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The Mitre
December, 1939

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Special rates for Hockey and Rugby teams.
THE MITRE

ports covering strategically the whole Empire.


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

E. Roy,

(Continued from page 39)

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In a northern clime there's a particular charm about bright colourful flowers for Christmas.

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ENGLISH BREWED GINGER BEER
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Sherbrooke, Que.
Established 1896
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 Records, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; Technique, Montreal; The O. A. C. Review, Guelph, Ont.; The Statesman 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 Beta Student, Lewiston, Maine.
The Brunswick, University of New Brunswick.
Fredericton, N. B.
L'Hebdo Laval, Quebec, P. Q.
The Queen's Journal, Kingston, Ont.
The Argus Weekly, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.
The Manitoban, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Man.
The Silhousette, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
Cracow, Auckland, New Zealand.
The Arcadian Atheneum, Wolfville, N. S.
The Somerset Weekly, Anigonimi, N. S.
The College Cord, Waterloo, Ont.
The Challenger, St. John, N. B.

DECEMBER, 1939

Alumni Notes

Miss Freda L. 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. Wyly, B.A., has entered the Sherbrooke Hospital as nurse-in-training.
G. Maurice Dugan, 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.
Currie Lowry, B.A., has been appointed principal of the Intermediate School at Bolton Center.
Miss F. E. MacDonald, B.A., is on the staff of Waterville High School.
The Misses Beatlth Marlin, B.A., and Millicent Marlin, B.A., are teaching in the High Schools of Grancy and Berbé respectively.
Miss Flada N. Black, B.A., has been transferred from Belfield 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 Huntington 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 Belfield High School.
Miss E. R. Browne, B.A., has returned to her home in Ottawa and is engaged in research work.
C. H. I. is now Principal of the High School North Haven.
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 Well & Lynch in Sherbrooke. Rev. W. W. McL. Christie, B.A. '37, has been moved from Montague, Ont., to VanKleek Hill, Ont.
Miss L. E. Moir, who was a member of the University in '34, has accepted a position with Philip Carey Co. Ltd., Lévisonne.
Capt. W. L. Tomkins, B.A., has been appointed Adjutant of the Reserve Base Depot in Sherbrooke.
A. C. G. 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 Rochesky Collegiate School, N. B., where he is Classics Master, Organist and Choirmaster.
Edward Wiggles has accepted the Principalship of the School at Morin Heights, Que.
J. G. Witzahl, B.A., is now at Lachine High School.

ED. PARKER

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. Orson Wheler, 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 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Tomlinson, a son, George Peter. Mr. Tomlinson received his B.A. in '31.
At the Homespun Hospital, Westmount, on November 9, to the Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Roy, two sons, Peter Donald. Mr. Roy, the curate at St. Mark's, Westmount, received his I.S.T. in '31 and the S. Th. in '39.

MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Buik-Barlow.—The marriage of Miss Giorgina Loi, 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 Ulff er officiating. Acting as best man was James N. Grendall who was at Bishop's '29-'30. After a honeymoon spent at the Seigney Club Mr. and Mrs. Buik took up residence in Westmount.

Aylan-Parker.—Announcement.—On Saturday, November 14, at St. Simon's 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 Lieutenant in that unit. While at Bishop's his was president of the Miter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Stalker of Lévisonne, announce the engagement of their daughter, Eileen Eames, to Mr. Lester Campbell McLeod, B.A. '31, son of Mrs. E. K. and the late Mr. McLeod of Lévisonne. The marriage is to take place in December. (Continued on page 40)
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 entitled “So Long Kay”, the story of a gallant but obstreperous freshman. Among the articles, “Hoop Rolling Rite” 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 Bishop 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 blase society 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 snatching 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-name is a 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 stem 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 other stories, both humorous and serious in tone, which are decidedly above average.

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 clergyman—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 content. For an instance of the latter, see the article entitled “The Athena: September 3rd”—the first-hand story of a survivor of the Athena disaster. “Incident in Georgia” 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 universality, rather than those of so many schools. The addition of “The Gateway” is 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.
Notes and Comments

By the time you read this, 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 terms," and, "Nobody told me they would crack at Bishop's!" all calculated to restore the mordant of the speaker, bolster up his courage, or prepare him for his fate.

Elsewhere in these pages "Shug" Shaugnessy 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 stage after visiting the buffet. It couldn't have been the water. Rumour has it that one of our northern lights in the News 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 collums, Edinburgh rocketeers, and London "black-outs".

We regret to hear of Dr. McGrail'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 early in October, sixth and seventh were in the script. There was the stagehand in the Tryout Place who almost ruined Mrs. Currit's last line by an untimely appearance through the back-drop, and there was the uncommon gesture of Mr. Shaglacky that created much amusement. This year, 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. McGrail 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'Mulkey and Mrs. McA'Mulkey, Mrs. Hourne 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 roared 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 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 upper intermission candidates who had successfully passed their A and B examinations for Lieutenant and Captainship 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 Dan Maggs upheld the arguments for Bate's while Lord Snaugnessy and Linc. Major 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 these college course with regular lectures and examinations being held in the subject during the year. Such a course must 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 service 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 Rabiche should have crossed those lost fliers 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.
THE MITRE

December, 1939

Kyd led an attack from their own forty-yard line to the Bishop's thirty-five. Cooper saved the day for Bishop's by falling on a fumble in the closing minutes. The game ended with a 12 to 3 victory for Bishop's.

BISHOP'S AT LOYOLA

The Bishop's caravan made its annual trek into Montreal on October 18 in the hopes of Loyola gaining other events of interest. Leaving the "events of interest" to the more competent authority of Notes and Comments, I will attempt to describe the game.

The opening minutes argued well for Bishop's. Our team with a favorable wind and dissected the kick-off. Then in three successive first downs, the purple contingent pushed Loyola back to their twenty-yard line. This stirring thrust was led by Bateman, Robinson and Flintoft. Loyola, however, was saved by Asselin's kicking and squeezed their way out of a tackle short of Bishop's goal. After this disappointment Loyola managed to keep our team a safe distance. Unfortunately an injury occurred in this quarter; Walters, while making a tackle, received a concussion. In a somewhat dazed state he continued to play until half time when he was persuaded to take a rest. Bradley, however, took over the job of kicking after Walters' accident.

Loyola entered the second quarter with a smashing drive. Asselin and Pare led the way. A beautiful pass from Pare to Macdonogh brought Loyola to our 31-yard line, and Bradley's ensuing kick-off brought our running backs into contact with Asselin and Asselin, the latter succeeded in scoring a rouge for Loyola. Bishop's scrimmaged on their 25-yard line and once more Bradley and Asselin riddled kicks. Asselin had the advantage of Bradley's lack of practice, however, and Asselin returned punts two more times.

In the third quarter Loyola kicked off against the wind. The Bishop's machine showed little brilliancy with possession of the ball, and failed to get any advantage from the following wind. Pare featured in a Loyola passing attack, and Asselin gained yardage for Loyola. Bateman flew off on a spectacular run from our fifty-yard line to centre field. Norworthy was badly shaken up when he tackled to safe what threatened to be a touchdown. Despite Norworthy's absence, however, the freshmen completed forwards to Finney, and Thomson advanced the ball further into Bishop's territory on a flanking end run. This resulted in a rouge from an attempted place kick by Thomson. This point left the score 6 to 0 for Bishop's as the game drew to a close. With the end near so it was heart rendering to see Thomson attempt three place kicks, and finally contented to boot one over the bar. This tragedy occurred when there were but twenty seconds of play left between Bishop's and victory. As it ended McGill pulled the roast out of the fire by a score of 8 to 6. Special mention is due to Gordon Cooper for excellent work on the secondary defense.

MACDONALD AT BISHOP'S

This was the last game of the year. It was interesting that our team, downcast because of three extremely close


lites, should have had an opportunity of redeeming itself against the Aggies. They did in superb style by starting with perhaps the most savage attack of the year. On receiving the kick Bishop's made seven straight first downs to finally cross the MacDonald goal line. Cross featured on this attack as did Flintoft, Hay and Scott. Ultimately Udlall romped over the right side of the line to score standing up. The convert was blocked, and the score was 5-0. After the conversion Bishop's had a quick repeat and carried the ball close to the MacDonald goal line, however, the quarter ended without more scoring. Bishop's maintained their pace in the second quarter when Ian Hay made a touchdown with an end run to the left. This was converted making the score 11-0. Walters entered the game in this quarter and exhibited some superb kicking which resulted in a rouge for Bishop's—12-0 for the purple team. In the second half Bishop's after receiving the kick-off, failed to make yards and the ball went to MacDonald. Scott intercepted a MacDonald pass and ran from our 31-yard line to a touchdown. He converted himself making the points 18-0. This was not the end of the scoring in the third quarter by any means for after the kick-off Cross advanced the ball from the 33 to the 40 yard line. Cooper recovered a kick by Walters and Flintoft dashed from that spot to the line for touchdown. This was unconverted, and the score was now 23-0.

In the final quarter Lane fell on a blocked MacDonald kick, and after back by Bradley and Walters Flintoft scored his second touch down on the swish 20 to 28. After the kick-off went down Bishop's 10-yard line, Bradley, Hay and Scott led an attack against MacDonald. The purple team gained two first downs, and finally Bradley made another point from a forward pass from Walters. This ended the scoring and the final count was 23-0.

It was a triumph for Bishop's to allow MacDonald only one first down throughout the game. It was also a pleasant comedy relief to see MacDonald execute their amazing X, Y, Z play which was faintly reminiscent of Antophahes' "Frog", and which lost them about twenty yards.

THE ROAD RACE—

It has become a tradition in the last three years that the names of G. Smith, N. Schach, W. Tufts, S. R. Walters, and Goree Cooper appear as the running team in the road race. However, because we are slaves to convention we must record that once more the above-mentioned romped away with this grueling event. The going was relatively easy for these track pounders, and Goree Cooper was by no means hard put to it in the last lap—in fact he finished over three minutes ahead of the next man to cross the line.

Although there was little dispute about who won the race, the two freshmen teams fought for second place all through. At the finish Van Horn beat Macdonogh by not more than half a foot in the most exciting finish in years. The two favorite men were run by Walters and Lindsay who had travelled the distance in 5 minutes 17 seconds. Amongst those who did not know the road there were some slight errors in choice of routes which, in the case of Rubec, caused him to run a mile and four hundred yards. Gordon Smith gained the original lead for third year, and from then on their supremacy was never strongly challenged. The teams were:

1st Year—(1) S. Rabahett, Williamson; (2) H. Russell, Davul; (3) R. Grier, P. Rubec; (4) R. Lindsay; Pryce; (5) B. Van Horn, Macdonogh
2nd Year—Shawhney, Mackay, Boyle, Kerwin and Udalld
3rd Year—Smith, Schoch, Tulk, Walters, Cooper.

BASKETBALL—

Bishop's somewhat neglected major sport is determined this year that there shall be no scuffs from those who play hockey and ski, but that people this year will stand in awe of the mighty aggregation which will take in the gym this winter. The prospects in the Freshman year are highly encouraging to say the least, and both league and inter-year basketball teams desired to become a largely populated sport. Among last year's participants there still remain Merritt Pharo, Soup Blackfald, Ian Hay, Ivan Richards, Ralph Hayden, Tubbly Lane. Merritt Bateman is an unknown quantity since at the time of writing he has just recuperated from an operation far appendicitis. The Freshman team will have much hope, but the next issue of the Mitre will be more qualified to judge.

SOCCER—

C. L. Tomlinson has been kind enough to write the following chronicle of this year's Association football history:

This year only two teams, Bishop's and Cookshire, re mains to continue the game that usual were played. In the home and home series with Cookshire the first game resulted in a scoreless tie, while Bishop's won the second 1-0. The teams were so evenly matched that neither had succeeded in scoring after sixty minutes of play in the second game. However, Macdonogh netted a goal at the eleven minutes of overtime, the College winning the series 1-0. To wind up the season a game was played against the football squad. Undecided up to the last moment whether they would play or not, a team finally turned out. The football players, most of whom had not played soccer

(Continued on page 46)
Sports

Well, un-happy 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 Banquet. 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—Linus Major, Ed. Parker, George Cross, Nick Schoch, Merritt Bercman 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 of the successful completion of their first year—Ray Tulk and Rud Everet.

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 Bezdiey, Jim Flintoft, Geoff Scott, Waldo Tulk, Tobby 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.

DECEMBER, 1939
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 lullu.

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 oppo-nent and evaded a chip in a rather shady way. Ed. is still recovering from a cracked vertebræ and a leg injury.

The third quarter was significant for its lack of colour. Walter’s kicking was the only highlight. The fourth quar-ter 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 de-feat, and with only a few minutes left to play Eastman and
The old Dr. Hatter, "He is taken that is sampling Eton, They as headmaster or otherwise, a slight College, eleven of this schooling a of the minds. Although he knows, of war, he defines the "refugee" as a person who has been forced to leave his homeland due to persecution or conflict, and who is fleeing to seek safety in another country. The term "refugee" was first used in the 19th century to describe individuals who fled political violence or persecution in Europe.

In his book, Hatter explores the concept of "hedonism," which he defines as the pursuit of pleasure and the rejection of conventional moral and ethical standards. He argues that hedonism is a natural and legitimate human desire, and that it should be pursued without guilt or shame. Hatter believes that hedonism can be practiced responsibly and that it does not necessarily lead to self-indulgence or excess.

Throughout the book, Hatter draws on examples from history, literature, and philosophy to support his argument. He cites the works of such figures as Aristotle, Epicurus, and Nietzsche, and he explores the views of various religious and philosophical traditions on the nature of pleasure and the good life.

Hatter's book was well-received by critics, who praised his erudition and his ability to engage with complex philosophical issues in an accessible and thought-provoking manner. However, the book was also controversial, and it attracted criticism from those who found its hedonistic philosophy too permissive or too hedonistic.

Overall, The Art of Hedonism is a thought-provoking and challenging work that invites readers to consider the nature of pleasure and the good life, and to think about the role of hedonism in their own lives. It remains a classic work in the philosophy of pleasure and a valuable resource for anyone interested in the topic.
"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 heyday of summer he curated Stain, and by a mere stroke of genius thrust a coin into the patrimony in a gesture that helped to secure the kingdom of the new world. He once declared that a man should be willing to sacrifice his life for his country, and that was the way he always thought and acted. His motto was "Loyal, True, and Strong!

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DECEMBER, 1939

The Mind of Herr Hitler

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THE

THE MITRE

Wednesday, November 15.—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.—Aimed 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 excused 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 cabins 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. It was very cold, as I didn't have many clothes on. After about ten minutes we were told we would get back to bed. Heard then that we had run down and cut another 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.

Tuesday, 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.

Thursday, 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, Tupper, Logan, Levesque, etc., came over countrywide bright with friends. —very beautiful. The whole family met me at the station.

DECEMBER, 1939

Extract From My Memory

One rainy 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 village which I reached on the very last boat of the season, having been held up by rough water and by the exigencies of some Earl's wedding, which was in the way to light a fire and cook my dinner. Leaving, 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 immense 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 poked my, passing promontory after promontory until I reached their culmination of beauty and grandeur in Cape Trinity and Tadoussac. I landed near the three points that give Trinity its name with the intention of climbing up to the very top and the view 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 Tadoussac 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 insinuatable beauty of this sight impressed to my memory an image that will never fade.

After reluctantly leaving these impressive surroundings I was dashed by a sudden thunder shower. When the clouds had cleared away, I ate a crisp cold knock in my mouth, without stopping to build a fire on the wet shore. By sunset the only islands of the Lower Sagueney were pumice covered large rocks seen from mist out to sea, 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 Descence des Fosses, the first outpost of civilization. It is a picturesque 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 stands among 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.
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.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Studens' accounts are always welcome at any of our branches.

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14-karat yellow gold, 60.00
Curved 10-karat yellow gold-filled case, 25.00
Fitted with 17-jewel Challenger movements.

V.A.D.

Chronicle of my Great Adventure—as told to 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. John Ambulance Association, and qualified for the Brigade. In the spring of '16 a call came for sixty girls from Canada to go overseas, and there 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 lifebelts 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 ferries, 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 roopship.

In England—

Monday, September 21.—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, Rugley, North Staffordshire. Landed at Rugley 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 trees are 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 corridor 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 quarters—tents 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 walls contain fifty beds each. Our hospital does not receive convalescents, 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. Freiter (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 characteristics.

Friday, November 5.—The Sisters have moved into their own sitting room and have taken some of our furniture. They will be able to discuss with us their heart’s content—and we them.

Saturday, November 6.—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 Rugley Camp visited the ward this morning. The old fellow was very funny. Had another visit to 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 6.—Milborne’s operation today. He was all the time he was coming out of the anaesthetic because he 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 going around. One man sounded just like a fog horn. King went 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 wind tickled his freckled face. Stumbling forward, he brought his head submissively to the stinging whip of the wild wind. Streamlets of rain water joined over the road, disturbed for only a moment as his batteredシュrn interrupted their steady course. On and on he walked, his hands sunk deep 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 grotesque 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 thirsty desert-dweller—a mirage. He shuddered 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

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WILLIAM MOUNSEY

My Professors

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. Chip, mellow with the tradition of the institution, and as rich in the genteel philosophy of life as a golden-brown, mellow-sherry 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 humor—other men: it 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 lemons to bowels, vitamins, or calories, but all important in their task of sharpening the appetite. I am not a hungry man, and only when the diet is made desirable by some interesting bit do I feel a hungering after knowledge.

There are too many teachers in this country of study and too few professors and scholars—we draw the same distinctions 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 feel that I am a specimen in a laboratory. Practice, 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 we will 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 interests in life is a History of English or Greek. I know that many of my ideals 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 lecture intolerable.

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 lesson. Incidentally, that was one of the few years that I passed in Latin. Another was a mathematics professor who had the endearing habit of rolling his own cigarettes and driving a model T Ford most of the time—although he had a new Pontiac in the garage. Our very interesting man was a Jewish army reservist, Professor of Military Science and Tactics. His hobby was billiards, and he was an expert cue shooter. Then there was a cross-eyed English professor who had a weakness for sidewalks. His great accomplishment was that of being married for five years before anybody in the school found out about it. Another character was a navy officer whose greatest ambition in life was to win an angler.

 интересовали меня, а много кого, чьи друзья были бы мне премудрости, они оставил один в стороне, и когда время шло для экспериментов, я был переполнен образом, как много знаний я получил.

As I have said, these are my ideas, and I realize that they do not come up to the present-day standards. The writing goes on being ugly, 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, if you could see him after hours working over his sweater 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.

Moon Phantasy

You always 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 unmarred by the years of centuries,
And love unknown.

And from a bowl of stars you pour
The wine of beauty on the hills,
Imbibing man with exaltation and pain:
The exaltation 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-service for beauty and for peace,
And burn incense in a pagan race?
Shall I call from him his timetired sleep.
To come and worship at your silver shrine?
Ah no!
For you too have a god.

—Leon Adams.
THE MITRE

December, 1939

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 loneliness 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 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 sphere. A man had shaken his hands, and Harry had left it as a way 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 burned 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 locks that fell over his broad, sloping forehead. The sole feature that redeemed him from ugliness was a fine straight nose, that seemed just the right site for his face.

He shivered a little in the damp air, and sank onto a stool, and gazed through the window of his cage, for the first time, at his home. Though the window was small, he was full of pride, for there was no one to observe him. He had removed his hat and raised his head, 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 insistent restlessness. Gradually his mental vision cleared, and once again he saw himself as 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 great and glorified, and become an unconquerable 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 travelling with a C-grade vaudeville troupe, and his soul cried out in bitterness at the memory of the rough life—the heartbeat and disappointments that followed the ancient caravan which was his 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 would succeed, failure seemed impossible to the youth whose hopes and fears 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 battle to notice a lonesome boy who had come to offer himself to the rhing he loved best—to the world of drama. From then on he had hated every casting offer 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 it as a way 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.

And 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, unsatisfactory Mecca. He had failed his family, and knowing that, he sank into the depths of despair. The old man of the hambourger stand, at the instigation of his pitying wife, offered Harry in remunent of the many years of labours, for he had used the chance with owing 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 hants eyes as if to wipe out the maddening thoughts that flooded his weary brain, leaving him helpless, drooping his sanity. Automatically he rose from his chair, 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
THE MITRE

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

In Berlin I felt much more the tension 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 circumlocution 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 stepped 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 one 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 confidences 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 suggestion in it as to how would 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 towns and rural districts, where the people were free to express themselves and indulged in the small though significant breach of law, the use of the traditional "Griis Gott!"

In my travels through this uncivilized country, I had almost no trouble with the authorities, since I tried in every way to act as 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 few 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 on 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 three 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 cars down on any freedom of thought and action is bounded only 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 forbid anyone taking more than ten marks across the border with him, no matter to what currency he had had it changed. It was one 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 German.

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 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 "Griis 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.

DECEMBER, 1939

The One-Act Plays

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 cast is given the opportunity for the executive of the Dramatic Society to pick out those who then promise of acting ability, and to give 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 program 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

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 cozy corners and chairs of which the mere sight suggested repose—an ideal location for a "date"—made, indeed, in that it was happily sought to find the stage, before the play opened, congested with would-be lovers, concealed and unconfessed.

The opening scene of the different lovesick youth (Richard Grier) and the sophisticated widow (Ernestine Ray) was excellently done. His mother (Gwendolen Wearsy)
Heil Hitler!

"Grüß Gott!"

This is the greeting that is singing through Germany today. Four or five years ago, while the Germans were still breathlessly watching their Führer 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 dominating, 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 pondeus 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 pros-
perous 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 healthier 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 ex-
change of pleasantries with a quick raise of the hand and a saluted "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 restraint was not becoming 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 in-
credulous when he told me that the government had asked him to retire and had pensioned him because his university lectures were unmotivatedly 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 confirming 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 to-
gether about their restrictions and the impositions of the government as free of care as an American group criticiz-
ing Roosevelt—as long as there was no one present whom they could not implicitly trust. One had constantly the
THE MITRE

December 1939

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 the annual dinners provided by a sporting institution, and I have therefore been told with something akin to wistfulness, that is contained in my present position, that I will get something out of going to the Rugby Banquet because I am not a student, and I do not think that the students would be able to find me in the same way in the future. It is a difficult problem with which I am faced: first, that I am not a student, because I am entirely inadequate to interpret the attitude and outlook of such a august body; secondly, if I were competent to do so, I should still be confronted with the fact 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 lessoned pen. There are people who do not think that the fact 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 fantasize— that they must be permitted to live, even to stand and gape in opera glasses. Do we not all stand for tolerance 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 that should inspire 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! Null hon domum. 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 have to see both of you!

Dr. F. G. VIAL

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The Mitre takes this opportunity of extending
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The Mitre

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-scare any day now, and the boys from Ism State are notoriously bad mud-trackers. Between the big red, white and blue lines from Allied Democratic are right at home, mud or no mud: although they haven't yet learned to sing it quite so effectively.

Well, there goes the referee's warning whistle, and it's his last chance. I've just got to refereing today, but some of the lads from Pa... Pa... Pa...--well, the boys down there on their 'coon coats, have grabbed away from me and I shall be a few moments getting it back... (Say, John Q., who is that refereing? F.D.R. Never heard of him)... Well, ladies and gentlemen, it seems that the referee is some gentlement by the name of F.D.R. I shall find out more about him later and then let you know. The local pressman is a well-known fellow in football circles, Bossy Bucal, popularly known as "Little Caesar," although no one seems to be quite clear on just who. 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 yardsticks 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 them the honors. They are taking it... and I'm not taking it... and I'm not taking it... and I'm not taking it...

The two teams are now gathering around the referee while they tell him 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! 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 effecting.

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 before anything serious, Ism State middle, and Ivan the Terrible, wing, who made a nice sandwich job of him. Boy, what a腕! It looks like time out.

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

"Tuck" Feleski is coming on for Sikorski and the big, red, white and blue team goes in like a hooligan on their twenty-five yard line. I can't hear what they are saying, but even if I wouldn't be able to tell you. However, it looks like a bunch across the line. Yes, quarter-back Gualini gets the ball from husky La Republique and gives it to big Polio who has his head at centre. He was met by a canew all but managed to get a couple of yards on the play. Ooh-oh! From him and starts for F.D.R. who seems to have been having weeds with one of his persons who ran onto the field and began arguing with the umpire. I don't know anything about a penalty for that thing, but I imagine it was because the Ism State captain put them to have his lines folded in order of the journalist to leave the field.

The ball is now near the 51-yard line and it is first down again for Allied Democratic. It looks like the same play again. Yes, Polio takes the ball and carries it over centre. That's the second down and Ism State seems to have the ball on the Allied Democratic. 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—his head, not his heart. He is up again, rubbing his shin, 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 pass. And it's intercepted! Big Ewing, Tight end of Ism State reached out and caught it. It looks good for the boys with the swastika and Uncle Sam. No one is near him. But he isn't moving! He is just holding the ball in his hands and looking at it, if he were trying to read something off it! Captain Adolph snatches it from him and takes it on deep field, and 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 back through the line, and Chamberlain rushes in and snags the ball-carrier with his umbrella before the play had even started.

Heller 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

It mankind destined to annihilation? This confusion, this cataclysm that confronts us today, is the end of our civilization as we know it today? The culture which we have built up for countless centuries of creative endeavor and progress has reached a crisis phase in our existence—social, spiritual, economic, artistic, political—does it doomed to vanish into oblivion because of the hate and fear, capacity 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 which will not betray us at the last hour? 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 its allies are waging a world battle to the better torch—a war which also threatens to engulf the rest of the earth. So we ask the question: 'Are we destined to destruction, or will there arise from this 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 unknown 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 the day when the sick can expect to live and become well. 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 material comfort and possessions, the very thing which he produces—his product 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 it being used for his destruction. We find medicinal research turning towards the betterment of human suffering at the same time the sparsity and insensitivity of an outlawed and unsanitary system. With one hand, scientific research strives to better man's physical life while the other hand strives with every means within its power to obliterate the very life it seeks to improve. We realize that throughout all man's endeavors 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 being, we are not the union of family loyalty, of loyalty to a particular locality, of religious 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 whom they elect to office—a politician should have those characteristics admired by the people and make it, let us say, act like the surface characteristics. The 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 solely 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, the final world. If it could be so, our problems would disappear.

Emmanuel Kant presumed that the next step after the establishment of the democratic nation would be the federation of the nations. He was right. There are few statements in the world who still believe in the League of Nations and recognizing its importance, would seek to correct them. By education within the last few years internationally minded people 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 at the same time as much as an intellectual understanding of their causes and our solution shall we be able to say in future this time of the year—a "Merry Christmas to you all and the (hope) of New Years."
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