

YOUR FAVOURITE CHOCOLATE BARS



ENJOY SOME TODAY

Neilson's

HS 49

The Mitre



No Matter

How Modest Your Possessions

—you can dispose of them in a way that will benefit someone.

That is why every man and woman should make a Will. It is your right, your privilege and your duty. If you have property worth \$1,000 or more . . . it is wise to name this Institution as your Executor.

One of our Trust Officers will gladly discuss your estate problems with you and explain the value of our service — in confidence and without obligation.

Sherbrooke Trust Company

FOUNDED 1843



ROYAL CHARTER 1853

Bishop's University

Lennoxville, Quebec

A residential University for men and women.
Faculties of Arts and Science, and Divinity.

Courses extending over a period of three years are provided for the following degrees:

Bachelor of Arts - B.A. Bachelor of Science - B.Sc.

Honours Courses in Arts and Science extend over a period of four years from the School Leaving Certificate (Grade XI).

Theological students may qualify for the title of L.S.T. in three years, and for the degree of B.A. in Theology in four years.

Post-graduate work is provided for the degrees of:

Master of Arts - M.A. Master of Education - M.Ed.

High School Teachers Certificate

A Summer School for Teachers, of six weeks' duration, is held during July and August.

Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions, including four scholarships given by Sir James Dunn of the value of \$550.00 each, tenable for three years on condition that a satisfactory standard is maintained in undergraduate work. The Sir Edward Beatty Scholarship: The winner will receive \$200.00 annually for three years on condition that he maintain a satisfactory standard in undergraduate work.

For Calendars, with information regarding entrance requirements, courses and fees, apply:

THE REGISTRAR, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

INDUSTRIAL PLATING

Chromium Nickel Copper

Cadmium Tin

CASTINGS

Bronze — Brass — Aluminum

Rough Cast or Machined

"Blue Seal" Semi-Machined Bronze Bushings

All popular sizes carried in stock.

Union Screen Plate Company of Canada Ltd.

Head Office
Lennoxville, Que.

Plants
Lennoxville and Montreal

Sherbrooke Machineries

LIMITED

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Manufacturers of Pulp and Paper Making Machinery

BOOKS FOR:

Private Reading

Church Use

Teachers

Communicants

Confirmees

Choirs

Clergy

Students

Hymn and Prayer Books

All Prices

G. B. R. E.

604 Jarvis Street
TORONTO, ONT.
Phone MI. 3833

Montgomery, McMichael,

Common, Howard,

Forsyth & Her

Advocates, Barristers, etc.

360 St. James St. West

Montreal, P. Q.

Compliments of

MAY MITCHELL

LEO LALIBERTE

CUSTOM TAILOR

TIP TOP TAILORS CLOTHES

Specialty:

Blazers — Crests — Slacks

61 Wellington St. North

SHERBROOKE

QUE.

Compliments of

LEE M. WATSON
and Co., Ltd.

GENERAL INSURANCE

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments

SOUTHERN CANADA



POWER COMPANY LTD.

"Owned By Those It Serves"



Eterna-matic

The smallest self-winding lady's watch made, operating on the ball-bearing principle.

Price 87.50

BIRKS
JEWELLERS

Compliments of
MOZART'S LTD.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CANADA'S LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
PROTECTS ONE AND A HALF MILLION POLICY-
HOLDERS IN MORE THAN 20 COUNTRIES
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

First policy issued 1871

Head Office: Montreal

BOOKS AND GIFTS
Sheffield Shop

COLLEGE TEXTS & SUPPLIES
8 Dufferin Ave. Tel. 2-0850
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

Sherbrooke
Daily
Record

PELLETIER

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

FURS

SUITS and COATS

84 WELLINGTON N. Tel. 2-1424

Pleasant
View
Hotel

NORTH HATLEY

Open year 'round
All summer and winter sports
Delicious meals
Easy access by road and railway

• Protected by
New Sprinkler System •
Phone North Hatley 23

Compliments of
SHERBROOKE
LAUNDRY
LIMITED

91 Frontenac Street

SHERBROOKE QUE.
Dial 2-2633

Tels. 2-5311 — 3-2282

WHARRAM BROS.
BUTCHERS

Fish, Vegetables, Butter & Eggs
LENNOXVILLE QUE.

F. H. MOONEY

Shell Service Station

Shellubrication — Washing
Accessories

380 King St. West Tel. 2-3660
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

For your Typewriter Troubles

Phone 2-0440 Res. 3-3358

MATHIAS

TYPEWRITER

EXCHANGE

25a Wellington N.

SHERBROOKE QUE.

Compliments of

H. C. WILSON

and Sons, Ltd.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

94 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2-2245

J. A. WIGGETT and Co.

Established 1886

HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of

J. A. GERVAIS

Barber

106 MAIN ST. — LENNOXVILLE

FRANK C. BAKER Inc.

WHOLESALE LUMBER & COAL

Telephone 2-7233

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

JOHN NICHOL & SONS, Reg'd.

BUTCHERS

PACKERS

and

LICENSED GROCERS

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.

THE MITRE

Established 1893

Hon. President — DR. W. O. RAYMOND

Hon. Vice-President
PROF. J. GRAY

Hon. Vice-President
DR. D. C. MASTERS

FRANK JACKMAN — President of Publications

MISS I. THOMAS — Editor-in-Chief

REED SCOWEN — Assistant Editor

Secretary-Treasurer
DON DEVERALL

Advertising Manager
JAMES DICK

Circulation Manager
BILL PROUTY

Art Editor
G. B. SINYARD

Exchanges Editor
CHARLES ABRAHAM

Alumni Editor
CRAN BOCKUS

LITERARY BOARD

MISS I. THOMAS, Chairman, DR. W. O. RAYMOND, PROF. J. GRAY,
DR. D. C. MASTERS, REED SCOWEN, CRAN BOCKUS,
JOHN LAWRENCE, CHARLES ABRAHAM, PETER MICKLES.

A Student Publication

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the contributors only and do not represent either the views of the Students' Association or those of the University. Material may be reprinted without permission if proper source is acknowledged. Advertising and subscription rates will be sent on request.



working with Canadians in every walk of life since 1817

Sherbrooke Branches

Main Office, 59 Wellington Street: ROBERT CURPHEY, Mgr.
Belvidere and King Sts. Branch: ARMAND LABERGE, Mgr.

Compliments of

Established 1916

N. SCHEIB

"The Best At Its Cheapest"

FOOTWEAR & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

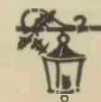
DIAL 2-3655

43 King West

Sherbrooke, P. Q.

CONTENTS

<i>In This Issue</i>	- I. M. T.	10
<i>Dedication</i>	-	12
<i>Convocation Afterthoughts</i>	- Robert E. Sherwood	13
<i>"Letters-to-the-Editor"</i>	-	16
<i>1608 and All That</i>	- Lois Boast	20
<i>Restless</i>	- Don Wilson (B.A. '48)	24
<i>Alcoholics Anonymous</i>	- John Jordan	25
<i>Evaluation of the Middle Classes</i>	- S. Warren Stevenson	28
<i>Home Thoughts</i>	- Dave Conliffe	31
<i>Christmas 1950</i>	- Allan Meakin	33
<i>An Infinite Platonic Dialogue</i>	- Lois Boast	34
<i>Revelation</i>	- Peter Mickles	35
<i>Helvetia Felix</i>	- Charles Abraham	36
<i>Exchanges</i>	- C. A.	38
<i>Ramblings with the Alumni</i>	- E. C. B.	40
<i>The Bishop's Diary</i>	- N. F. Swen	45
<i>Photography Contest</i>	-	48



IN THIS ISSUE

Once more, dear readers, the Mitre is out. That "this slim volume" is indeed slim cannot be denied. There are many reasons for this fact. In attempting to regain the interest of today's Digest readers we have not included any extremely long essays; but neither have we forgotten that the Mitre is primarily a literary magazine. The late start this fall made it impossible to contact some of our more talented alumni, upon whom of late years it has been necessary to depend for much of the content. However, we are pleased to include a short poem by Don Wilson (B.A. '48), whom some of us will remember.

We were disappointed at receiving only one contribution from the Freshman class. We refuse to attribute this to a lack of interest, but rather to an understandable reluctance to tread unfamiliar ground which by next issue will be less so. This one contribution, "Home Thoughts" by Dave Conliffe, we have included with pride; and if it is any indication of the talent so far slumbering among the Freshmen, then the Mitre has a bright future indeed.

It is a privilege for us to publish an article by Robert Sherwood, whom many of us met at Convocation in October. His natural and unassuming style brings home the often-forgotten fact that famous people are still people.

"Helvetia Felix" by Charles Abraham, our Exchanges Editor, is a sophisticated bit of writing which we found very entertaining. Lois Boast's gift for humorous parody is well illustrated in "1608 and All That" and "An Infinite Platonic Dialogue". John Jordan has presented a sympathetic picture of the work of an organization the title of which some of our co-collegiates might note!

Al Meakin's "Christmas 1950" was formerly published in the *Ottawa Examiner*. It proves that it is not always necessary to be abstruse to make a point — even in poetry. The poems by Warren Stevenson and Peter Mickles show considerable imaginative talent which we are glad to encourage.

The Exchanges column includes some reflective meanderings, and,

incidentally, some pertinent criticism. The Alumni Rumblings are suddenly heard very distinctly: here's hoping it helps break the regrettable quiet prevailing between alumni and present collegiates.

We include a print of the winning photograph of the *Mitre Photography Contest* held last Spring. It was submitted by Bill Assad (B.Sc. '50).

The Mitre would not be the Mitre without *The Bishop's Diary*: it has been bequeathed by Occy to N. F. Swen to love and to cherish 'til graduation do them part.

Early this term we were honored to receive a poem entitled "The Chancel Window" by the late Reverend Arthur Pickering, a graduate of 1926. It was dedicated to the College Chapel and is a fine example of sincere revelation expressed in simple terms. We regret that we are unable to publish it this issue, but we deeply appreciate it having been submitted.

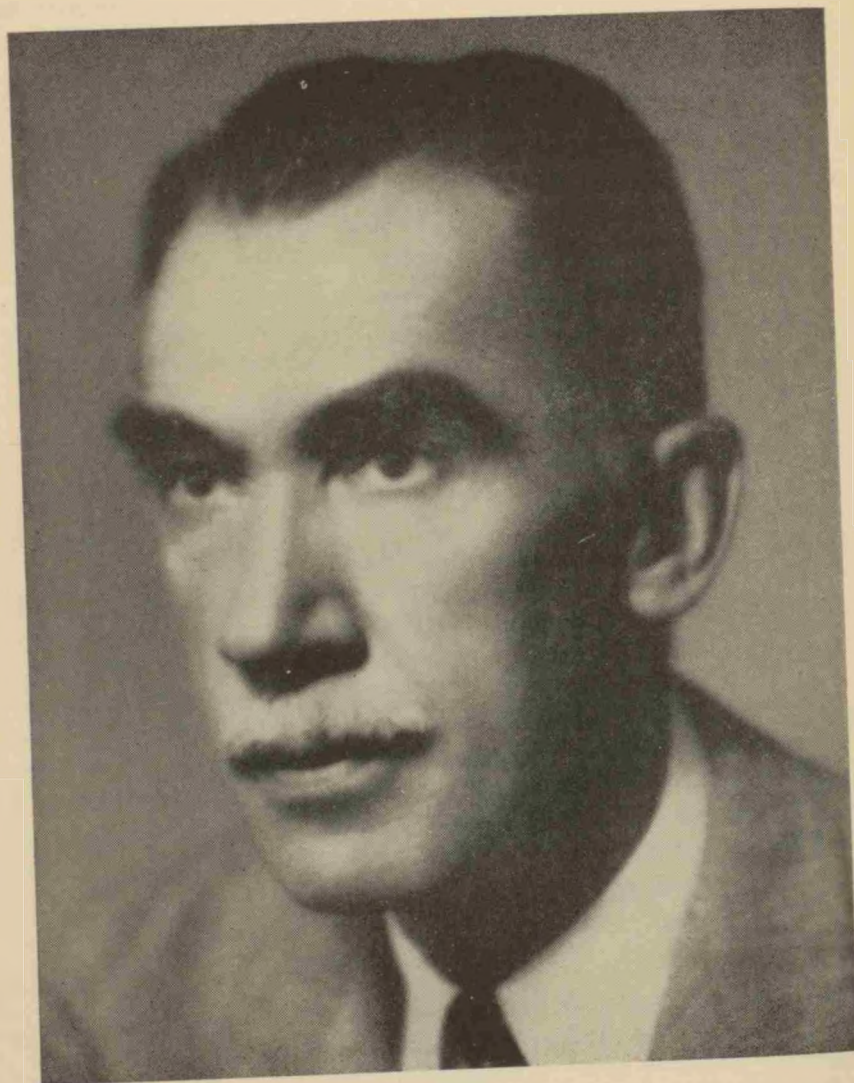
It gives us pleasure to include a short paragraph from the *Clark-Irwin Publishing Company's* fall announcement regarding Doctor Masters' history of Bishop's — *The First Hundred Years*. We hope to have a review of it in the Lent issue of the Mitre.

The University of Bishop's College was one hundred years old in 1945. This is its proud record of a century of growth, struggle, and accumulation of honours — from its beginning alongside a country store, to that impressive collection of buildings which today occupies a considerable area on the fringe of the picturesque town of Lennoxville, Quebec. This is a valuable and fascinating picture of pioneer student life in Canada, and a spirit which has continued throughout the succeeding years.

Before we close, one small reminder: the best way to express your opinion, or to give rein to your current muse, is to write it down and let us publish it.

I. M. T.





ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD ESQ., LITT.D., D.C.L.

To whom this issue of the Mitre is respectfully dedicated.

CONVOCATION AFTERTHOUGHTS

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

On October 26th, 1950, after the Convocation at which I had been most hospitably received into the family of Bishop's University, I went to the tea party and was standing about self-consciously, when a young undergraduate, a boy from Montreal, came up to me and asked:

"Mr. Sherwood — I wonder if you'd give me some advice."

I mumbled that I'd be glad to do so, to the best of my ability, and then waited for him to continue. But he merely stood there, looking at me politely; so I said, "Just what specific subject would you like to be advised on?" (thereby committing a mortal error in this academic atmosphere by putting a preposition at the end of a sentence.)

"No particular subject," he replied. "I'd only like to have — some advice."

That seemed a tall order, but I launched forth and delivered an obvious moral lecture on the importance of considering a college education as a God-given opportunity rather than a tiresome chore. I told this courteous boy that I had spent two and a half years at Harvard University before I left college to enlist in the Canadian Army in the First World War; and I told him how I had spent the rest of my life regretting how stupidly and lazily I had wasted those two and a half years at Harvard, and all the time I had expended subsequently educating myself to make up for my failure to take advantage of the opportunities at college.

That same night, I returned to Montreal and got on a sleeping car for New York, and when I went to bed in the Pullman berth I thought of all that I wished I had said. And what I thought of was this:

When I crossed the Channel from England to France in the First World War, I was full of a spirit of high adventure — I was a Crusader — I felt that the answer to all the grievous problems besetting mankind could be expressed in three words: "Kill the Kaiser!" Once that objective was achieved, I was sure, we could all go home — those of us who survived — and live forever at peace.

I was one of a mixed company of replacements for various Canadian battalions: I was a private in the Black Watch, from Montreal, and there were others from units originating in New Brunswick, Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia, and "the banks of the Saskatchewan" (that was the title of a popular song when I was a boy.)

We spent a few days in billets at Etaples, on the Channel coast. I suppose there were no orders there for our specific training, so we spent most of our time fooling around and playing baseball. (The kilt is a poor kind of garment for baseball; when you slide into second base, it flies up around your ears, and you get your thighs scraped red. It is also a poor kind of garment when you have to go through barbed wire in No Man's Land.)

From Etaples we took a train up to a place — I think it was named Ferfay, but I'm not sure of my memory — some ten miles from the front line. That night, for the first time, I heard guns being fired in anger. I went out of the barn where I was billeted and looked eastward. There was a heavy German barrage on and the night sky was punctuated with quick, piercing periods of light, and the stillness of this French village was shattered with thunderous echoes. As our great Chicago poet, Carl Sandburg, wrote at the time:

"The horizon ahead is a thousand fang flashes, it is a row of teeth that bite on the flanks of night, the horizon sings of a new kill and a big kill."

As I looked at this awful sight my youthful enthusiasm was drained out of me. I was scared stiff. I thought, "In a few days — or, maybe, a few hours, how do I know? — I'll be up in that terror. How can any man live through that? Let's face it — I'm going to be killed in this war. And that's the end of me. And what have I done with my life? Who am I? Just another lousy (literally lousy) private in the Canadian Army. And all of these nice, decent guys who are here with me — guys from New Brunswick, Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia and the banks of the Saskatchewan — they're going to be killed, too. Maybe some of them have had lives that meant something — I haven't. But why should they have to die? Why should I have to die before I've realized some part of myself? Why? Why? Because a German Kaiser, and a Russian Tsar, and an Austrian Emperor decided that they could perpetuate their rotten regimes only by picking on their neighbors?"

There was no adequate answer to that question. There never will be.

But — in the Second World War — I again went to Montreal, as a civilian representative of the United States Government (that was in 1941, months before Pearl Harbor) and from Montreal I flew overseas in an aircraft of the R.A.F. Ferry Command. In the next four years I made several trips by air and sea to England, North Africa, Italy, Normandy; in the Pacific I saw the jungles of Guam and the Philippines, and the dreadful, volcanic dust of Iwo Jima, which looked like a barren landscape on the moon. And I saw the men who fought in these widely varied scenes; I even saw a unit of my own regiment, the Black Watch, with three pipers, moving with young, confident eyes that I remembered, into the bleak, craggy terrain of Tunisia.

And, again — the question assailed me: Why? Why? This time, it was not attributable to Kaisers or Tsars. It was attributable to less than a handful of vainglorious, blood-thirsty dictators. But the result was the same: dead heroes, from the banks of the Saskatchewan, and the Mississippi, and the Thames and the Seine. Why? Why?

Perhaps I shouldn't pour these despondent thoughts into the ears of that nice boy who came up and spoke to me, so politely, at Lennoxville. I hope and fervently pray that he may never look upon the awful sights that have been beheld by so many of his valiant countrymen, that he will never be in danger of the same violent death, or wounds, or bitter disillusionment. But — on the chance that he might — I feel I must say:

Whatever may befall, always remember that no man or no woman can call himself or herself a member in good standing of the human race if he or she has failed to seize and capitalize every fragment of opportunity to obtain an education, every fragment of opportunity to advance the cause of the civilization that free men have fought and died for, the civilization that is based on the principle that thou shalt know and love thy neighbor as thyself.

Nowhere in the world has that beautiful and eternally practical principle been so honored and fulfilled, by deed as well as by word, as it has been between Canada and the United States, two nations to which I have had the honor of rendering service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In looking over the University activities this year it is interesting to note that Mr. Stanley's article in the last issue of the Mitre has had no effect whatsoever on college life. Mr. Stanley, I am sure, would be more inclined to attribute this failure to the fact that no one reads the Mitre rather than to any failings in his essay. It is certainly unfortunate that no other outlet presented itself.

It also seems rather unfortunate that Mr. Stanley would choose to have the article published in the last issue of the Mitre, after he had taken his leave of the University. While it saved him the embarrassment of having to answer personally for his statements, let us hope that future graduates do not follow his example in taking a parting shot at their Alma Mater.

The article, entitled "A Visit From Arminius", is a criticism of the lack of interest in learning shown by the students at this University. More specifically it is an attack on athletics, the amount of emphasis laid on it, and the way in which it is conducted.

No sensible person can but deplore the "unparelled resistance to learning" in our universities. That time is wasted, that studies are regarded of secondary importance is an unfortunate but undeniable fact. This seems to be true not only at Bishop's but at most of the universities in Canada and the United States. Mr. Stanley but echoes the sentiments of far more learned men when he says that "*the cream of a nation's youth perfecting their character against a cultural and intellectual background*" is not an accurate description of our student body.

The latter part of the article is an assault on the student administration and the students of this University themselves, showing ignorance of the true state of affairs.

Athletics in this University have never been a success as far as league standing is concerned. It has always been necessary to play teams from larger institutions with larger budgets; and Bishop's has, as a result, usually been in the bottom half of the league standing. But the students,

the faculty and the Corporation have maintained that athletics should nevertheless be continued here on an Intercollegiate basis. They have felt that the training and experience were valuable to those who chose to play, that the teams would be a centre on which college spirit would grow and that sportsmanlike teams, even if they lost, would enhance the reputation of the University. In the past two years belief in this principle has been demonstrated in a tangible form. A new gymnasium is in use, a new rink is on the way. We have for the first time an Athletic Director and last year the Corporation raised funds amongst themselves to purchase completely new equipment for our Intercollegiate teams. It seems unreasonable to believe that Mr. Stanley can be right when so many experienced and intelligent men disagree with his views.

Mr. Stanley's first argument against athletics is that it costs too much money. He compares the \$1,800.00 spent on trips last year with the \$195.00 budget of Literary and Debating of which he was President. If it is granted that intercollegiate sports have a part in this university then it is ridiculous to suppose that travelling expenses could be reduced. Last year all three major teams operated on the smallest possible budget. They lived in cheap rooming houses, and ate poor meals. The benefit of weeks of practice was undermined by the demoralizing effects of poor conditions while travelling. Yet the I.U.D.L. Debating team travelled by train, stayed at one of the best hotels in Montreal, toured the city in taxis and ate at the best restaurants. The amount of effort and time put into their debate, which they lost, is hardly proportionate to the expenses they incurred. At any rate, the comparison is an invalid one. Debating has practically no expenses apart from travelling. The only equipment needed is brain power. Athletics is in a different category.

Mr. Stanley, nevertheless, feels that the debates brought more return for the money involved than the athletics. His reasons are threefold: "*they were successful they created good-will and a friendly feeling between your university and others the whole contest was conducted along the most gentlemanly lines.*"

The debaters were not successful this year. They lost both of their I.U.D.L. debates. In the forensic contest at McMaster they finished second, which, though creditable, is not completely satisfactory. Athletics

have, due to the size of our university, been forced to satisfy themselves with the second division for most of the time, but last year the hockey team finished third, only two points away from the championship. Furthermore, Bishop's holds, as it must, that position in the league is not the only criterion of success.

No one would claim that the debates did not foster good-will and a friendly feeling between the universities involved. But Mr. Stanley claims that athletics do just the opposite.

"Your games — not only do not build spirit and foster sportsmanship and friendly feeling between universities — but encourage enmity."

Here the writer bases an all-inclusive general statement, as he admits, on one incident. Last year the McGill hockey game was an important one, players were keyed up, and there was fighting and hard feeling. But the fact that a few players acted improperly in one of the games does not recommend the abolition of hockey. The fine spirit and good sportsmanship shown by the players of our teams in other games is overwhelming proof that athletics are worthwhile. Because of lack of reserves on our football team some players have played in games with injuries which would normally keep them on the bench. They did it because they loved the game, their coach, and this college. They would not relish being called "poor sports" by a former coach of the girls' basketball team.

Mr. Stanley says that *"your games — do not build spirit."* Where is college spirit more in evidence than at football or basketball game? Sports are the only activities which unite all the students of the university in one body. Everyone cheers for the teams even if they do not go to the games. Debating will never take the place of athletics in this respect.

Here is Mr. Stanley's description of the college after losing a football game: *"Your teams and supporters never deem victory to be so essential except in warfare. Your athletes, your coaches, your supporters are all utterly crestfallen and dispirited as they trudge off the field after losing."* It is always nice to win. If we lose a game, especially a close one, there is a let-down, a period of depression after the game. But it is very short, and soon the supporters and players are congratulating each other and looking forward to the next encounter. Bishop's has seldom, if ever, started a season in the belief they could win the championship.

They have nearly always lost more games than they have won, and yet the players and supporters have stayed keen and happy, and are getting keener every year.

"Crestfallen and dispirited" hardly describes the noisy throng which races to René's after our home games, win or lose.

"Your supporters seem to think the injuries of their opponents a hilarious matter. Did not your team rejoice when one of their best opponent was injured and removed from the game? Did we not hear them exhorted to 'go out and kill those guys'?" As most intelligent people will realize, the latter expression is used only figuratively. There has been no attempt at homicide on our teams, nor will there be. When the word "kill" is used in these cases it takes on a different connotation. Furthermore, Bishop's supporters and athletes, except in a few exceptional cases, have been more than sportsmanlike in aiding and applauding an injured player from either team. Mr. Stanley can scarcely base valid arguments on the few exceptions.

In the past two years, with the coming of our new Athletic Director, sports and spirit have risen side by side in this university. Our teams have played well, and they have been supported faithfully at home and when travelling. At the McGill and Loyola football games last year and at Carleton this year, Bishop's supporters outnumbered those of the home team. In all these games the team played well. Reports of the favourable impression created by this display of spirit are still reaching members of the college. Their spontaneous displays have added to the prestige of our university. Let us not be deterred in our advances by cynics who would halt our progress.

Yours sincerely,

REED SCOWEN.



1608 AND ALL THAT

APOLOGETIC PREFACE

(This preface must be read now.)

I apologize to W. C. Sellars (Aegrot, Oxon) and R. J. Yeatman (Failed M.A., etc., Oxon.) authors of "1066 and All That".

L. B. (.....Bishop's)

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

ONE MEMORABLE DATE

There is one Memorable Date. It is 1608. Samuel de Champlain (not to be confused with Lake Champlain or Ruse's Point) felt sorry for Quebec because it was going to be overshadowed by Montreal. He quickly founded Quebec. This automatically made all the surrounding territory New France and Champlain its father. He was very pleased with himself about this and quickly found some more places, including Lake Lure On and Lake Nississipping. He was the first man to see the Annapolis Valley in apple-blossom time. During his travels he found some Indians. There were the Wanis, Kiwanis, Keewatins, Kohortins, Hawks, and More Hawks. For purposes of waging war, they were all divided into groups called tribes. Champlain got along with all of them except the Earakwa. Just for spite he called them Iroquois, and, thereafter, they were Bad Indians while all the others were Good Indians.

BRAVE TOURISTS

A few years before Champlain there were a few Brave Tourists who thought they were touring China. A man called Jacartier was the first one. He came over with three ships called the "Ermine", the "Big Ermine", and the "Little Ermine". Jacartier stopped at Stadacona and shook hands with the mayor, Donna. He continued on to Hochelaga (which later became known as McGill). There, as do all tourists, Jacartier climbed Mount Royal to see the view from the Chalet. After he had courageously taken the Saguenay Cruise, it was time to go home. As a final gesture, he benevolently captured the mayor of Stadacona. As the slow sun sank safely in the west, Jacartier bravely sailed away.

waving farewell to Canada (not to be confused with Canasta, a new form of pack-freezing).

There were other Brave Tourists. John Cabot came, hoping to find a new place to fish. He found the Grand Banks (not to be confused with La Banque Canadienne Nationale) and quite obviously called the nearest land Newfoundland. He offended the people by pronouncing it incorrectly. In a short time his new fishing ground was no longer a secret. He found it all too discouraging and sailed heroically home.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was the captain of the H.M.S. Pinafore. Gilbert was a Maritimer at heart. His favourite spot was the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton Island. The most notable Indians there were the Mics, the Macs, the Mackinacs, and the Michilimackinacs. Gilbert was hardly ever lost at sea, but it finally happened. A man called Sullivan wrote a memorable song about him. He was the last of the brave tourists for about one hundred years.

CHAPTER TWO

FINANCEERS

One day someone started the rumcur that there was a fur sale at "The Bay". There was a rush up north on a ski-train, and this rush continued for some time. In order to keep up with the high cost of living, some financeers came over from France and bravely called themselves fur merchants. In a short time, one hundred of these financeers had acquired enough influence to get in the government as associates.

SUBURBANITES

It was around this time that Trois-Rivières (French for the Indian "Three Rivers") took its place along the St. Lawrence River, and, like Toronto, Ottawa, Sherbrooke, and St. Hyacinthe, became a suburb of Montreal. The two most famous commuters were Richelieu and Adam Dollard. One day, when Dollard was commuting along the Long Sault Rapids, he was attacked by some Bad Indians. These Iroquois outnumbered him, but they had a hard time convincing him. He died bravely, and all the other commuters were saved.

The Iroquois were not the only contenders for power in New France. One day a man called David Kirke sailed up and snatched Quebec away from the French. This was the first time the English had ever taken Quebec. It was the beginning of The Problem Of the French.

CHAPTER THREE

MORE BRAVE TOURISTS

It was one hundred years later by this time, so two more Brave Tourists went up in the bush. Their names were Radishes and Gros Celery. They had both taken a course in forestry and were called "Coureurs de Bois". These two Brave Tourists took the Great Lakes trip across Lake Interior. They were so busy looking for furs that they forgot to see if they were near the Mississippi. When they returned, everyone was in a huff because they had gone away without telling anyone. Just to show that they knew how to take care of themselves they went up north to the fur country. When their ship, the "Nonsense", arrived in England there was much excitement. Everyone wanted a fur coat and the Hudson's Bay Company was formed to meet the demand. For all we know, it may be meeting the demand yet. The next famous Brave Tourist was nicknamed René-Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle. He was the first man to spend his honeymoon at Niagara. While there, he launched the "Maid of the Mist" on her maiden voyage.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE MIDDLE MAN

One day someone realized that the system of government had been too successful for many years. It was time for a change. As a result, three men undertook the job. There was a Tendent, an Intendent, and a Superintendent. The Intendent was the Middle Man and did all the work. The first Intendent was John Talon. He arrived in Canada and surveyed the situation. "What this country lacks," said he, "is co-education." Talon quickly made suitable arrangements and the problem was solved. The most decisive of all the Superintendents was Frontenac. He built a hotel in Quebec. One day one of his guests, whose name was William Flips, told him that the English wanted Quebec again. Frontenac was not at all keen on the idea. The English decided that they should try again when he was in a better mood.

LIFE IN RUSTIC OLD QUEBEC

As there were no apartment buildings at that time, people had to get along without them. The only place to live was on The Land. The Land was only given to Seniors. The first Senior was called Louis

CHAPTER FIVE

WOLFE THE POET

The English were occasionally worrying about the Problem of the French. Whenever they had time they took Quebec and tried to make the French see how much better they could run things. Everyone thought that the Treaty of U-Trek would do the trick, but everyone was wrong. The man who solved the whole problem was an Englishman called Wolfe, who was very bored with the whole idea. He decided to finish the job quickly and go back to his poetry. He took Quebec for the last time by creeping into Upper Town while all the Quebecers were asleep. After performing his duty he died content, and the world lost a fine poet.

THE PEACE OF PARIS

When the English were sure that they would not have to bother taking Quebec again, they signed the Peace of Paris. They magnanimously gave the French two islands called St. Pierre and Nickelodian. They took Canada very benevolently, and life was going to be happier for everyone. Thus, with the Problem of the French solved, the English felt that they could forget about Canada for awhile.

THIS IS THE END OF PART ONE.

QUIZ NUMBER ONE

(All candidates must have an I.Q.)

1. What relation was La Vendredi to Daniel Defoe?
2. Why do you think the fur business was a Good Investment? Give a reason for your reason. Give a reason for your reason for your reason. (Be infinite.)
3. Draw a rapid sketch of the following:
 - (1) Quebec as it was changing hands.
 - (2) Montreal as it sprang up, casting a shadow.
 - (3) The Great Lakes from the air.

4. If the Great Lakes were blots of ink, what *would* they remind you of? (Be psychological).
5. How would you bridge the gulf of St. Lawrence? (Be irrelevant).
6. Do you consider it necessary to answer this question? (Be paradoxical).
7. What was the average size of "Leettle Bateese"?
8. Where was The West all this time?
9. How would you have dealt with the following:
 - (a) Un enfant du sol?
 - (b) A quilting bee?
 - (c) The Captains of Maliciousness?
10. Describe briefly the growth of Canada from the arrival of the first Brave Tourist to the solution of the Problem of the French, with special emphasis on historical events.

LOIS BOAST



RESTLESS

*Let me light my neon signs
 In the quiet time between dusk and darkness;
 Let me sit in the bars or at the gambling tables or in the movie houses
 Through the yearning night;
 Let me build huge buildings
 Under the hot sun where love dwells;
 Let me always move;
 For I would forget
 The quiet of the time between dusk and darkness
 The yearning night
 And love under the hot sun.*

DON WILSON, B.A. '48

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Man's quest for answers to his problems are met with success in proportion to their needs, but the alcoholic problem has baffled the wisest men through the ages. Doctors, judges, clergymen as well as organizations, both secular and religious, have tackled this most sinister illness to no avail. It remained for the alcoholic himself to find the answer for the bonafide alcoholic.

Alcoholics Anonymous is an informal society of men and women who aim to help fellow problem drinkers recover their health as they themselves have done. "A.A." offers a new way of life to those who realize that their drinking has become a definite problem. It is the great reality which has, for many, expelled an obsession.

Banded together in groups, or sometimes working alone, the members pay their own debt to the society by helping other alcoholics to recover. In so doing, self-sobriety is maintained. There are no fees or restrictions from membership. The only requirement for A.A. membership is an honest desire to stop drinking.

This approach to alcoholism is based on the personal experience of the members, what has been learned from medicine and psychiatry, and upon spiritual principles common to all creeds. By combining these resources, the recovery rate among alcoholics who want to stop has been very greatly increased.

Alcoholism is looked upon as an illness — and obsession of the mind coupled to an "allergy" of the body. It is a shattering sickness—spiritual and emotional, as well as physical. How to expell the obsession that compels the alcoholic to drink against his will is the problem which he must face.

The first thing a member of A.A. must do, is be absolutely honest with himself and his fellow man. He must admit that he is a slave to alcohol, and that alone, he is powerless to overcome his problem. Usually when a person reaches this stage, he is mentally and physically defeated. He has faith in no person or thing. He feels that the world is working against him. When he comes, in this state, to Alcoholics

Anonymous for help, he is willing to try anything to overcome his illness.

Having achieved this state of intellectual humility, he is ready for the next step to recovery. This step is that he comes to believe in a Power greater than himself, or to keep an open mind on the subject while he goes on with the rest of the program. Any concept of this Higher Power is acceptable. Those labeled as sceptics and agnostics may choose to think of their Inner Selves, while others will have different conceptions. Very often a man finds God through a parent or a close friend. Whatever form is visualized, this must be relied upon, and the member must, in his own way, pray to that Power for strength.

Each morning, when the alcoholic arises, he asks for strength to pass through the day without taking a drink. When he retires for the night, he offers a prayer of thanks, that he has been given strength to abstain for the past day. Then he says the following prayer:

"God grant me the serenity to accept things I cannot change, courage to change things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

Thus the alcoholic is not living days, weeks, or months ahead, but day by day. He does not worry whether or not he will be drunk tomorrow, as long as he does not get drunk today. This attitude is followed in his daily life.

An alcoholic does not condemn social drinking. He understands that many people more fortunate than himself can use alcoholic beverages in moderation. He has merely come to the realization that he must abstain totally. To use an alcoholic's own words, "I am only one drink away from being a drunkard again, all the time."

The wonderful thing about "A.A.", is the fact that when a person comes for help, he is assured that everyone who tries to offer this help to him, knows exactly what is going on in his mind, because his helpers have previously been the helped themselves. Often, during a cure, the new member may be overcome with a feverish desire to have a drink. He knows that one will be one too many, and that he will be right back where he started from, but it does not mean much to him. The desire becomes an obsession, and haunts him everywhere he goes. In desperation, trying to fight this desire by himself, and failing, he calls an "A.A."

member, who will come to him, no matter what the time, day or night. This member soon becomes a close friend. One who can help to keep away the terrors of drunkenness. The two work together, until the time comes when they may each take someone else, to help spread the good work.

Alcoholics Anonymous is a powerful force in Canada, the United States, and sixteen other countries throughout the world. Many men who are recognized as dependable leaders in business and industry are members who have risen from the depths of alcoholic slavery. It is a fact that honest members of A.A. are often more dependable in their work than their healthy brothers, because they are always aware of the fact that they have to maintain self-control at all times. They too, can very often look back on a period of their lives when they were despondent, defeated, and regarded by society as nothing but trash. They know that if they wish to keep this new way of life that has been opened up to them, they must hold their new ideals not only as a new way of life, but also as a new rule of life.

This wonderful society has spread across Canada, and branches are located in every place where at least one person has decided to seek help. In its membership are professional and business men, industrialists and workers in industry, in fact, a cross-section of everyday life. Thousands have found a new life through Alcoholics Anonymous, which has proved to be for many on the brink of despair, a spark of light in a world of darkness.

JOHN JORDAN



AN EVALUATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

LOCUS

*Middle-aged and nondescript
 Citizens say, with a false inflection,
 "And this is our residential section."
 But Time, the eternal vagrant, circumvents
 This backwater of the highways and the byways,
 Of the thoroughfares and the boulevards,
 This inverted cornice-crypt
 In the mausoleum-metropolis of existence
 Replete with backyards
 And alleyways, and listless days,
 And tired nights.*

DOMUS

*Their houses, ranged in jaded, faded pairs,
 Regard each other with ennui.
 Another coat of paint would be as ineffectual
 As make-up on an intellectual,
 Or veneer upon veneer.*

GENUS

*The residents are residue
 Of the main arteries —
 Of the highways and the thoroughfares —
 Of the main drag of life.
 Long ago
 Some were too slow
 And some too fast
 To keep the pace,
 And, at last,
 Without disgrace
 They married wives, of course.
 (Since when
 Did men*

*Embrace a horse?)
 And quit the race
 Because the prize
 Seemed transitory in their eyes.
 And they withdrew to the comparative security of the
 Crypts, and the insulation of the backwaters,
 And the "understanding"
 (If at times unbearable)
 Companionship of their wives;
 And paid their life insurance,
 And proved their own endurance
 By running in the "Married men over 30"
 At the annual outing.
 (Are you still doubting their endurance?)*

FOCUS

*By way of consolation,
 By way of partial compensation
 For any possible æsthetic sacrifices,
 They have their own blue heavens and purple paradises,
 Or evening Aphrodels,
 Or private hells
 Of unmatched socks
 And broken shoe laces,
 And hurried embraces
 And outraged faces,
 And keyless locks.*

DEUS

*And finally,
 There are those who come attacking,
 And beating on their doors, screaming
 "Let me reupholster your emaciated soul."
 And there are those who whisper deafeningly,
 Their voices hoarse with emotion,
 "But what of their children?"
 The former are referred to their own precepts,
 And to Socrates.*

*The latter are left with the last line of a
Not-so-popular ditty:
"And all my kids are gonna do the same."*

ORPHEUS

*Sometimes
The long, lonely lament
Of a far-off train whistle
Calls you across the night.
But you are too tired
Even to dream
Any more.*

S. WARREN STEVENSON



HOME THOUGHTS

He is an ordinary fisherman, but he is Cuthbert, too, and — well, he is Cuthbert, that's all. If you go to Barbados, you may find him limping up and down the beach at Bath with his net on one shoulder and a fish-basket slung across the other. Or he may be standing with his hands behind his back and his cap pulled low over his eyes as he watches the tide, little wave on little wave, creep in. He is poor, superstitious, ignorant in many ways, and we used to tease and bully him unmercifully; but his lazy indifference at one moment and the infectious sea-flame in his eyes the next were always part of our holidays.

It was towards the end of the 17th Century that his ancestors came to the island, victims of tender-hearted Judge Jeffrey's Bloody Assizes. West-country peasant stock, they stuck together and inter-married, for no degree of poverty could soften their pride. They fished chiefly, but today the call of the city has been temptation for many, and the close-knit clan is no more.

We would be walking along the beach looking for bait. Suddenly, his eyes would become fixed on a spot in the surf. Excited as a child, he would whisper, "Ye see that dark? Ye see that dark?" I would be down, his shirt would go off, the net made up, and he would be creeping down to the water at a stoop. I still have seen nothing, but he makes his cast. There is a graphic motion of his hand seawards and he mutters, "Lord, Lord, them jacks is fast!"

This afternoon, with much persuasion, he has agreed that the bar is quiet enough, and so we will try our luck in Long Shoal Hole. Often from the top of the hill I have seen the deep exciting blue of the hole beyond the brown of the reed. The lines are bird-nested (for we never uses rods), we have not forgotten the knife, and the bottle of rum is safely stowed beneath the stern seat. The boat, about eighteen feet long, is heavy, and sturdily built, for it is the force of the Atlantic that beats upon the windward coast.

Skipper, the negro boy, takes the midship oar and I take the bow, though I know when we reach the bar and Cuthbert starts yelling, "Bow, bow!" I shall be spent. We get through safely however, though as we

lift and plunge through the swell a building wave slaps against the bow and soaks me. Cuthbert is already worrying about how and where we shall get in, but we laugh at him.

We drop our anchor on the above shoal and back water quickly. Cuthbert is dipping the bait-basket over the side to make scent, and Uncle Colin is cursing him for not waiting until the lines are out. Big swells are running in to beat against the Great Rocks, which rise out of the sea to our right, but the hole is calm this afternoon and we are full of hope.

The sun has sunk behind the hills, and it is dark before we get a bite. I am the lucky one, and as I bring him to the boat he shears away and his phosphorescent wake makes him look bigger than he is. I think at first that he is a shark, but no, as I lift him aboard, I see that he is a Horse Eye, a fighter, and must weigh about six pounds. They laugh at me for easing him.

No sooner is he aboard than Cuthbert too jumps up. His fish is about the same size as mine. He has fished all his life, but he is very excited, as he always is when he gets a bite, and he says, "They're travelling in pairs, Chief, in pairs."

We settle back again and the rum bottle is passed around. Cuthbert will have none though, for he swears that when they were drinking in the shop on the corner one evening, someone put some scrapings from a graveyard bone in his drink. As a result, he has been bewitched, suffers from numerous imaginary ailments, and will drink nothing strong.

The moon has risen and the boat is lifting gently. In the bow, Skipper is silently looking out to sea; Cuthbert, sitting on the floor-boards in the stern, has suddenly stopped singing and is apprehensively muttering something about the breakers on the bar; Uncle Colin is lying back on the bench. Suddenly I hear the line going chchchchchchchch through his fingers. He leaps up. His line is strong, but we can see by the way that he is hauling that the fish is fighting. He brings it to the side, a splash, and an eleven-pound Horse Eye is beating the boards in the bottom of the boat.

It is long past dinner-time, but no one cares. Only Cuthbert is anxious about the bar. He knows the sea. The blade of an oar jammed against the reef once when the boat was hit by a swell, and the blunt

handle ran through his calf. The broken bone has never mended properly.

We take our chance and head her hard for shore. Cuthbert sees the wave building and yells, "Pull! Pull!" Were it to break upon us, it could easily swamp the boat and roll us over. It lifts us though, and, oar blades in the air, we shoot madly in. There is a dread moment as we wonder if we will hit a rock, but we are in, and Cuthbert says, "Lord, Lord!"

DAVE CONLIFFE



CHRISTMAS 1950

*The joyous time of Christmas comes again;
We hear the children as with joy they sing
Carols of love; the advent of our King
Is nigh; the blessed hope has come to men;
With joy we all proclaim His wondrous birth;
Come let us fill our hearts, and never cease
To tell a darkening world the Prince of Peace
Has come with light to bring His love to earth.
Nations today have love no more — but scorn;
Tomorrow comes! Youth of the world arise
And shake the godless dust from out your eyes,
That love may come and trample down the thorn!
O outcast Christ return! And bring again
The love of God that peace may ever reign.*

ALLAN MEAKIN

AN INFINITE PLATONIC DIALOGUE

OR:

AN INFINITELY FRIENDLY PLAY

(Enter Mockrates, Cephalon, and Reno. They sit, but not without a basic reason.)

Mockrates: One.

Cephalon: One is.

Reno: One is not.

All: One is not one.

M: But if one is many, there are many that are not one that are many . . . others.

R: True.

C: How is that?

M: Because are not the one that are many not?

C: There is no denying that.

M: And are not the many not one but many?

C: 'Tis impossible to think otherwise.

M: Then does it not follow that if one is many there are many that are not one that are many . . . others?

C: You are so right.

M: But it is lacking in wisdom and downright foolish to discuss these hypotheses without considering the consequences derived from the opinion of a Disinterested Spectator.

R: Verily. Call in a D.S.

All: Call in a D.S.

All: True.

(Enter D.S., looking very disinterested. They start over.)

M: One.

C: One is.

R: One is not.

All: One is not one.

(D.S. looks disinterested and doesn't get a word in edgewise.)

(Repetition of above Dialogue.)

LOIS BOAST

REVELATION

*Racing was the scholar in a thin black river
Of creeping ink;
But alas, stranded was he on a long white shore,
And wander did he in the pulpy desert;
And his tired eyes, in residue of sleep,
Stared from a pale tight face.*

*"I shall spread my memories across the skies." said he.
"Soft moon, the floating eye, sees memories:
Some, thin white clouds passing o'er its stare,
And one, jagged and black.
Tonight my brain floats out to roam,
To hear a momentous conversation
Now occurring,
To wander among the silent cast
Of yesterday's listless pantomine
Whose dried remnants of laughter
Are floating in the wind."*

*"It's quiet now" he said,
"The heart reveals its labour—
Pounds its awful prophecy."
Inhale. Exhale.
Moon
Pulsating sphere of light
Looms large, and down
Down
Down into the brain it floats
Unleashing the brain with luminous drug,
Now racing in the frenzied ritual
To the known
From the unknown.*

*In an instant
An artery he clutched,
Rubbery and slippery,*

*And felt its awful pulse
Leading to the universe
Which o'er him did pound
Like a mighty heart beating with thund'rous quake,
Like an angry eagle held by the legs.
But alas, approaching his room:
Iconoclastic footsteps,
Abrasive whistles.*

PETER MICKLES



HELVETIA FELIX

One of the pleasantest sights of Christmas time is to watch a whole family on their way to the circus, where the chief attraction for both children and parents will surely be the performing animals. It is only after the party has been ejected once more into the world of street-cars and five-and-tens that an introspective adult may admit to himself that he has spent a large part of the afternoon laughing at himself. For is not this part of the allurements of watching some monkeys go through the motions of eating a human meal? The feeling must be akin to the secret exaltation we feel when an amateur surpasses the over-serious experts. Our hearts warm to those who quite casually attain to some achievement for which others have trained with high purpose. A trace of malicious pleasure at seeing the mighty brought low may certainly be detected, but is there not also a flicker of hope that in a specialized world there is still room for inspired and untrained genius? You may recall the case of

the police horse who nearly won the Derby. The noble animal was so fired with enthusiasm by the starting gun that constabulary decorum was forgotten and four more hooves joined the rush from the starting gate. Sergeant Bates unwillingly led the field around Tattenham Corner and just managed to rein back his mount into second place. The humour of the antics performed each summer at Cap Gris Nez by fat Egyptians and not so fat Americans, is heightened by the reports that the best times for the crossing have been secured by such unspectacular worshippers of Neptune as a schoolboy and a butcher.

These reflections are prompted by a small item in our contemporary *The Times*, which stated that a ten-month kitten had climbed to the summit of the Matterhorn — four thousand feet no less from her starting point. The astonishment of the laden bipeds who passed her on the way up was doubtless soon replaced by irritation that a mere cat should perform the feat so nonchalantly.

We are led to speculate about the mental climate of this extraordinary creature. One would have expected this of a cat, of course: even in her youth she goes about the day with a high seriousness and only deigns to take note of *homo sapiens* when he proffers milk and fish. But what moved our kitten to such a long constitutional? Apparently the food in the hotel kitchen was excellent: we found no reports of eastern hordes which may have precipitated a migration. Perhaps it was some movement of the soul such as George Santayana experienced when he passed from his philosophy class for the last time, saying as he stepped through the French windows, "Gentlemen, I have an appointment with Spring." It is not impossible that the feature editor of the *Zürcher Zeitung*, through the local Tobermory, offered a life interest in certain stables in return for an exclusive interview. Or did she see in a flash of inspiration how to revenge herself on that most unimble race which has from time to time insulted her species? Lady Macbeth, you remember, castigated her vacillating husband for being "like the poor cat i' the adage, letting I dare not wait upon I would." We do not know for how many hours the steady eyes contemplated the glittering mass of ice and snow, but forth she went sans guide, sans rope, sans axe, sans food to spike one more gem of human wisdom, to wit, that curiosity killed the cat.

CHARLES ABRAHAM

THE EXCHANGES COLUMN

Someone should write a thesis on the ways in which students waste time. The writing of thesis is a delightful and profitable occupation for they need not be concerned with the abstruse topics; a friend of mine is now a Ph.D. on the strength of his dissertation, "the improvement of college cafeteria systems." (Stand back there: the porter has his half finished and will present it to the Department of Chemistry next year). We suggest that a most helpful study could be worked up if the author, having polished off wine, women, and water polo, would devote himself chiefly to magazines.

Not the least stimulating part of periodic literature is the advertisement section. In 1923, for example, readers of the *National Geographic* were being invited on one page to wander across the Soviet Union at their own sweet will, and on the next to purchase a Maxwell sedan for \$855. For the public personage who is asked to address some somnolent club on "an interesting topic", a few minutes spent with old bound volumes will provide the answers. He can discourse knowledgeably on Canada in 1890, with copious references to the price of beefsteak, masculine fashions and the rate of taxation, rounding out his address with the more erroneous prognostications of contemporary Cassandras.

In the course of afternoons spent contemplating the Greek Literature shelves in the Library, your scribe has noticed how many students, having made a few half-hearted sorties in the stacks, finally settled down before a pile of "The Illustrated London News". It is therefore with a high sense of virtue that your editor has spent some time reading the papers and magazines of other universities as part of his official duties.

The editor of the Mitre will no doubt have some sympathy for her opposite number on the staff of The Gryphon, the Journal of the University of Leeds. In the October issue he was moved to write as follows: "We in our small way have suffered a great deal from the effects of our situation as the magazine of a university where Technological interests outweigh Literary and Cultural ones. We have difficulty in obtaining copy..." Far be it from me to suggest that there are close parallels between Leeds and Bishop's — we are never likely to boast a

Department of Leather (and) Technology — but surely the tension referred to does exist here. Incidentally, the whole editorial is well worth reading. The article, "Outcry" is a revealing account of what happened when a controversial war memorial was erected. *Libera nos . . .* The fact that the three short stories are all concerned with violence need not disturb the sociologists unduly. One of them, "The Amnesiac" by W. A. Hodges, has some fine descriptive passages. Personally your editor found the four short poems the most attractive part of the issue. Mostyn Silverton in "Italian City — August" has developed some strong images reminiscent of Browning:

*"The Evocation of hot hoardings feverish in cardinal scarlet,
Green-bedded plant wilt in tubs, and pastries sugar-sticky
Are devoured by school girls, spotty puberties in cool museums."*

We have also received and read with pleasure the following:

MAGAZINES:

Revue de L'Université d'Ottawa
The Queen's Review

NEWSPAPERS:

Loyola News
Argosy Weekly
Acadia Athenæum
The Manitoban
The Gazette (University of Western Ontario)
McGill Daily
Le Carabin (Laval University)
The Georgian
Queen's Journal
Varsity (University of Toronto)
La Rotonde and the Fulcrum (University of Ottawa)
The Sheaf (University of Saskatchewan)
The Carleton

C. A.

RAMBLINGS WITH THE ALUMNI

Sad but true debt: Although this column is in no way financed, inspired or supported by the organization known as the Bishop's University Alumni Association, I feel it merits brief mention. It is, after all, the semi-official organ of the graduates of this college; and, too, it is a body about which most undergraduates are sadly ignorant. A fair number of students are under the impression that its sole purpose is to congregate annually in the Reception Room of Molson's Brewery to haggle, and do whatever else might be done in the Reception Room of a Brewery. The inevitable result of this ignorance is misunderstanding.

Slightly pertinent to the topic is the *Year Book* Staff's current huff over the Alumni Association's insistence that it receive a cut-rate for its advertising space. That I will leave at that, and only offer the suggestion that such misunderstanding might in part be overcome by a little self-publicizing on the part of the Association. There are two student publications which are generally quite eager for new material, and the occasional newsletter or bulletin from the Alumni Executive would do immeasurable good. The more literary-minded officers might even submit articles to *The Mitre*.

The following I have cribbed from a letter sent to the Alumni (paid and otherwise) regarding some of the Association's recent activities. I hope the Executive doesn't have a copyright on it.

"Funds were made available to the Students' Council early in the year, to be drawn on, in collaboration with Dr. J. D. Jefferis, our representative at the University, for expenditures which would not be provided for out of their own funds. Of this amount \$80 was spent to send the Debating Team to McMaster University, and a further \$45 to cover participation in an Inter-University Athletic Conference in Toronto. We also made contributions of \$50 towards the cost of refurnishing the students' common room, and \$25 towards a presentation to be made to Professors Raymond and Childs on the occasion of their retirement from the staff.

"We have been asked to draw your attention to an organization known as the 'Bishop's Associates' which will derive its membership from individuals and corporations interested in the University, and who are willing to make annual subscriptions of \$10 and \$25 respectively"

"Consideration is now being given to the question of erecting a plaque at the University in memory of Dr. McGreer. We feel that this is a project which it is particularly fitting for the Alumni Association to undertake, since it is the present graduates of the University who were associated with the late principal. The necessary funds will be provided from this year's annual dues . . ."

Perhaps this might serve to convince a few that the Alumni Association is an active organization, which works in the interests of the student body as much as its funds will allow.



A few of us remember the great days of Seeley & Birchwood Publications. Max (B.A. '48) and Mike (B.Sc. Econ. '49) were both Presidents of Publications in their graduating years, and currently they are slaving in Ottawa. A few days ago we received the following item from them. (Solicited, we confess, but nonetheless much appreciated) . . .

"Despite persistent rumours about the formation of an Ottawa branch of the Bishop's Alumni Association, the local old boys (pardon, Alumni) are still as disorganized as ever. They report the Bishop keeps 'em too busy with parish duties! At last report, however, all are still thriving and in the lap of prosperity.

Ormond Hopkins (B.A. '47, L.S.T. '49) is now assistant pastor of St. Matthias' Church and is spending most of his time preaching, running Sunday School picnics and entertaining the female members of the congregation.

"Don Lewis (B.A. '48) and Frank Lajoie (B.A. '49) have joined the mass of Civil Servants, but the government's operations are somehow still continuing. Lewis is licking stamps in the post office and generally helping out Hon. Edouard Rinfret. Lajoie is reportedly handing out literature on behalf of the King's Printer.

"Another more recent addition to the CS ranks is Lou Wiggins

(B.A. '50), who is studying Russian before becoming a cloak and dagger man for the Joint Intelligence Board.

"Galt MacDermot (B.A. '50) spent the summer in Ottawa, resisting all advances by predatory local females, but is now in South Africa, where his father is serving as High Commissioner. By letter, Galt reports a ship-board romance which reached the "promise-to-exchange-letters" stage.

Another graduate of last year, George Beers (B.A.), has fulfilled his lifelong ambition to be a boy scout. George is Assistant Executive Commissioner In Charge Of Publications, and is currently poisoning young minds by editing two magazines for scout leaders. His spare time is taken up with speaking engagements, his charming wife Norma (B.A.), and his children, Janet and Arthur.

The need for a public platform has apparently also caught Max Seeley and Mike Birchwood, both of whom are on the payroll of the Ottawa Citizen. Seeley is spending his time interviewing doughnut barons at the Chateau Laurier, while Birchwood is covering bantam tiddley-wink tournaments for the sports department.

Recent "divine" grads of Bishop's are well entrenched locally, and according to an announcement from local Bishop Jefferson early in November, Art and Barbara Leaker are coming up her in late December. He has been appointed assistant at the Cathedral, where (chuckle, chuckle) he is hoping to be able to find time to complete his degree thesis. Syd Irwin, Frank Gooch and Len Baird are reportedly bringing many lost sheep to the fold of Ye Olde Established Church throughout the Ottawa Valley. Len's wife, Jean Adams (B.A. '48) is a charming hostess at her First Avenue home in the Glebe.

Rev. Bill Belford, chaplain and master at Ashbury College Lord Shaughnessy, personal assistant to Finance Minister Doug Abbott ex Sherbrooke Record reporter Alan Bryce a PR man in Resources Branch Connie Loveland, Sherbrooke, (B.Sc. '48) a Botany and Plant Pathology Lab worker among Alumni gang here.

Oh yes, and Reg Morgan (B.A. '48), twice a papa, has settled down with a job at Eddy Company here, too. The Fred Andersons entertained and were entertained by Seeleys and Lewis before they headed to Victoria. Fred looks like a real man of distinction in his navy officer's (Lt. S.) uniform. Walter Riese and Monique Lafontaine remembered by all in the years '43 to '48 are seen about town occasionally. He is

one of the brainy boys in the Insurance Department. The Ross Abercrombies are sampling the joys of Air Force life somewhere in the wilds of Ontario. He's still under instruction in the Radar branch. Regina Northbridge putters about with local Drama Groups, and enjoys cooking for husband Dave, a statistician. Another Bishop's type seen occasionally here is Terry Giles, a lawyer, class of '40 (I think).

Also in the Ottawa area are Charles Worthen (B.A. '48) and his wife Mary Ward, (B.A. '42). They have set up housekeeping in Brockville where Charles is personnel manager for a silk factory. Fred Kaufman, (B.Sc. '46), of Montreal Star and Correspondent for Saturday Night had a creditable byline piece in that magazine recently on northern Quebec.

ODDS and ENDS DEPT.

Thanksgiving Weekend was just crawling with Bishop's Bachelors (educationally-speaking, that is) Ray Setlakwe (B.A. '49), now taking Law at Laval, seen around with a certain young lady with surprising (for Ray) political connections Noticed at the Bishop's-Ottawa Rough Riders game (so they were wearing McGill sweaters that day): Merton Tyler, a graduate of not-too-many years ago, and now assistant principal in Knowlton George Beers (B.A. '50) George MacLeod (sporting a McGill pin) Doc Kilpatrick (now taking Theology in one of those places near McGill) Georges Suart, Pete Johnson, and many others.

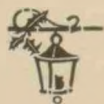
Lyman Robert (B.Sc. Econ. '49) a fairly frequent visitor in town, for obvious reasons Fred Kaufman (B.Sc. '46), of the Montreal Star, newshawking in these here parts Bob Bailey (B.Sc. '47) blows in occasionally from Asbestos, where he is teaching A few recent graduates seen furthering their higher education at the Freshman Dance Saw Sandy Mills not so many weeks ago taking a look at the new buildings Multi Alumni (I hope that's good Latin) were here for the Convocation splash, but I didn't have my pen with me that day Must we include among the visiting Alumni (Honorary variety) a certain gentleman from Quebec City and Three Rivers, who made himself quite conspicuous one Thursday afternoon in October?

So we heard: At last reports John Robinson (B.A. '47) was

on his way to University of Edinburgh. Best of luck . . . Jim Blevins reported to be in Toronto, wherever that is . . . "Squirt" Johnston (B.Sc. '47 and basketball star) teaching in the wilds of Arvida . . . Leon Berlin (B.Sc. Econ. '49) still looking for his first million at the Wharton School of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania . . . The Dickson Brothers have slipped back across the 45th parallel: Herb to more studies at the University of New Hampshire, and Gord to work . . . Rev. Clarence Jensen now in charge of souls at North Hatley . . . Larry Belford (B.A. '49) doing well in the unpaid profession somewhere along the Gaspé Coast . . . Freshman cell-mates Mike Stefano and Bobby Assad lost their heads and are now taking engineering at McGill . . . Harry Andrews and Margot Mitchell (B.A.'s of '49) clamped on the ball and chain this past summer. Harry is at McGill taking Education, along with Brenton Sandford and a few others I can't remember . . . Cliff Force and Roil Hatcher are toiling for that mining outfit staked out near here . . . Hank Nickerson of the U.S.A. was around for a few days . . . Dave Lockerby (B.A. '49) regained his senses and got out of the Republic. He's now at McGill . . . Also at James' Place are a few worthy Alumni still taking law.

To those who have forgotten the fireworks of the past few generations: take a long long look at the plaque in the gymnasium. That's more than just a list of expired alumni.

E. C. B.



THE BISHOP'S DIARY

(as related from behind the iron curtain)

- Oct. 2 Freshmen have the honour of entering the finest buildings man has ever seen — outside the Laurentian Hotel — and Freshettes have the honour of meeting the finest body of men ever seen — outside of Al Capp's Dogpatch — the Freshmen.
- Oct. 4 Many Happy Returns for the rest of the College as the "Palatial Suites are finally filled".
- Oct. 6 Horse show attracts select group as Judy rides "Candy" to victory cheered on by her harem of '49-'50.
- Oct. 7 Freshmen are introduced to one another and seniors meet Freshettes at Dining Hall Frolic. Many loves at first sight and distractions at second.
- Oct. 11 Freshettes hold tea and Lee discusses hairdoes with eminent connoisseur of same.
- Oct. 13-14 General exodus to Ottawa as Team rolls to victory over cheer-leaders cart-wheels with the Big Wheel on the side-lines.
Mr. Foo plays host in Montreal, as Owen and Murray flip butter-cakes, and describe how a girl can woo a man without a late leave, by being a "Blonde in a Black Negligee".
- Oct. 16 Celibacy prescribed by Administration, as iron curtains go up between residences, wolves lose their prey, women eat alone, and the milk tastes untouched once more.
- Oct. 17 Joint meeting of two leading rival organizations to discuss the education of youth. Chief brother and chief gargler, gargle a "third term theme" for freshmen entrance into organizations. Let us hope that what enters the mouths of babes and sucklings enters in moderation till they can be led down the straight and narrow paths by their elders and batters

- Grand march through the streets of Lennoxville causes rest rooms to be dequipped and town to be debased as "Swan" does a roaring business and leaves advertising in the gutters.
- Oct. 18 McGill game . . . Frosh Dance sees everybody out including Jonah out of the whale. Party gets going at midnight and so do the girls. Sweet dreams were had by all, we hope.
- Oct. 22 Association Meeting. "Al" gives seminar on cards — subjectively and objectively. The golfing season is announced officially open, and as the driving range is open too, there is much room found for the (subtle) approach!
- Oct. 23 Convocation. The Union Nationale wins a few more supporters and the Mitre is honoured by another — not subscription as the Secretary of S.E.C. hopes — but contribution by prominent author. While a spot of tea is enjoyed, nine private cars roll out of Sherbrooke and the soda jerk at the station breathes a sigh and takes his tie back off.
- Oct. 25 Farmers plough a few furrows as 'Gaiters gate them in their own end 7-6.
- Oct. 26 Dean of Divinity is inducted and second year students get a refresher course on the Merchant of Venice from Archbishop Carrington.
- Oct. 27 Sam starts basketball. Several closed meetings in the gym. Football team find sudden interest in the game but squad is unfortunately cut.
- Oct. 29 Mr. and Mrs. Bishopthorpe announce family tree as three generations develop in an afternoon. W. A. Bishopthorpe's varied and sinful life is unveiled, and one of his dubious sons gets dubiously engaged to four dubious damsels.
- Oct. 31 Hallowe'en goes off with a bang and several students commute incognito to revere and celebrate "All Souls Day" with a pep rally embracing more than the soul.
- Nov. 3 Football team leave to take March Past at Kingston and "Og" leaves to bring out his sister and goes through the receiving line in true Bishop's fashion as "Vlad Tolvay".
- Nov. 6 The odd faculty member gets the upper hand as mid-term tests begin and we find it necessary not to take them too

seriously as we have been too excited about Convocation to study for them and have had so many things to do recently that we did not have time to do before, that there has been no time left to study.

The strain is so great on some of the members of the girls' residence that we find two of them retreating to Holy Orders and taking bread and water at René's while pious admirers reverently bow their heads and ask for blessings which the sisters do not seem to know how to give.

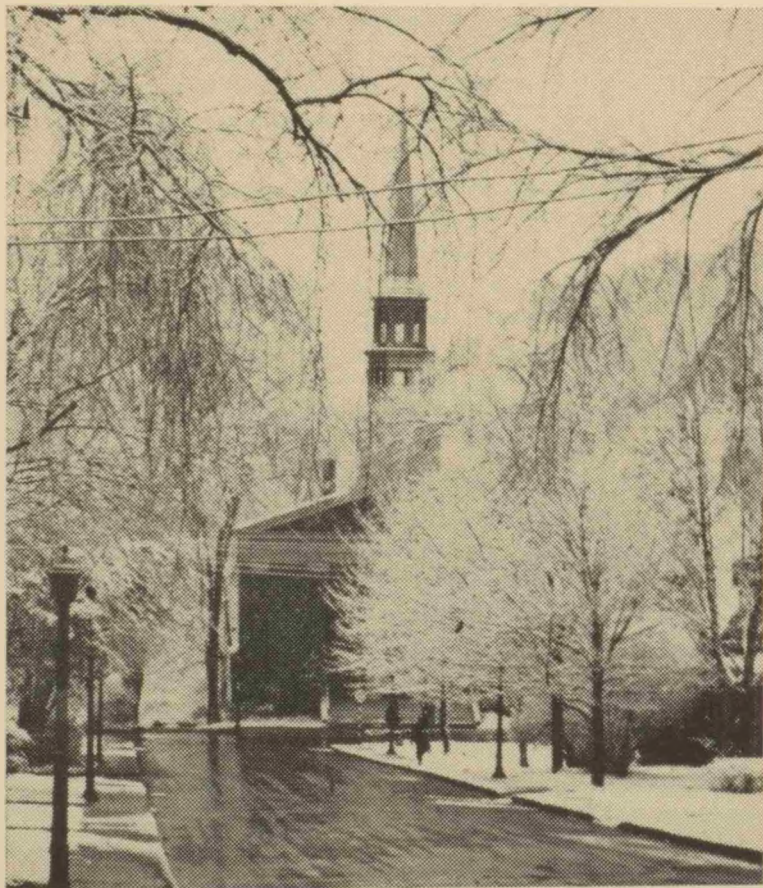
- Nov. 9 Men's basketball beats Lennoxville in a preliminary attraction before the girl's first game. Everyone starred on the bench and on the floor while in the stands several onlookers found themselves related to Marilyn "the poppy seller".

- Nov. 11 Tea dance in the gym features a seductive rendition of Blue Moon by Bishop's gift to torch singing and a one act play "Me and My Friend Freddie Kingston" by the chairman of the Dance Committee. Dancing was from five till twelve with a short intermission from seven till eight to produce a change of scene from the gym to Hillcrest.
- Nov. 13 First meeting of the Hockey Team to warn any students or members of the clubs that hockey comes first and they must either hang up their skates or their test tubes. Four phosphorous friends are seen leaving the meeting.

- Nov. 14 As this slips under the dead-line door, college students looking pale and wan are seen struggling over the bridge towards the college. The Red Cross is here again. One student from the Old Lodge went down (it is rumoured) and was asked if he was there to give or to receive but being a good Divinity student he jumped to the nearest bed quoting, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" — and they hunted vainly for his vein.

Well, as the Mitre is published, exams after holidays are announced. Will this year's turkey have a worried expression? I wish you would all remember Mr. Occy in your prayers this week. It was awfully good of Mr. Occy when he left for England to say as his last words, "N. F., keep my diary till I get back." And so we dedicate the first rendition to him.

N. F. SWEN.



This photograph of Montreal Street, Sherbrooke, facing the Plymouth United Church won the Photography Contest sponsored by the Mitre last Spring; it was submitted by Bill Assad (B.Sc. '50).

Player's
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
MILD

PREVENT FIRES
ENJOY IT
Then BE SURE IT'S OUT

Player's
Please
always

Mild or Medium
PLAIN and CORK TIP

THE MITRE

For your Insurance requirements,
consult:

**SOUTHWOOD
CAMPBELL and
HOWARD**

4 Marquette St. Tel. 3-3654
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

**JOHN MILFORD
and Son Reg'd**

FLORISTS

Sherbrooke, Que. Phone 2-3757

**Crown Laundry
OF SHERBROOKE
LIMITED**

*It's the "Famous for the Finest"
SANITONE SERVICE*

541 King St. W. Tel. 3-2585

Compliments of

OLIVIER'S

The Largest Cosmetic Store
in the Eastern Townships

12 Wellington St. N.
SHERBROOKE QUE.



EXCLUSIVE FURS - FOURMURES EXCLUSIVE

R. Lindskow, President

140 Wellington N. Phone 3-2313
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

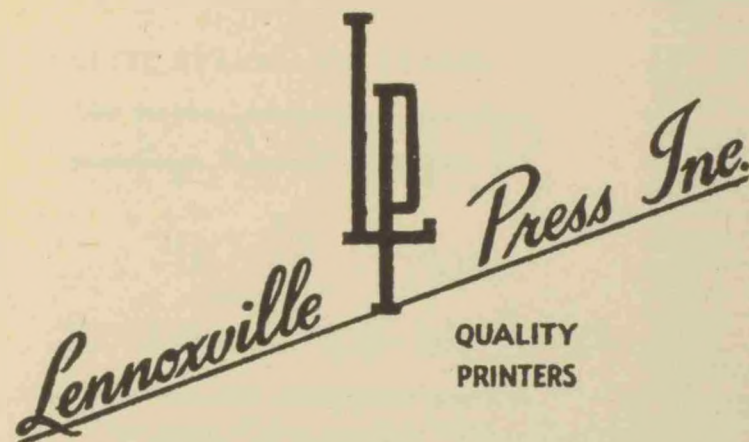
Compliments of

**W. A. BOWN
MILL and CABINET WORK**

Lumber Yard in Connection

Telephone 2-9511

THE MITRE



**KEELER and CROSS
Ltd.**

RCA VICTOR

Popular and Classical Recordings
81 Wellington St. North

SHERBROOKE QUE.

**McFADDEN
HARDWARE
REG'D**

A. DOIRON, Prop.
General Hardware
Farmers' Supplies
Paints, Varnishes
and Wall Paper
Tel. 2-7111

155 Main St. Lennoxville, Que.

One of the newest and most select
all year round resorts in the
Eastern Townships.



NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

- Famous for Meals
- Distinguished Clientele
- All Summer and Winter Sports

Tel. Sherbrooke 3-0180

feature non-chalant comfort and a masculine "tweedy" appearance.

We know
what college men want to wear
and we understand that undergraduates
have to be thrifty.

**We're proud that so many Bishop's men
like to buy their clothes
at our store.**

ROSENBLOOM'S

Style for Men

Sherbrooke, Que.

KAYSER

"fit - all Nylons"

in proportions to fit all legs

It's all in the fit, and Kayser's "fit-all" Proportioned Nylons give their "all" to ensure both comfort and sleek beauty. In "Stylon" there are three perfect lengths, knit to fit ankle, calf and instep. "Fit-All-Tops" have that extra stretch above the knee. Kayser "Fit-All" Proportioned Nylons come very close to custom-build hosiery—of course the quality is Kayser.

KAYSER

HOSIERY — GLOVES — LINGERIE

SPORTING HEADQUARTERS

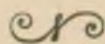
BADMINTON — HOCKEY — RUGBY — SKIING

GOLF — TENNIS — FISHING — HUNTING

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

CHINAWARE - CROCKERY - GLASS

COAL - COKE - FUEL OIL



Hardware-Electrical Appliances

J.S. MITCHELL & CO. LTD.

78-80 WELLINGTON N. - SHERBROOKE, QUE.

SINCE 1842

"Canada's leading Clerical and
Academic Tailors"

**HARCOURTS
LIMITED**

103 King St. W. Toronto, Ont.

68 Wellington St. N. Tel. 2-3424

J. A. PIGEON

Trunks — Bags & Leather Goods
Shoe Repairing

"HOME OF GOOD LUGGAGE"

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

B. N. HOLTHAM, K.C.

ADVOCATE — BARRISTER

70 Wellington St. N.

SHERBROOKE QUE.

AFTER THE GAME
DOWN TO

**RENE'S
RESTAURANT**

Main Street Phone 3-0230

LENNOXVILLE

**AUSTIN GLOVE
Manufacturing Co.**

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MAKERS OF FINE
DRESS GLOVES

**FURNITURE
FOR**

- HOME
- OFFICE
- STUDY

**ECHENBERG
BROS.**

Blue's

IN SHERBROOKE

THE STORE FOR MEN'S QUALITY MERCHANDISE
FEATURING

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC FURNISHINGS & WOOLLENS

Established 1875

17 KING ST.

Opposite the Market

For thrills galore



. . . there's nothing like skiing,

And for skiing as its best look to MORGAN'S for fine skis and equipment. Hannes Schneider is the Technical Manager of our Ski Department.



HENRY MORGAN & CO. LIMITED

YOU ARE SURE OF THE QUALITY AT MORGAN'S

Compliments
of
**RONALDS
ADVERTISING
AGENCY LIMITED**

MONTREAL

TORONTO

LONDON, ENG.



It PAYS To
Patronize
Our
Advertisers



EATON'S



EATON'S *Has* *the Spirit of Christmas !*

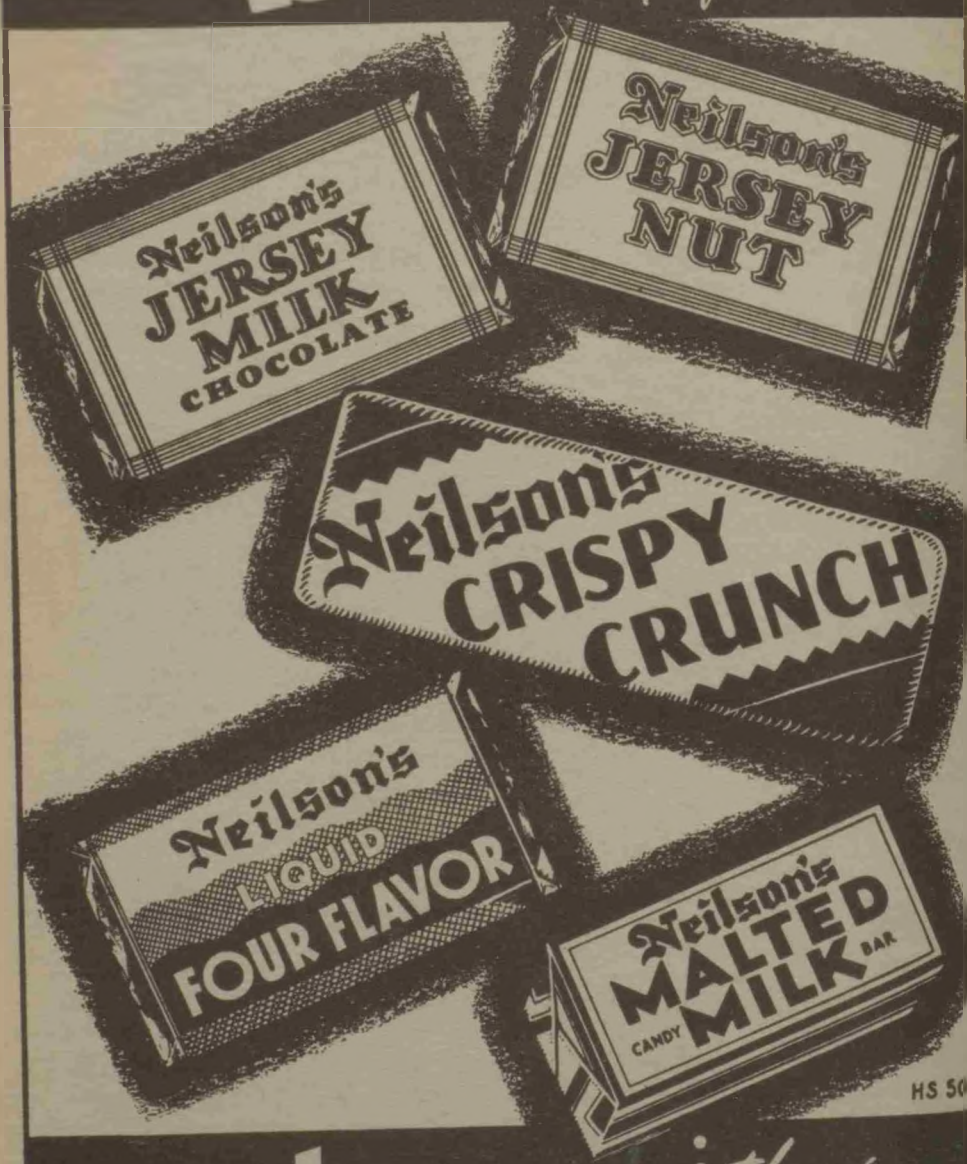
The big Christmas store is a veritable fairyland in its festive array.

Come in and do your Christmas shopping . . . see our wonderful selection of gifts for Christmas giving that will surely please everyone!

Remember too that every purchase you make is backed by the famous guarantee: "Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded".

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
OF MONTREAL

Enjoy the
best top favourites



Neilson's : they're
: good
: eating!

The Mitre

