, particularly in the Middle East, where for the first time in two centuries, Russian influence had gained a foothold. He, however, abided his time and did not press the issue until the Suez Crisis storm developed from a tempest in a teacup into an affair marked with the portents of a war greater than even the Korean War. This occurred only about a week before Election Day, and this short space of time hardly sufficed to prepare the voters to see through the talk of 'Peace and Prosperity' to the effects of the Administration's lack of constructive policies in

foreign affairs. Mr. Walter Lippmann, an enthusiastic Eisenhower supporter in 1952, expressed his fears of another term for Mr. Eisenhower on the grounds that his Administration had failed to provide a consistent and meaningful foreign policy. Also, this columnist disowned much of the claims attributed to Mr. Eisenhower by the Republicans on the score of the Korean War. Mr. Lippmann declared anybody else could have done the same thing, that is, liquidating a useless and dying war, but not so without criticism. It was only Mr. Eisenhower's reputation as a military commander that served to make him immune to the possibility of an accusation of appeasement. Yet this point, as with other issues, was enveloped in too much subtlety to convey any impression to the majority of the voters. The common feeling was only that "Ike stopped the Korean War and returned our boys." When the Suez Crisis rose to dangerous proportions in spite of the President's optimism, this feeling even ran still stronger.

All the inflammatory issues arising from the policies of the members of the Administration were confined to these members alone. Mr. Stevenson had endeavoured hard to show that the President was responsible, in short, for his Administration. Still, the people were saying that they liked Ike, "if not the men around him."

Mr. Stevenson's major contribution to the campaign was the H-Bomb tests issue. As early as last Spring, Mr. Stevenson had called on the President to make a study of the possibility of ending the tests of the H-Bomb. It is apparent that the Administration was prepared to make such a move. Yet during the campaign, the President angrily tried to dismiss Mr. Stevenson's proposal as a 'moratorium paved with good intentions'. Such an attitude was hardly constructive and even inconsistent, but it summed up the exchanges of the issues between the President and his opponent. A great merit which lay in the H-Bomb tests ban proposal was that had this been carried into effect, it would have caused a re-orientation of the already frustrating foreign policies in the world. But though Mr. Stevenson's presentation of the issues was in many ways faultless, the campaign was largely unconstructive in that the President tended to liquidate the issues as much as he could, rather than to argue them out in a debating fashion.

But, above all, Mr. Stevenson was perhaps one of the most unfortunate presidential candidates in a long time, for many events, such as the Polish and Hungarian uprisings and the deepening crisis in the Middle East, coincided with his campaign. In such times, the voters were all the more reluctant to 'swap horses in the middle of the stream'.

Mr. Clayton Fritchey, Mr. Stevenson's leading news aide, reported

that reports had been received from the Democratic leaders country-wise in which it was almost unanimously conceded that the Suez Crisis had caused shifts from 4 to 7 percentages of voters to Eisenhower in the last hour. If that had been otherwise, Mr. Stevenson would have come closer to the President's voting strength, a 'horse-race' as Mr. Fritchey put it.

The New York Times, which had endorsed the President only two weeks before the Suez Crisis, wrote in the Nov. 7th editorial on the election after-math: "To the loser too in this election we offer our congratulations on a hard-fought campaign. If it is the business of a Presidential candidate to focus attention on the great issues of the day, and to help illuminate those issues for the public's benefit, Adlai Stevenson has performed that function well. Certainly no candidate ever worked harder to win, or carried his appeal so eagerly and tirelessly to all sections of the country."

As for the failure of President Eisenhower to make an instructive campaign, it is not difficult to perceive that **The New York Times** reflected this sentiment as is shown by an editorial the following day: "Adlai Stevenson was an eloquent campaigner. In the early hours of yesterday he proved himself an eloquent loser as well. And in what he said after the election we believe that he himself — without the intent to do so — suggested the measure of his contribution. He waged an exceptionally 'vigourous partisan campaign' which has indeed 'affirmed again the validity of the democratic process' — a demonstration sadly needed in these days of deeply disturbed events."

Whether or not we agree about the personal popularity of Mr. Eisenhower, no one can dispute the remark of a young Democratic governor in a telephone call to Mr. Stevenson, "By an ironic twist the Administration's own failures in foreign policy had been turned to General Eisenhower's advantage." In any case, Myth had prevailed over Man.



Poor Lorraine

... John V. Cook

THIS summer there was a slim little girl named Lorraine. Lorraine was Up North in my private domain — in that area owned by my parents for them to sleep with their age in, and for me to strut, master with my youth in.

Lorraine: Happiness, Peace, Warmth and Virtue. Lorraine was always good without knowing it.

To Lorraine, who had not read their books, I was a bit of unacknowledged Plato, Dante, Chaucer, Swift, Boswell, Shaw, Dostoyevsky. And, I hoped, Dylan Thomas.

Poor Lorraine!

Up North had a beach and we would walk along its sand, she playing for me in utter happiness, rarely any sadness, running from me until she was just a little figure away away and then back again beside me.

Rarely any sadness until I felt the cut of my tweed coat and realized that I was not running entirely with her.

One thing: she let me talk with quietness. I built long drifting stories for her and they seemed to make her happy.

Here a university for Lorraine:

To Get To It

An old pleasant puff belly of a train without fat trainmen. A train packed with students of more than one standard size and shape, students of all designs and colours, like human Christmas Tree ornaments. Tall, thin, preposterous youths in herringbone suits. Blonde, ruddy, hard muscled boys in leather shorts, summer-new from riding bicycles furiously. Monocle waving, jug-jawed, sabre-marked athletes, insulting, challenging and fighting fierce painless duels on the observation platform. Never a student who went to a party over the holidays.

Countryside

Countryside that was countryside and knew it. Factory-less, ad-less, no people with problems in sight of the tracks, only human figures arched over still plows, a few small houses plopped on the warm breast hills, and real trees. But then on to the university.

The University

Nameless, built on the highest of hills in a year so long ago that no one can mark down the date.

Alumniless. Of no decided, printed reputation, and yet great in spite of; because of it.

A university with minarets and Gothic towers superbly blended. The Greatest Little Campus in the Universe.

Built on a hill, a hill of such happy height that you struggle up running with silly laughter. Such a hill on such a height would be cold and clear at the top. You would collapse at the top when you got there. Eyelashes crusted with frost.

The rooms within have high vaulted ceilings which you cannot see unless you lie prone on the floor. The walls are there only to make the rooms rooms and they are lined with books. There is not one of the world's books missing.

Open the books and there is a large, healthy, beautiful type. The letters make you thirsty and you drink them. They flow into you and warm you and yet you forget that you are drinking, so intent are you on the act of drinking.

And the faculty. Long ivory men with pointers, peaceful, immortal, who pass by quietly and have only to point to the next book.

Then there are the sports. Tough rough-neck sports with wild animals being tamed, Virtue Triumphant, the Dastards Undone, banners whipped by the clouds in the sky, hot frosty breath on the air, and every game is The Big One.

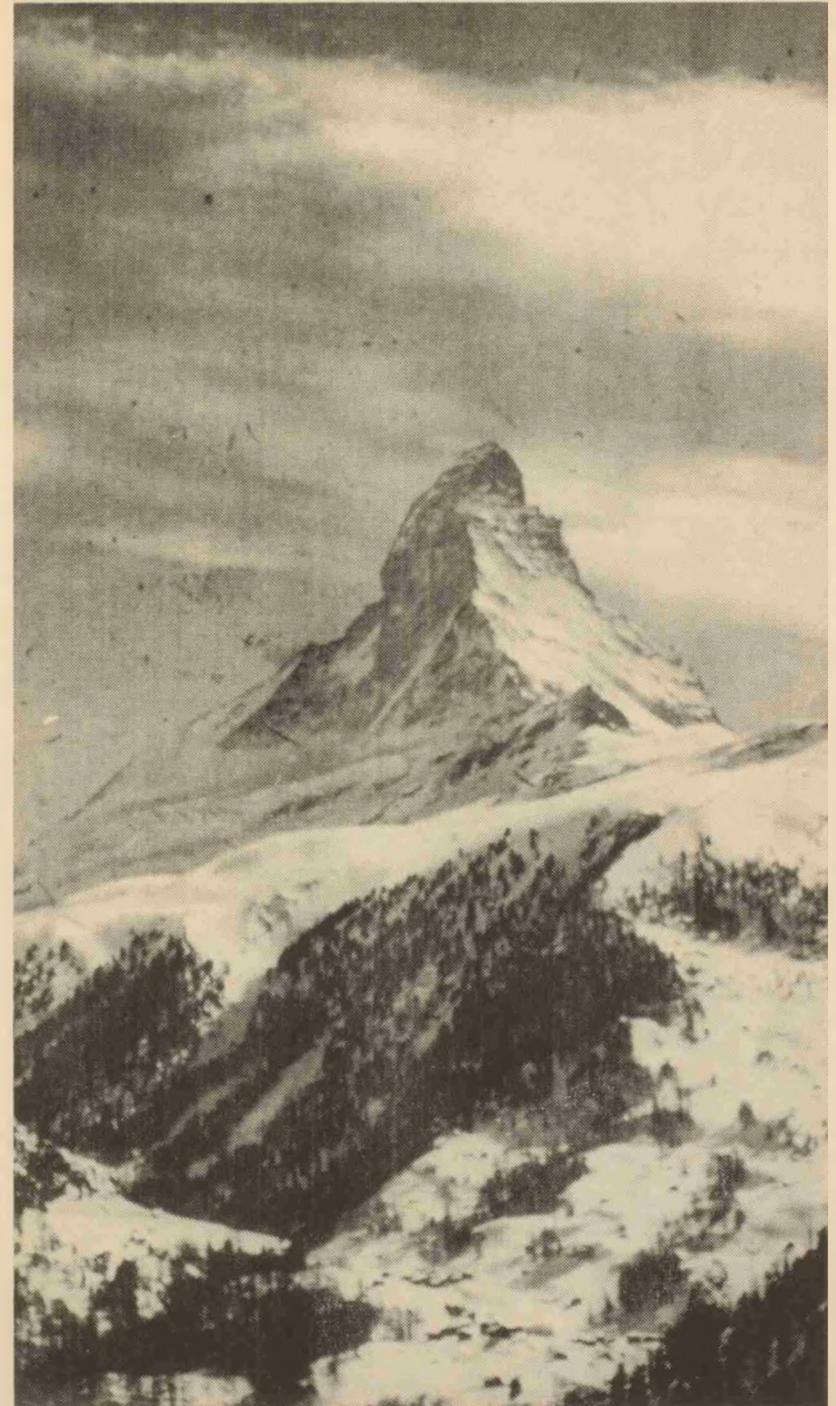
Parties that explode with excitement. Waltzes and polkas and costumes, cheerful babble, steins of frothed beer so cold that it burns going down.

And then back to the lovely books.

Ah me, ah me.

Epilogue

Poor Lorraine.



Charles MacInnes



Charles MacInnes

The Secret Name of God

... Michael Hewton

IT is a common desire of mankind to attempt to find an objective fact about God — some concrete fact that they can point to and say, "this is true." Once such a fact has been uncovered, it is then a peculiarity of human nature to hide it, and to create a mystery about it; a mystery that is known only to the select group of initiates that thereby develops. This is the basic principle of all the old mystery religions and fraternal societies. It is obvious to all, that if you are to have a society which possesses a secret, unknown to the unlightened, you first have to have a true secret. If a secret can be proven false, it is then of no avail to form such a society.

This article endeavours to look at one of the many secrets of Freemasonry in a Christian perspective. It shall attempt to show that on the point under consideration it is incompatible for a person to be both a Christian and a Freemason, and still be able to give to each the consideration that they deserve. But, it has to be understood, that there has been no attempt to show that Masonry is pointless or that it should not exist.

In Freemasonry, there is a legend concerning Hiram Abiff, King Solomon, and Hiram King of Tyre. These three men were the first Master Masons. At the murder of Hiram Abiff the secrets of the Master Masons were lost and substituted secrets had to take their place. But at the rebuilding of the Temple, so the legend states, the lost secrets were discovered in a vault. The most important of these revealed secrets is the Most Holy Name of God. This name, as rediscovered, is JEHOVAH JAH-BUL-ON. This name is now kept as one of the innermost secrets of Freemasonry. A variant reading is sometimes given as JAO-BUL-ON.

In this article, English rites are being used and there is a slight variation to be found in the American ones, mostly greater length. Here we find the name given as either JAH-BEL-ON or JAH-BUH-LUN. There is also much less emphasis placed upon this name, as an important secret, in America than there is in England. It might be worthwhile noting at this point, that there is no standard Masonic ritual or form, but rather, many different variations on the same basic theme and around the same secrets.

The first part of the name, JEHOVAH, is no secret to anyone who has ever read the Old Testament, and so requires no comment.

But, it is the interpretation of JAH-BUL-ON that is of interest to the Christian. Let us first look at the Masonic interpretation of the word.

"It is a compound word, and the combination forms the word JAH-BUL-ON. It is in four languages . . . Chaldee, Hebrew, Syriac, and Egyptian. JAH is the Chaldee name of God, signifying 'His essence and majesty incomprehensible.' It is also a Hebrew word signifying 'I am and shall be,' thereby expressing the actual, future, and eternal existence of the Most High. BUL is a Syriac word denoting Lord, or Powerful; it is in itself a compound word being formed from the preposition Beth, in or on, and Ul, Heaven or on high. ON is an Egyptian word signifying Father of All, thereby expressing the omnipotence of the Father of All, as in that well known prayer, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.' The various significations of the words may thus be collected: I am and shall be; Lord in Heaven or on High; Father of All." (H. S. Box, *The Nature of Freemasonry*, p 68: also others) This interpretation is found with small variations in the Mystical Lecture of the Royal Arch degree, or equivalent, depending upon the rite used.

To make the following argument meaningful, it has to be borne in mind that it is written only in the light of Christianity as **the** revealed truth, and **the** true religion. As Christians, we are inheritors of God's revelation of himself to his chosen people, the Jews. If to the Jews an idea or god was pagan and false, it is to a Christian also.

The first phrase of this name is given as JAH, pronounced **Yah**. We are told that this is a Chaldee word, and also a Hebrew one. It then implies that the Chaldee interpretation and the Hebrew one are not incompatible but complementary. But, we find in the Old Testament that the Babylonian conception of God and the Hebrew conception of God are radically different from each other. The Hebrew prophets continually denounced any who dared worship Him under the Babylonian name. But, in the Masonic explanation we find that the Hebrew and Babylonian concepts of God are linked together. This would have been appalling to both the Hebrew prophets and people, and should be to us.

It has been argued that the explanation is unfortunate but really not too damaging, because at least it conveyed the Hebrew connotation as well as the Babylonian one. But, this line of argument ignores the second phrase BUL. Here we are told that BUL means Lord, or Powerful. This is undeniable. But, it is not also pointed out, though readily admitted in Masonic writings, that it is also another form of the word **Baal**. Even in the smallest dictionaries, Baal, when not used as the title for a specific Phoenician deity, means 'a false god.'

(Concise Oxford). And again, in the reading of the Old Testament, even the most unobservant reader cannot fail to note the attitude of the Prophets towards Baal. He is the **antitype** of all Paganism. It is therefore illogical to assume that BUL can be a component of the Most Holy Name of the true God.

The reference to ON is a little harder to decipher. The Masonic interpretation says that it is of Egyptian origin. For clarification, in the Oxford version of the Royal Arch rite, we find inserted after the phrase from the Lord's Prayer, a line from Genesis 41:50. "Joseph in Egypt married the daughter of Potiphara, Priest of On." When used as the name of a deity by the Egyptians, ON is interconnected with their well known sun-god, **Ra**. ON is the actual name of the object in the sky, when referred to in a religious manner. It can be readily seen that ON is the name for the physical appearance of a pagan god, and is therefore, in itself, intrinsically pagan.

The word ON has been said by some to be derived from the name of the pagan god Orisis. This is also a perfectly logical conclusion to reach and there is a great deal to be said for it. But it would seem, though, that the first interpretation carries a bit more weight. However, this is an open question.

The point to be made, however, is that it is not what the words literally mean that is important, but what their Christian connotations are. This following passage from **Christian by Degrees** by W. Walton Hannah (p 82) will ably illustrate this important point.

"It would be quite as easy, and masonically quite as legitimate, and certainly no less Christian, to devise a symbolical trinity such as JAN-LUCIFER-PAN. The Mystical Lecture could explain the last two thus:- 'Lucifer is a Latin word meaning Bearer of Light . . . Pan is a Greek word signifying Love . . . the various significations of the words may be thus collected; I am and shall be; Bearer of Light; God of Love.' How harmless it sounds! And however silly, this analogy is perfectly valid. It is only two centuries of Masonic usage and muddled thinking that has made their trinity seem respectable to them."

It is obvious from what has been said, that if the argument is valid and the premises are true, a Christian cannot, and **must** not, accept JEHOVAH JAH-BUL-ON as the true name of God. If it is accepted, it must refer to another god, one who is not the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and therefore not the same god as Christians worship. But, Christians believe that there is one and only one God; so a person who acknowledges more than one is not a

Christian. Also, to worship one god out in the open, and another behind a closed door is hypocrisy. Is this being done?

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Next Issue

Elizabeth Home, a graduate of Bishop's (Arts '56), has had an article of hers, **Paradise Mislaid**, printed in **New Voices**, a collection of contributions of Canadian University Students. The editors of this volume were Earle Birney, Ina Dilworth, Desmond Pacey, Jean-Charles Bonenfant, and Roger Duhamel. It is hoped that **New Voices** will be reviewed in the next issue of **The Mitre**.



exchanges

Of the literary journals received by **The Mitre** up to date, quite a number have articles devoted to a discussion of the Theatre, whether contemporary or theoretical. Perhaps by far the most interesting is 'Some Reflections on the Theatre' by Mr. Stanley Brodwin in **The Northerner**, the magazine of King's College in the University of Durham.

Mr. Brodwin finds the people's attitude to the Theatre pernicious. He expresses dissatisfaction with the typical attitude as shown in an old **New Yorker** cartoon in which a theatre-going lady, her face wet with tears, remarks to her beau that she is having a heavenly, a superb time. For Mr. Brodwin, the Theatre is the only Art in which people can be deeply moved, and yet are unable, no matter how glib they are, to convey their impressions in any satisfactory way. Critics may be able to perpetuate for a long time the memory of a great theatrical experience; so is this the case with a generation. But nothing more. The Theatre is the only Art which requires a **communal** spirit and a deeply **personal** approach, too.

Mr. Browin in quoting Maxwell Anderson says that the Theatre is more than a place of entertainment — it is a place of ritual in the broadest sense. Yet this sense, we are told, has disappeared today. Mr. Brodwin fears that when we go to the theatre merely to experience a **sensation**, we are only rejecting the whole history and purpose of Drama. For that reason, today we find three leading movements

towards the restoration of the primary and original conception of the Theatre. One prominent one is a Marxist. It simply calls on the Theatre to serve as a place where polemics concerning man's social condition and the necessity of a levelling society are to be preached on a political level. In contrast to this is the Christian movement, led by Marcel, Claudel and Copeau, who take the stand that the true tension which gives meaning to a Tragedy is provided by the themes of the Fall of Man, our constant Temptation, our choice of salvation and repentance, without having to resort to conventional Medievalism as regards performance, except in spirit. Then there is the 'existentialist' movement, the exponents being Sartre and Beckett with his *Godot*, which declares that man, always a rational animal, is always faced with an irrational and non-rational world of concepts. Man is finite, but this does not discount the possibility of the existence of an infinite power. Thus this Paradox, as it appears, is bound to supply Drama with all its materials. Mr. Brodwin pontifically writes, "A play rules out **no subject matter**, regardless of what various groups may say. The only test of excellence on the stage is **artistic** merit in handling any theme."

In his article 'Savages and Euphemists' in the University of Birmingham's *Mermaid*, Mr. John Barr has a complaint to make against the American novel, while at the same time upholding the British novelists. He gives three reasons to supplement his contention that the contemporary American novel differs from its British contemporary with not too good results. They are:

- "(1) An erratic terror of the fastidiousness or 'precious', and a complementary rejection of the aesthete, culminating in what could practically be earmarked an atmosphere of anti-intellectualism;
- "(2) A kind of persecution of the artistic ambition, resulting from America's sudden and bewildering world role, which instruments a shrinking from vast horizontal projects in favour of more bounded, vertical aims; and
- "(3) An obsession with socio-political cruelties, perversions, and tyrannies, i.e. a preoccupation with the despotic, often sophisticated and always uncontrollable object or outer force as it directs or, more frequently, misdirects the defenceless, usually ingenuous and always pliable subject or inner self."

Mr. Barr takes the Thomal Wolfes, Henry Millers, the Theodore Dreisers and their like to be the often unrestrained and unrestrainable word machines that lavish rhetoric without cease, until the "scornful squeaks of intellectualism are ultimately inundated in their verbal floods." Anti-intellectualism or rather, savagery, is at the root of all

this. A better example, says Mr. Barr, could not be better provided than James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*. A British parallel of this novel cannot be found, Mr. Barr asserts. On the other hand, although the American novel is a profound reflection of its age, the British novel is to be preferred for its artistry and tradition.

Thanks are extended to the following for their generosity in forwarding their sample copies: the Welsh University of The U.C.W., Aberystwyth for the Summer issue of *The Dragon* (Y DDRAIG), McGill University for the March, 1956 issue of *Forge*, and to the University of Ottawa for the juillet-september 1956 issue of *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*. The latter issue contains an interesting article by M. l'abbé Joao Antonio Nabais entitled 'La vocation sacerdotale à la lumière de la théologie et de la psychologie' which should have some interest for the Divinity Students.

A. R. G. H.



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