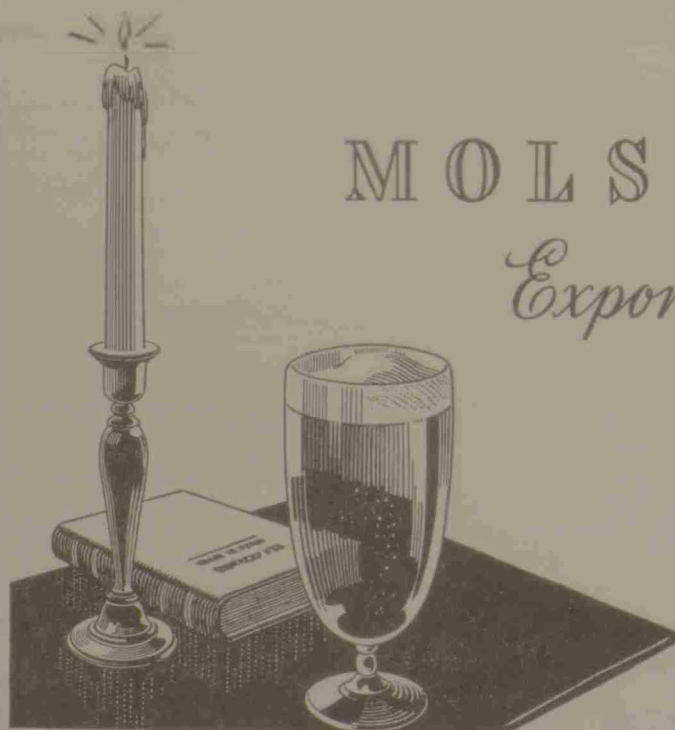


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Doak-MacRae — On Wednesday, November 22, 1939, at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, the marriage took place of Glenda Margaret MacRae, B.A. '38, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. MacRae, of Bury, Que., to Gordon Doak, B.A. '32, Lennoxville, Que.

(Continued from page 33)

fore, were soon shouting "hands", and "our throw in", like experts, the result being a really excellent game. Rubec scored for the football outfit and Pete Rabatich and Mackie each tallied to uphold the reputation of the soccer team.

The following were on the team: Amey, Carr, Craig, Mackie, MacDougalls, G. and D., Magee, Mortimer, Mounsey, Neilson, Pyne, Rabatich, Tomlinson, and Watson."

(Continued from page 29)

ports covering strategically the whole Empire.

The rest of the pamphlets completing this series are: "The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and Germany's Eastern Policy" by John Wheeler-Bennett, "Encirclement" by J. L. Brierly, "Economic self-sufficiency" by A. G. B. Fisher, "Living Space and Population Problems" by R. R. Kuczynski, "Propaganda in International Politics" by E. H. Carr, "The Blockade 1914-1918" by W. Arnold-Forster, and "Turkey, Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean" by G. F. Hudson.

Each and every one of them is well worth reading. We suggest you look for them in the Library.

E. Roy.

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Since the first part of this review was written, another number of "College Years" has come in. It appears to be just as good as the one mentioned earlier. The cartoons are better than ever, and a good collection of articles and stories is included.

We have received and read with pleasure the following publications:

- The Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
- Technique, Montreal.
- The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.
- The Stonyhurst Magazine, England.
- St. Mary's College Review, Brockville, Ont.
- The Gryphon, University of Leeds, England.
- Kiwi, Auckland University College, New Zealand.
- The Trinity University Review, Toronto.
- The Review, Canterbury College, New Zealand.
- College Years, New Haven, Conn.

- The Queen's Review, Kingston, Ont.
- The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.
- The McGill Daily, Montreal.
- The Bates Student, Lewiston, Maine.
- The Brunswickan, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B.
- L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec, P. Q.
- The Queen's Journal, Kingston, Ont.
- The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.
- The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
- The Silhouette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
- Craccum, Auckland, New Zealand.
- The Acadian Athenaeum, Wolfville, N. S.
- The Xaverian Weekly, Antigonish, N. S.
- The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.
- The Challenger, St. John, N. B.

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Alumni Notes

ED. PARKER

Miss Freda I. Howie, B.A., is teaching French at Ville LaSalle School. Miss Vivian S. Howie, B. Sc., is taking post-graduate work in the faculty of Medicine at McGill.

Miss P. A. Wiggett, B.A., has entered the Sherbrooke Hospital as nurse-in-training.

G. Maurice Durgan, B.A., is on the office staff of Crane Ltd., in Ottawa.

Miss Barbara Greene, B.A., is now attached to the teaching staff of East Angus High School.

Miss E. I. Groome, B.A., is teaching at Ayer's Cliff, where Mr. Roy Berry, B.A. '36, is now principal.

Curtis Lowry, B.A., has been appointed principal of the Intermediate School at Boulton Centre.

Miss F. E. MacDonald, B.A., is on the staff of Waterville High School.

The Misses Beulah Marlin, B.A., and Millicent Marlin, B.A., are teaching in the High Schools of Granby and Beebe respectively.

Miss Fleda N. Brilhart, B.A., has been transferred from Bedford High School to Commissioners' High in Quebec.

M. J. Dunsmore, B.A., who was for four years quarter-back at Bishop's is now on the staff of Huntingdon High School. Bob Dunsmore, Mac's brother has been appointed basketball coach for this year at Bishop's.

Carl E. Norris is teaching at Knowlton High School.

Miss M. A. Platt, B.A., is at Bedford High School.

Miss E. R. Browne, B.A., has returned to her home in Ottawa and is engaged in research work.

J. L. Hearn, M.A., is now Principal of the High School North Hatley.

D'Arcy T. Lynch, B.A., received his B.C.L. at McGill Convocation last spring and passed his Bar Exams. in July. He is at present in the office of Wells & Lynch in Sherbrooke.

Rev. W. O. McL. Christie, B.A. TH., has been moved from Montague, Ont., to VanKleek Hill, Ont.

Miss L. E. Moir, who was a member of the University in '35, has accepted a position with Philip Carey Co. Ltd., Lennoxville.

Capt. W. L. Tomkins, B.A., has been appointed Adjutant of the Reserve Base Depot in Sherbrooke.

A. G. C. Whalley, B.A., who has been a Rhodes Scholar at Oriel College, Oxford, since graduation has returned to Canada, and is now on the staff of Rothesay Collegiate School, N. B., where he is Classics Master, Organist and Choirmaster.

Edward Wiggett has accepted the Principalship of the School at Morin Heights, Que.

J. G. Withall, B.A., is now at Lachine High School.

Alex K. Ames, B.A., has been in England for the past three years studying at a Textile Technical School.

Joe Bellam has enlisted with the Base Depot in Sherbrooke.

J. G. Cameron, B.A., has recently moved to Chicago where he has taken up a new position.

Earl Smith and Kenny Pyper who were members of the University in '34-'35 are Provisional Officers of the Royal Montreal Regiment.

Mr. Orsen Wheeler, B.A. '27, has recently been made an associate of the Academy of Art.

Mr. John L. Dean, B.A. '31, we regret that he has had to retire to St. Agathe. It is hoped that his condition is not serious, and that he will soon be able to resume his work.

BIRTHS

At Cornwall, Ont., on October 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Tomlinson, a son, Peter George. Mr. Tomlinson received his B. A. in '31.

At the Homeopathic Hospital, Westmount, on November 9, to the Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Royle, a son, Peter Donald. Mr. Royle, the curate at St. Matthias, Westmount, received his L.S.T. in '35 and the S. Th. in '39.

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Buik-Barlow.—The marriage of Miss Georgina Lois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Barlow, to Mr. David Kennedy Buik, B.A. '30, took place on October 21 at St. Matthias Church, Westmount, the Rev. Gilbert Oliver officiating. Acting as best man was James N. Crandall who was at Bishop's '29-'30. After a honeymoon spent at the Seignior Club Mr. and Mrs. Buik took up residence in Westmount.

Aylan-Parker - Alexander.—On Saturday, November 18, at St. Simons Church, Toronto, the marriage took place of Miss Jean Alexander, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. R. O. Alexander, to John Aylan-Parker, B.A. '36. Shortly after the wedding Mr. Aylan-Parker, an officer in the Royal Canadian Regiment, received his promotion to Captaincy.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart P. Dunlop announce the engagement of their daughter, Joan, to Basil Webster Stevens, B.A. '36, of the Royal Montreal Regiment. In November Mr. Stevens received his full Lieutenantcy in that unit. While at Bishop's Bas. was president of the *Mitre*.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Stalker of Lennoxville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Aileen Eames, to Mr. Lester Campbell McLeod, B.A. '31, son of Mrs. E. K. and the late Mr. McLeod of Lennoxville. The marriage is to take place in December.

(Continued on page 40)

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Exchanges

During the past month, several very good publications have been received in exchange for the *Mitre*. One of these, a newcomer to our list, will doubtless prove of considerable interest to students at Bishop's. This is the magazine entitled "College Years", which is put out by College Years Publications, Incorporated, of New Haven, Connecticut. It consists of stories and articles which deal with all phases of college life, some of them written by professionals, while others are taken, wholly or in part, from university magazines, or are sent in by college students. Of the short stories published in the current number, the best is probably the one called "So Long Keg", the story of a gallant but obstreperous freshman. Among the articles, "Hoop Rolling Riot" which deals with the fate of the Harvard men who interfered in the Wellesley Hoop Rolling contest last year, is the most entertaining. Then too, we might take notice of the contest which the magazine is sponsoring with the object of discovering America's most beautiful co-ed. The pictures of prospective winners, which are to appear in forthcoming issues will undoubtedly prove interesting. Those who have a yen to revive the custom of freshman initiation at Bish may get a few pointers on this highly specialized form of art by glancing at the photos of initiation ceremonies on page thirty-one. These pictures were taken at several different universities, so that even the most bloodthirsty may find satisfaction in this variety of barbarism which is so adequately presented. Altogether, the magazine is remarkably complete, and quite unique in its field, as far as we know. Incidentally, it contains some very good cartoons, some of them smacking strongly of "Esquire."

Among the magazines received from various colleges, the most notable are "Kiwi", from Auckland University College, Auckland, New Zealand, "Review", from Canterbury University, Christchurch, New Zealand, and "The Trinity University Review", from Toronto. The first-named is very tastefully arranged and printed, and presents stories, articles and poems of a definitely superior type. The reason for this excellence of material may be found in the editorial, in which the editor states that so many good contributions were received that some had to be left out of the magazine for want of space to print them. Oh, that such a situation might prevail here at Bishop's! One item in the current number which is well worth reading is "Business as Usual (An Office Opera)", being the tender love story of a secretary and her boss, put up in Gilbert and Sullivan style. Besides this, there are several selections, both humorous and serious in tone, which are decidedly above average.

BILL CAMPBELL

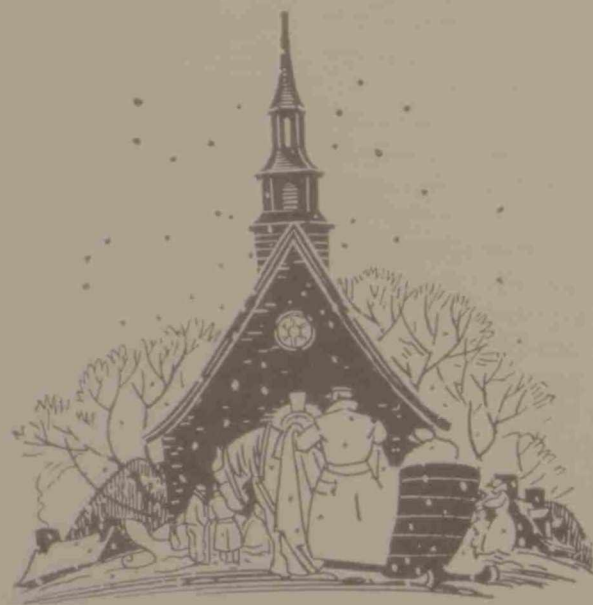
One unusual feature of the magazine is a long list of graduates, accompanied by some very uncommon quotations under each name. For instance, under the name of a man called John James Lewis, we find the following: "'As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women and clergymen'—Smith"; under Amy Christine MacDonald, this one: "'A lady is one who never shows her underwear unintentionally'—Lillian Day".

The Canterbury College "Review" is a rather startling magazine, consisting mostly of articles expressing somewhat radical ideas on current social problems. These were evidently written before the war broke out—it would be interesting to read the views of their writers at the present time. As the editor himself suggests, the book is strongly lacking in material apart from political discussion. It would be greatly improved if more contributions of a purely literary or scientific nature could be secured and included in its pages.

"The Trinity University Review" is a very creditable publication, both in respect to appearance and to content. For an instance of the latter, see the article entitled "The Athenia: September 3rd"—the first-hand story of a survivor of the Athenia disaster. "Incident in Georgia: 1864" is an entertaining account of an event in the American Civil War, written in exceedingly effective English. Students at Bishop's will be interested to find, in the Editorial, a quotation from an article written by the Rev'd Sidney Childs, and published in the "Review" of October, 1914.

We have on hand the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number of the "Manitoban", the official newspaper of the Students' Union of the University of Manitoba. We wish to add our congratulations to those which the editor has already received, and to extend best wishes to this paper for as brilliant success in the future as it has enjoyed in the past.

With this issue, we welcome to our list of exchanges another new paper, "The Gateway" from the University of Alberta. It is the feeling of many students here that we should try to exchange the *Mitre* for magazines or newspapers of more universities, rather than those of so many schools. The addition of "The Gateway" to those which we already receive will perhaps be a step in this direction. Certain it is that there is no better way to keep informed on the activities and thought of university students in other parts of the country than to read their college publications. It is the hope of your Editorial Board to negotiate the exchange of our magazine for more American and Canadian university papers in the very near future.



Wishing Everyone a
Very Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year

Beck Press Reg'd

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Notes and Comments

BILL POWER

By the time you read this, if the *Mitre* keeps up the hoary traditions of all Christmas issues, you will be right in the middle of that pre-Christmas attack of the jitters that always comes with the examinations. You will have, if past exams are any criterion, smoked far more cigarettes than are good for you, drunk at least a gallon of black coffee, and swallowed approximately a dozen aspirins. You will also have consumed about two packages of Glucose D, and the rest will have formed a sticky mass in the bottom of your pocket. A number of you will not have shaved for a week, and two of you will be attempting to grow a mustache for home consumption. Three or four co-eds will have forgotten to put on makeup, and a few will even have runs in their stockings! All of you will have made the firm resolution to do some work during the coming term; and how many of you will keep it? And gentle reader, unless I am greatly mistaken, nine tenths of you will be labouring under the delusion that you have failed at least two exams.

Already the lower halls are buzzing with such phrases as, "I'm getting a fat first for Christmas or else," or "I haven't cracked a book all term," and, "Nobody told me they worked at Bishop's", all calculated to restore the morale of the speaker, bolster up his courage, or prepare him for his fate.

Elsewhere in these pages "Shag" Shaughnessy has referred to the Loyola week-end as a caravan trek of the Bishop's team into Montreal. Others called it a circus, while Syd Walters called it a merry-go-round.

On that same week-end Ed Parker was playing host to about twenty Bishop's men in the Western Hospital. We are glad to see him back with us again. Jim Dewhurst saved that flowering appendage of his by the narrowest of margins. Better luck next year Jim.

Quite a number of the lads from the college attended the dance at King's Hall, Compton, on Friday 17. We wonder what happened in the swimming pool that made it such a popular place for stags after visiting the buffet. It couldn't have been the water. Rumour has it that one of our northern lights in the New Arts went high hat after the dance. Now all he needs are the tails.

Doctor "Cec" Meade has arrived back from another jaunt to Europe since the last issue. He reports that they get less news about the war over there than we do, which doesn't seem possible. However, he is in excellent form and has some choice tales to tell of Irish colleens, Edinburgh rockettes, and London "black-outs".

We regret to hear of Dr. McGreer's illness and trust that he will be up and about before very long.

Not all the actions that happened on the stage during the nights of the three one-act plays on November sixth and seventh were in the script. There was the stagehand in the Trysting Place who almost ruined Mrs. Curtiss' last line by an untimely appearance through the back-drop, and there was the unconscious gesture of Mr. Slovisky that created much amusement. Then few, except those who were actually in the play, realized that James Dyke actually paid two visits to the "death house". After the plays, the casts, and others connected with the Dramatic Society were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. McGreer at "The Lodge".

The Bishop's Contingent of the Canadian Officers Training Corps held its annual dance on Wednesday, November 22 under the patronage of Col. McA'Nulty and Mrs. McA'Nulty, Mrs. Home and Dr. Boothroyd. An air raid was the feature of the evening. A realistic blackout took place in the middle of a dance and two ponderous-looking bombers reeled across the skies. We understand that the Advertising Board wanted them to drop leaflets concerning the coming debate against Bate's College. Why not? They are using them in the "Great Debate" over in Europe. It seems that a certain "Siren" sounded off the air raid a little too early. . . . Other sound efforts were Corporal Walters rendition of "Down the Field" . . . that drum solo!

During the supper intermission candidates who had successfully passed their A and B examinations for Lieutenancy and Captaincy were presented with their certificates.

Bishop's played host to a team of debaters from Bate's College on Thursday, the 23rd of November, in a no decision debate on the subject of Socialized Medicine. Frank Coffin and Don Maggs upheld the arguments for Bate's while Lord Shaughnessy and Linc. Magor were the Bishop's team. After the debate the teams were entertained by Dr. Boothroyd.

It seems that at Bate's, debating is a part of their college course with regular lectures and examinations being held in the subject during the year. Such a course might be of value here. It would improve those bull-sessions.

Attention of first-year French students is called to the regulation that bathing is strictly forbidden in the lower halls . . . It seems that a Divine odour was raised in Sherbrooke last Saturday night . . . No one has complained about the food the way they did last year . . . Hayden's new room has helped him hibernate . . . Pete Rabitich should have crossed those lost flies of his with homing pigeons . . . and that is about all the gossip we have for this issue. We hope you succeed in all your endeavours and to you all . . . *Happy Christmas . . . Merry New Year,*

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Sports

Well, unhappy days are here again, and football has gone the way of all good things. Helmets have been discarded in favour of cold towels, and the clear athletic eye is slightly tinged with red.

The end of the season was officially marked by a tamer edition of that yearly ritual, the Rugby Ban-

quet. At the culmination of this affair (which was noticeable because of its culinary perfection), athletic awards were presented as follows:

Major awards for this year—Linc Magor, Ed. Parker, George Cross, Nick Schoch, Merritt Bateman and Ray Tulk.

Major awards presented to last year's freshmen having successfully completed their first year—Ian Hay and Eddie Udall.

Minor awards won last year, and presented to the recipients on the successful completion of their first year—Ray Tulk and Rud Everett.

Minor awards for this year—Eddie Udall.

The following will have their awards signed for having played the required amount of time this year as well as last: Doug. Bradley, Jim Flintoft, Geoff Scott, Waldo Tulk, Tubby Lane, Gordie Cooper, Sid Walters and Ian Hay.

Next year, if all goes well, Maurice Robinson will receive his major award.

Looking back on this season it has been, on the whole, successful. It is true we did not win the league, but we came very close to doing so. Oh, yes! that sounds like an old story, but considering the fact that each of our three defeats was only by two points, and that we scored 73 points to the 24 scored against us, the old story takes on a different aspect—one of enlightenment rather than excuse.

"Shag" SHAUGHNESSY

THE MACDONALD GAME

The team's first game in Montreal opened with a flourish. The Aggies kicked off to Bishop's, and our team, paced by Cross and Flintoft, swept down the field from our 35-yard line to score in six plays. Walters made the touchdown and Scott converted. Bishop's was ap-

parently in earnest, there would be no first half laziness. However, Macdonald came back with a drive. After the kick-off, a fumble by the purple and white team gave Macdonald the ball. Kydd and Eastman made some substantial gains, and Hillrich drove across the Bishop's line for the first Macdonald touch. This was not converted. The score was now 6-5 for Bishop's.

The second quarter, although scoreless, was marked by some good steady football on both sides. Ian Hay made two spectacular runs which threatened to crack the Macdonald defences. Later in the quarter Sid Walters delivered another threat to Macdonald, but somehow the Aggies held together to prevent a score. The most lamentable incident of this period was the injury received by Ed. Parker when his opposing end evaded a clip in a rather shady way. Ed, is still recovering from a cracked vertebrae and a leg injury.

The third quarter was significant for its lack of colour. Walter's kicking was the only highlight. The fourth quarter was brilliant. The purple and white team started from their own twenty-yard line, and pushed steadily up to the Macdonald five-yard mark, with Scott making a large gain around left end, and Flintoft following up with another advance. Bradley hurtled across the line for the second Bishop's touchdown and Scott converted, making the score 12 to 5. But Macdonald had no intention of admitting defeat, and with only a few minutes left to play Eastman and



"He does not hesitate to orge documents and perjure himself without limit in order to win his ends. Failing to obtain satisfaction otherwise, he may recourse to plots of revenge, even to murder. Needless to say, such an individual believes himself incapable of committing any wrong, and therefore is convinced that the other person is the offender." This is Hitler to the life!

I shall close with a word from Dr. Freud, exiled and robbed and ransomed at the age of eighty-two, when der

English Boys In Canada

War has given those Ontario private schools which proudly flaunt their rugby prowess in their adopted name, "The Little Big Four", a chance to try an exciting educational experiment, which so far has worked out very successfully. They are schooling those sent into temporary exile by the hostilities abroad. About two score English boys are sampling this Dominion's training facilities for youthful minds and bodies at Ridley College, St. Catharines; Trinity College School, Port Hope; Upper Canada College, Toronto; St. Andrew's College, Aurora. Here they have been suddenly thrown into the whirl of Canadian school life. Comparatively free from the tradition bound routine of Eton, Rugby or Harrow, the young Englishmen have taken a deep breath, and dived into their new surroundings with a zest for every experience there is at hand.

At T. C. S. eleven young men form the overseas contingent, and at Ridley there are more than twenty. Dr. H. C. Griffith, headmaster of Ridley, and P. A. C. Ketcham, head of T. C. S., both believe that what is now a wartime measure taken by anxious parents, will develop into a general trend that will send more and more English boys to Canada in the future.

"I don't think our refugees are being merely polite when they say that they like to come to school in Canada," said Dr. Griffith. "As they go home to repeat it, the accidental presence here of the boy who would normally be educated abroad may be repeated deliberately. After all," he continued, "the youngster who spends a substantial part of his early life in a new, energetic country like this does enhance his perspective. We think also, of course, that he learns as much here as he would at home." A check of the source of the material of this headmaster's theory uncovered a ready endorsement from half a dozen of the English boys.

"Canadian boys are much more friendly," said 14-year-old John Scott-Paine, son of the marine designer and speed-boat racer. "It is far easier starting at a new school here than at home." "They are a fine lot," said one Canadian at T. C. S., "besides it must be a bit hard for them with their families still abroad and within bombing range," he added with a slight frown. "Although they don't talk

Fuehrer seized Vienna. As the old gentleman is dead now, I shall do him no harm by quoting him:

"The potential paranoiac is characterized by a mental or physical inflexibility, a definite proneness to rigid and unyielding mental constellations—sentiments, attitudes, ego-identifications, and always goes on with an idea of exalted personal significance."

Why seek further testimony? All signs point to the correctness of my original hypothesis—Paranoia.

JOHN BASSETT, JR.

about it much, I know what must be going on in their minds." There is also this same feeling at Port Hope and the other schools. The easy-going Canadian youth, completely lacking in any class consciousness and having very little reserve, has paused a moment from kicking his rugby ball this autumn and turned to greet his cousin from England with a welcoming smile.

In their studies the English contingent at Port Hope are holding their own, but not taking any prizes as yet. Greatest wonder to them is central heating, hot water taps that really work, and dormitories in which two, three or four sleep, instead of twenty. Rugby too has kept them enthralled for the past two months. Although they love the opportunity of playing soccer instead, most of the boys decided to try the Canadian game. Sixteen-year-old Alan Brown, of Lancashire, could have been speaking for any one of the boys when he sat up, rubbed his head and turned to Dr. Griffith at Ridley, saying in his native dialect, "Ah boomed, 'e boomed, and we all boomed."

But more important than the temporary changes that they will become accustomed to within a term or two, is the interchange of ideas between Canadian and English boys that takes place in their daily school life together. There is deep, though silent, appreciation by the young Canadian for his English counterpart who is going through a trying time without flinching, which is matched with the thankfulness in the heart of the English boy for the warm, friendly welcome that has been accorded him.

Between the boys there is growing up an understanding that is only possible at school. By studying and playing together differences of background are being effaced, and who can say what effect this will have on the future of this country and the Empire, when these boys have grown to manhood, to take a man's place in the community. Here through war has begun a trend which may lead to a mass migration, perhaps both ways, of future generations of school boys. A migration which, who knows, may bring about understanding, appreciation, and deep-rooted friendship whose results will be marked deeply in the relationship between the two countries.

Of humble origin, Rutherford was born in New Zealand where he received his early education, which was completed at Cambridge. He was Professor of Physics at McGill from 1898 to 1907, where some of his most fundamental work was done. From McGill he went to Manchester and for the last eighteen years of his life was Director of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge.

Like Pasteur he lived to see his own ideas dominate his field and to be honoured by his country and by learned societies throughout the world. He was awarded a Nobel prize in 1908 and was created a baron in 1931. Though immensely pleased with these honours they had no effect on his genial nature.

This is a book which will be read by all serious students of science. It can also be recommended for the general reader since Dr. Eve gives a simple and lucid explanation of the technical terms used.

A. L. Kuehner.

THE OXFORD PAMPHLETS ON WORLD AFFAIRS—

For this timely series the Oxford University Press has enlisted the aid of acknowledged authorities in history, economics, international law and science. These eminent scholars have written for the public short statements on problems which are of immediate importance in the light of the present European situation. They are sober and objective accounts which present the facts and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. The average length of each of these pamphlets is thirty-two pages.

R. C. K. Ensor has written on Herr Hitler's self-disclosure in "Mein Kampf". In this booklet the author gives an account of the dictator's revelation of policy and the extent to which this policy has been so far carried out, as well as assessing its future possibilities. He describes briefly but completely Herr Hitler's theory prescribed for Greater Germany. The author describes the book as "a general picture of one strong, creative race and a multitude of weak non-creative races who are as wax for the strong race to mould." This is, in truth, the keynote of "Mein Kampf".

"All Right, Mr. Roosevelt" is written in the humorous, inimitable style of its author, Stephen Leacock. The primary aim of this particular pamphlet is to emphasize the value, to all the world as well as to the British Empire, of the continuance in spite of wars abroad, of that international peace and goodwill which exists in and unites all the human hearts of North America. The author stresses the plea that, if it is not the will and destiny of the people of the United States to join us in arms in the defence of our heritage of liberty, the people of Canada will take up their responsibilities of war without complaint, but only content in the knowledge that they are helping those in another country whose burden is far greater.

"The Dual Policy" by Sir Arthur Salter, explains this

policy which has been practised and developed by the British Government since March the fifteenth of this year. Lord Halifax concisely defines it as a policy resting on twin foundations; the resistance to force, and the constructive work of building peace. In this pamphlet the author discusses the way in which this policy differs from the appeasement policy which preceded it, the reasons for its success and its possible development.

"The Refugee Question" by John Hope Simpson has to do with this problem which has become increasingly grave in the postwar period, and the methods which have so far been used to deal with it. Sir Simpson urges strongly that immigration be rendered less difficult, for adequate provision of this kind would remove conditions which now compel the refugee to resort to illegal entry. War and racial persecution have combined to drive large numbers of people from the countries where they have lived and worked, and have presented the world with a problem which can no longer be settled by individual charity. We are shown what should be done.

In "The Prospects of Civilization" by Alfred Zimmein, the author points to the necessity in this modern period for applying moral standards to political relations. In tune with the bleak pessimism of the day, Sir Zimmein states that the failure of the League of Nations to solve the political and economic problems left by the war has led to doubts as to the future of civilization itself. "The most baffling feature of the problem," writes the author, "is that, as between ourselves and the present rulers of Germany, we have reached a condition of deadlock, at once political, intellectual, and moral, in which no real exchange of ideas, and therefore no understanding, is at present possible."

"Colonies and Raw Materials" by H. D. Henderson, discusses the value of colonial possessions to a metropolitan country, especially as sources of raw materials. Sir Henderson concludes that the industrial peoples of Europe, whether they possess colonies or not, have no reason in a peaceful world to apprehend any difficulty in obtaining tropical raw materials, or indeed raw materials of any kind. He deals systematically and thoroughly with many questions with which British public opinion is at present seriously perplexed.

"The British Empire" by H. V. Hodson deals clearly and concisely with the position of the Crown in Empire relations, the question of Dominion neutrality in time of war, problems of migration and race as well as the status of the different members of the British Empire or Commonwealth of Nations. It also gives the reader a clear insight into the common defence problems, as well as stating the two principles in this connection, namely, the command of the sea, and the obligation of all the member-nations concerned to maintain a series of naval bases and fortified

(Continued on page 40)

"I Don't Want the Job"

"Don't name me," said a Sherbrooke business man, when asked for permission to be named Executor of an Estate.

"I once served as Executor under a Will . . . my own business suffered losses for time I devoted to the affairs of the Estate, and I believe that an Executor who already had handled many Estates would have done a better job.

"I have appointed SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY as my Executor. They devote their full time to the job and enjoy many years experience in this work."

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ANON

The Mind of Herr Hitler

Though unlike St. Paul in every other respect, our hero is at least "all things to all men"; fickle as an April day. In the hey day of summer he curses Stalin and all his works with a floridity of vituperation such as he reserves mainly for the Jew; and yet, in the sere and falling leaf, his better nature asserts itself, and the deadly foe finds himself embraced as "bosom friend". He signs "pacts" for from ten to twenty-five years duration, and tears them up in as many days. His only real friend Ernst Roehm (unless Rudolf Hess may be so described) was murdered, it is reported, in his bathrobe in the dead of night by the good right hand of der Fuehrer himself. This exploit will be known in history as "The Purge". Possibly Rudolf Hess survives because he so doctored the original version of "Mein Kampf" as to render it fit for publication: another putsch associate, Von Schleicher, was not so lucky as Hess; the purge did not pass him by—nor yet his daughter.

A nod to the wise sufficed, and thenceforth even the leader's closest confederates and comrades in crime thought it safer to set the assassin up as a symbol—almost as a god—cold and aloof, olympian, any familiarity with whom might prove as deadly as a heart-to-heart communion with a rattlesnake.

Freely admitting that an analysis of this man's mental make-up is rendered especially difficult on account of the elusiveness, not to say "slipperiness" of the patient under observation, I am prepared to offer the opinion that he is a "paranoiac", of a pernicious type. Or else he may be suffering from a racial taint commonly known as "furor teutonicus", though I personally favour the former alternative.

How to approach our "subject" is a problem within a problem. Perhaps the safest method is to consult certain well-known authorities on abnormal psychology, and to see how their conclusions fit in with our hypothesis. In this way (but, I admit, in no other) we shall be able to form a dispassionate judgment.

An American authority, Dr. Bridges, says: "the term 'paranoia' may be applied to a chronic progressive psychosis which occurs mostly in adult life, and develops on the basis of certain character anomalies, viz., conceit and suspicion. It takes the form of false interpretation of facts, and finds hidden and portentous meanings in the most trivial occurrences". This partly explains Hitler's hysterical wails over the devilish treatment of poor unfortunate Germans in Czechoslovakia, Poland, or what not?

Let us see what Prof. Henri Claudé has to tell us: "A common characteristic in all forms of paranoia is a strong delusional trend, combined with exaggeration of ego-cen-

tricity." The delusional trend is manifested in Hitler's being able to see nothing but evil in Israel. The author of "Mein Kampf" sees in every Jew a coward, a traitor, a many-adjectived verminous parasite, and conveys the impression that no Jew could ever have achieved the Iron Cross in the last war save by appropriating it, ghoul like, from the dead body of some German hero!

What could be more delusional than this? When we speak of ego-centricity in der Fuehrer, it is to laugh! Hitler is the "Father Divine" of Nazidom, who, from his Berchtesgaden Heaven issues portentous orders affecting the lives of millions, and makes world-shattering decisions—after duly consulting his oracles. An American writer suggests that the proximity of Mars to this unfortunate earth really determined the march on Poland this summer. Perhaps so.

To return to M. Claudé:

"Paranoic Psychoses are marked by frequent ideas of grandeur, and logical development, and sound systematization in line with mental tendencies." Here is Hitler to a Swastika! Comment were needless! No one can deny the eel-like adroitness with which Germany's master adjusts himself to the ever-shifting scenes of the political kaleidoscope that we call Europe. Moreover, paranoia partly explains der Fuehrer's clearly pathological divagations from the truth. For on this point Claudé observes: "The delusional changes and stories are incoherent and frequently absurd—the reasoning poor."

Once more let resort to M. Claudé's book for light on the dark recesses of this monster's mind.

"The delusional activity may not fully manifest itself for many years, permitting social adaptation to continue. The delusional formation is coherent, only slowly expanding; the memory is good, the intellectual activity intense, the emotional reactions are lively." All these characteristics apply to Hitler. Our proofs are certainly piling up. Therefore, with profoundest regrets I must insist that, quite irrespective of the success or failure of this man's schemes, even though his name may be blazoned as greatest among leaders of men, the fact remains that eighty millions of supposedly sane and civilized people have, in this our day and generation, set up as an idol—a substitute for God—a monomaniac, an hysberic, a paranoiac!

But it may be suggested that Monsieur Claudé, being obviously a Frenchman, cannot be trusted in the premises.

Let us, then, consult another authority possessing a decidedly teutonic patronymic—Herr Bleuler. This psychologist states that a paranoiac is almost always "litigious".

duty for a week—a hundred patients. Patient in 12 dangerously ill—Swede. Cut his throat with a razor.

Tuesday, January 23 - Wednesday, 24.—The Padre told us about Pegrim, a religious maniac in Special Ward. This old man asked him, "Doesn't it say, Sir, that we shall be punished unto the third and fourth generation?" The padre said that was right; to which Pegrim replied fervently, "Thank God I am the fifth!"

Wednesday, February 28 - March 1—Have had a lot of deaths since I have been on night duty. Another one tonight, young man—case not diagnosed. Was not conscious, but sang and talked quietly to himself. At the end he said part of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth—", folded his arms across his breast, and passed tranquilly away.

Wednesday, May 30. — German prisoners working on tennis court for us.

Tuesday, June 5.—This morning while doing a dressing in the ward, sleeves rolled up, the colonel came in. Very angry because the men, in digging the garden, had dug up and thrown away a small silver birch planted by the medical officers and himself. Demanded its "immediate re-instatement." Could not help smiling and to make him feel better asked his opinion of the garden. Could not make him forget the tree, though.

Saturday, June 9.—Five of the Sisters are ordered for "early embarkation" to Egypt and three for Salonica.

Wednesday, June 13.—The Duke of Connaught, Prince Alexander of Batterberg, Generals Davis and Maxwell, the Marquis of Anglesey, etc., are coming to inspect the hospital. Frenzy of cleaning all morning—when they did come, however, they visited only a few wards and we weren't among the lucky ones.

Friday, July 27. — Matron away for a few days and "Hill 60", the assistant Matron, has been making herself more unpopular than ever. Last night some of the Sisters made a pyramid of tin pails and water cans, in the box room near her room. About midnight Sister R. got up and knocked them over. Everyone in the dormitory woke up, pretending they feared an air raid. "Hill 60" went from cubicle to cubicle in her night attire, holding a candle, reassuring us. Today she is telling everyone how alarmed we all were and of her coolness. Everyone is laughing at her.

Thursday, September 27.—Marion, my dear friend, has asked for leave today as Capt. P. is coming from Blackpool to see her. When she came in awakened me to tell me that they had become engaged. I am glad, because they are both so nice,

Friday, October 5.—Went to Matron tonight to ask to be transferred to a hospital where they get convoys. Cannot arrange it so we are resigning and will reapply at Devonshire House. We, Marion and I, finish on November 1.

Thursday, October 11.—Have been feeling ill. M. O. examined me and says I must go home as soon as possible.

Sunday, October 28. — Started packing. Had an impromptu auction sale. Very amusing. Cubicle crowded.

Thursday, November 1. — Finished packing. Went to ward at about 10 for lunch. Said good-bye to all my dear friends. Left for London.

Monday, November 5. — Met Marion and Bob at the Regent Palace Hotel with others. Had tea. Everyone giving them good advice on "How to Procure a Marriage License."

Saturday, November 17.—Amid a great deal of secrecy left from Euston Station by a designated train for an unknown destination to board an unnamed ship. Ended up at Liverpool on the "Tunisian."

Monday, November 19.—Started out in earnest while we were at lunch. We are escorted by three cruisers and about nine destroyers. Lifebelts have been issued to all with orders to wear them continually.

Tuesday, November 20.—At about 3 a.m. was awakened by a terrific crash and a lesser bump. Sailors rushed through the corridors shouting, "All hands to the lifeboats!" Visions of having been torpedoed or mined rose before us. All the deck lights were on and the destroyers' searchlights were turned on us. It was very cold, as I didn't have many clothes on. After about ten minutes we were told we could get back to bed. Heard the next day that we had run down and cut asunder a small boat. Neither boat was showing lights and the little boat was so badly hit that it went down at once. Twenty-nine of the crew were drowned and the thirtieth was picked up by a destroyer but died within a few days.

Thursday, November 22.—Have been told that we are going to land at St. John instead of Halifax. Saw about fourteen merchantmen today all in a line. Quite an impressive sight. See camouflaged ships occasionally, painted in all colours and devices.

Saturday, December 1.—Docked at St. John. Had to stand in line for hours. Felt very ill.

Sunday, December 2.—Only one diner on train. Had to wait in line for hours before breakfast which I did not get until eleven. Did not feel well, but revived somewhat when the familiar names, Megantic, Cookshire, Lennoxville, etc., appeared. Countryside brilliant with frost and snow—very beautiful. The whole family met me at the station,

Extract From My Memory

BRUCE KERWIN

One windy day in July, I trudged down the long wharf at Bagotville with a weighty knapsack of blankets and provisions on my back. It was this picturesque French-Canadian port, struggling among the old Laurentian hills at the extreme end of Ha! Ha! Bay, that I had arranged to get my canoe and start for Tadoussac. Ha! Ha! Bay—roughly sixty miles above Tadoussac—is an arm of the Saguenay river, about eight miles long and three miles wide, insinuated between the rocky cliffs of the north and the steep cultivated slopes of the south.

As I launched my canoe on the brackish water, the tide—which falls over twenty feet in the bay—was going out. By the time I had started it was late in the afternoon, but with the aid of the tidal current I paddled eight miles before landing to make my camp among the stunted, twisted firs of the south shore. After lighting a fire, I made a comfortable bed of boughs under the overturned canoe, and then, assured of a dry bed went to cook my supper. Never shall I forget the coffee. It was made of river water as there was no spring or stream near the camp, and after five minutes boiling, it had turned into a frightful concentrated brine solution. A little salt improves the flavour of coffee but—

During the night it poured, and the next day it was damp and lowering. The cliffs on the opposite shore frowned from under the shaggy grey clouds, but after breakfast was finished the weather seemed brighter, and by the time I had launched my canoe and crossed to the north shore the clouds had risen; only tiny wisps of mist still hung to the cliffs like wet blankets to spoil the beauty of the rugged scenery. However, the last traces of rain soon diffused into a cloudless blue sky, and the sun shone clear and bright on the calm silent expanse of the Saguenay.

In the middle of the morning I came to Descente des Femmes, the first outpost of civilization. It is a primitive settlement of four or five scattered houses clinging to the steep, rough sides of a ravine that slopes between the barren cliffs of the shoreline down to a small beach. A large wharf—the only link of communication these settlements have with the outside world—runs out into the water, and near the shore an old sawmill leans against piles of discarded slabs of wood. Landing on the sawdust-strewn beach I followed a scarcely visible path up to the first habitation, a small, snug, little house, newly built. A young French woman with a baby in her arms came to the open door and by elaborate pantomime I obtained some milk and water for my dinner.

Since there were only twenty-four hours left before I had to reach Tadoussac I returned immediately to my canoe. By noon I had crossed to the south shore and had landed on a beach strewn with huge boulders among which was a fine place to light a fire and cook my dinner. Loafing, surrounded by these gigantic relics of a past avalanche, and the absolute hush that is typical of the North Country, time seemed to halt, and the inane hurry of the world that seemed so distant and so unreal at the moment, was like a dream that is gone in the morning.

And now I paddled on, passing promontory after promontory until I reached their culmination of beauty and grandeur in Cape Trinity and Eternity. I landed near the three escarpments that give Trinity its name with the intention of climbing up to the renowned image of the Virgin on the first terrace. However, as I was unprotected from the flies, the idea was completely impracticable and I was forced back into my canoe. Soon I drifted past the headland into the bay of Eternity where the main rock of Trinity, in its savage setting, towered one fifth of a mile above my tiny boat like the massive walls of a Gothic cathedral. The inimitable beauty of this sight imparted to my memory an image that will never fade.

After reluctantly leaving these impressive surroundings I was drenched by a sudden thunder shower. When the clouds had cleared away, I ate a damp cold snack in my canoe without stopping to build a fire on the wet shore. By sunset the only three islands of the lower Saguenay were passed—large barren rocks, protruding from the calm deep river, golden in the oblique rays of the setting sun. A few hours later fatigue forced me to abandon hope of reaching Tadoussac that evening and I began to look for a landing place. In the darkness of the night, augmented by the high cliffs above me, the prow of the canoe could scarcely be distinguished as I paddled cautiously along the shore. Later, after groping tediously for a mile or more, I found a tiny ledge of rock on which to "ensconce" myself, and slept soundly until morning.

The next day I set out on the last lap of my trip after a very substantial breakfast. The effect of the ebb tide soon became apparent and at each successive headland the current increased. A mist was also creeping in from the St. Lawrence but with a bit of luck I finally entered the old historical bay of Tadoussac, and in five minutes I was aboard the steamer bound for Quebec—my peregrinations were nearly over for another year.



Equipment

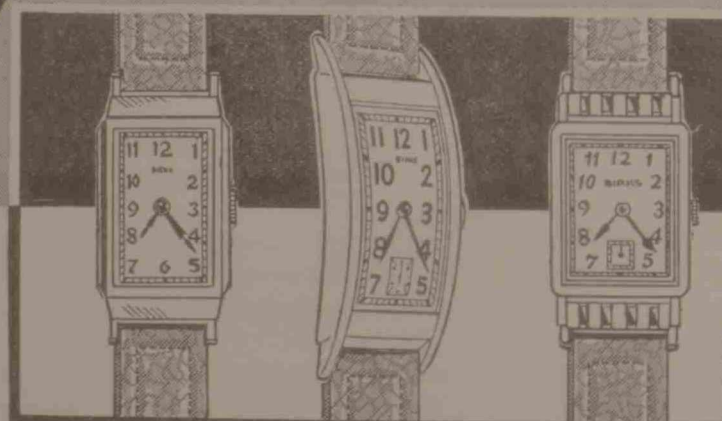
Harness and other equipment, flimsily held together with haywire and binder twine, can get you into a deal of trouble. There is a tendency for things to disintegrate when the going is particularly rough.

Good equipment for successful living is the habit of thrift and financial foresight, most easily acquired by putting money in the bank regularly. Moral: Establish a savings account now with a small deposit — and add to it faithfully each month.

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Birks

V.A.D.

Chronicle of my Great Adventure—as told to Ruth Echenberg.

RUTH ECHENBERG

How It All Happened—

At college in 1914-15, we formed a group to study First Aid. In the autumn of '15, while teaching, I joined the local St. Johns Ambulance Association, and qualified for the Brigade. In the spring of '16 a call came for sixty girls from Canada to go overseas, and three were chosen from our group.

Aboard the S. S. Grampian—

Tuesday, September 19.—Second day out. Woke up feeling rather groggy.

Thursday, September 21.—At four o'clock lifebelt parade and inspection on the port side of the shelter deck. I had a very dirty lifebelt.

Sunday, September 24.—Woke up a little late—caught a glimpse of the Irish coast. Very picturesque. A great many trawlers, schooners and fishing smacks in our vicinity. The trawlers are searching for submarines and have long narrow guns mounted fore and aft with a gunner standing to attention by each one. The "Olympic", with eight thousand Canadian troops on board passed us during the afternoon, with her escort of torpedo-boat destroyers. Great cheering and waving—at present we are anchored in the Mersey outside the quays. Just now powerful searchlights are sweeping the sky for Zeppelins, and they are watching especially over the troopship.

In England—

Monday, September 25.—First impression of London—almost absolute darkness.

Tuesday, September 26.—In the morning the sixty of us marched "in column of twos" to Devonshire House.

Thursday, September 28.—At night saw "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's. Very good.

Sunday, October 1.—Marion and I ordered to report at the new Military Hospital, Carrock Chase, Rugely, North Staffordshire. Landed at Rugely and drove seven miles to the hospital. We saw pretty country at first, and then nothing but heather and pine woods. A few miles on, the hospital—very desolate-looking. Our quarters are very scantily furnished—bed, washstand, tin basin and jug, chair, bare floor.

Description of Hospital—

Built on a moor—prevailing colour, black. The only green is in clumps of bracken and occasional larches and birch trees.

The hospital—six wards, the administration block and six more wards. These are connected at the back by a cor-

ridor a thousand feet long. On the other side of the corridor are the patients' dining hall and kitchen, and the operating theatre. In back of the hospital are the quartermaster's and pack stores, the canteens and orderlies' quarters, the sterilizing and fumigating plant, and the mortuary. Our quarters are across the road from the hospital, in a "no-man's land" of mud.

All the buildings are of sheet asbestos preparation in two layers, supported on brick pillars, without any true foundation and with soft-wood floors—all one storey high. The wards contain fifty beds each. Our hospital does not receive convoys, but cares for the sick from two huge training camps nearby.

Sunday, October 22.—Some of the officers from camp came to tea and we had a very jolly time. Sister Frewin overheard Mr. Fisette (All doctors below rank of captain were called mister), a Canadian, saying he hadn't noticed anything on his trip from Montreal to Halifax because there was a bunch of wild Indians on the train. She asked if there were many Indians in Canada, and received a detailed account of their appearance and fierceness.

Friday, November 3.—The Sisters have moved into their own sitting room and have taken some of our furniture. They will be able to discuss us to their heart's content—and we them!

Saturday, November 4.—Tyndale, a lad of nineteen and a veteran, dying of pneumonia and appendicitis. Likes me to look after him.

Sunday, November 5.—General L— of Rugely Camp visited the ward this morning. The old fellow was very funny. Had another visit in the ward from a padre who hands out cards with, "Keep Smiling" on them.

Monday, November 13.—Tyndale died tonight. Was with him. Helped Sister fix him up—this was my first attempt at undertaking—poor little Yorkshireman!

Friday, December 8.—Milborne's operation today. He wept all the time he was coming out of the anaesthetic because I wasn't as good as Nurse Hill, who had come all the way from Australia to look after him, and because Sister Watt does not like him.

Saturday, December 9.—Three operations from our ward—great excitement when they were all coming around. One man sounded just like a fog horn. King wept and repeated monotonously, "God bless Sister." Finally, looking at me, he said, "Where's Nurse? God bless Nurse!"

Monday, January 8 - Tuesday, 9—Have been on night

the shoulders. He stepped out into the wet night, turned up his collar and shivered as the damp air struck his fevered face. Stumbling forward, he bowed his head submissively to the stinging whip of the wild wind. Streamlets of rain water gushed over the road, disturbed for only a moment as his battered shoes interrupted their steady course. On and on he walked, his hands sunk deeply in pockets that seemed to have no bottom.

And then suddenly, he was aware of people hurrying past, of bright lights and the screams of shifting traffic, and a gramophone blaring from a dingy-looking restaurant. He raised his eyes from the beaten sidewalks to a lighted marquee that beckoned him mockingly through the rain. For a moment, he thought he saw his own name written in those lights, but it was like the sight of water to a thirsted desert-traveller—a mirage. He trudged on desperately and suddenly he *did* see his name in lights on Broadway in a blaze of glory. He visualized himself playing "Hamlet", "Romeo" and even "Abraham Lincoln". He saw himself behind the footlights in his world of drama, he heard the

bursting applause of a packed audience as the final curtain rang down, an applause that rose and beat again his eardrums like the surging of a great wave.

The peanut-vendor on the corner stood beating his hands together and peering through the rain as if looking for a likely customer. He spied one coming up the street who looked hungry, a tall thin man in a worn overcoat, with the rain dripping from his bowed head. He seemed unaware of where he was going—he appeared in a daze. A look of horror passed over the peanut-vendor's face as he saw the man step dreamily off the curb. He shouted—it was too late. A long, shiny car shot out from the side street, cutting down the desolate figure. A local policeman took command of the gathering crowd that was more curious than sympathetic. He knelt over the crumpled heap, and bent his ear to catch the fading words of the dying man. After a moment he straightened himself and shook his head perplexedly. It didn't make sense, but he thought he had heard the words: "No imagination. Can't lose myself. No imagination . . ."

Moon Phantasy

You almost persuade me to be a moon-worshipper.
For as you step across the cloudless sky
With your night-born satellites,
I seem to grasp the image of eternity,
Peace undimmed by the tears of centuries,
And love unknown.

And from a bowl of stars you pour
The wine of beauty on the hills,
Inebriating man with ecstasy and pain:
The ecstasy of music and white-falling waters,
And pain because he cannot take the star-bowl in his hands
And pour a cold libation to his deity.

I see you star-throned in the midnight sky,
Shall I offer a moon-sacrifice for beauty and for peace,
And burn incense in a pagan rite?
Shall I call man from his timeless sleep
To come and worship at your silver shrine?
Ah no!
For you too have a god.

—Leon Adams.

My Professors

WILLIAM MOUNSEY

I demand little of my professors. They should know quite a bit more about the subject than I; but they should display that knowledge only when I ask for it. My ideal is a Mr. Chips, mellow with the tradition of the institution, and as rich in the gentle philosophy of life as a golden-brown meerschaum pipe.

The modern, high-production, efficiency-expert teacher may suit some people; but, to me, the man who stands before the class spouting facts like a gargoyle spouting rain on an April day—without even a fraction of the gargoyle's humour—that man is a bore. I like the professor who in a lecture dwells only on two things. He should bring to my attention the important facts of the course. I can then stress those facts in my study and connect them by reading the less-important writing matter. The professor should also bring out the interesting sidelights with which he has become acquainted through his many years of study. These sidelights may be very unimportant to the course, but to me they are most important in that they keep alive my interest. They are the condiments on the food of knowledge, adding little in bulk, vitamins, or calories, but all important in their task of sharpening the appetite. I am not a hungry man, and only when the dish is made desirable by some interesting tit-bit do I feel a hankering after knowledge.

There are too many teachers in this world of study and too few professors and scholars—we draw the same distinction between a politician and a statesman. It has been said that the best way to learn a subject is to teach it. While I realize that men who will some day become scholars must have their practising ground, I do not like to feel that I am a specimen in a laboratory. Practise, yes, but not on me.

I enjoy professors who are a bit untidy in their dress and who have amusing idiosyncrasies. I like those who would make good fishing or duck hunting companions; those who have a wrinkled, leathery look and smell of good pipe tobacco. Whether I ever went duck hunting with them or not would make little difference. It is the feeling that they would make good companions that interests me.

It is not a teacher that I want—it is a man with whom I can talk about trout flies and deer rifles and not feel that his major interest in life is History or English or Greek. I know that many of my ideas on education are wrong by modern standards, and that quite probably I am lazy; but, nevertheless, these are my ideas. Maybe I am not demanding little of my professors, perhaps, I am demanding much; but, actually, I only want them to be human.

So far I have said little about humour. Humour is an-

other condiment. In this case it flavours the man rather than the course. Courses have interesting points which must be brought out, but few courses have even a trace of latent humour. The professor must supply the humour out of himself. As the interesting sidelights make the course palatable, so humour makes the professor palatable.

A professor should not have one brand of humour—he should have many. Even wit, if applied without variation, becomes tiresome. I do not mean that he should change his style every day. Rather, he should be very versatile and sprinkle his wit where it will take root best under the existing conditions.

I have met a few professors who have measured up to my ideals. One of the few was the headmaster of a prep school. I was in his Latin class for a year and enjoyed every lecture. Incidentally, that was one of the few years that I passed in Latin. Another was a mathematics professor who had the endearing habits of rolling his own cigarettes and driving a model T Ford most of the time—even though he had a new Pontiac in the garage. One very interesting man was a Jewish army sergeant, Professor of Military Science and Tactics. His hobby was ballistics, and he was an expert crap shooter. Then there was a cross-eyed English professor who had a weakness for side-cars. His great accomplishment was that of being married for five years before anybody in the school found out about it. Another character was an army officer whose greatest ambition in life was to trisect an angle.

Interesting men all, and men of whose friendship one could be proud. They were gentlemen and scholars and also very human. They did not dish out their knowledge, they left one to absorb it; and when the time was ripe for examinations, it was surprising how much knowledge one had gained.

As I have said, these are my ideas, and I realize that they do not come up to the present-day standards. The world of today is moving swiftly, and I have little desire to go along with it. The slower life is easier, and I believe that it accomplishes just as much. From here I could go on to write of the idyllic life of the country where the pace is set by the deliberate, unhurried step of nature, but perhaps you would think that I had lost sight of my professor. You would not think so, though, if you could see him after hours working over his sweetpeas or leaning on a vine-covered stone fence speculating on the beauty of a freshly plowed field as his pipe sends smoke signals into the crisp evening air.

audience enjoyed it thoroughly. William Van did not appear on the stage in person, but gave the "mysterious voice" the right tone of mystery.

The third play was of a very different character. The action of "The Valiant" takes place in the office of a prison warden, during the moments just preceding an execution for murder, and the emotional tension is high throughout—so much so, in fact, that on the Monday evening, as many of the audience noticed, "time stood still"! The scene between the condemned man and his young sister, her feeling that he must be the brother she has not seen for ten years, and his determination not to let her know his identity, required a high level of acting ability. In these parts Wilder Penfield and Kathleen Hall gave undoubtedly the best performances of the evening. The contrast between the hard, defiant attitude of the convict, mingled with traces of a more human

Idle Tears

I suppose everybody has some favourite spot in the world, some place that he considers particularly his own, more his possibly than anyone else's, though his claim to sole proprietorship may be quite unreasonable. Brooke, we know, was in love with Grantchester; Leacock with Mariposa. Even so am I in love with Shropshire.

I am not a Salopian by birth. By birth I hail from Lancashire, from the "black pudding" town of Bury. Nor am I one of those people who, not proud of their native heath, quickly adopt another district as home. I like Lancashire; the faces of the hands as they plod their noisy and happy way to the mill are the best in England, and a Christmas pantomime at Prince's theatre in Manchester is something to be remembered long after more serious things have been forgotten. But force of circumstance led me to spend many years in Church Stretton, and now Stretton, with Ludlow and Much Wenlock, form a trilogy of names that, to my ear at least, are as dear as any sounds it has ever heard or is ever likely to hear.

I remember Ragleth. It is a hill which, with the Long Mynd on the other side, shelters all the little villages of the Stretton valley from the outside world. From that hill you can see for miles, from the church steeples of Shrewsbury to the hills around Craven Arms. Nothing in that valley is other than perfect. There is the "Feathers" in Ludlow, the finest hostlery in the world, where a tankard of the Wem brew after a walk over the hills tastes like the nectar it is. There is the lovely old church there where, if you see it when the evening light is falling on the west wall you will notice a simple stone: 'Hic Jacet A. E. H.' Underneath it is a broken jam jar and a few dead flowers. There is the

feeling, and the simplicity and diffidence of the girl overcome by the emotion of the occasion, was shown in a way which won universal approval from the audience. William Mounsey and Hugh Mortimer (although requiring the prompter's kindly aid somewhat too freely) took the roles of the warden and chaplain respectively (and really looked their parts). The minor roles of prison attendants were taken by Allan Magee and Steve Rabatich. The director, Hector Belton, is to be congratulated on his achievement.

As usual, activities behind the scenes were in capable hands, with Mr. Speid and Merritt Pharo lending their customary efficient aid. The level of the 1939 one-act plays in no way fell below that of previous years, and in some respects exceeded it, so that the major play of next spring should certainly not be lacking an adequate cast.

HUMPHREY PORRITT, B.A.

old sexton, too, who is not quite sure just where Mr. Housman lies but doubtless can find him if the light holds. Men of Ludlow are jealous for the "Shropshire Lad", and inquiries from "foreigners" are skirted. There is the smell of the hay in the fields by the castle. There is the memory of Ludlow Fair, Comus.

I remember Much Wenlock. It nestles on the other side of the Edge, blissfully ignorant of the existence of other towns. Its Abbey still, they say, resounds to the tramping of the good monks who used to walk its cloisters many years ago.

And there is the Edge itself. From its top one can see fields laid out like coloured handkerchiefs; the hamlets and farmsteads lie scattered in glorious lack of symmetry; a puff of smoke, and a tiny train makes its unhurried way towards Dorington and the market town of Shrewsbury.

And — dearest of all — I remember Stretton. Nothing ever disturbs the serenity of Church Stretton. She sprawls on either side of the valley, deploring the By-pass that is shortly to pass through her midst. At her borders lie the little villages of Little Stretton and All Stretton. All about her is a tranquility and beauty that is nostalgic when once tasted. I remember, as a child, gathering great armfuls of bluebells on her hills; in the spring, primroses; in the autumn, foxgloves. I remember watching an old gardener there one autumn burning leaves, and noticing how the smoke went straight up into the sky. It was a very still day. I heard a church bell ring. It was August 14, 1914.

Such were my thoughts as the Antonia steamed hard up the St. Lawrence on September 3 this year. I was filled with a wistful regret, but I was wistal thankful.

Escape From Shadows

Another night had closed in—black and wet and chilly. The first leaves of autumn had begun to fall, and made slippery patches on the gleaming pavements. The rain was fine and cold and disagreeable, and there was no joy in the air—only the lonely bleakness of an impenetrable dark. The trees, like great gaunt spectres, raised naked arms to the skies, and swayed drunkenly in the wind as if performing some savage war-dance. All was gloom except for the distant glow of Manhattan's lights, shimmering mysteriously through the gathering mist. By the side of the road was a little stand, which bore in white letters the announcement: "Quick Lunches Served at All Hours." A light shone through the large open window, making a great yellow square on the pavement outside. A car shot past, shattering for a moment the perfection of the square of golden light, and with only a faint singing of the wet tires, was lost once more in the blackness of the night.

Inside the little stand a man moved restlessly back and forth in the narrow space like a caged beast seeking freedom—freedom from some hidden pain that seared his soul, that made his eyes into two black pits and his emaciated hands twitch nervously in his pockets. He had incredibly white skin that looked almost satiny in the lamplight, and black hair that lay long and unkempt behind his ears and on his neck. The sole feature that redeemed him from ugliness was a fine straight nose, that seemed just the right size for his face.

He shivered a little in the damp air, and sank onto a stool in the corner, cradling his head heavily in his hands, as if the only strength in his whole body lay in his long slender fingers. A million thoughts flashed through his mind, crowding in upon each other like an unruly mob pushing and jostling with aimless restlessness. Gradually his mental vision cleared, and once again he saw himself a youth—Harry March, the lad who spent his time dreaming that some day he would become a great actor, with his name in lights and in the hearts of his public. This wild desire to impersonate grew and flourished, and became an unquarable obsession as he matured. It filled his heart, and the fires of ambition burned within him. He saw his family eking out a meagre existence touring with a C-grade vaudeville troupe, and his soul cried out in bitterness at the memory of the rough life—the heartbreak and disappointments that followed the ancient caravan which was their home.

It was at the age of eighteen that he decided to leave it all and to seek his fortune elsewhere. He was so sure he

ERNESTINE ROY

would succeed, failure seemed impossible to the youth whose hopes and faith flamed so high. That day he left his boyhood behind him, and for the first time he tasted the responsibilities of the man—responsibilities that meant earning his daily bread in a vast city that was too busy in its self-centred bustle to notice a lonesome boy who had come to offer himself to the thing he loved best—to the world of drama. From then on he had haunted every casting office in the city from morning till night, but it was always the same indifferent answer: "Sorry, son, nothing today." Often he couldn't get further than the door. A few times he had been allowed to try for some minor part, and he had read it in clear, even tones, his heart filled with confidence. But they had shaken their heads, and Harry had left as if he were standing before judges who one by one had donned the black cap of condemnation. He had no imagination they said, and an actor must have imagination in order to feel and live his role.

At first he hadn't blamed them, for after all, why should they place their confidence and fortunes in an untried boy who had no one to convince them of his virtues. He had taken it all very philosophically and had been rewarded with minor parts here and there that had provided for his meagre wants—two meals a day, now and then a package of cigarettes, or a hamburger that seemed to fill the emptiness in his soul as well as in his stomach.

All at once with one blinding blow he found himself unable even to get small parts—no one seemed to want him, no one seemed even to smell the smoke of his burning ambitions; it was always the same: "No imagination—can't seem to lose yourself in your roles—sorry son."

And then suddenly, he didn't care any more. He had given four long years of devotion in an effort to reach the top, and he had merely glimpsed it in the distance—a shining, unattainable Mecca. He had failed his family, and knowing that, he sank into the depths of despair. The old man of the hamburger stand, at the instigation of his pitying wife, offered Harry the management of his summer lunch car in the suburbs. Harry had seized the chance with rising spirits that dropped again as he thought of what winter might bring—cold, desolation, hunger, all over again.

He raised his head suddenly, and passed his hand over haunted eyes as if to wipe out the maddening thoughts that flooded his weary brain, leaving him helpless, drowning his sanity. Automatically he rose from his corner, shut and bolted all the windows, and went to his tiny room to get an old overcoat that was more than a little worn between

feeling, though, that they were making the best of a very bad state of affairs.

In Berlin I felt much more the tenseness and suspicion that tend to kill any originality of expression of freedom of thought. It was with a kind of horror that I witnessed the fear and extreme circumspection with which people there said anything that might be construed as unsympathetic to the Nazi party. I had dinner one evening with a well-to-do broker, who several times stopped in the middle of a sentence and abruptly changed the subject although there was no one but ourselves in the room. After dinner, he suggested that we take our coffee and cigars out on the lawn so that we could talk more freely. Out there, although his nervousness was still apparent, he told me his opinion of the existing state of affairs. He said that in spite of the considerable amount of dissatisfaction everywhere in Germany and particularly in Berlin, there was little or no chance of concerted insurrection, since spies were everywhere and a man could not even be sure that one he considered his best friend was not in the pay of the government and liable to use his confidings against him. As I was leaving, that evening, he gave me a book and asked me to give it to a Jewish refugee friend of his, when I returned to Boston. He made no inscription in it and would not write out the man's name or address, but made me learn them by heart.

It was with immense relief that I left Berlin and its soul-destroying oppressions. Thereafter, I spent as much time as possible in the smaller town and rural districts, where the people were freer to express themselves and indulged in the small though significant breach of law, the use of the traditional: "Grüss Gott."

In my travels through this unsettled country, I had almost no trouble with the authorities, since I tried in every way to be a model tourist. As a rule they do not molest visitors but they do keep a watchful eye on them. An acquaintance of mine was given a message by a friend in Stuttgart to take back to a Jew in the States. This message was written on a number of slips of paper and distributed about his person. A few days later, when the boat in which he was taking the beautiful trip down the Rhine halted at a small town, he was taken off and driven away in a car. He did not know for certain whether the officials had anything against him but he knew that those papers, if found on him, would be fatal evidence against him. Hence, during the drive from the boat to the local headquarters he produced a cigarette and proceeded to light it. With the match he used, he drew out one of the slips of paper, and

when the match happened to go out, he threw both through the window. In the same way he rid himself of the remaining slips and two hours later, he was placed with many apologies on the next boat down the Rhine. It is little incidents like this that give one an insight into the efficiency and thoroughness of the secret police. A surveillance like this which cuts down on any freedom of thought and action is bound to be hated by those on whom it is imposed.

There was another form of restriction in connection with which I noticed much dissatisfaction. Ninety-nine percent of the people were confined to their country by the laws which forbade anyone taking more than ten marks across the border with him, no matter to what currency he had had it changed. It was not that they had any fault to find with Germany, but the knowledge that they could not leave the country, made them feel terribly shut in, and here we have the seed of more dissatisfaction. There was a movement afoot, sponsored by the government, publicizing and popularizing the beauty spots and resorts of Germany. "Know the Fatherland thoroughly before you die. The wonders of this great and beautiful country are easily accessible to each and every one of you, if you take advantage of the wonderful highways that . . . etc." Signs of this sort were seen everywhere, but they did little to alleviate the sense of confinement felt by all thinking Germans. Small wonder that there was a widespread chafing against a political bit which imposed such drastic restrictions on the travel-loving Germans.

Now perhaps you have an idea of the state of the German mind before the war was declared. There was obviously unrest beneath the placid surface. Is it not possible that the German, used as he has become through the ages to autocratic dominance, and attached though he may be to the sentimental mythology which makes the Fatherland so dear to him, enlightened as he now is, and at the same time taking himself and his country so seriously, will become convinced that Hitler is not the man that modern Germany needs? The Germans are developing a desire for freedom that is to a certain extent foreign to their nature. Just how great this desire is and whether it is what they really need time alone will tell.

Are they going to be satisfied with crying "Grüss Gott!" while the great political machine grinds them body and soul into the ground, killing their stubborn good-nature, or will their dissatisfaction take some other and more drastic form? Can the Germans free themselves from this oppressive yoke? —The world waits.

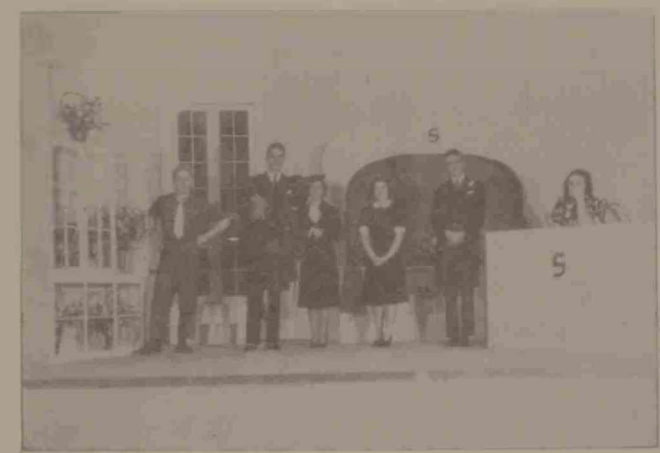
The One-Act Plays

PROF. A. V. RICHARDSON

The production of the three one-act plays is always somewhat of an event in the college year. Recruited, as they largely are, from among the students of the first year, the casts provide the opportunity for the executive of the Dramatic Society to pick out those who show promise of acting ability, and to pass judgment on their chances of obtaining parts in the major play.

On two evenings, those of November 6 and 7, the Little Theatre displayed its sign above audiences that were nearly in the capacity class, which must have gladdened the heart of the treasurer. As in previous years, a varied programme was provided, from the point of view of transition from grave to gay, from the near-sublime to the intentionally ridiculous. A comedy, a farce, and a grim little tragedy were shown in succession.

"The Florist's Shop," produced under the direction of



Olga Reid, was a comedy of character; the commercial motif was mingled with the romantic, business interwoven with sentiment, and an engagement that had been hanging fire was brought to a happy conclusion by "outside interference", plus a purchase of orchids. Leon Adams, as Mr. Slovisky, who in spite of his maxim that "business is business", realizes that sentiment can also play its part in stimulating receipts, gave an excellent portrayal of the proprietor of the shop, which was evidently appreciated by the audience. The part of his bookkeeper, who believes in allowing for the human element along with the financial, even if she loses her job through it, was in the capable hands of Betty Donaghy. Lord Shaughnessy, as a quasi-hard-boiled office boy, proved an efficient foil to the romantic bookkeeper. The roles of the diffident lovers were given to Mary Ward and Frank Stewart, both of whom stressed the reluctance which must surely be there after an engage-

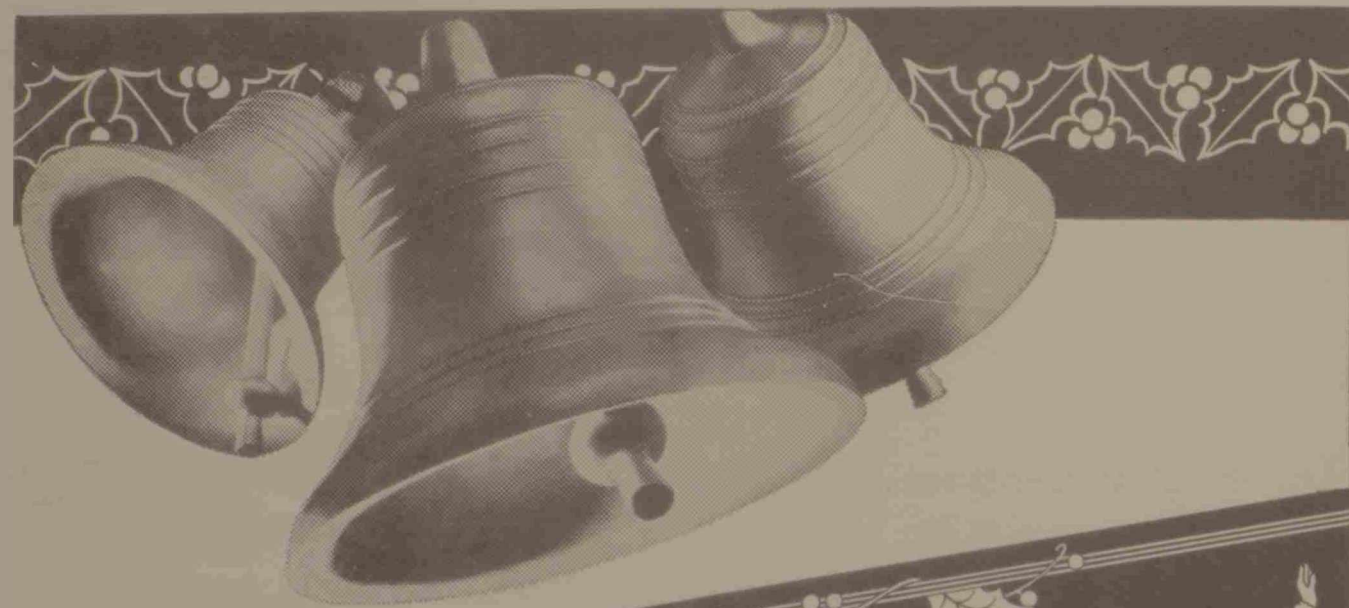
ment which has endured for fifteen long years. As with all young actors, there were times when audibility might have been better, a fault which can only be conquered by practice.



The locale of the second item "The Trysting Place" (directed by June Graham) was the lounge of a summer hotel, the sort of lounge well provided with cosy corners and chairs of which the mere sight suggested repose — an ideal location for a "date"—so ideal, indeed, that it was hardly surprising to find the stage, before the play ended, congested with would-be lovers, concealed and unconcealed. The opening scene between the diffident lovesick youth (Richard Grier) and the sophisticated widow (Ernestine Roy) was excellently done. His mother (Gwendolen Weary)



and sister (Jean Sutherland) each have their own particular reason (portrayed respectively by William Power and George Rothney) for wishing the lounge free from third parties. Such a theme, helped out by Booth Tarkington's clever dialogue, could hardly help "going across" and the



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Cigarettes

Heil Hitler!

ANON

"Grüss Gott!"

That is the greeting that is ringing through Germany today. Four or five years ago, while the Germans were still breathlessly watching their Fuehrer guide the Fatherland towards the promised economic security, prosperity, and a place in the sun, they felt themselves justified in relinquishing the old salutation and crying "Heil Hitler!" Gradually it has begun to dawn on them that their trust has been betrayed, and now it is only in official circles and in the big cities that the latter greeting is used.

I had the opportunity of visiting Germany last summer, and having a number of English friends in various parts of the country, most of whom have been there for some time, I secured an inside picture that few tourists are lucky enough to obtain, and I am going to try to pass on some of my impressions to you.

We Canadians and Americans find the German much less of an enigma than do most other races. We make friends with him much sooner than would a Frenchman, who, at present especially, fancies that a good German is a dead one, and who is going to do his level best, in keeping with this theory, to make all Germans good ones. We have none of the difficulty in getting along with him that the Italian has, nor have we the Englishman's traditional anti-Teutonic sentiments.

The German differs from us in three principal ways. In the first place he has never had the opportunity to adapt himself to democracy, or to any form of government other than autocracy. It was because Germany was having so much difficulty in coping with the somewhat democratic form of government that sprang up after the war that the people welcomed someone as forceful as Adolf Hitler. He was the type of monarch that they had always had. Their leaders, even as far back as tribal times, had been the same kind of domineering, relentless, ambitious autocrats, in whose eyes might was right. Secondly, the teutonic mind possesses little sense of humour as we understand it. The German takes things pretty seriously, himself especially. But this does not mean that he never enjoys himself. The German *Gemütlichkeit*, or good natured, sanguine, easy-going disposition is a characteristic that strikes all visitors, and it is one that no foreigner can successfully emulate. The sentimentality that drips from every German mind is a third distinguishing trait. This sentimentality is different from the French or Italian, in that it is much more ponderous and lugubrious, well expressed by the music of Wagner. These are the impressions that I had, from previous contact with members of the race, of the essential ingredi-

ents making up the German mind, and I want to show how I found them modified by present conditions.

Arriving in Germany, I was first impressed by the prosperous appearance of countryside and town. There were no slums and no tenement houses, and most of the farms were well-kept and thriving. Everywhere there was the bustle of industry, and the streets were filled with cheery healthy folk. The military element was evident everywhere. Fifty percent of the men on the street were in uniform and a good many armoured cars, troop cars, and motorcycle detachments were to be seen threading through city traffic. On the surface, it was a scene of cheerful, though war-like activity. Another thing that impressed me in the cities, was the amount of saluting that went on. Not only did the soldiers salute when they passed each other, but all acquaintances meeting on the street would prefix their exchange of pleasantries with a quick raise of the hand and a slurred "Heil Hitler!" The same occurred in the shops and business offices. I took no exception to this; in fact I indulged in the practice myself, heartily enjoying it as a kind of lark. However, it struck me as too much of a good thing when the members of a family that I was staying with in Berlin used these words instead of "Good Night" and "Good Morning". I could not tell whether this intrusion of Nazism into their private life struck them as natural, or whether a little resentment was not simmering beneath the surface. Gradually I was to learn.

Through the kindness of friends I was fortunate enough to get to know several families quite intimately, and in this way I learned much that I never should have otherwise. In Munich I got to be on very friendly terms with a retired German professor and his menage. I was amazed and incredulous when he told me that the government had asked him to retire and had pensioned him because his university lectures were unmistakably subversive. From what I had read in the newspapers, I supposed that all who continued in flagrant defiance of the government were put to death or clapped into concentration camps. But there the doctor sat, secure in his own home and confining the expression of his anti-Nazi sentiments to the appreciative ears of his kin and closest friends. All this may have been true, but it struck me as possible that there was more to the story than was told. In that city the feeling was not as tense as in Berlin and Hamburg, and the family talked and joked together about their restrictions and the impositions of the government as free of care as an American group criticising Roosevelt—as long as there was no one present whom they could not implicitly trust. One had constantly the

game. Try that ~~game~~. What about the good-looking freshman you could go for? How about that professor who is going to flunk you this Christmas? Try it! You will be surprised at the results.

Are you a good conversationalist? Do you sometimes go for minutes without saying something? Are you shy? Do you sometimes go for days without saying anything? If you cannot think of original things to say, memorize some jokes. Here's one to start you off. Say to him: "There was a little boy fishing in a pool. A policeman came along and said, 'Don't fish here', and the little boy said, 'I don't know'." That's sure to start something.

"The Quality That Inspires Love"

Are you strong? Are you brilliantly clever? Can you look after yourself? Are you sensible? You think you are? Stop right now! Nothing is more dangerous to the successful romance than these qualities. You must appeal to HIS chivalry. Be charming, appealing, gentle, timid, cuddlesome, lovable, dainty, exquisite and altogether too tenderly bewitching. (For further information inquire at Pride's office for my little 25-cent booklet.) Have you ever tried baby-talk? More than once? Try it next time you wish to make a definite impression. Nothing will arouse his feelings about you like baby-talk. Throw yourself on the care and protection of every man you meet. If you play golf, lose your ball. HE will remember every minute he spent looking for your ball. Then you say: "Oh dear. Here it is in my pocket after all. I am so helpless!" *That* will get HIM if anything will. At lectures, look around as if you hadn't the faintest idea in your head. Watch the rest of the girls and see how well they all do it. At a rugby or a hockey game, look as if you don't know what the score is.

Here are some exercises to help you. First stand before your mirror in the privacy of your own room. The right mental attitude is most important. Shut your eyes and flutter your hands helplessly and say to yourself three times slowly, "I am a tender woman at the mercy of you big strong men." (Be sure your door is locked, because this sort of thing can be hard to explain.) Now, in this mental attitude open your eyes and look in the mirror. What is that look on your face? Now that is the look to feed the troops! Practise it on the milkman in the morning. He will think differently of you from now on.

Another good exercise is to practise a dainty timidity. You may use this with success at the appearance of a mouse, big dog, little dog, bug, spider, Algae, suspicious-looking man or divinity student. Never neglect an opportunity of this kind. If necessary, go out of your way to find a mouse.

Another good exercise is to practise being demure. Stand before your mirror and put on such an air, with your lips struggling to suppress a smile of mischief and your eyes dancing in an otherwise grave face. Then try it on him,

This will hold his attention; from now on he will look at you in a new way. These little exercises I have thrown out to you for what you may think them worth. If you practise them assiduously, you will never be the same again.

"Undermining A Man's Reserve"

This can be done. Look for something in him that you can appreciate, and appreciate it for all you are worth. No case is hopeless; if he has neither beauty nor brains, look for something else. Perhaps he has a uniform and is an officer in the O.T.C. Bring out the contrast continually between your femininity and his masculinity. Finally, and this is important, show him that you never, never, never betray a confidence.

It's a good idea to accustom your family to your new and pleasant character. It is embarrassing to have your little brother duck when you merely reach out to smooth his locks.

By now, if you have followed carefully step by step, you will be worshipped, adored and loved. Ah! L'amour. Toujours l'amour. He now loves you. Will he marry you? Can you wangle it?

"Removing the Obstacles"

The two classes of objections a man might have to marrying are: 1. His objections to marrying anyone; and 2. His objections to marrying you. Break him down methodically. Go for him tooth and lipstick. Remember this is a hard world on us weak and frail women. If his reasons are financial tell him that you heard your mother say that two could live cheaper than one. (You will have to be subtle about this if he is taking Maths. honours.) If his objections are to marrying you, remember that under the spell of the moon or stars some romantic evening, or under the stress of emotions caused by a good movie you have selected, or some other occasion when cold reason and good common sense are subdued, he is likely to blurt out his whole secret love for you. And then again he might not. What to do! What to do!

Some men need helping. Do you remember Lowell's poem?—

"He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther."

There is only one thing to do with such a man. Help him along. Maybe he is just flurried at the immensity of the risk he is taking. What did the girl in this poem do?

"Says he 'I'd better call agin';
Says she 'Think likely, Mister';
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her."

This, I think, we might label the provocative method. Try it. It could work for you. It is hard, sometimes to secure

action. Remember that it is hard to be sentimental in matter-of-fact surroundings. Avoid these things if you can: (1) A third person (fatal); (2) Bright lights. The lights must be subdued in order to give an atmosphere of peace and quiet which will tend to subdue the nervous warnings of his judgment. Also, soft lights cast a wistful halo around your face, a halo which might not be there otherwise.

As a last resort, some night pretend you are so *sad*. Mutter to yourself: "A girl has no chance in this life. This is the end. Poison! Poison! That's all there is left for me."

The Rugby Banquet

An address by Rev. Dr. F. G. Vial, read by Professor E. Scott, to the students of this university on the occasion of the Rugby Banquet, November 14, 1939.

Mr. Chairman, members of the University Rugby Club, distinguished visitors, and elements of the so-called student body:

Greetings:

It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of attending one of these banquets prepared by a skilful chef and dispensed by an equally skilful and almost legendary steward, Jim Dewhurst. However, the invitation to address the banquetters as the representative of the Faculties of Divinity and Arts, has come to hand, and I have yielded to the temptation to express myself before you once again.

It is a difficult problem with which I am faced: first of all, because I am entirely inadequate to interpret the attitude and outlook of such an august body; secondly, if I were competent to do so, I should still be confronted with the task of finding a common denominator for gentlemen of such diverse views and sympathies. While some of us are quite enthusiastic football fans, there is a minority which is callously indifferent to the failures and successes of the Rugby team. I say this with bated breath, or rather with faltering pen. There are people who do not think that the fate of the University depends upon the winning of a championship. And these are decent and God-fearing men, who in other ways are worthy of the highest respect. It is just the way they are made—that is all. We are agreed—we fanatics—that they must be permitted to live, even to state their opinions freely. Do we not all stand for toleration and for keeping this seat of learning "safe for democracy"? For instance, I know—instinctively I know—that there is at least one Professor who believes that Robert Browning is the greatest poet since Elizabethan times; on

That should open his eyes a bit. If he says nothing to all this, give up the chase then and there. He may say: "Never mind, little girl, if your future is dreary you can share mine." If he says that you have him. Jump quickly! Nail him down. The victory is won! You have succeeded. It was a long struggle, but technique was the deciding factor. Now aren't you glad you read this far?

When the lucky man has finally captured you, please drop me a line, care of the *Mitre*, for I would just love to see both of you!

DR. F. G. VIAL

the other hand there are several who never open The Ring and the Book, and yet chortle with glee over the Bad Ballads, and insist on quoting extracts to any victims who cross their path. I strongly suspect that Professor Elton Scott is an anti-Solifidian, and am solidly convinced that the Dean of Divinity is an anti-Unitarian. I doubt if any of the Arts' men realize these tendencies and I fear that even some of the Divinity men are not alive to them. I make these allegations to indicate into what devious paths good and holy men may stray, not with the intention of causing trouble.

But what are we to expect when we find one part of these sacred buildings reeking with Theology, another part with the malodours, in plain English, the stinks of the Department of Science?

The foregoing statements illustrate the variety of incoherents, pre-occupations and pursuits of a number of men associated together for a common purpose. That purpose is the search for truth, and the impartation of it, when it has been revealed or discovered. Another feature which is quite characteristic of the two Faculties is their unswerving loyalty to this University, and their desire to help the students under their care.

Here certainly is our common denominator, or rather our underlying unity.

It may be that the kind proposer of this toast paid compliments to the faculties. If so, we thank you for them and realize that their sincerity is not impaired by the frank criticism of our eccentricities, our foibles, and our limitations, which inevitably goes on at other times and in other connections. Finally, we congratulate your excellent coach, Mr. Cruickshank, and the Football Team on its very fine showing on the playing fields this season. The co-operative effort was entirely admirable. May all our endeavours throughout the year be equally satisfactory.

quarter-back, Ribbentrop will retire to the tail-back position, while Joe Goebbels is going right outside. They go into the huddle. Quarter Stalin calmly surveys the scene. He winks at Chamberlain who puts up his umbrella. Smart fellow that Joe. They say that since his old class-mate Trotsky left, he has been at the head of the class. He is majoring in autocratic socialism, I believe. It's a spinner play. I don't know who has the ball. Nor does anyone else, it seems. Not even Hitler who is waving to his supporters in the stadium who are having a grand time all trying to eat out of the same bag of peanuts. The ball seems to have disappeared and so time out is called. Chamberlain is limping a bit, that foot of his seems to be bothering him again. Churchill is eyeing Goering's massive form with a certain amount of relish. The Allied Democratic coach is busily trying to untie the knots in their mascot lion's tail. It seems to have grown somewhat from the last time we saw it here in the European Bowl, but it is a little less frisky, which, considering its present size, is probably a good thing for all concerned. Gamelin is quietly gazing at the enemy, apparently unperturbed and even a little amused at Hitler's threatening gestures. Stalin, who knows where the ball is if anyone does for he had it last, is talking to a couple of kids on the sidelines. One of them gives him a penknife, but the other doesn't seem to be so impressed.

It looks as if the game will be called off unless someone can produce a ball. The crowd is losing interest and the boys and girls from Ism State seem to have finished the peanuts for they have started on the bag.

The referee is coming this way. He is going to say something to the boys from Pan-American Pacific. I'll just turn the mike over his way so that you can hear him: "My friends . . . has anyone here got a football?" No one is moving. Aha! there is Mr. Borah who came all the way from Idaho, U.S.A., to see the game, although they say that he hates it. I'll turn the mike over his way so that you

can hear him: "Sure we have a football. We just bought one today. But you can't play with it." He is booed down by quite a few voices. Hear them? And someone tosses out a ball. It looks a little short and fat for the game we are used to, but Chamberlain seems to like it. Hitler, however, appears to be objecting . . . (Say John Q., run down and see what Adolph is so sore about.) Just a minute, ladies' and gentlemen, we have just sent down to see what the matter is. It's still a fine day, although it's getting rather dark. The sun is just about to do down behind the lads from Tokio Collegiate who have turned out en masse to see how the boys in the university league do it. Our runner has just come back and he tells me that Hitler objects to the ball because none of his lads will be able to hang onto it. However, F.D.R. seemed to think that if Allied Democratic could hold onto it there was no reason in the world why Ism State couldn't, unless of course, their hands were too small. Apparently, rather than admit this, Hitler agreed to play on. And so the game will continue.

Ism State still has the ball with one down and fifteen to go. Adolph Hitler looks a little ruffled but he is out there talking with the best of them. He seems to be reshuffling the team again, and this time he will go to snap. No, he's calling the signals so I guess he's quarterback. Wrong again, he is over the ball. He snaps it out. But there is no one there to receive it. He has sent the whole team to the bench. He runs back, catches his own snap, kicks the ball, and is running down under it. What a man! He's the whole team!

It's so dark I can't see the ball. But someone is coming off the field. It looks like Joe Stalin. It is Joe. He has something under his arm and something else under his sweater. But he was one of Ism State's best men. I wonder if he could be putting something over on poor old Ad—. "Deutschland über alles. Heil Hitler. Dieses ist Berlin. Gute Nacht."



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—ad. parod.

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How do you measure up in a taxi? Are you popular? Can you hold your own? Do you ever want to get married? Yes? well, just read on.

In a recent debate it was decided that brains are of more value to a woman than beauty; however, even though you aren't batting .500 in either, don't worry. Technique's the thing these days. In the same way that the C.O.T.C. has its "How to Qualify", so we, the wives of tomorrow, must have our manual of qualifications, procedures, and general conclusions. Are you popular with men? When you enter a room do you notice a restless stir? When you enter a room do they have to set up traffic signals? No? If not, fair damsel, read on. This is only the beginning.

"The Kind of Girl a Man Wants"

What one of us has not heard this perennial question asked by all women: "What does George see in *that* creature!" Now banish all preconceived notions! You need not be beautiful to be successful in love. One of the outstanding qualifications is a smile, not only of the lips, but of the whole countenance, a sincere and *dangerous* smile. Do you possess such a smile? You may depend upon it, when HE looks to you for assurance of your continued sweetness, your eyes must smile back, though ever so subtly. Make of your face "a countenance in which did meet sweet records, promises sweet." But remember that emphasis is not on your outward appearances solely. Try to display a joyousness and sweetness of disposition that approaches childishness in its brightness, its cheerfulness, and its promise of future development. There is nothing more charming than a woman who flits about from room to room like a little bird, clearing away gloom as if by her mere presence. Be "a bird transmuted into a gay young maiden." Be fresh and joyous as a lark. Oh yes! That is "très nécessaire."

Are you healthy? You must be; it must show in every pore. But somehow, some way, you must succeed at the same time in giving an impression of tenderness and frailty, even though you are the star defence on the basketball or the hockey team. And do not be discouraged if you are not "little" or "childlike". Men will often see qualities in you that no one would ever suspect; nay, more qualities than even you, yourself, have suspected. Finally, you must con-

DOROTHY



tinually think of yourself as an angel, for that is how he will imagine you. And remember that love is blind.

"Developing your latent power"

It is very easy to attain health. How to do it? Does your blood tingle as it courses through your veins? Does every step you take spring with vitality? Do your eyes sparkle and your voice vibrate? Does nature cry out as you pass "Here is my best, my loveliest handiwork"? No? Well you had better become healthy right now. Thousands have done it. You, too, can. Your younger brother trains for the rugby team, so why don't you train for ROMANCE? Try it. You will be amazed how soon your friends will remark: "What a superb concentration of gracefulness and vitality she is!" or "Whatever *has* happened to Mary!"

"The Real Charm and How To Acquire It"

Have you mental health? Have you joined the Oxford Group? Do not think bitter or unpleasant thoughts. What if exams are here! Crowd them out. Think of holy things. It will show, you know, my dear, in your face, just as it does in the faces of the Divines. That will be the secret of your success. Try to practise a charming manner in this way. Practise on your family and the iceman till they fairly dote on you. Take father, for example. Seat yourself on the arm of his chair at breakfast; playfully snatch the Gazette out of his hands; ruffle up his hair; pinch his cheek and ask him if he doesn't love you. Watch his reactions. (You watch, and tell us.) When you have your family well under the control of your charm you can now stalk bigger

rails. No one suggests that this has ever been known to work. Real superstition is even more apparent when salt is prescribed as a remedy against the evil one. Here is a good example of an attempt to apply the category of reason, cause and effect, to a spiritual sphere where only the laws of faith should be allowed to operate. On November 18, 1922, two young Italians were having their matrimonial plans upset by the evil one. Lacking the faith that was required to meet this spiritual difficulty, they consulted a witch who told them to sprinkle salt over their shoulders as they walked away from the New York subway! No better example could be quoted of the hopeless breakdown of habits of faith and reason and the hysterical adoption of the evil habit of superstition.

In these troubled days we may expect a breakdown in faith and reason and a hysterical reversion to superstition. The most dangerous single affliction of the world today is credulity and upon credulity will batten superstition. As the European scene grows more and more confused Caesar's dictum becomes more and more true: *Quod fere homines id quod volunt credunt*. As times grow bad so faith breaks down, as times grow worse so superstition breaks in. Every historical crisis produces its crop of superstitions. As the people grow more disillusioned so will they seek some shorter cut to prosperity and raise up countless altars to the goddess Fortune. When they should believe in something, they are ready to believe in anything. Actually, just as the only way to a better reason is to reason better so the only way to a surer belief is to believe more surely. This is not the course that people adopt in a chaotic world, it

The God of War

Mars has again descended from his throne
To ravage earth with bloody human strife;
To break away the bonds of Peace and Love
And send one nation warring with another,
As sparrows combat o'er a trifling crumb;
To wash the verdant earth with sickening blood
And herald Death into a million homes.
The fields are strewn with reeking, dying men
Filled with the thoughts and hopes of world's gone mad.
The future? —Famine! Poverty! And Strife!
Wars are made by men who seek to line
Their itchy pockets with dishonoured loot.
God sighs. Man sins.

Leon Adams.

is not even the course which individuals adopt in a critical situation. Queen Elizabeth preferred the private advice of her magicians to the public advice of her ministers. King Charles I would rather secretly consult the *Sortes Vigilanae* than openly consult his supporters. Even Herr Hitler is reported to depend on the mystical advice of his astrologer rather than the military advice of his generals. In all such cases the superstitious act produces the habit of superstition while the habit of superstition reproduces the superstitious act. The act creates the fact and the fact recreates the act and so the habit grows. Since character is largely a question of habit, if the habit is bad the character can hardly be good.

Never has it been more important that men should embrace good habits of mind. We ought to wish to think instead of indulging in wishful thinking, with which thinking has little or nothing to do. A long period of tranquility might have fortified our powers of reasoning, a short period of war can increase our tendencies to credulity. Credulity is not faith in anything but capricious belief in everything. Credulity seems to mean that we think we believe in so many things, that we really cease to believe in any one of them. Our condition may easily become such that we hardly believe in our power of believing and we end by resembling Voltaire's sarcastic picture of Spinoza whispering to the Deity, "*Je soupçonne entre nous que vous n'existez pas.*" We ought to be reasonable in our faith, we ought to be faithful to our reason, in becoming superstitious we are neither.

Allied Democratic vs. Ism State

(With acknowledgements to E. E. B.)

The boys are out there in the middle of the field, limbering up before the game gets under way. It's a fine day and the stands of this magnificent European Bowl are jammed, the first capacity crowd since 1914. There is a certain amount of tension among them, however, probably due to the fact that we are ready for a rain-spell any day now, and the boys from Ism State are notoriously bad mudders, whereas the big red, white and blue team from Allied Democratic are right at home, mud or no mud, although they haven't yet learned to sling it quite so effectively.

Well, there goes the referee's warning whistle. I have it here who is refereeing today, but some of the lads from Pan-American Pacific, who are here with their equipment on under their 'coon coats, have grabbed it away from me and I shall be a few moments getting it back . . . (Say, John Q., who is that refereeing? F. D. R.? Never heard of him) . . . Well, ladies and gentlemen, it seems that the referee is some gentleman by the name of F.D.R. I shall find out more about him later and then let you know. The head linesman is a well-known figure in football circles, Benny Moose, popularly known as "Little Caesar", although no one seems to be quite clear on just why. Last time he got so worked up that he jumped into the fray just in time to help Allied Democratic carry the ball over to win the game. At the moment, however, he has a couple of little darkies carrying the yard-sticks for him and they seem to be keeping him busy enough by winding the chain around his legs and yelling at the red, white and blue team to do their stuff.

The two teams are now gathering around the referee while he tells them to play clean football and not to kick the ball into the grandstands for fear of hurting some of the spectators. Allied Democratic get choice of wind or kick-off this time, I believe, and it looks as if they were taking the kick-off.

The teams are lining up now and the captain of Ism State is giving his boys a pep-talk. They wave back at him and the game is ready to start. There goes the whistle! And Ism State is taking the kick-off! Something seems to have gone wrong there. Either that or Allied Democratic took the wind instead of the kick-off, but didn't know which way it was blowing.

The ball goes back to little Sikorski who takes it behind the goal-line and makes a gallant attempt to run it out. But he is downed by big Goering, Ism State middle, and Ivan the Terrible, flying wing, who made a nice sandwich job of him. Boy, what a wallop! It looks like time out.

LINCOLN MAGOR

Yes, they're taking the General off the field. He seems to be in pretty bad shape. Captain Hitler of Ism State is gesticulating in front of Chamberlain of Allied Democratic who looks as if he smelt a rat. I'm afraid there's going to be trouble.

"Turk" Fezless is coming on for Sikorski and the big red, white, and blue team goes into a huddle on their twenty-five yard line. I can't hear what their saying, but even if I could I wouldn't be able to tell you. However, it looks like a buck through the line. Yes, quarter-back Gamelin gets the ball from husky La Republique and gives it to big Poilus who hits hard at centre. He was met by a stonewall but managed to get a couple of yards on the play.

Oh-oh! Ism State is getting a penalty from F.D.R. who seems to have been having words with one of their pressmen who ran onto the field and began arguing with him. I don't know anything about a penalty for that sort of thing, but I imagine it was because the Ism State captain just stood there with his arms folded instead of ordering the journalist to leave the field.

The ball is now near the 55-yard line and it is first down again for Allied Democratic. It looks like the same play again. Yes, Poilus takes the ball and carries it over centre field into enemy territory. Time out again. One of the Allied Democratic men, I think. Just a minute while I find out from the Ism State press box just over here what happened. . . . It seems he was pretty badly damaged—a broken arm, a broken leg, and a broken collarbone is their most conservative report. No, he seems to be alright. He is up again, rubbing his chin, and the play will begin again.

Allied Democratic still have the ball. It is second down and four to go. They come out of the huddle, the line is unbalanced to the left, and it's a forward! And it's intercepted! Big Fritz Teuton of Ism State reached out and caught it. It looks good for the boys with the swastika and sickle. No one is near him. But he isn't moving! He is just holding the ball in his hands and looking at it, as if he were trying to read something on it! Captain Adolph snatches it from him and starts forward, but he is stopped dead with a wicked tackle by Churchill, Allied Democratic's hard-hitting middle. Ism State goes into the huddle, and quarter-back Ribbentrop calls the play. It looks like a straight buck through the line, but Chamberlain smashes in and nails the ball-carrier with his umbrella before the play had even started.

Hitler looks pretty sore and I think there is going to be a little shake up on the team. Yes, Joe Stalin is going to

EDITORIAL

Is mankind destined to annihilation? This confusion, this cataclysm that confronts us all does it spell the end of our civilization as we know it today? The culture which we have built up for countless centuries of creative endeavour in every phase of our existence—social, spiritual, economic, artistic, political, intellectual—is it doomed to vanish into oblivion because of the hate and fear, rapacity and greed, anarchy and disorder rampant in the world? Can we hope that out of this disorder there will arise a harmony from which a new civilization will emerge, a civilization that will not betray us as this one has? And it has betrayed us. For the last half dozen years we have seen nothing but recurring wars motivated by economic exigency and moral rot, until today an empire and two great nations of the world battle to the bitter finish—a war which also threatens to embroil the rest of the earth. So we ask the question, "Are we destined to destruction, or will there arise from this chaos a new social order?"

Materially we have reached the highest peak in man's history. In all phases of man's life in this material world of ours we have never before reached such a state of perfection. For us today, life is far richer, far more satisfying and interesting in every way than it ever was for our ancestors. Manufacture and trade bring to us individually a form of life that was undreamed of fifty years ago. Transportation and communication brings the world to our back door. Our advancement in medicine has eased the pain of countless thousands and prolonged our life by years. We have so progressed in social welfare that we can now visualize with clarity a system of complete domestic well-being. Each phase of our physical life has been developed to an extent never before witnessed by man. Yet it is apparent that with all our improvement man cannot best use that which he produces—his produce has become an awkward problem. We find that the technical advancement of which we are so proud, instead of being employed for the pleasure and benefit of man, through misuse is being used for his destruction. We find medical research striving towards the betterment of humanity combating at the same time the apathy and insensibility of an outworn and outmoded social system. With one hand, scientific research strives to better man's physical and material life while with the other it strives with every means within its power to obliterate the very life it seeks to improve. We realize that throughout all man's endeavours something fundamental is wrong, something is lacking; we have not reached our maturity.

Yes, we have not reached our maturity. We are not consciously integrated as a human race. We are conscious of family loyalty, of loyalty to a particular locality, of re-

ligious loyalty, and finally of national loyalty. But are we, in our thinking and our actions, conscious of loyalty to society as a whole? We should be. So, mankind has not reached maturity because he has not yet recognized a basis for unity. Some would unite the world by force—we observe them today. Others would unite people by compromising difficulties—problems are solved temporarily as economic and political pressure shifts. Neither method is a true foundation for international peace. And again we, as a world, are not mature because we are not practical idealists. Politicians recognize that people hold high standards for those whom they elect to office—a politician should have those characteristics admired by the people and make them, at least on the surface, a part of his character. So public leaders, of necessity, clothe their acts in idealistic maxims. What leader has not appealed to his followers' idealism as a means of obtaining their support? The mature individual, on the other hand, tries to see a problem objectively, as it really is, and tries not to be swayed emotionally in solving it; he seeks a solution merely on the basis of facts. This is practical idealism. Thought in terms of humanity, a basis for world unity, practical idealism—they challenge us today! We would, therefore, require each individual as a unit in civilization to realize these points and their leaders will eventually represent their thought and act in accordance with it. The leaders, then a nation, finally the world. If it could be so, our problems would disappear.

Emmanuel Kant reasoned that the next step after the establishment of the democratic nation was the World State, democratically organized. There are not a few statesmen in the world who still believe in the League of Nations and, recognizing its mistakes, would seek to correct them. By education within the last few years internationally-minded men have tried to accustom people's minds to the observation of events from the point of view of the world as a whole, and gradually to bring about the realization of a world community. Across Europe today we see an eruption in society. In it our intelligence shows signs of throwing off its ancient burdens; our increase in insight is producing a natural revision of our values. Until we have those qualities of purpose and self-sacrifice, we shall never advance much further. We believe that we are gradually developing these characteristics. It is a happy note of hope with which to end. These problems which confront us are acute, and only out of an understanding of their causes and of their solution shall we be able to say in future at this time of the year — *A Merry Christmas to you all and the happiest of New Years.*

Superstition

PROF. A. W. PRESTON

In considering superstition it is necessary to draw a distinction between the state of being superstitious and superstitions as things in themselves.

Superstition is a habit of mind. Any attempt to establish its nature requires that it be related to two other habits of mind, reason and faith. Reason may be defined as a habit of mind which criticizes before it accepts, proves before it pronounces and argues before it acts. Reason requires a method and employs a logical machine. Faith, on the other hand, may be defined as a habit of mind which accepts before it criticizes, pronounces before it proves and acts before it argues. Superstition bears some superficial resemblance to faith in so far as it ignores the laws of reason, but then the resemblance ceases and serves only to deceive the superstitious and bring them to confusion.

Now faith and reason are necessary to one another, their spheres may be different but their procedures are complementary. Faith in order to be good faith must be reasonable; reason in order to be good reason must be faithful. Superstition cannot be faith because it is not faithful to reason, it equally cannot be reason because it is not reasonable in its faith. In other words, it cannot be faith because it is capricious, it cannot be reason because it follows no laws of cause and effect and obeys no rules of induction or syllogism.

Faith can move a mountain because it concentrates on that mountain, superstition tries to move a mountain but fails because it cannot concentrate on that one mountain. We speak of doing things in good faith and we mean trusting in what we are doing or in those who told us to do it. We speak of keeping bad faith and we mean being untrustworthy in what we are doing and to those who told us to do it. Superstition is this kind of bad faith, a faith that is capricious and goes so far and no further. When we act in good faith we wholeheartedly believe that a thing will work, when we act in bad faith we half-heartedly hope that it may work. Such half-hearted hope is the only kind of faith which can be said to inform superstition. It is too often mistaken for the real thing.

In doing good, we have faith in what we do, we make up our minds to do good. In doing bad we have little faith in what we do, we do not actually make up our minds to do bad but we do make up our minds not to make up our minds to do good. When we are in this latter condition we cannot be trusted, no one can have faith in us, our action is deliberately capricious in so far as caprice can be deliberate. In the same way when we are superstitious we do not make up our minds to believe but we do make up our minds

not to make up our minds not to believe. When we are in this condition we are in a state of confusion. We are like the society woman who runs from one psychiatrist to the next, we are like the stockbroker who relies on one numerologist after another, we are like the lovesick person who seeks the advice of a palmist.

The whole thing may be summed up in the fact that faith and reason are good habits of the mind necessary and complementary to one another. Each has its proper sphere, the one in the calm of religion and the other in the calm of research. Superstition is a bad habit of the mind, necessary for nothing and complementary to nothing. It has no proper sphere of its own save the stormy sea of hysteria on the sluggish pool of ignorance.

Even if superstition is a bad habit, all superstitions are not habitually bad. Many of them are perpetrated almost without meaning, for the meaning of perpetrating them has lost its reason.

Of all the articles in common use, salt is one of the commonest. Superstitions about salt will serve as well as any others to illustrate what is meant. People who spill salt at the table mechanically throw some over their left shoulders, they are vaguely aware that this may avert quarrels. Now this is too mechanical an action to be regarded as an act of faith, it is too unreasonable an action to be regarded as an act of reason. It is an action without reaction or, at best, an action with only supposed reaction, for no one knows whether such action has ever averted a quarrel. In its present form then, this superstition is harmless and insane, it has lost its real meaning and become perfunctory.

In days gone-by superstitions connected with salt were less superstitious and more in the nature of acts of faith or acts of reason. In a Roman household salt was sacred to the Lares and Penates, if a guest spilt any his Roman host would sprinkle his own bosom with it as an act of courtesy and an act of sharing in the risk. The custom had religious sanction and was almost an act of faith. In the Middle Ages salt was so hard to obtain and so expensive that only the most important guests would receive it. From this fact arose the superstition about sitting below the salt. The sterilizing effect of salt was early recognized and we hear that "Abimelech beat down the city and sowed it with salt." This superstition of salt in warfare, like the placing of guests, who were unimportant, at the foot of the table was quite a reasonable act based on an acknowledged case of cause and effect.

Rather less reasonable and more superstitious is the suggestion that birds may be caught if salt be placed on their



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