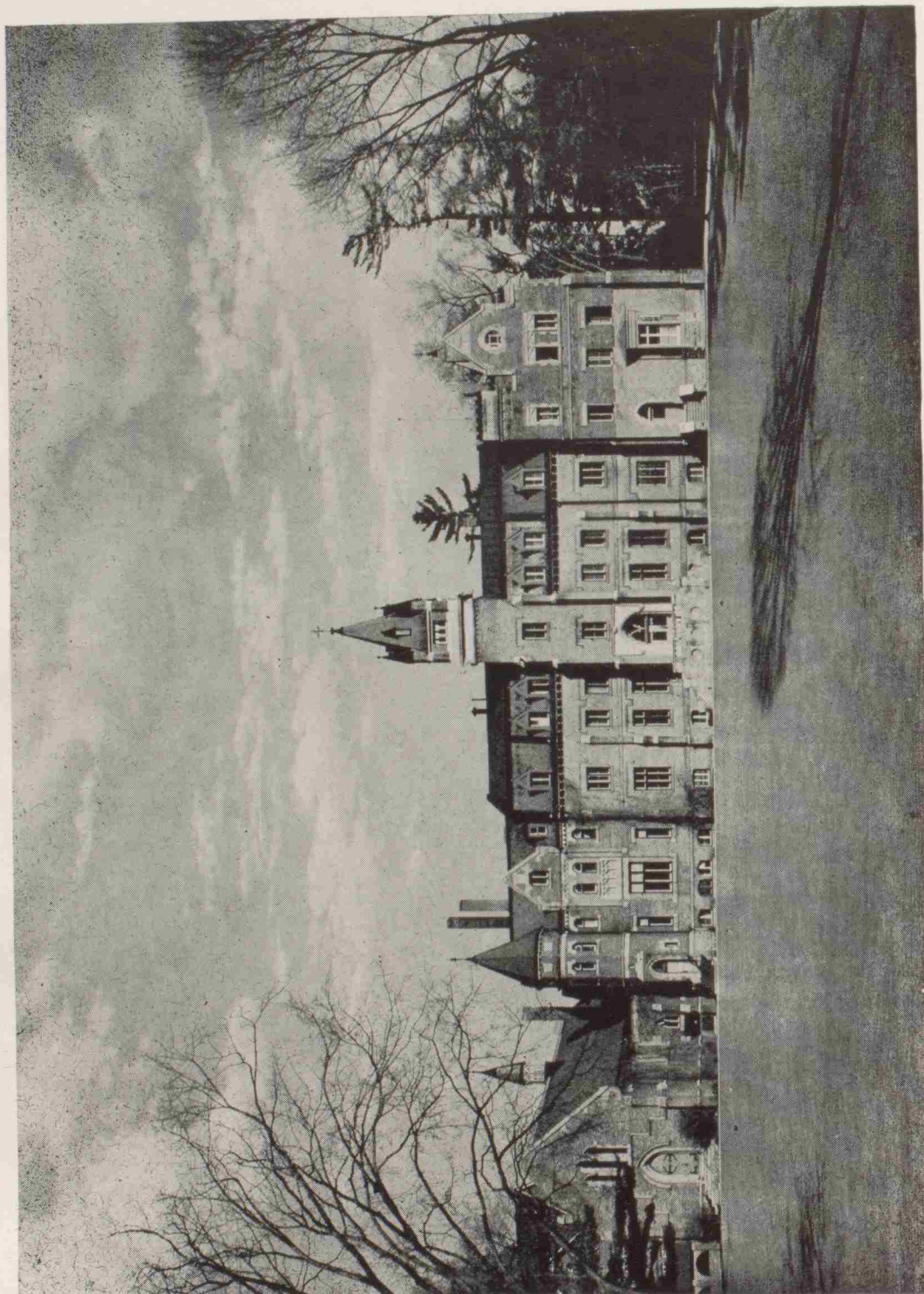


Bishop's '44

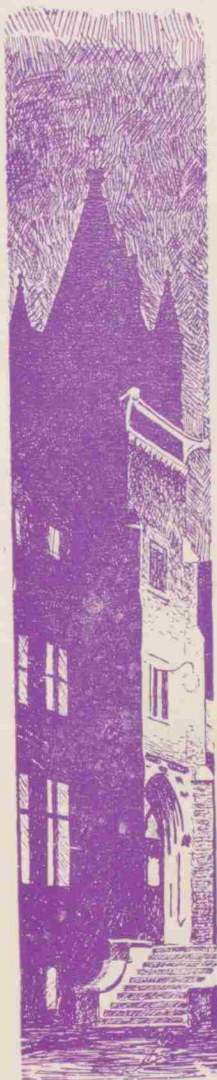


Bishop's



The University of Bishop's College

1944

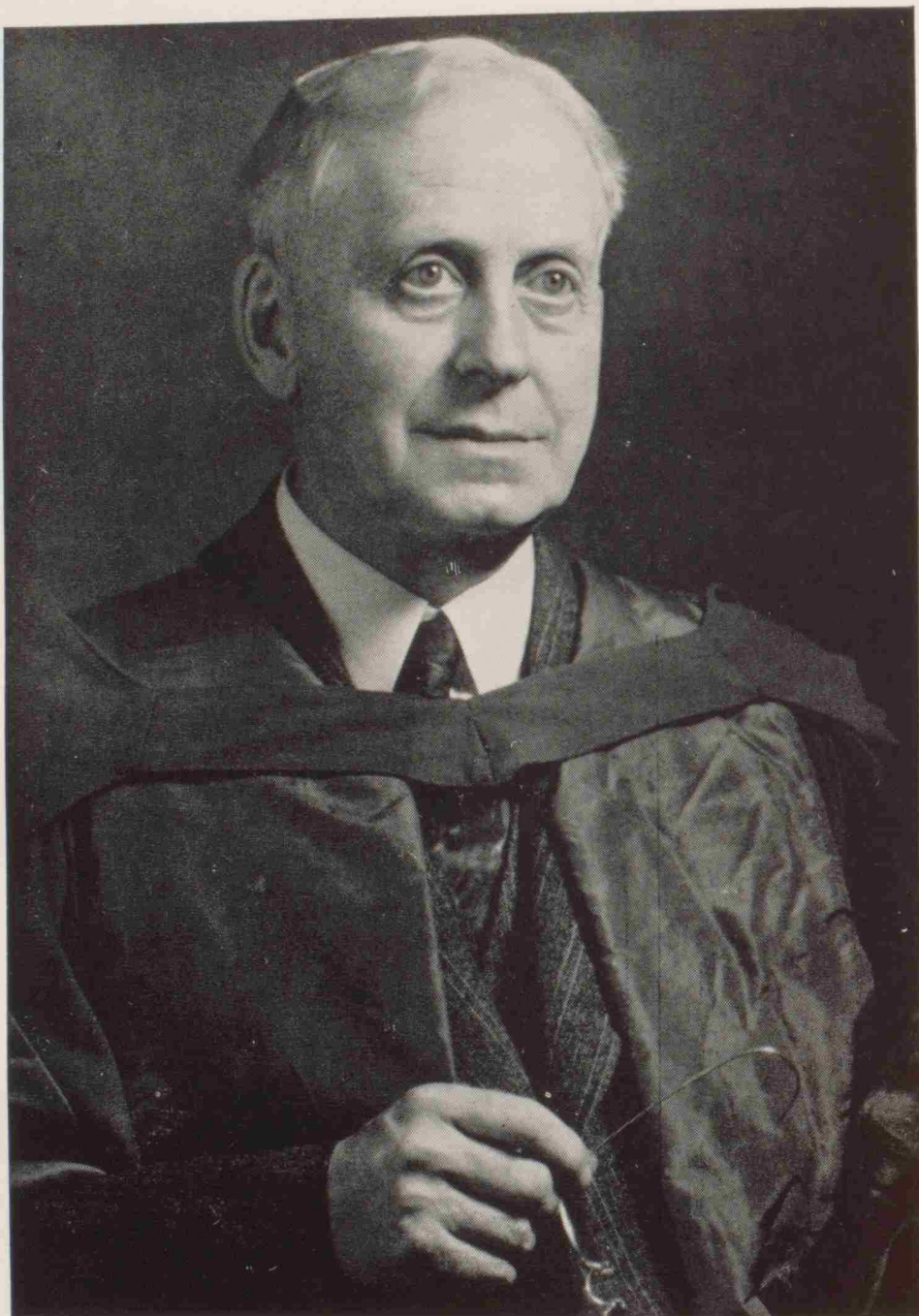


# Bishop's '44

The Year Book of  
the University of  
Bishop's College



This Year Book is dedicated to :



H. O. Call, M. A.

Professor of Modern Languages



## To the Class of '44

It is a great honour to have the Year Book of the Class of '44 dedicated to me, and I wish to express my sincerest thanks for this honour, as well as for the unswerving loyalty and co-operation which I have received from all of you. This loyalty of the Student body, going as far back as 1907, is one of the pleasantest memories that I have of Bishop's.

It is better, however, to look towards the future instead of at the past. The future belongs to the youth of the world, and to the young generation of this country we look for the shaping of something better than the past has been. The most striking characteristic of the youth of to-day is its fearlessness and is readiness to face whatever may lie ahead, just as it was in 1914.

In wishing the Class of '44 God-speed, may I add a few lines of a recent poem which sums up the whole matter better than prose can do:

... But Youth beside me, bold to keep the tryst  
Even with death and darkness, bravely turned  
Away from crimson fires of western skies,  
And faced the dark to see the new dawn rise.

F. O. Call.



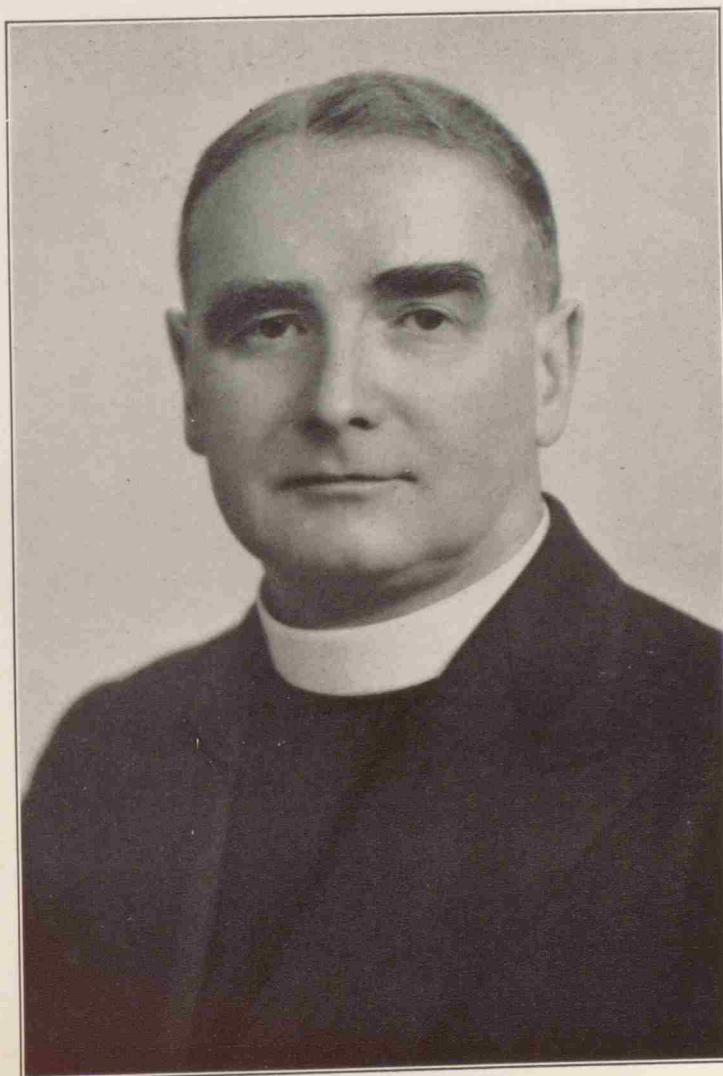


G. H. A. Montgomery, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., D.C.L., LL.D.,

**The Chancellor**



1944



The Rev. A. H. McGreer, D.D.,

The Principal



## The Faculty



Standing—E. H. YARRILL, M.A., Lecturer in French (On Leave with R.C.N.V.R.).

REV. S. CHILDS, M.A., B.D., Professor of Philosophy.

E. OWEN, M.A., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English.

S. SANDERS, Bursar and Registrar.

W. O. ROTHNEY, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Education (Deceased).

M. HOME, M.Sc., Associate Professor of Natural Science.

A. N. LANGFORD, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in Natural Science.

REV. E. K. MOFFAT, M.A., B.D., Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament.

Seated —A. W. PRESTON, M.A., Professor of Classics.

W. O. RAYMOND, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English.

REV. H. C. BURT, M.A., Professor of Philosophy and Economics.

E. E. BOOTHROYD, M.A., D.C.L., Professor of History.

REV. A. H. MCGREER, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., D.D., LL.D., Principal and Dean of Faculty of Arts.

REV'D G. B. JONES, M.A., Dean of Faculty of Divinity.

A. V. RICHARDSON, M.A., Professor of Mathematics.

A. L. KUEHNER, M.A., Professor of Natural Science.

REV. E. SCOTT, M.A., Mountain Professor of Pastoral Theology and Warden of Divinity House.

Absent —REV. F. G. VIAL, M.A., B.D., D.C.L., Emeritus Professor of Pastoral Theology.

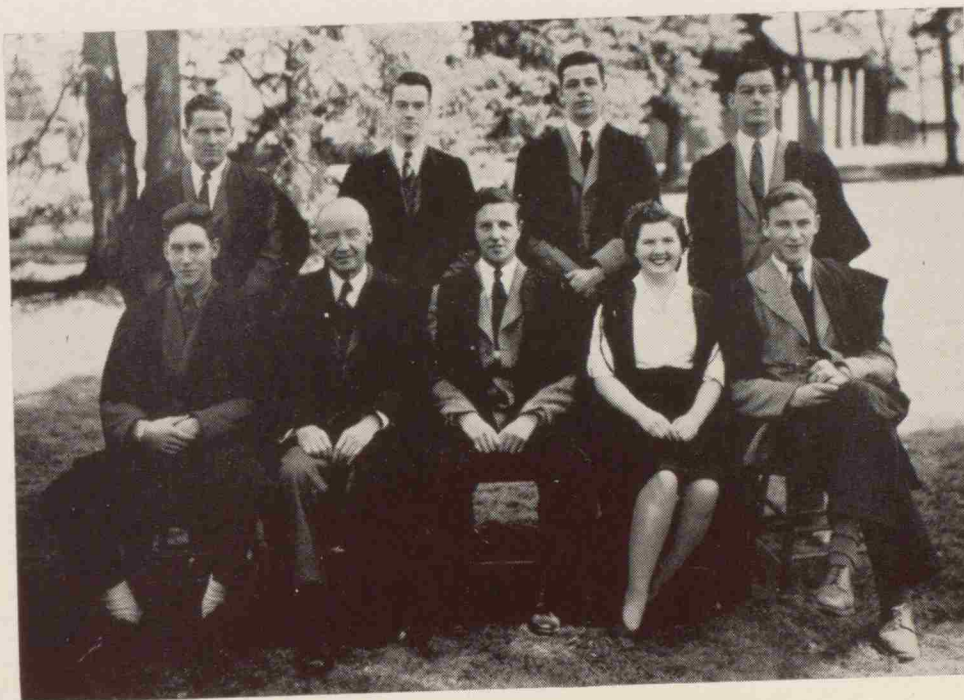
F. O. CALL, M.A., Professor of Modern Languages.

A. E. CARTER, M.A., Lecturer in French.





## The Year Book Committee



First row—A. Roy, Dr. W. O. Raymond, L. E. B. Walsh (Pres.), A. L. Fraser, J. Scarth.  
Second row—C. McCredie, R. M. Brown, K. L. Farquharson, D. A. MacDonald.

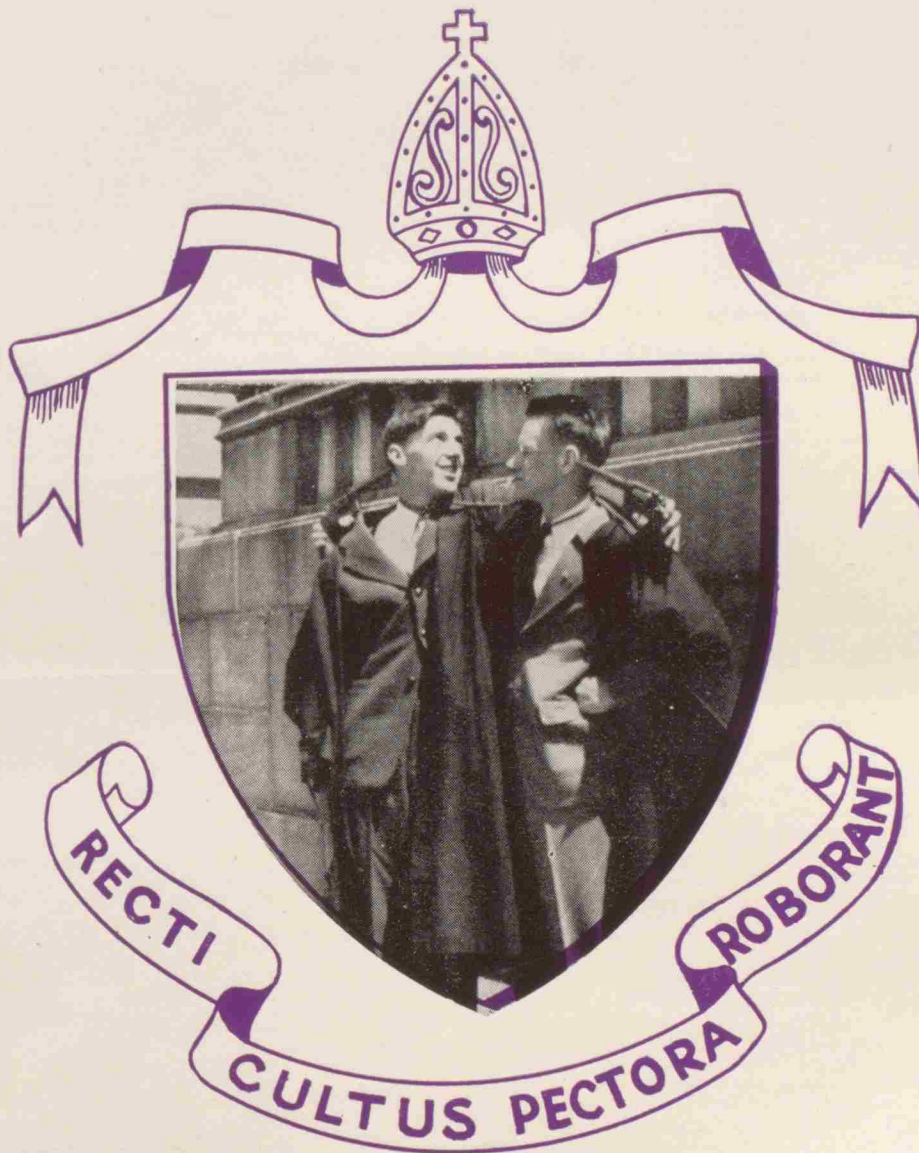
|   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| Chairman of the Board and Editor-in-Chief - | LIONEL E. B. WALSH |
| Business Manager - - - - -                  | R. BROWN           |
| Woman Editor - - - - -                      | A. L. FRASER       |
| Secretary-Treasurer - - - - -               | D. MACDONALD       |
| Advertising Manager - - - - -               | J. SCARTH          |
| Art Editor - - - - -                        | C. MCCREDIE        |





St. Mark's Chapel





Arts and  
Science



## Margaret Mahajahla (Aitken) Schoch

*President Women's Association*

"O Pinky! Pinky, be kind and true,  
As my hubby sails the ocean blue,  
You are my classmate,  
You are my friend,  
Won't you serve Peter till the end?"

To the Class of '44 the name "Meg" will ever be associated with "Pinky, the Elephant", "Outboard Motor", and many other invisible creatures. However Meg did not devote her full time to her invisible Pets (I didn't say Pete) —she did much more, but I'll keep you waiting. I'll go back and let you in on Meg's childhood.

Somewhere in the dusty records of St. Kitt's, British West Indies, we will find this: "October 23, 1923, To Dr. and Mrs. Aitken, a daughter, Margaret Mahajahla." Of her childhood we know little, except that at an early age her mother led her to Specht's Private School, Lockport, N.Y. These walls were soon left behind, and replaced by those which, when named, make the college campus sound like a canary's shop—(K.H.C.).

Do you remember the strong southern winds we had in the fall of '41. You do, well, Meg was caught by them, and carried to Bish! Down the long, dismal halls she crept shyly—slowly—but not too surely. All at once she seized "Petunia Pig, and held (him? her? him) for three years, but in case of some unknown sickness which might spring from this great, unknown organization, she starred in "Good Medicine" (one-act play). Then through "Wind and the Rain" (major play) she came to play badminton, and to sing in the Glee Club. But, listen on October 12, 1943, Meg became the better half of Lt. P. S. Schoch, which was such a "shock" that she found herself part of the cause of "The Whole Town's Talking" (major play).

In her third year mother Schoch, pardon me, Meg Schoch, practised using the rolling pin when she, as Senior Lady, member of the Dance Committee, and faithful worker of the Red Cross, did an excellent job in every way. Meg, having added a B.A. to her name by taking English Honors, Pts. I and II, now goes forth to earn her coveted "Mrs." by boiling eggs and making tea for our ex-president, P. J. Schoch.

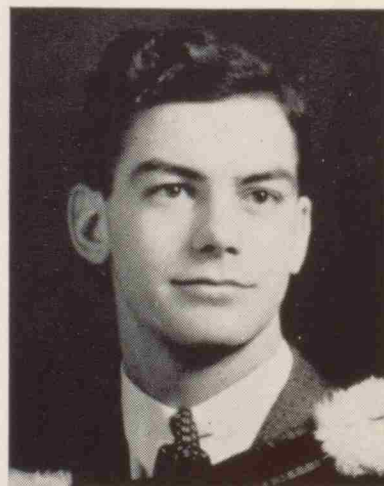
## Donald Alexander Macdonald

*Secretary-Treasurer Students' Association*

The loud thump heard by residents of Montreal, on the night of November 15, 1924, was not a brick dumped carelessly, but the arrival of "Mac" Macdonald, via stork service. At an early age he moved to Waterloo, where he gained his matric with flying colours. His thirst for knowledge not having been quenched at the local high school, Mac wended his way to Bishop's in quest of a B.A. Nevertheless, finding that the mysteries of the elements were more to his liking, and having braved the dangers of asphyxiation in the laboratories of Professors Kuehner and Homes, he has finally succeeded in capturing an option degree in Chemistry and Physics.

Restless and energetic—a practical dreamer, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the life of the college, and practically every activity counted him among its devotees. Dramatics enlisted his talents from the very beginning, and besides taking the lead in the major play, "The Whole Town's Talking", which incidentally gained him the reputation of being "D.K.'s Problem Child", he has, in his final year, made a keen vice-president of the Dramatic Society. Football and skiing have proved his prowess in the world of sport, and although, due to wartime conditions, the former has been seriously curtailed, he has made no small impression on the cheering grandstand with his sensational end-runs and plunges. In the sphere of inter-year activities, he has been a valuable asset to both the basketball and hockey teams, this year achieving the honour of being a member of the "All Star, Third Year Puck Chasers." In the field of minor athletics, Mack has played an equally conspicuous part—badminton, tennis, track, pingpong, chess and bridge having been his main standbys. It is no secret that the latter has won him renown throughout Bish for his one failing—that of trumping his partner's ace! Although the laboratory demanded most of his time, Mack soon enrolled in the O.T.C. with all the enthusiasm of a freshman. Promoted to the rank of corporal in his second year, he has finally ended up as commander of Number Two Platoon. His voice was found useful in the Choir and Glee Club and could be heard at almost any time shattering the otherwise peaceful air with its rendition of operatic airs. A second Frank Sinatra—nothing less—he has shown a rather belated interest in the co-eds.

So fortified with a knowledge of two major subjects, he steps out this June to see what the world has to offer. The future until the war pointed toward post-graduate work, but now Mack has a feeling that he will trade his B.A. for a uniform. And so we bid him farewell and prophesy real success for him in later life, be it tobacco buying or the practice of law. Those of us who have had the privilege and pleasure of knowing him intimately feel it to be one of those things most worthwhile in our own college careers.





## Colwell Campbell Schofield

*Vice-President Students' Association*

Montreal West has felt the shock of numerous disturbances; but none greater than that of October 1, 1924, when Colwell Campbell Schofield made his first personal appearance. After "Pat" had absorbed all his home town had to offer at Elizabeth Ballantyne School and Montreal West High, he hid himself to Bishop's in search of higher learning. But naturally.

For the past three years he has been in our midst, mentally, morally and physically. He has been active in practically every phase of college life, both by day and by night.

In his three years among the honoured few, Pat has left no field of sport unexplored. He has played golf, rugby, and in his second year he was on the Bishop's ski team. Pat also showed his running prowess in this year's track meet by winning the mile run, even if he had to be practically carried off the field, and by coming first in the broad jump. Ping-pong, badminton, bowling, chess, bridge, dancing, sleeping (sometimes at the college), studying (Lord knows when), and of course wooing many of the Sherbrooke girls were just a few more of Pat's minor activities during his hectic college life. To go further afield, inter-year basketball and hockey were among Pat's favorite sports. In his first and third years he played an important part in helping his team win the coveted hockey trophy, symbol of hockey supremacy at Bishop's.

The energy Pat displayed in all activities at Bishop's was carried on into the C.O.T.C. in which he played in the band for two years and also reached the rank of Sergeant. The toughness of C.O.T.C. "schemes" were made almost pleasurable when taken with generous portions of the Schofield humour.

As his contribution to the war effort, Pat relinquished his room in the Old Arts and set up housekeeping in the New. But with him went his retinue of admirers and fellow sufferers to continue the bull-sessions so thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Pat need have no qualms in the unlikely event of his not attaining a B.Sc. On the strength of his knowledge of things agricultural, gained during a seige of farming on the western prairies in last fall's harvesting season, he would qualify for a Baccalaureate of Agriculture.

His activities at Bishop's were by no means limited to sports. Oh no! He was elected Vice-President of the Students' Association, a position he most capably filled. After spending a few minutes in the laboratory each day, Pat would then devote valuable hours to the Mitre, as Circulation Manager; to the Dramatic Society, as Treasurer; and finally to the Dance Committee, as President. The Glee Club and Choir reserved a place for Pat but unfortunately they had no vacancies for trumpet players—thank the Lord!

After three years at Bishop's, Pat will emerge from his straight and narrow course in Chemistry and Physics with a B.Sc. degree. He has no intentions of stopping there however, medicine, he hopes, will be his next obstacle. Knowing Pat as we all do, we are certain that his ability to achieve success will again be his, whether his choice is medicine or some other important vocation. Wherever you are Pat, or whatever you do, all of us wish you every happiness and success.



## Annie Laurie Fraser

Laurie first made her appearance in L'Avenir, Quebec, on June 23, 1925. When she was too young to know better she allowed herself to be sent off to Ulverton School where she passed the greater part of her waking hours during the next nine years. Laurie then journeyed to that renowned centre of learning St. Francis College High School, Richmond, and after a year spent in these hallowed (some say haunted) halls she graduated with a first class in the matriculation examinations.

Since joining the ranks of the Bishmilas in the fall of 1941, Laurie has continued to cover herself with glory in the scholastic field, graduating with B.A. degree in honours maths and physics. Nor has she failed to take an interest in the lighter side of life, but has found time here and there among what might be considered leisure moments for numerous activities. Throughout her three years at college she has lent her thrushlike voice to the Bishop's Glee Club. In her first year she played left defense for the "Invincible" girls' hockey team whose sole show of strength was shown in a game against the inmates of the Shed, where the ruthless ferocity struck terror into the hearts of any of the gentle divines who happened to come within range of her hockey stick. This doubtless gave rise to the name "fearless" by which she has since been known to her nearest and dearest. In the bowling league Laurie was an ardent member of that clan whose aim it was to encourage the development of style, rather than strikes. The easy grace with which this sportive damsel would roll the ball down the gutter struck awe and amazement into the hearts of even the most sophisticated pin boys. In her third year she generously donated much time in assisting the women's basketball squad in its endeavour to determine which basket the team was shooting for. Elected women's Representative on the Mitre Board and Year Book Committee she ferreted out much dormant talent and posterity will be everlastingly indebted to her for discerning countless potential Miltons. Her plans for the future include working but those who know her better realize that this is merely a fancy of an over-wrought imagination.





## Lionel Edward Britton Walsh

At a lavish banquet sat ten Froth-Blowers, meet here to pay tribute to the worthy Chief-Gargler of that organization. After a formal toast the chairman of the A.O.F.B. rose to his feet, rapped his stein for attention and spoke thus. "Each one of us, from Puff to Monsoon, is gathered to do homage to Lionel Edward Britton Walsh, representative of the Bishop's constituent. Briefly, then, let me review the career and events of this youth of true 'esprit de famille', as we, his comrades, can testify. Bud was born in Montreal (just above the Peel tavern) in the year 1925. In his early and informative years, with a pewter mug in one hand and a pencil box in the other, he was sent off to Selwyn House and Bishop's College School to study the fundamentals of knowledge. When fully prepared he set sail up the St. Francis and landed at Little Bish on the Massawippi (Arthur's Institute for young intellectuals, genii, scientists, religious reformers and we'll take any old thing). The Great Walsh set his eager eye upon the attainment of a degree leading to a B.Sc., and dabbled long hours over coloured test-tubes and organic abstractions. When able to put this aside he turned to a journalistic activity. As editor of the Mitre he was often lost in great unending yards of galleys, working feverishly with muscilage, scissors and flaying arms. But his efforts were appreciated and rewarded, culminating in the presidential position of the Mitre and the Year Book. With this came a seat in the Students' Council, the directing body of the students' activities. In his junior year he also was a member of the Council as the President of Second Year. As early as '41 he turned to histrionics, content to remain behind stage as designer, set-builder, curtain-man and electrician, and it was not until his senior year that he made his stage debut in "Thank You Doctor" as a chaotic, psychological idiot. The role was a difficult one, smattering of farce and slapstick, which he carried off with vigour and dash. No summary would be complete without some mention of his dashing courtships with a white-skinned blonde, a blackeyed bubbler and a rusty brunette, all of which made him an excellent candidate for the throbbing mysteries of the Casba. In a more energetic line Bud was awarded two hooks in the C.O.T.C. He dabbled in athletics, master of none but participator in all—inter-year hockey, badminton, skiing, basketball and a contender in track.

Alas, gentlemen, here we have a splendid record, a well-rounded, active, full and enjoyable college career. What he takes away with him will keep him in good stead for a happy and successful future. Fellow blowers, let us rise to our feet and quaff a toast to L.E.B.

The worthy ten rose solemnly and raised their split-labels in salute. The night shadows were fading slowly in the eastern sky and with heads held high they carried the Chief Vice-Gargler towards home.



## Lydia Miriam Aboud

Not many years ago there was among the ranks of Laurentide School an attractive girl with a flare for music, and a wonderful ability to make friends. Years passed and with them those trying high school exams. And then one bright sunshiny afternoon in the fall of '41 when the o.d C.P.R. special paused to rest for a few moments at the famous town of Grand'Mere our heroine, with a diploma under one arm and a wolfish twinkle in her eye, hopped aboard.

And so bearing the cheery motto, "A friend in need is a friend indeed", Lydia Miriam Aboud came to Bishop's. As a freshette she divided her time between basketball, and the famous U.B.C. Glee Club. Then she turned her hands to dramatics and became a tough babe in the play "The Whole Town's Talking". Rumour had it that she was after a handbag which earned her the nickname of "Give me the handbag Sadie", which was, however, not the only local handle by which she was to be identified in the years to come. In her second year "Liddy-Boud" travelled to Cowansville as a member of the girls' ski team. At the same time she took an active part in the Sunday afternoon badminton teas which were merely a stepping stone to the greater occupation described by "dark eyes" herself as "wolfing". Third year saw Lydia elected to the Women's Executive Council as organizer of wartime

activities, a job she handled very efficiently while at the same time continuing her fine playing for the Glee Club. Soon, however, "Jusquau'bout" will leave us with a B.A. in French and English. Rumour has it that she plans to follow in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale and what effect this will have on the blood pressure of her patients we will leave to your imagination. She has said, however, that her secret ambition is to work as a soda jerk in which case we can guarantee that her restaurant will serve a specialty known as Syrian Soda—with a touch of friendship.

To those who belong to the wonderful and secret order of the "Petunia Pig", "Black-Magic" will be remembered as sharing along with "Meg" the honour of being the only two surviving Sister Souses. And so we Squeaks and Grunts bid her fond farewell and all good fortune in the coming years.





## Anna Francis Heath

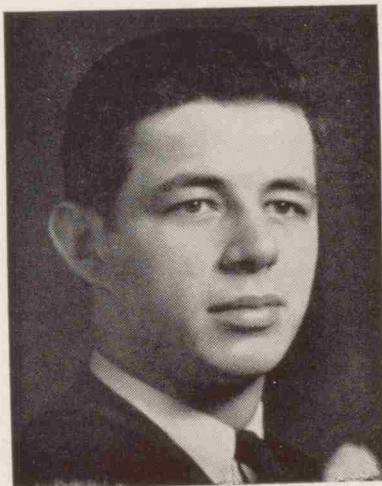
And it came to pass in the fourteenth year of George V, King of England, on the sixth day of the ninth month, that a child was born at Dufferin Heights of Quebec. And her name was called Anna, and she grew and waxed strong in spirit. Now, when she was six years old, she was brought unto the school at Stanstead, where she did abide until eleven years were accomplished. But the time was at hand that she leave the house of her father; so she followed her brethren into the promised land of Bishop's. And she did that which was evil in the sight of their judgments, for she sought learning after the manner of all such as handle the test-tube and microscope. Nevertheless, at the end of two years, she hearkened unto the testimonies of those who serve the arts, and clave steadfastly to an English and History Option.

And Anna did pass the time of her sojourning here in skiing and basketball, bridge and bowling. And she was wont to make noise to serve those who, yet but youths, did put the battle in array against those who had been men of hockey from their youth. Also she did present her voice in the assembly of those cherishing music and singing. Moreover she did bow down to Petunia Pig, which is an image graven by art and woman's desire. Also, she went forth weekly to her work in the upper chamber of the house of the Red Cross, until three hours were expired. And, the time drew nigh, that the Women's Students' Council did have need of a secretary-treasurer: so they laid help upon her that was mighty, and behold they keep this ordinance in that season from year to year.

And it shall come to pass that she shall teach little children the way of her statutes, and many a time shall she afflict them in their youth. So her table shall be furnished with wisdom, and her sleep shall be sweet even unto threescore years and ten.



## Keith London Farquharson

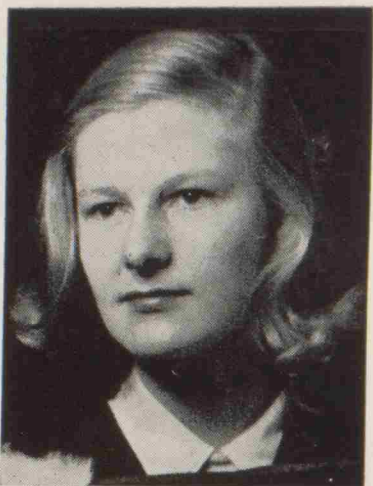


Dear Diary:

I came across a clipping today in the local journal which read: "Keith Farquharson, born and educated at Westmount High School, Westmount, P.Q., and lately a graduate of Bishop's University—." I had to stop here, Diary, to reminisce a bit because, you see, not so many years ago when I was a young and foolish girl I used to go out with "Farky" quite a bit. I think the first time I ever noticed him was when he was out playing hockey on the college rink one day. He used to spend most of his time down there in his early college days and his efforts were well rewarded for he always found a berth on the first squad. Well, a year and a half went by before I first went out with him, and then it was all his idea. At that time he was occupied with such numerous activities as the C.O.T.C. in which he was Lance Corporal, debating, on the Skinner team, choir and Glee Club—in which he added an all too weak tenor to the failing section—hockey and basketball, as usual, bowling, golf, at which he was never very good but seemed to enjoy, and in his off moments writing "Notes and Comments" which was nothing more or less than a printed version of a glorified gossip session. Well you can see that he was quite busy and I was beginning to think that he was the "old faithful" type, but he had one failing—he liked to dance. And so it was that when shortly before one of the bigger college dances he phoned—for someone unknown reason I accepted. Well we went to the dance. As a dancer he st—, well he wasn't bad, but he had a sort of a corny sense of humour which was refreshing and when we drifted in that morning, in spite of the fact that my dogs ached, I had to admit that "it was a wonderful evening". If I was to turn your pages back Diary, you will find an account of that night and of the many that followed. I got to know him better and I found out that he used to spend his summers camping in the Laurentians. I guess he was quite keen about this because after the finals in '43 he left for camp and I scarcely heard from him till he turned up at college again in the fall with a wind blown mop of hair and a deep tan. Well I saw a lot more of him in this final year—perhaps because it didn't take us the first term to get acquainted. Even then, however, he was quite busy, what with being a Sergeant in the O.T.C., much to the distaste of several recruits, playing basketball on the league championship team which Bishop's floored that year, and because the local rink had burnt down, hiking off to B.C.S. to practise his hockey. In the literary field he was kept active writing no less than two columns for the Mitre and as a reward was given the position of Chairman of the Board on the Year Book Committee. There were other minor activities too, which took up a lot of time, so he wasn't available when wanted. Moreover, just to make me jealous he took up coaching the girls' basketball team. Well, he didn't make me jealous and he just let himself in for a lot of work, although I must confess that he seemed to himself. Anyway the year ended and with a B.A. in Maths and Physics to his credit "Farky" left Bishop's. Well, Diary, I lost track of him until just today when I noticed the item in the paper, —for completeness sake I'll finish it— "and lately of Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q., was elected President of the 'B. B. of B. which you of course remember as a society founded in June 1944 by Messrs. Goddard, Macdonald, Narizzano and Farquharson, for the purpose of protecting deserted college men, and known, in the better divorce courts, as the Bishop's Brotherhood of Bachelors."







## Elizabeth Janet Davidson

"Betty" was born in Sherbrooke on April 16, 1925. At an early age she toddled off to school in Sherbrooke and yet not satisfied when she had hastily gulped all this city had to offer, she took the long-famed, orange rattletrap known as "the day students' bus to U.B.C."

Bishop's early recognized her worth by electing her Senior Freshette, and so ably did she fill this position that she was thought fit to be the guide of the innocent freshettes, and accordingly, in her second year became Junior Lady.

Betty sampled almost every extra-curricular activity, including one Glee Club practice, but dramatics had the strongest lure. In her first year she took part in the one-act play "Suppressed Desires", and did such a fine job at ad-libbing that she emerged as prima donna in the major play "The Whole Town's Talking". The high point in her stage career came when she acted in "Glimpses of Life" with Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, of the principle theatres of London and New York. Her most effective part being a murder scene in which she produced a scream complete with gurgle and rattle—off stage. "Bet" has continued to support dramatics, being Mistress of the Robes in her second, and a promptress in her third year.

During the first two years at college Betty took part in the mixed debates, and it might be noted that in both cases her team was victorious. Sports also interested her for she was a strong member of the women's hockey team whenever and wherever it was organized, and could often be seen wending her way over local ski trails.

In her final year "Betty" has been engrossed in a History and Philosophy Option, with time out for Red Cross, Petunia Pig, and whatever else happens to be going on. She is as cautious as most of the Seniors about her future, but admits a yen for journalism, encouraged no doubt by being a press representative here at Bishop's in her third year. Whatever her future career, however, Betty will be a success, and will have a lot of fun following it.

## Robert Melbourne Brown

July 5, 1958.

Dear Sir:

You ask me to give a personal account of Robert Melbourne Brown (as you call him). I can tell you all I know about his college life, if that will do, but few know much about what he has done since college days, and hardly any of his classmates know anything but the bare outline of his past. Since I don't know why you want this information I guess I'll tell all and let you form your own conclusions.

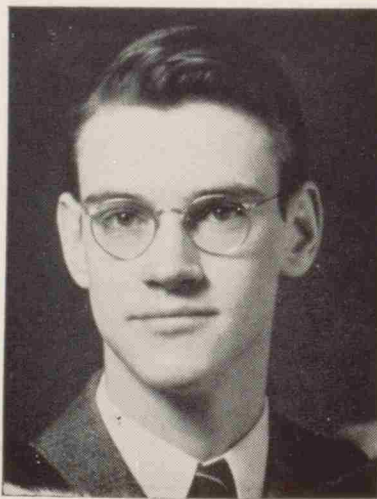
Bob joined the class of '44, Science division, with a bright record of his scholastic past that left no doubts as to his academic future. He finished top of the class in Chemistry and Physics Option by a rather unusual combination of intelligence and diligence. But if you know him at all, I don't have to tell you his marks to convince you, so let's get back from Brown, the student, to Bob. He joined the class with a straight face that had Lower Hall, Old Arts, whispering their imprecations for fear "the Deacon" would be shocked at their poor treatment of the powers of speech. Before a week was out Bob had lost one nickname and gained another that represented the humorous gleam in his eye (the gleam you see as he bends over the sleep-freshman's bed) and the laugh that greets everyone's gag. For Bob's sense of humour is open to all. We appreciate it in a scowling world.

There are mysteries about Bob. He's hard to get talking and easy to stop. He can sit at a protest meeting and say nothing about it for days, then come out with the opinion that everyone will reach later. He manages to get top marks and still attend bull-session in Gale's or Don Jack's (he seldom missed one), play a large share of the bridge and chess, play inter-year hockey, basketball, act as Secretary-Treasurer of Literary and Debating, carry out the many duties of Year Book business manager, put the Q.M. stores into better shape than any other C.Q.M.S. has been able to in centuries, and still had time for skiing, skating, loafing with us in the Common Room and a number of other more usual activities such as labs and such.

It should be obvious to even a person like yourself who has not been to college (your spelling and grammar are too good for a grad) that Bob had a full life at Bish. But I mustn't neglect to explain that Bob didn't spend all his time with us. We know that his holidays were filled with company that was more pleasant than intellectual. We know that Bob danced as well as the average Bishop's man and more often. Often I watched him grin as he headed across the dance floor, his eyes—anyway he knew a lot of people that we never got around to meeting. I might, but won't mention his extracurricular experiments (great is the progress of science) in the field of social activities. While I'm at it I might as well not mention that he helps entertain the R.A.F. and the choir that sings for the R.A.F.

When he left Bish he planned to go into the Army and to do post-graduate work at McGill. I remember we all wished him the best of luck and success. If it's a promotion you're planning for him I would recommend it and note that Bob never promotes himself.

Yours truly,





## Andrew Raymond Mitchell Roy

Among the great historians of the world, our great-grandchildren may some day read the name of Andrew Raymond Mitchell Roy. His biography will probably be inscribed in some ponderous encyclopaedia, but that won't be the same as this one, for Andy has been with us for three years, and this lanky boy of ours has commanded prominence right through, in spite of his attempted seclusion in the Old Lodge.

The facts of Andy's life are few. He was born (most of us were) on September 12, 1924, at Levis, Quebec, indeed a fitting birthplace for an historian. He received his early education at the schools in Levis, Waterville, and Lennoxville, all of Quebec. Andy didn't just go to school, but he went with a purpose and stacked up high honours there which have stood him well here at Bish. His home is now in Waterville.

Andy leaves the question of "any interesting experiences before coming to college?" a blank, but we question that. However, he has made up for lost time. As a poor innocent freshman like the rest of us in our first year. Andy was the first to release his pent-up energies by having the first fling with the freshettes of our year. Ah, that was a beautiful thing!—ties and stuff. But then he moved to other things that were going on, and in his first year he worked with the Old Lodge staff of Carp and Pen. on the Year Book Committee. Again in his third year he maintained the duties of editor on the same committee.

There was a significant silence in Andy's dramatic career in his first year, but in his second year this worthy once more hit the limelight and drew away the leading role in "The Wind and the Rain". We heard directors at the time going around-muttering, "Latent talent; damn shame to waste it." Then this year Andy has been Secretary of the Dramatics Executive Committee.

But all this didn't mean that Andy didn't get his exercise. He took a very active part in inter-year sport, being one of the better defense players on the hockey team and certainly being the leading light of the third year basketball team.

Well, now let's see; that takes in dramatics, Year Book, and sports. Now what else was there that Andy did here for three years. Oh yes, in his spare time he studied! Of course, he only studied in his spare time because he seemed to be able to get along very well without it. He breezed through his first and second years, and in his final year he took the straight history option, and it's the same story over again. Maybe he's trying to prove that history repeats itself.

Well, that's Andy's career at Bish for three short years, short years crammed full of something to do. He has already enlisted in the Air Force and will go there right after graduation; it's a case of from "per ardua ad B.A." to "per ardua ad astra". And since Andy was good enough to attain the rank of corporal in the C.O. T.C. there is no doubt that he will do very well in the R.C.A.F. Good luck Andy, wherever you go and whatever you may do.



## Jacqueline Mildred Lockwood

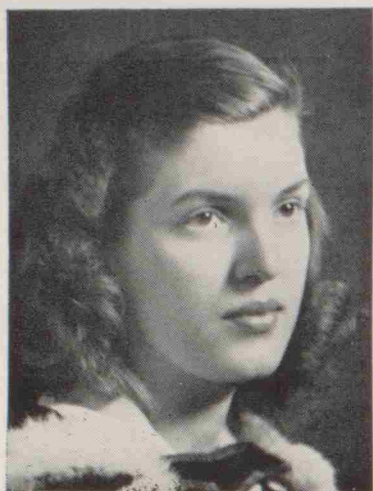
A crash, a groan, a small explosion and students stream out of the "Chem lab" pursued by clouds of odorous vapours. "Jocky" has finished another experiment. While working for her degree, a B.Sc. in Chemistry and Physics, Jacqueline Mildred Lockwood has made the lab a place of probable death and destruction, but no one can complain that it is ever dull with the blue smocked Jacky handling test tubes!

Born May 10, 1923, at North Hatley, Quebec, Jacqueline came to Bishop's after graduating from North Hatley High School, and has been an ardent supporter—and often instigator—of all extracurricular activities. In first year she wielded a wicked stick on the girls' hockey team, skied, and lustily cheered at the basketball games. Second year found her a member of the Glee Club, Petunia Pig, and the C.R.B.C. (Common Room Bridge Club).

This year "Jacky" took over the arduous, and often thankless, task of Women's Athletics representative. She has done an excellent job in organizing the various teams, and in promoting interest and enthusiasm in them. Again, bowling, hockey, and the Glee Club claimed her attention, while at Red Cross and Petunia Pig her good-humoured wit added to the scintillating (need we be sarcastic?) conversation. In spite of her many labs, "Jacky" is never too busy to pitch in when there is work to be done, and may always be found atop the highest ladder when decorating for a dance.

After graduation she hopes to work in organic chemistry. We know, however, that "Jacky" will not devote her entire life to test tubes, and wish her the best of good fortune in her future enterprise.





## Lucille Hope George

There was an awed silence as a dainty, hardtuned slowly raised the china cup. Its gilt edge sparkled under the strong light of a nearby bridge lamp. All eyes were turned expectantly upon the holder of the cup who, after a carefully scrutinizing the tea leaves, spoke as follows "I see here that you will have a visitor—he will be a tall, dark, man with a—there was a suppressed giggle, a low whistle and a slight shuffle as the students made themselves comfortable for an hour's fun—La Belle George was in for another session of fortune telling.

Would you like to know how this art came to be the favorite pastime of his fair maid? It happened years ago that a dark-haired little girl roaming in the fields near her home in Mansonville, Quebec, came upon a lone gypsy brewing tea on a small wood fire. So it was that Lucy joined the gypsy in a sumptuous repast, and with a comfortable, well-fed feeling she climbed up on his lap. Then the old traveller picked up her discarded cup and after a moment of consternation spoke as follows.

"I see for you a great future, you will speed through a local high school, probably Knowlton, and then on to that famous institution of Bishop's. You will be nervous and in your first year at Bish you will be a quiet sedate coed. I see, however, that you have the essential qualities of energy and ambition, so you need have no fear that this situation will persist. Indeed as I see by the arrangement of these leaves you will blossom forth during the next two years into a life of activity that will include not only skiing and skating, but also an active membership as a "grunt" in a mysterious organization known only to the outside world as "The Petunia Pig". Nevertheless you will have to work hard for your fame for you will constantly be called on to undertake such tasks as representing the Mitre, and being an unofficial Red Cross secretary, as as decorating for college dances. You will never be a famous singer but I do notice you joining your voice with many others at Glee Club practices. Now let me see, what do we observe when we turn your cup this way—." The gypsy's eyes brightened and smiling he continued—"I also can foretell an active social life for you—at first I see many men and countless evenings out. These will be happy days for you and you will revel in the joys of dates in Sherbrooke. But what is this? Ah yes! I see here that as you near your final exams that you have forsaken almost all your escorts, and are studying constantly. And that is almost all except that I see you graduating with a B.A. in French and English." The old gypsy sighed, and looking down at the little girl he said, "Further than that I can say nothing." It was growing dark. The child slipped from the gypsy's lap and skipped home across the fields in the gathering dusk. She had forgotten what the old traveller had told her, she remembered only his hot buttered biscuits, a smiling weather-beaten face, and wished she were like him.

And so Luce has fulfilled the prophecy and as she goes forth to make her way in life, temporarily perhaps, as a school marm, she leaves at U.B.C. a famous memory of her ability to read ladies' teacups and men's palms.

## Homer William Beattie

Every year on February 19 Homer celebrates. It seems that back in 1925 he first reported for duty on that date and has been on deck ever since. After putting in the required apprenticeship at Ascot Consolidated School and Lennoxville High, he transferred to Bishop's and became a member of the then large class of '44.

Next year the class of '44 wasn't so large but Homer was still with us and turned in a good account of himself. His English courses were the bane of his life at Bish but he took heart in the prospect of his all-science third year. He attended all C.O.T.C. parades, some lectures and a lab period once in a while. He played on the inter-year hockey team that should have won the cup (if it hadn't been for the third-year team) and was a flashy forward on the second year basketball team. The dances interested him too.

Evidently when Homer went home every night he did some work because when our ranks were thinned down so you could see through them, Homer was part of the remaining skeleton crew. During the year '43-'44, Homer found himself goaler of the triumphant third year hockey team, one of the mainstays of the inter-year basketball team and a corporal in the C.O.T.C. In spite of the handicaps of being a day-student, Homer was particularly interested in all college activities and was at the college a surprising amount of time. All the dances received his full attention and his trusty little Chev. a full load. The second occupant of the front seat seemed to be a certain someone every time now.

Now Homer had left his cursed English far behind and was taking straight Chemistry and Physics with a little religion thrown in. This in itself kept him around the college for he made sure he was well up in his labs. From the results of the exams several fellows suspect that he had been working at home again during the time the resident students used for "discussion periods".

Came the spring of '44 and Homer began to think of the future. He volunteered for the Artillery but like most of us was overlooked. He plans to go on in medicine at some time. The best of luck, Doc!





## Silvio Casimiro Narizzano

"Come in. How do you do. I am Professor Childs, and you are?—I see Mr. Warner from Hollywood. Won't you have a chair, Mr. Warner. Now what was it you wished to see me about. —What's that, you want a recommendation for Silvio Narizzano. I seem to remember the name—let me think. Ah yes! Now I remember him. He was one of that uproarious class of '44. As I recall he was born in Montreal and educated at St. Ignatius, Liz Ballantyne and Loyola. —So he's in Hollywood now is he? Well I always thought he would end up acting. You see I remember him particularly for his ability to be natural on the stage. Here let me show you this clipping, pardon me if the book is rather dusty, but see here where it says: 'The house lights dimmed and the curtain rose to the strains of soft music and there stood 'Nick', Bishop's greatest Shakespearian actor, a highbred cross between Romeo and Falstaff' — that was written by the president of the Mitre in his year. Yes 'Sil' was a fine chap and indeed popular for he had a certain aesthetic charm which made him quite irresistible. Who can forget 'Fiend—Fiend—Fiend' in 'The Game of Chess' or how he was cast so perfectly as 'Chet Binney' in 'The Whole Town's Talking'. Yes indeed, a good deal of his life revolved around dramatics and for this reason he was elected president of that organization in his third year. By then as I remember it he had taken up directing and a fine job he did too in a play called "Thank You Doctor". He was a student in my philosophy course you know and a sincere scholar except that he had a tendency to skip lectures—perhaps that's why he never could understand Freud. I suppose, of course, that we professors should keep better track of our students, but it certainly is good to hear about them once and a while and now that Silvio has made the movies perhaps I can write him a fan letter.—Do have a cup of tea, Mr. Warner.—



Now let me see where was I—its hard to remember the details as it were—but as I was saying perhaps I have given you a wrong impression for Sil was not only interested in dramatics. Indeed he took part in the Skinner debates, played some badminton and was quite fond of skiing. His writing ability also was very remarkable and this earned him the coveted position as editor of the Mitre. In the meantime, however, he had gained the rank of corporal in the O.T.C. Of course, Mr. Warner, we professors are not ones to gossip but I do know that he had a certain way with the women and I oftentimes heard rumours that he was the life of some riotous parties at the Wellington. Well, Mr. Warner, I must take my afternoon walk now. Is there anything else I have to add? —Well, I can't think of anything unless it was that he had the peculiar record of having lived in all four of the college residences and that he was in his time I believe a member of both the Parchesi and Warner. Please give my regards to Mr. Narizzano and tell him Professor Childs gave him a good recommendation and wishes him success in the movies. —What's that you say Mr. Warner — he's not in the movies ... Oh I see, — you just want to employ him as a butler.



## Raymond Gilling Goddard

"That's right George I do take a keen interest in the boys that leave Smith's Falls on the'r trek through life. Their paths are varied and many of them do real well. There was one fellow especially whom I remember. He worked for me before he went to Bishop's University. You remember Gil Goddard surely. He lives on McGill Street, can see him now as the young nip he was when he attended the secondary and primary schools here. I'll never forget the day before he went on a canoe trip up the Rideau. You could see his blond head whipping from store to store getting the last minute things that boys always seem to have forgotten till then. And the week before he went on the motor rip around he Gaspé and the Maritimes Gil was so excited he couldn't say two consecutive words without getting mixed up. You know I never thought that the baby that came to the Goddard household on September 2, 1921, would end up going to college. Why he looked like an ordinary baby to me, but you can't tell anything by looks, can you?"

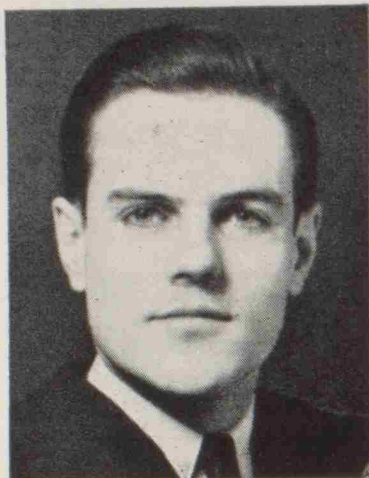
He seems to like going to college though. His letters are most interesting. The course he is taking is History and Philosophy. (We don't hold that against him though.) He says he works hard but I personally don't see when he has the time to waste on work with all the interesting things going on. Gil wrote me of his exploits with the badminton and debating teams. He skied for pleasure, skated, and did a little track work too. Besides these he took part in a major and a minor play, upheld the tenor section in the Glee Club and the Choir, the O.T.C. seemed to claim a lot of his time too. In this he rose from the rank(?) of (honorary probationary acting) cadet to the exalted position of second louey. The letters from him in his final year were a little fewer and farther between. The reason he gives is that he was a little busier than before. You see he was the President of the Literary and Debating Society which entailed a lot of work. Conferences and debates every little while kept him working.

Don't get the idea though that all was toil. There seemed to be quite a bit of entertainment of which Gil extracted his full share. There were teas, dinners, dances and movies. Also I heard (not from R.G.) that there was some very nice people living on Clough Ave. whom he visited often. Maybe Prof. Childs could tell us more about that angle.

Lately Gil has been telling me of his hopes to join one of the services after he has finished his course. After cleaning up the war he will probably go into social service work of some sort or take up teaching. What ever he does I know he will do it well.

Goodbye now George, and if you see Gil down east wish him all the luck for me."





## Clement Joseph Brodeur

How to find room to comment upon this lad and his activities is a bit of a problem. Versatile and energetic, he has done just about everything there is to do at Bishop's, and in spite of this apparent diversity of interest he has been nearer the master than the jack of each of his trades. A westerner, born in Humboldt, Sask., on February 5, 1922, Clem has attended such a long list of schools ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that we cannot hope to name them. Let it suffice to say that he ended up at St. Pat's in Sherbrooke, and arriving here in the early fall of 1941 with the rest of the "Maddening Crowd," he settled down to routine tasks.

His past is a vast unknown to most people—perhaps it is better so! But we do know that before he came to Bish he had done more things than most of us do in a lifetime. A "connaissanceur" of the North American continent, he has crossed from Montreal to Victoria and return, four times; travelled in thirty-one of the forty-eight United States of America; worked in Jasper Park Lodge in the Canadian Rockies for two summers; vacationed in Banff and Lake Louise at the same time as several outstanding Hollywood stars. And so we might go on—since space does not permit, we must leave the rest to the imagination of our readers.

In 1941 Bishop's opened their portals to admit Clem where he has more than distinguished himself in the realm of sport. With real fighting spirit he played junior hockey for the first two years—this year forming the backbone of the Third Year champion hockey club. In basketball, Clem was also active, having played in several inter-year matches during the '42-'43 season. In football he has been an outstanding performer in the only two matches we have played in the last three years. In the realm of minor activities Clem has been equally brilliant—badminton, bowling, bridge and chess having occupied the larger proportion of his spare time.

It would certainly be a boner of the first order to exclude an account of some of his more outstanding experiences since he has come to Bish. A problem soldier of the C.O.T.C. he seemed inevitably to be "in the soup." What with breaking Frizzell's swagger stick; and sneaking into camp with a few of the boys at 4 a.m., Clem seems to have made history in the annals of the Reserve army. However, not content with this form of excitement, he suddenly decided to rival the New Sherbrooke Hotel in providing a haven of refuge for those poor unfortunates from Bishop's, who only too often have found themselves stranded in Sherbrooke in the "wee" hours of the morning. It is not surprising then to find him operating a boarding house at number 5 Beckett Road, under the awe-inspiring name of "Come ye Blessed of My Flock". Various bits of gossip have leaked out about this unique residence, we suggest that for further information you consult almost any member of the Third Year. However, the story goes that Clem's novel idea met with such astounding results, that he himself was forced to evacuate, getting home only very occasionally to see his family.

And yet that is not all. Somebody recognized that Clem combined with his enthusiasm a fine executive ability and that "infinite tact". As a consequence he has been appointed to various committees since his first year and has brought to them his whole energy and a constant fund of new ideas. A member of the Student's Executive Council as President of the Day Student Body, vice-president and manager of hockey, Advertising Manager for the Mitre, and a member of the Dance Committee. It is not in the least surprising that he was occasionally behind in his assignments, but content with these arduous tasks, he has replaced Ken Jackson as Manager of Athletics.

Clem's many friends will particularly remember him as a keen conversationalist and humourist. His personal motto—"Oh I say young man, Go B.....hing if you can, If you can't go b.....hing, Do the best you can." So typical of Clem's poetic art, will long be remembered. His eagerness to know and discuss, whether around a table of bridge or over a midnight stein of beer has precipitated many a lengthy bull session. Freshmen and seniors alike have enjoyed Clem's stimulating companionship.

During his final year, Clem was accepted by the Navy and left to serve his country, assured that the authorities will see fit to grant him a B.Sc. degree in Maths and Physics. All of us will long remember Clem for his meteoric dashes over white-striped football fields, bluelined ice surfaces, for his sunny disposition and his happy faculty of being a good friend.





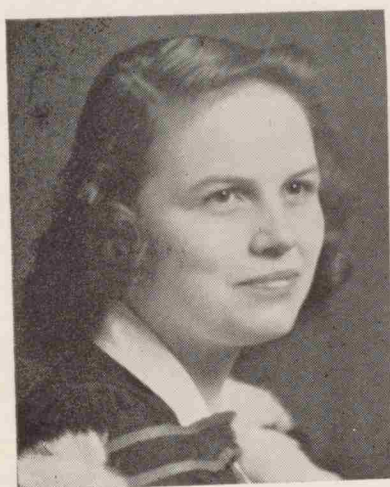
## Allan Burton Farquhar

A native of Huntingdon, he came to Bishop's in '41, after spending the early years of his life in Ontario, and to the writer, these years have remained a dark secret, except for special references which he feels must be mentioned here.

Receiving his education in several well known schools in Ontario and Quebec, he eventually entered McDonald College, where he received his Teacher's Diploma. Later French specialist's courses at Queen's University occupied his attention partially quenching his thirst for knowledge. This year he graduates from Bishop's with B.A. in history. Plans for the future—education.

Before coming to U.B.C. it is only natural that Allan should have had several past experiences worthy of mention. Several years were spent in Civil Service, followed by ten years in education both as teacher and principal.

During his first two years amongst us, he was mainly concerned with his duties as principal of Ascot Consolidated School. His weekends were equally busy since he preached practically every Sunday for a year arriving home on the C.P.R. Monday morning fully refreshed and prepared for classes at nine o'clock sharp. A note of interest might be added here—at least five of his former pupils have graduated from Bishop's and at the present time there are former pupils in the courses of all three years.

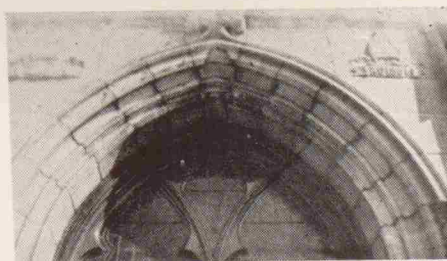


## Audrey Francis Asch

In silent awe we waited for the oracle to speak. Then the giant jaw dropped open, and from the depths came a deep rumbling sound that grew in intensity until the very earth around us trembled. And then the oracle spoke in its deep guttural tones the words "Audrey Asch is an enigma"—that was all. We stood still—struck dumb by the truthfulness of this amazing statement. Our memories worked feverishly as we recalled the way Audrey sat through English and Divinity lectures with a perfectly disinterested air, and yet swaggered forth after the period with literally reams of notes. We remembered how she had seemed to live in the clouds, while somehow managing to hear, comprehend, and note down the Prof's distant words of wisdom. And so we left full of admiration for Audrey the prodigy.

After whipping through all that Farnham, the home town, could offer in the academic field Audrey proceeded to take a senior matric at Granby High School. With this successfully behind her she then turned her attentions to university. Attracted by the big city she enrolled at McGill University in the fall of '42 but as though guided by some unknown demigod she changed her mind within one week, and so, in search of greener fields, she came to Bishop's. Here she enrolled in an English and History course from which she hopes to graduate with the purple sheepskin of a B.A.

Those of us who know her have no fear that this will be the case for Audrey studies enough to gain those nice comfortable "second classes" in the leisure time granted her after English essays, Glee Club practices, bowling, and Red Cross sessions have been dealt with more than satisfactorily. Following graduation there is a possibility that Audrey will return for the Teachers Course, although she confesses having no pedagogical urge, and a horror of being labeled "schoolmarm"—in any field she may enter, however, success is assured to one of such pleasant and witty temperament.









## Pleasant Memories

Have you ever studied fractions? Of course anyone who has reached Bishop's has done so, and realizes that  $21/27$  is not equal to  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; this proves that not  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the bright forty-seven freshmen of September '41 are now left with us. We, the remnant (21) feel that even the Profs will breathe a sigh of relief, and say, "Thank God they have gone!"

As June, 1944, draws closer, our class grows quieter, not on account of the inevitable ordeal of examinations, as onlookers might presume, but because we leave the place that will ever be the centre of our interests—good old Bish on the Massawippi. To my fellow class-members I give this warning, when you have penetrated to the uttermost parts of Canada, don't be alarmed when some one says, "Bishop's? Where is it?"—because not far from you there will undoubtedly be another Bishop's man.

In the spring of '41, in various parts of Quebec and Ontario, were boys and girls preparing for their future, and their parents were making the plans. Innumerable university calendars, giving information about the courses and activities, were piled on the book-shelf, and amongst them was the one—now so familiar to us all—Bishop's. It offered something that many others couldn't offer—a residential college; this was needed by many who were then mere boys, and needed the guiding hand of the Dean of Residence and of the older college boys.

To Bishop's we came, full of hopes, but fearing the worst. Those Professors with M.A.'s, D.D.'s, D.C.L.'s, and Ph.D.'s did seem so great and mighty, in the lecture rooms on those bright mornings of September '41. We had no one to turn to for protection—everyone was a stranger, and oh! that unusual man standing at the front—the Prof!

Yes, those were our thoughts, but now we like to say, "Our year is an exceptional one." Perhaps we feel that we are better than the former grads. But why? It is because Bish. has given to us much more than we had ever hoped. Some have searched the fields of Physics and Chemistry, others have sweated over Maths, and the less scientific students have turned to Philosophy, History, English, French, and even Theology. It is true that our academic standing isn't exceptional, but "never have so few caused so much stir and trouble for so many in such a short time." This shows that our year has initiative to go ahead—to push, to reform, and to correct. Few have entered the major sports, hockey and basketball, but each individual has played his or her part in minor athletics.

Now let us review our college years. We passed through a period when life at Bishop's was very difficult. Many of our friends left our ranks to join the Active Forces; we had a perpetual debate as to whether we should follow them or remain at college to equip ourselves to meet the post-war situation; we who leave this year have obviously won the latter debate, and are now about to leave here as graduates with more opportunities for leadership than is given to most people. We owe the greater part of this training to the social life here; at some time during our three years we have been responsible for some activity, perhaps a dance, a hockey game, a debate, an issue of the Mitre, or the production of a play; from each of these responsibilities we have gained, quite unconsciously perhaps, training that proves quite useful in our later lives.

We leave Bishop's quite reluctantly. We love the old dark halls, the ancient lecture rooms, and even the meals about which we complain continually; we were so attached to our bedrooms that we put up a fight before allowing the R.A.F. to occupy them. In a very short time we will no longer describe the profs as cruel, harsh, ignorant, and unjust, but our memories will be pleasant and kind; we will say, "Poor old So-and-So, he was a good egg."

To the future classes we say, "Don't allow your thoughts of life here be too harsh. College life at Bish is a little bit of heaven." We, who are leaving to take different positions in the world, where we will have to solve our own problems without the aid of fellow-students, realize this all too well. We ask for and need your good wishes and not your curses. Adieu.

E. H. P.



## Arts and Science '45



First row—M. Getty, E. MacDonald, F. McFadden, J. Milne, E. Edgar, M. Powers.  
 Second row—J. Poaps, G. Hurley, N. Buchanan, G. Roy, G. Bown, P. Wood, P. Beaudry, T. Manning.  
 Third row—L. Waldman, C. McCredie, H. Moffat, J. Scarth, P. Carr, C. Dobb.

Last year when our class picture was taken, we numbered forty-one, including 12 freshettes. This year we number only 20. I wonder how many will be left next year, to graduate?

Of our original class, Tyler Spafford, Mike Rabitich, Grant Vaudry, C. R. Sinclair, Bob Johnson, Dicky McMaster, Jack Farnsworth, Bob Westman, Jim MacKay, and Earny MacKay are now members of the R.C.A.F.; Harry MacDiarmid, Paul Gagnon, Stock Day, Fred Anderson, Doug Thorpe, Robert Moore and Les Davis preferred the Navy. Les, Stock, and Doug are now Sub-Lieutenants. Congratulations! Congratulations also to Lieutenant Brian Lyne, R.C.A.

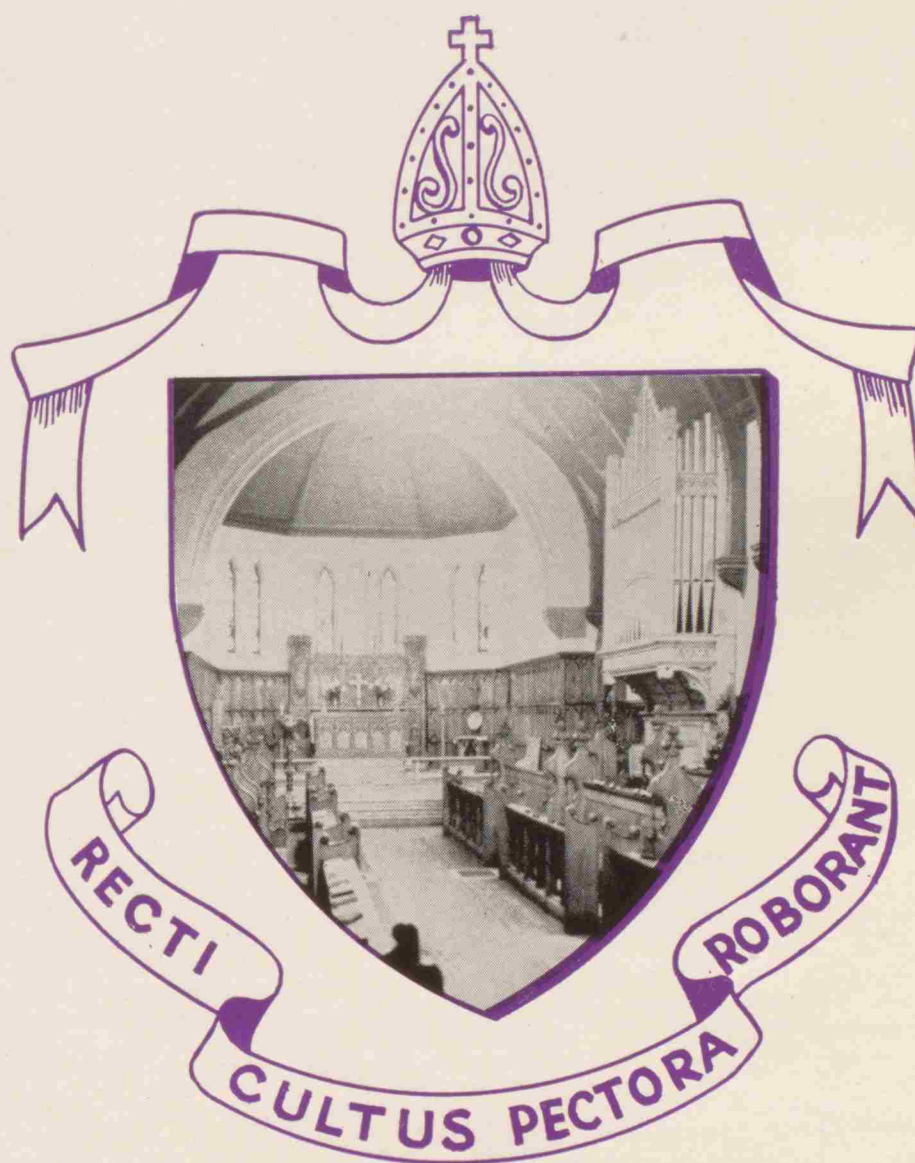
This year, in spite of our good showing, we lost the inter-year basketball cup to First Year. Hockey also found us in third place. Anyway it was a lot of fun while it lasted. This year we contributed to the seniors track victory over the freshmen. Two of our members, McCredie and Pres Carr, made the senior basketball squad and McCredie was elected captain.

Our second year was much quieter than our first, due probably, to the absence of our live wires, McMaster, Day, Davis, Wolf Anderson, and a few others.

In closing Second Year wishes the graduating class the best of luck and please, you guys, leave a little of Hitler for us to take a crack at.







Divinity



## The Guild of the Venerable Bede

The Guild of the Venerable Bede is a society which exists for the twofold purpose of forming a bond of union between the Divinity House and its former members, and to encourage mutual intercession and assistance.

Three members of this society were ordained to the Diaconate last year: M. C. Robinson for the Diocese of Niagara, W. R. Wright for the Diocese of Ottawa, and G. S. Watson for the Diocese of Quebec. Unfortunately the Rev. G. S. Watson's pastoral duties, in this world, were cut short by his untimely death while on duty from his parish headquarters at Baie Comeau.

Although no one joined the Guild this year there are four new men living in Divinity House who are preparing themselves for Holy Orders. These new students are J. G. Hodder, O. A. Hopkins, R. B. D. Wright, and H. S. Fumerton. It is hoped that some of these men will join the Guild of The Venerable Bede next year.

The officers for the past year were: The Rev. Professor Elton Scott, Warden and President; L. J. Baird, Junior Year Representative and Secretary-Treasurer; R. W. Peirce, Librarian, and E. H. Patterson, Middle Year Representative.

As there are no Divinity students in the final year it is not definitely known as to whether or not anyone will be ordained. To those who may be ordained to the Diaconate and to those former students who may be ordained to the priesthood the Bedesmen express their best wishes. May they faithfully serve before God, to the glory of His great name, and the benefit of His holy Church.

L. J. B.





## Divinity Faculty



First row—R. Peirce, Prof. G. B. Jones (Dean), Dr. A. H. McGreer (Principal), Prof. E. Scott, E. Patterson.

Second row—J. Hodder, R. Wright, L. Baird, O. Hopkins.

Last fall we returned to the Shed to find six of our old boys missing. Hugh Apps and Leon Adams returned to their duties, Leeds Mission and Smith's Falls respectively. Bil Wright was ordained in June and became assistant curate of Christ's Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and Morse after his ordination went to Wainfleet, Ont. Bill Blackstock allowed his patriotism to get the upper hand, and he donned the R.C.A.F. uniform. Then, Gordon, was ordained in October and appointed to Comeau Baie Mission, and met with death shortly after. We, who knew Gordon, were greatly grieved.

In the place of the above we have four new members: Jimmy, Bobby, Hoppy and Fummy, and with these new birds we have three of the old stock, Len Baird, Roy Peirce and Pat Patterson. Of the new ones I can say very little since they spend the first year trying to make an impression, but the old boys have tried to keep up the traditions of the Shed. Each of the latter group has won himself a position on the Students' Executive Council—Pat has been re-elected as Senior Man, Roy is President-elect of the Mitre, and Len is President-elect of Literary and Debating.

In spite of the scarcity of our members we have variety. Enumeration: Low Churchman, High Churchman, Orthodox, Unorthodox, the monastic type, the social type, and last but not least, the Reformers. Periodically arises the question of reforming the Shed, but fortunately there are always a few who prevent drastic changes.

The highlight of the Shed's year was the immigration of seven Arts' men in January. We, Divines, have thoroughly enjoyed their stay, and are hoping that in the years to come, they will live with us again. They help a great deal in overcoming the solitude of our dwelling place. To these men we owe many thanks for the happiness they brought.

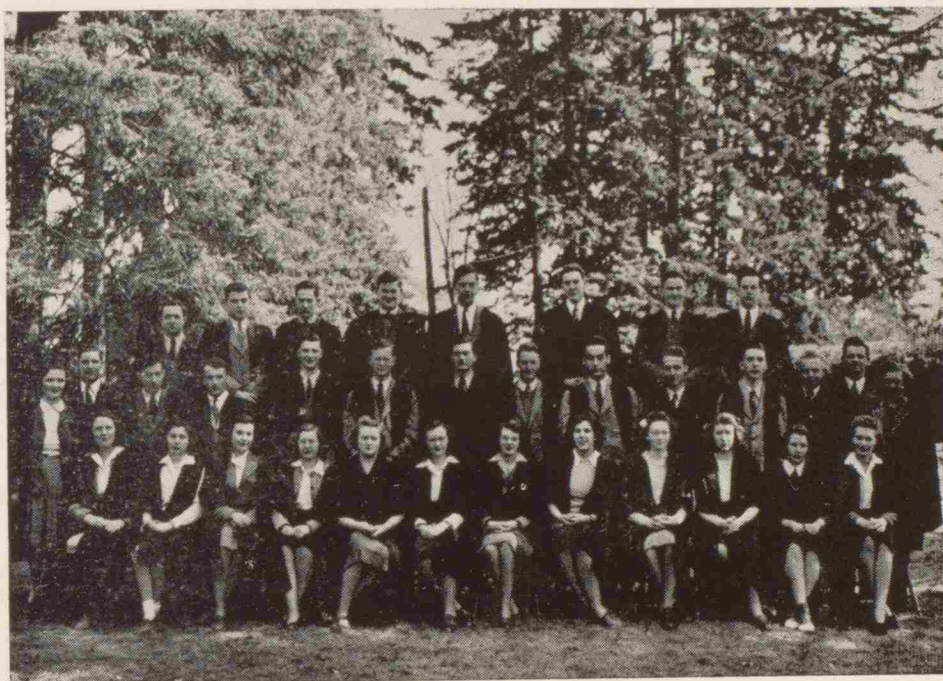








## Arts and Science '46



First row—J. Carr, J. Boast, E. Knutson, M. Harrington, M. Tulk, F. Ladd, E. Bryant, J. Beaudry, T. Parker, L. Pharo, K. Ewing.

Second row—L. Hamilton, F. Delaney, W. Riese, F. Kaufman, B. Watt, S. Geggie, J. Kennedy, N. Fairbairn, Z. Posman, R. Girardin, G. Dickson, O. Hopkins, M. McEwen, M. Graham.

Third row—J. McNaughton, H. Dickson, H. Fumerton, R. Burton, H. Banfill, R. Wright, G. Whalen, G. Pharo.

The freshman class started the year out with twenty-seven freshmen and sixteen freshettes. Of course, twenty-three men and all the girls remained after Christmas. Though we are only a small class we have been in all activities and have been well represented on all teams. The girls joined their basketball team, and we had members on both the ill-fated football team, and the very successful men's basketball team. In the inter-year sports we have had an unlucky hockey team (the devil takes care of his own so the seniors were well looked after), and a basketball team that looks as if it will win the inter-year cup.

In the fields of drama, oratory and politics every thing has gone well. The freshettes won the debate against the freshmen (we still think polygamy is a very good thing). I don't think I need mention the very successful one-act plays put on in the fall. Murray McEwen was nominated head of the freshmen and has also been elected Second Year Representative on next year's council. In the Women's Association Kathy Ewing was nominated head of the freshettes and Jean Boast is the representative of next year's Second Year.

Considering the size of our numbers, the size of the college and the introduction of the R.A.F., it has been quite a successful year, and everybody should be back next year—at least we hope so.

H. M. B.



# Student Opinion - Class of 1944 Poll

## Class Favourite

- Course*—English 3; Organic Chemistry, Chemistry, Maths, French and English, Divinity, 2; History, Physics, B.A., B.A. History and Philosophy, Maths and Physics, Anyone but the one's I'm taking, 1.
- Sports to Play*—Skiing, 4; Golf, Hockey, Bowling, 2; Badminton, Swimming, Just plain necking, Football, Chesterfield Rugby, Hockey (football if we had it), Cardinal Puff, Wolfing, 1.
- Sports to Watch*—Hockey, 13; Football, 2; Handball (no cracks), Skiing, 1st T experts, Gagnon, 1.
- Pastime*—Sleeping, Letter writing, 2; Robbing banks, Bark-manager assistant (female), Loafing, 1; Bridge, Dancing, 2; Watching Walsh and Narizzano squabbling, Walking (bit off and idiot aren't you?), Having a hell of a good time (women or liquor?), Women, Liquor, my kind, Everything (Ah-ha), The Telephone, Flirting, Necking and beer, Yes I do, 1.
- Author*—Dickens, Thorne Smith, 3; Hemingway (For Whom the Bell Tolls), 2; Oh Henry, Earl S. Gardiner, Pearl Buck, Fielding, Austen, Thackeray, Flobert, P. G. Wodehouse, Eric Knight, Thomas Mann, D. Wolf, Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Voltaire, 1.
- Crooner*—Crosby, 10; Sinatra, Home (Mare eat oats), 2; Sexy Sinatra, Frankie (of course), Farky, Prin, Sid, Myself (or Bing Crosby), 1.
- Pipe Tobacco*—None, 6; Wood and Water, 2; Four Square, Don't mind if I do, Farky's and Gill's, Something that doesn't smell like tobacco, Never touch it, Bradhadi's, Anybody's, Revelation Herbert Tareyton, Shag, Bond Street, 1.
- Radio Programme*—Voice of Firestone, Fred Allen, Ma Perkins or Claire Wallace, Bob Hope, Big Sister, Boston Pop's Orchestra, Metropolitan Opera, Fibber McGee, Information Please, Lucky Strike, Sweet Hour of Prayer, Charley McCarthy, Mr. Anthony, Crosby's Music Hall.
- Most Amusing Event in College*—P. Wood encountering Petunia on bridge, Bet's Romance, 3rd R. A.F. dance, Daisy, Home's lectures, Me . . . a sergeant, Beattie's Sugar Party, Meg washing her hair, Playing drunk to a nurse, Seniors trying to arrange a freshman race, R.A.F., Strip-tease at freshette tea, Let's get cracking, Introduction dance this year, A certain F.B. initiation, Robbing banks and breweries, The rink she's burn, Joe's gone for a Dow, Broadcasting in Physics lab, Six trying to neck in a car, Sid lecturing on History to the R.A.F.
- Best College Year*—All of 'em, 1; Third, 13; Second 6; Third (beyond a doubt) 1.
- Magazine*—Life, New Yorker, Esquire, 3; Zippy Stories, Chemical Abstracts, Journal, Breezy Stories, Time, Burlesque and Batman Comics, Reader's Digest, Passion Play, Confident, Mitre (patriotic aren't I?), 1.
- Cigarette*—None, 4; Export, Player's, 3; British Consols, Anyone else's, No thanks, Old Gold, Camel, Buckingham's, Export (1), When I'm broke any kind (2), Chesterfield, Luckies (so round, so firm, so fully packed, so easy on the draw), The absent ones, 1.
- Type of Girl*—My friend's, Big, Blonde and Bucksome, Tall and Scrawny . . . with hair, Is there more than one type?, Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, etc.; Tall and Beautiful, Good conversationalist, Passionate, Lots of personality, Quiet or anyone else's, Bishop's lass, Grable style, Hair à la Davidson, Eyes à la Bryant, Nose à la Edgar, legs à la Milne, torso à la Schoch; Brunette, intelligent, mature mind and figure; One that will go to bed with me; Lovely, blonde and et cetera; One that will "neck" nicely (not Alberta), My own.
- Actress*—Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, 5; Greer Garson, 3; Vivian Leigh, Alexis Smith, Susan Peters, Lorraine Day, Maria Montez, Liz MacDonald, 1.
- Comis Strip*—Terry and the Pirates, 7; L'il Abner, 6; Blondie, 4; Popeye, 2; Katzenjammer Kids, Out our Way, Madame Shu-Shu, 1.
- Movie*—Random Harvest, 4; Bugs Bunny, Lady in the Dark, For Whom the Bell Tolls, Madame Curie, 2; Any French one, Gone with The Wind, Pride and Prejudice, In Which We Serve, Intermez-zo, Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves, Rebecca, Mrs. Miniver, 1.
- Drink*—Milk, Frontenac Blue, Sherbrooke Water, Fast Gin and Apple Cider, Coke, Coffee, Daqueri, Milk Shake, Rye and Coke, Milk or I'm temperate—Rye's my drink, Sloe Gin and soft lights, Rye and Gingerale, Singapore sling, Scotch and gingerale, Sloe Gin, Rye, Make Mine Molson's Beer when Water's flat.
- Orchestra*—Giz Gagnon, 6; Kay Kyser, 3; Mart Kenney, James (who else is there?), Glen Miller, 2; Benny Goodman, Belle Willard, Are there two?, Spike Jones, Haven't seen one since I came to Sherbrooke, Artie (Shaw) on the clarinet, The one at the St. Michel, 1.
- Automobile*—Ford, Olds, A car with a C card 2, Homer's, A Bentley, With gas, With tires—Olds, Packard, Chrysler, My old Man's—it's got gas, The one that you can neck in, Cadillac, Buick, Any car with tires and plenty of gas, Any one I can get, One with room for long-legged neckers.

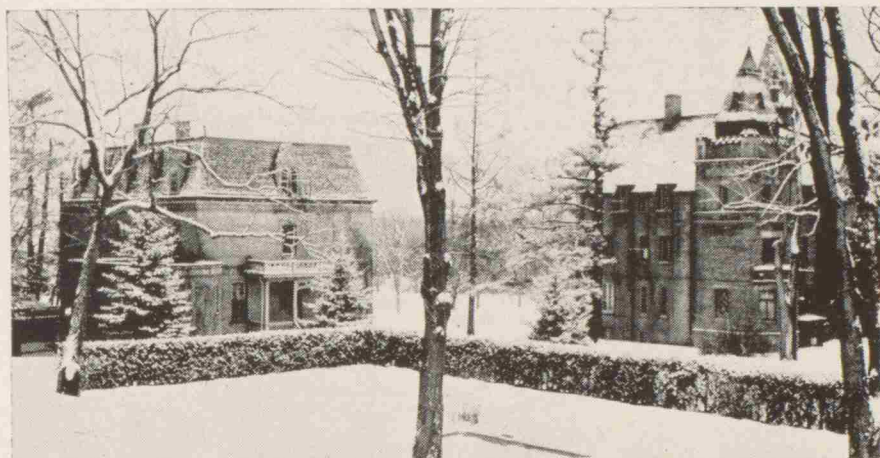




*Campus Character*—Jim Dewhurst, 6; Home, 3; Sunshine, Joe, 2; Anyone of R.A.F., Beaudry, Schofield, Sidney, Narizzano, Walsh, 1.

*Night Spot*—Bed, Barn, Salvation army baracker, Golf course, New Wellington, René's, Dog cart, East Sherbrooke road, In her arms, In her bed, Any nice spot in a lonely field, First T golf course, Any lonely country road, Wherever she happens to be.

*Card Games*—Bridge, 15; Cribb Cards, Strip Poker, Real Bridge (unknown at Bish), Poker, 1.



## Class Election

*Done Most for Bishop's*—Patterson 11; No one 5; Macdonald, Jackson, 1.  
Schoch 10; No one 7; Heath 1.

*Most Respected*—Patterson 8; Brodeur, Farquhar 3; Jackson 2; Macdonald, Macdonald (when sober) Walsh 1.  
Schoch 8; Heath, No one, 3; Fraser, Lockwood, Lucille, Aboud, 1.

*Most Popular*—Patterson 9; Brodeur 7; No one, Schofield, Narizzano, Brown, Farky, 1.  
Heath 6; Schoch, No one 4; Fraser 3; Aboud 2; Betty, Lucille, 1.

*Most Versatile*—Farky 8; Schofield 6; Macdonald, Brodeur, 2; No one, 1.  
Lockwood, Lucille, No one 4; Schoch, Davidson 3; Ascah 1.

*Best Athlete*—Farky 19; Brodeur 2.  
No one 8; Davidson 6; Lockwood 4; Fraser, Ascah, Schoch 1.

*Most Original*—Schofield 8; Narizzano 4; Macdonald, Walsh, Brown 2; Patterson 1.  
Ascah 10; No one 4; Schoch 3; Lucille, Davidson, Aboud, Lockwood, 1.

*Best Dressed*—Walsh 10; Macdonald 4; Brodeur 3; Narizzano 1.

*Most Likely to Succeed*—Beatty 6; Brown, Macdonald 5; Walsh, Patterson 1.  
Schoch, Davidson 5; Aboud, No one 4; Ascah 1.  
Fraser 6; Davidson 4; Lockwood, Schoch 3; No one 2; Heath 1.

*Most Sociable*—Patterson 6; Farky 4; Brodeur 3; Narizzano, Peirce 2; Brown, Gill, Beatty 1.  
Schoch 7; Lucille 5; Aboud 3; No one 2; Ascah Fraser, Heath, 1.

*Best Natured*—Patterson, Beatty 6; Narizzano 4; Brown 2; Farky, Macdonald (at 9 a.m.) 1.  
Fraser 11; Lockwood, Aboud 3; No one 2; Heath 1.

*Typical Bishop's Student*—Brodeur 8; Narizzano, No one 3; Goddard, Macdonald, Schofield, Beatty, Roy, 1.  
Ascah 6; No one 5; Heath 3; Davidson 2; Aboud, George 1.

*Most Entertaining*—Schofield 9; Macdonald, Goddard 3; Narizzano 2; Myself, Roy, Brown 1.  
Ascah 10; No one, Lucille, Fraser, Betty, Heath, Schoch, Aboud, 1.

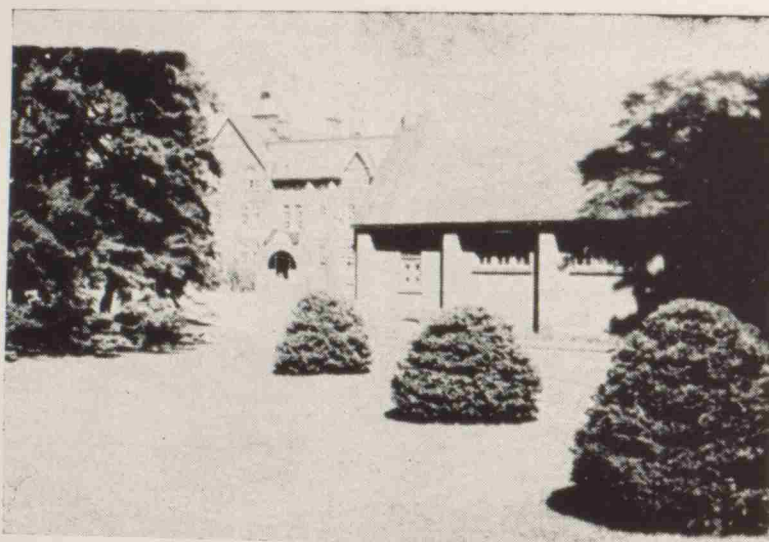
*Best Looking*—Macdonald 8; Walsh 5; Brodeur 2; No one, Naturally, Nick, Goddard, 1.

No one 6; Schoch 4; Davidson, Heath, George 3. *Most Brilliant*—Brown 14; No one 3; Macdonald 2; Schofield 1.  
Fraser 11; Schoch 7; Heath, No one, 1.

*Class Swat*—Roy 6; Beatty, Brown 3; No one, None in our class, Never heard of it, None in 1944, Farky, Patterson, Walsh, Narizzano, 1.  
No one 6; Davidson 4; George 3; Lockwood 2; Aboud 1.



- Laziest*—Man: Walsh, Goddard 5; Macdonald 3; Class of '44, The whole clan, No one, Me, All just as bad, Jackson, 1.  
 Woman—No one 4; Fraser 3; Aboud, Lockwood 2; Aren't we all, Heath, Davidson, Lucille, 1.
- Biggest Drag with Faculty*—Man: Patterson 14; Roy, Farquhar, Schofield, Goddard, Macdonald, 1.  
 Woman—Schoch 13; Lucille 3; No one 2; Davidson, Fraser, 1.
- Biggest Wolf*—Farky 15; Roy, No one, 2; Goddard, Patterson, 1.  
 Lucille 15; No one 4; Davidson, Ascah 1.
- Bull Session King*—Walsh 11; Nick 3; Mac 2; Brown, Goddard, Farky, Schofield, No one, 1.  
 Jackie 6; No one 5; Ascah, Schoch, Fraser, Aren't they all, 2; Davidson 1.
- Buggest Bluffer*—Farky 7; Schofield 6; Walsh 5; Goddard 1.  
 Betty 8; No one 6; Lucille 3; Ascah 1.
- Most Pessimistic*—Narizzano 9; Goddard 4; Farky 2; No one, Macdonald, Beatty, Roy, 1.  
 Aboud 7; No one 5; Heath 3; Ascan 2; Fraser, Lockwood, All of them should be, 1.
- Most Sympathetic*—Patterson 8; Peirce 3; Schofield, Goddard, No one, 2; Farky, Macdonald, No one sympathizes, 1.  
 Schoch 5; No one 4; Lockwood 3; Heath, Aboud 2; Fraser, Ascah, Davidson, 1.
- Best Card Shark*—Farky 12; Brodeur 3; Patterson, Walsh, No one, He left, I wouldn't know, I don't gamble, 1.  
 Schoch 8; No one 6; Davidson 3; No competition 2.



## Faculty Election

- Most Popular*—Kuehner 8; Daddy 3; Home, Boots, Grendel, 2; Tony, Dickie, Algae, 1.
- Most Scholarly*—Daddy 7; The Little Dean 6; Home 2; Sid, Tony, Boots, Kuehner, Pop Burt, 1.
- Best Detective*—Grendel 11; Sid, Kuehner, Mother Call, Algae, 2; Artie 1.
- Best Teacher*—Kuehner 11; Dickie 6; Daddy, Sid, Algae, 1.
- Best Lecturer*—Kuehner 6; Boots 3; Tony, Little Dean, Langford, Dickie, 2; Daddy, Philosopher Sid, Moffat, 1.
- Most Lenient*—Tony 5; Home, Moffat, 3; Grendel, Dean, 2; Daddy, Sid, Carter, Dickie, 1.
- Hardest to Bluff*—Gren 9; Langford 4; Carter, Kuehner, Home, 2; No one, Moffat, 1.
- One Whose Personality Has Most Influenced You*—Gren 5; Home 3; Tony, No one, Algae, 2; Boots, Sid, Kuehner, Little Dean, Prin, 1.
- Most Respected*—Dean, Daddy, 6; Kuehner 4; Boots 2; Artie, Sid 1.
- Hardest Marker*—Sid 6; Boots 3; Gren, Moffat, Home, No one 2; Algae, Is there any easy marker, Any one who flunks me, They all are—the dears, 1.
- Faculty Playboy*—Scott 10; Sid 5; Carter 3; Artie, Algae, 1.
- Done Most for Bishop's*—Artie 8; Kuehner 5; No one, None of them, 2; Yarrill in leaving, Artie, I suppose, Boots, 1.
- Faculty Wit*—Home 12; Gren 6; Algae, Boots, 1.
- Thinks He Is*—Sid 6; Elton 4; Algae, Gren, 3; Artie, Carter, 2.





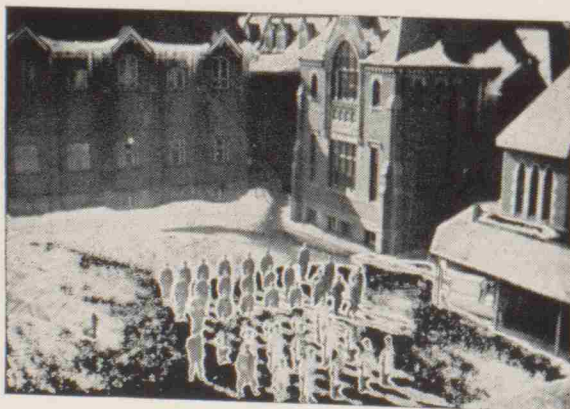
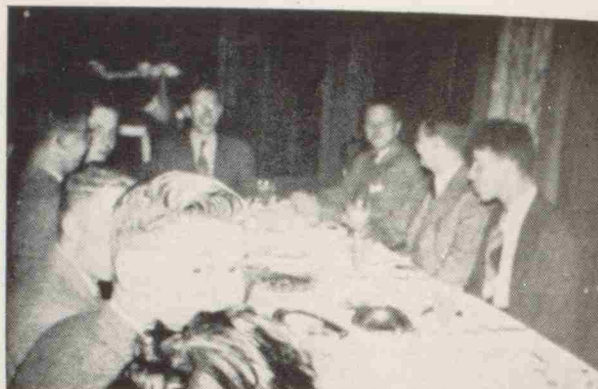
## Miscellaneous

- Are You glad you came to Bish?*—Yes, 7; Vaut-else? Most emphatically, No, Definitely, I say rather, No, but I enjoyed it; Why sure! Well, I guess, Of course, What else, Don't be an idiot, Who thinks up this poll? Considerin' most profs—No.
- Best College outside Bish*—McGill, University of Edinburgh, Queen's, Rio de Janeiro High School, Bishop's is more of a high school than a university, There isn't any, Any college except Bishop's, None, If I knew, I'd go; You must be kidding, I wouldn't know, but I'd say Alberta University, Oxford, I scoff at the idea, Most intermediate schools or any high school.
- Type of Man*—Carter, R.A.F. F/Lt., Whose kidding? I'm not for dat, My type, Tall, dark and handsome . . . good conversationalist; Gagnon the Pash, Naval Lieutenants, Good conversationalist, Quiet and my type, Bishop's lad, Clean (George Sanders), Farky(?), Of no importance, One who will treat me to a drink, Sidney, Scottie, Myself . . . the physical wreck type.
- Popular Songs*—Brazil, Moonglow, Alma Mater, Take it easy, Oh what a beautiful morning, Strip Polka, I love you, Danny Boy, Smoke gets in your eyes, It's love, love, love, Don't just stand there do something.  
Si ton coeur fait bumpity bump, Night and day, Nightmare, A lovely way to spend an evening, Poinciana (it's jungle passion), Mares-eat-oats, Do nothing till you hear from me.
- Most Valuable Course*—Education and Sex, Chemistry, Sex Education, 1; Physics, 2; Moral Theology, French (we know why), Quantitative analysis, 1; Maths, 3; B.A., French with a gesture, That depends, 1; Modern History, 2; Assault Course, M.T. Course, English, Passion for the masses, The Course to Wilbryn, 1.
- Easiest Course*—Physics, Not to worry, Maths, First Year New Test, The one I didn't take, To pass any of Sid's, Divinity, B.A., Any but my own, Philosophy, Ancient History, Ask her first, Lucille Searching ground, Tony's History, Sleeping—of course.
- Who Would You Like to Murder First*—Chef, Any guy who wolfs my skirt, That would be telling, Sid 4, Anyone in R.A.F., Sexy Frankie Sinatra, The guy who wrote Mares eat oats, Artie 2, Algae, Mussolini, Enter Sgt. Arcand, My best friend (he thinks), I'm a peaceful soul, The Andrew Sisters, Carter, Tojo.
- Bishop's Should do Away With*—Lack of Woman's residence, Mud in the quad, The Glee Club and O.T.C. (dances), Divinity courses in Third Year, Curricular Activities, Lectures, Joe, 9 o'clock lectures, Artie, Faculty snobbery and incompetence, Sidney, 1; Our Philosophy prof., 3; B.Sc. in Economics (until they get a prof.), The present gym, Dictatorship, Bishop's Standing as a high school, The rest of the college—and try again, Divinity students, O.T.C., 1.
- Most Unstable College Romance*—John and Lydia, 3; Frothblowers and Parchesi, Sid and Goddard, Sid and Mona, Nick et al, Prin and me, Prin and the Bursar, Little Joe and the rink, Buck and Joan, Any of the others (C.Q.M.S. Brown and C.S.M. Fuller), Admiral and Carpenter, 1; Farky and Lucille, 3; Mine 2; Schofield and ?, 1.
- Have You Learnt Anything at U.B.C.*—Yes, I hope so; Yes; Some very expressive lab language; than you think; Have I ever, yahoo!; Psychologically, yes; I hope so; Tolerance; Yes!; A bit; Nothing I couldn't learn anywhere else; Could be!; Bishop's is sex education in itself; Where are my children?; Most certainly; How to live on nothing; A little; Necking and sexing.
- Would You Marry for Money?*—No 3; Yes 3; Enough, Depends who has it, Not unless above million mark, A kidder in the crowd—yes, You bet your boots, Yes (emphatically), No, couldn't go where Telephone Plateau 4342, Not unless, Kind of hard to say—it depends, Mine, her's or on a bet, Yes, I'd do anything for money, If her figure was as nice as her figures.
- Most Stable College Romance*—Liz and Gill 8; Meg and Peter 5; Farky and Lucille, Fummy and Wright, Hodder and Wright, Who wants to romance in a stable, Obviously, Mac and Anna, Gren and Sid, Sid and Mona, 1.
- How Long Do You Think the War Will Last*—Too long 3; Winter of '44-45, No more than one year—I hope, 1; 3 years more 2; Till my brother gets a medal 1; 2 years 4; Till the armistice, The Dreamer, 1; One year 2; Until my second year, As long as the wolves are on the loose, Till its finished, Long enough for me to get in it, 1.
- Are You Engaged to be Married*—Hardly; No 6; No prospects; No, darn it; Not yet; Six times; Not to be married; Not that I've heard of 2; Where are my children?; Not for publication; Not certain; Not yet, but there are possibilities; Not at time of printing; Not wholly.
- Bishop's Greatest Need*—Another Chinese auction 2; Woman's residence 5; School of Journalism; A couple of Daisy Mays; Women like Burma; Faculty of Law; Swift kick; A new principal; Philosophy Professor; A new and better cook 4; A new Prof—guess who? (obviously Sid); More emphasis on sports; Food—any kind that is edible; To be abolished.



# Addresses - Class of 1944

Beattie, H. W. - - - - - R. R. No. 2, Lennoxville  
 Brodeur, J. C. - - - - - 7 Beckett Road, Sherbrooke  
 Brown, R. M. - - - - - Richmond, Que.  
 Farquharson, K. L. - - 3025 Rushbrooke St. West, Montreal  
 Goddard, R. G. - - - - - 35 McGill St., Smith's Falls, Ont.  
 Macdonald, D. A. - - - - - Waterloo, Que.  
 Roy, A. R. M. - - - - - Waterville, Que.  
 Schofield, C. C. - 340 Ballantyne Avenue North, Montreal West  
 Walsh, L. E. B. - - - - - 3490 Peel Street, Montreal



About, L. - - - - - Grand'Mère, Que.  
 Ascah, A. F. - - - - - 306 Main Street, Farnham, Que.  
 Davidson, E. J. - - - - - 147 Belvidere St., Sherbrooke  
 Fraser, A. L. - - - - - South Durham, Que.  
 George, L. H. - - - - - Mansonville, Que.  
 Heath, A. F. - - - - - Stanstead, Que.  
 Lockwood, J. M. - - - - - North Hatley, Que.  
 Schoch, Mrs. P. J. - Niagara Sanatorium, Lockport, N.Y., U.S.A.



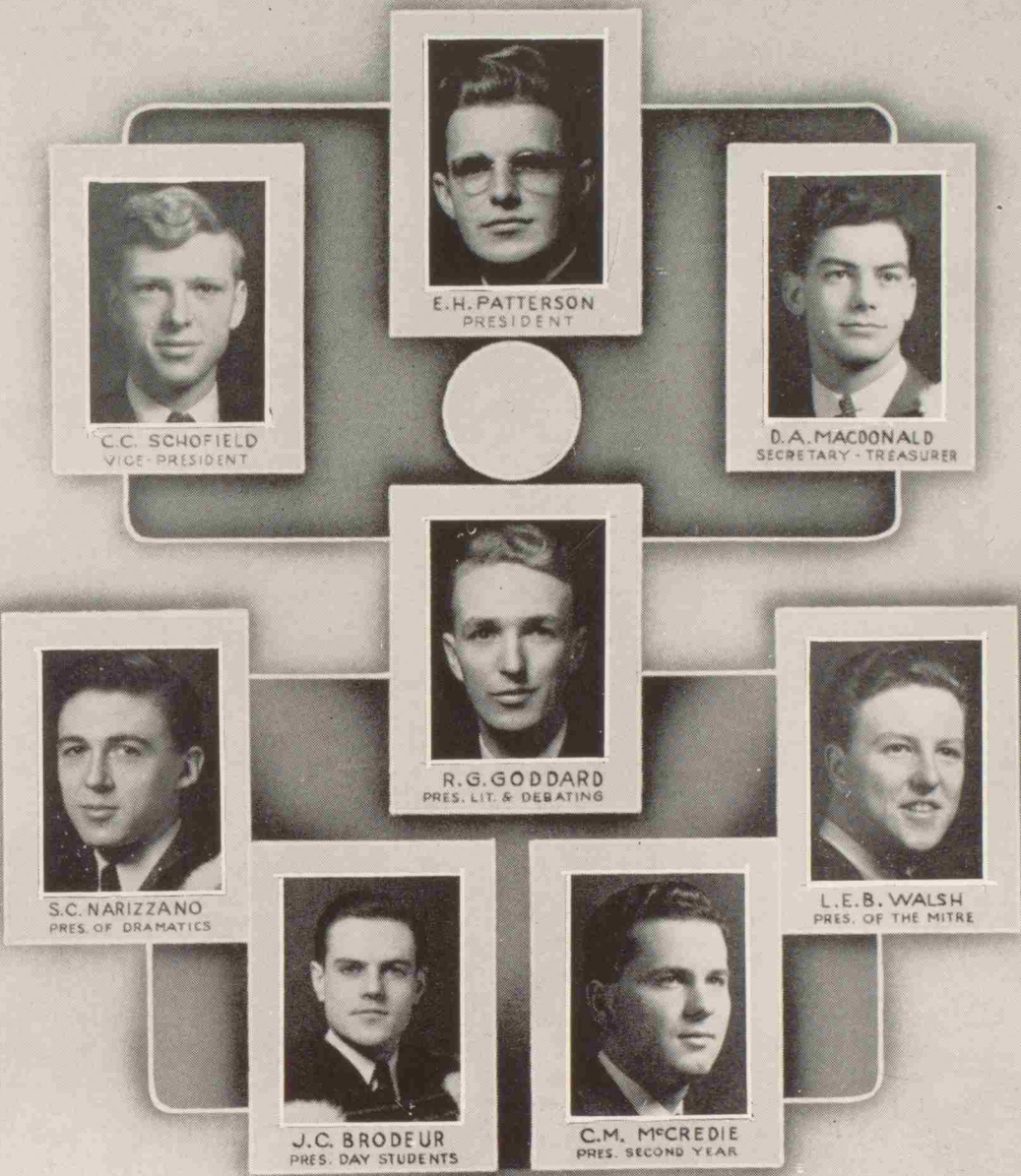




# Activities







C.C. SCHOFIELD  
VICE-PRESIDENT

E.H. PATTERSON  
PRESIDENT

D.A. MACDONALD  
SECRETARY - TREASURER

R.G. GODDARD  
PRES. LIT. & DEBATING

S.C. NARIZZANO  
PRES. OF DRAMATICS

J.C. BRODEUR  
PRES. DAY STUDENTS

L.E.B. WALSH  
PRES. OF THE MITRE

C.M. MCCREDIE  
PRES. SECOND YEAR

**STUDENT'S EXECUTIVE COUNCIL**  
**1943 BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY 1944**





First row—S. Narrizano, Dr. W. O. Raymond, L. E. B. Walsh (Pres.), A. L. Fraser, R. Pierce.

Second row—F. Kaufman, D. A. MacDonald, E. H. Patterson, A. Roy, C. Schofield, K. L. Farquharson, W. Riese.

## The Mitre

With reduction in student enrollment and the inevitable curtailments of these last few years a wartime measure was passed in '41-'42, reducing the Mitre output to three issues per annum. This has proved a wise expediency and enabled the Mitre staff to produce three completely satisfactory editions this year. Interest was not lacking nor were contributors for articles to be found wanting. Most articles, it is true, were short and perhaps in too light a vein, but all gave promise of ability and some of added originality and versatility. Nor can we overlook those articles of a more serious and substantial nature which lent good blend to the composition of the whole. The Mitre has attempted, and succeeded we believe, in reporting and revealing a partial reflection of the University in its thoughts, moods, talents and activities. With a feeling of justification we may regard this year's Mitre as a product of no discredit to the precedences of its long established reputation.

Lionel Walsh, President of the Mitre, has guided us for the second consecutive year, lending encouragement and active help in carrying us over the rough spots. Fred Kaufman and Walter Riese, acting as joint assistant-editors, have given genuine effort to the less glamorous but important "glue and paper" side of the Mitre. We feel confident that in the hands of these two the Mitre has been given every insurance of future efficiency and competence.

The importance of the advertising-manager in assuring financial success to our publication is too often unrealized. To J. C. Brodeur, now of the R.C.N., go our thanks for building up the largest list of advertisers we have had for many years; and also to C. C. Schofield who did fine work in the circulation department by increased enrollment of subscribers.

A brief word is in order for our staff of department editors. K. L. Farquharson gave much time and interest by shouldering two heavy tasks—the irreputable Notes and Comments (which he has edited for the second year) and the Sports Column. Roy Pierce has kept us informed in Bishop's and the War of the College's wartime activities. D. A. Macdonald introduced a fresh spark into the Exchange. Elwood Patterson edited the marriage and morituary Alumnae Notes. Miss Annie Laurie Fraser, Women's Mitre Representative, editor of The Bishop Looks Down, and member of the Literary Board has given excellent service in arousing Mitre interest among the women of the College.

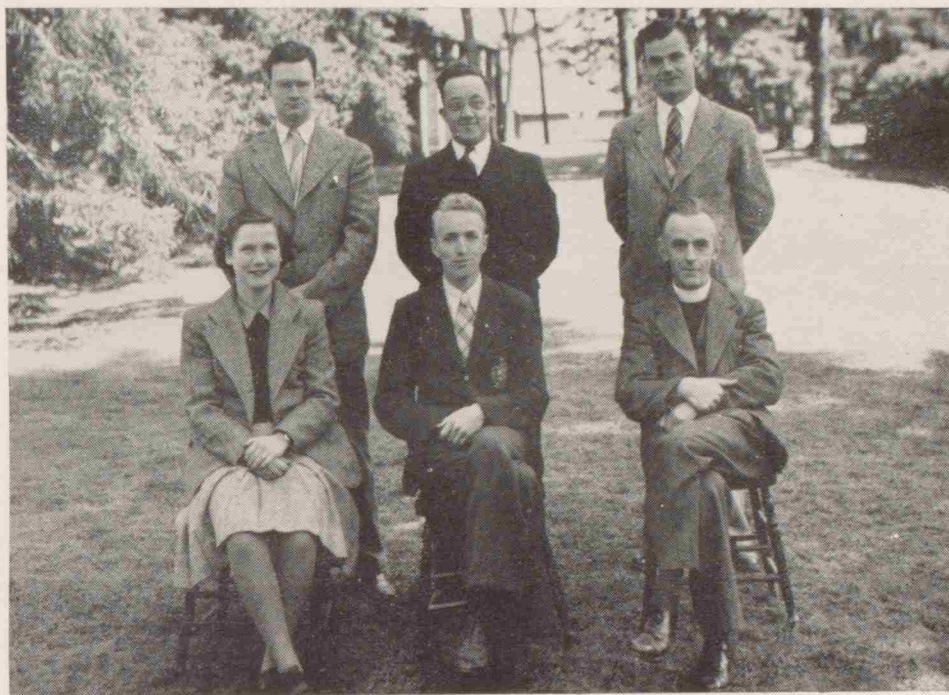
The Mitre extends best wishes to Rev. Dr. Vial, Honorary President of the Mitre. We thank again Dr. W. O. Raymond, Honorary Vice-President, for his active help and advice, patience and kindness in aiding the Mitre as a generous contributor and member of the Literary and Executive Boards.

To Roy Pierce, Secretary-Treasurer, who has been chosen President-elect of the Mitre, we offer our sincere hopes and wishes for success next year.

S. N.







First row—E. MacDonald, R. G. Goddard (Pres.), Rev. G. B. Jones.

Second row—G. B. Moffat, L. J. Baird, J. G. Hodder.

## Literary and Debating Society

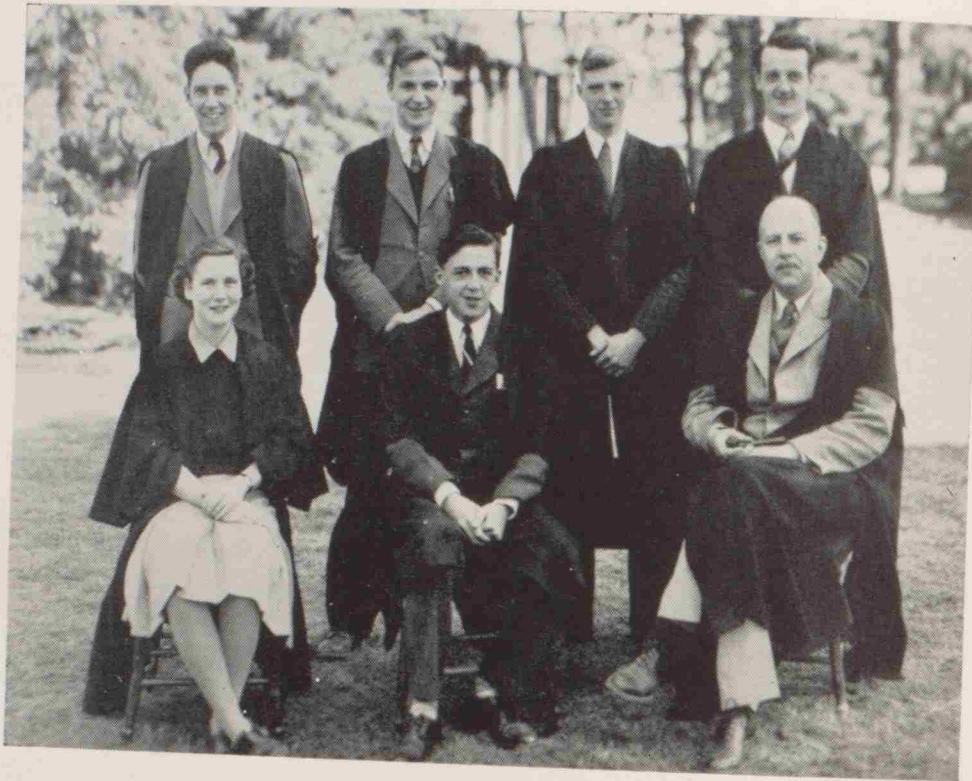
There were two debates held this year. Terrible? Quite so, but here at Bishop's, as in many other universities, debating became, temporarily at least, a war casualty. Our season opened well, with promises of a prosperous year in debating circles. The Student's Council even saw fit to send Mr. Goddard, President of the Society, to an Inter-University Debating League meeting held at McMaster University, Hamilton, in the hope that he could negotiate a re-entry of Bishop's into inter-university debating. This trip was quite successful and plans were laid for Bishop's to debate in Montreal against Loyola College, and at home against Ottawa University in February. But came January and we all turned our attention toward doing as much as we as mere students at Bishop's could to make the new R.A.F. educational scheme a success, and debating went into the background, never to emerge again this year.

The Debating Executive this year was expanded by the inclusion of a member of the Women's Student Council, Miss Elizabeth Macdonald, who represented the opinion of the Women's Association concerning debating. This representation though not utilised a great deal this year, will be carried on in other years and will no doubt prove its own worth.

The executive of the Literary and Debating Society of 1944 wishes to extend its appreciation to all the members of the Student's Association who so kindly bore the great sacrifice that it endured.

R. G. G.





First row—E. MacDonald, S. Narrizano (Pres.), Prof. E. Owen.  
Second row—A. Roy, J. Scarth, C. C. Schofield, P. J. Beaudry.

## The Dramatic Society

The Bishop's Dramatic Society, with a reputation since 1850 for good amateur entertainment, entered the year '43-'44 with every hope of upholding its tradition. The Executive Committee turned its immediate attention to the minor plays and was accorded a good response from the preliminary reading circles. Careful selection was made and three one-act plays were chosen that would best fit the talent and facilities at the disposal of the Society.

**GRATITUDE:** This play opens at the home of Mrs. Featherstone at a moment of crisis, which gradually evolves and unravels a blackmail scandal. The entire cast was composed of women under the able direction of Jim Hodder. Miss Jean Carr, portraying the composed, amiable Mrs. Featherstone, did so with dignity. Miss Peggy Graham, as a reformed pick-pocket with a hard exterior and a warm heart, complicated the who-done-it angle. Social-climbing, new-rich Mrs. Caldwell, played by Miss Elizabeth Bryant, revealed herself the true villainess in a capable characterization. The high-point of the play came with the entrance of Miss Edith Edgar who was flawless as the distracted, ten-day bride with her bewildering, mile-a-minute conversation and blushing coyness. The police department was represented by Miss Muriel Ghetty, who brought the crime to a happy conclusion with her good work as Mrs. Macgregor.

**BROTHERS IN ARM:** Here is a comedy with little plot, depending solely upon good character portrayal. Handling this difficult play, Miss Elizabeth MacDonald whipped her cast to excellent efforts. Ormond Hopkins, as the infuriated Major Browne, gave good pace to the play with his deep, distinctive voice. Miss Joan Milne, as his romantic and sentimental wife, brought humour with her chatter. George Hurley, as the passive, drawling backwoodsman Syd, was consistent and laughable throughout. Russel Burton gave an enjoyable performance as Charlie, and the only complaint we have is that his role was too small. For the many laughs they gave, the whole cast received hearty welcome.

**THANK YOU, DOCTOR:** This fast moving farce, calling for quick take-up and precision timing, is especially difficult due to the shallow stage upon which it was performed. The cast overcame this obstacle by their complete ease and vigour, and every member gave a more than satisfactory performance. Miss Jean Boast, as the clever jewel thief turned in sound entertainment and shows promise for next year. Nurse Gray was played smartly and efficiently by Myrna Hughes. Credit goes to Robert Gardin who overcame linguistic difficulties to play his excellent role of Dr. Gurney. L. E. B. Walsh showed great abandon and a fine flair for burlesque in his part of the mad, jabbering patient. And finally, Paul Beaudry, around whom the play revolved, brought many laughs with his comic and humorous talent. "Thank You, Doctor" was under the direction of Silvio C. Narizzano. John Scarth, stage-manager, overcame many stage difficulties to give us three fine sets upon which our plays unfolded. His hard-working stage-crew comprised Messrs. Fairbairn, Bown, G. Dickson and Geggie. Properties were handled by Zelig Posman.

Paul Beaudry, President-elect for '44-'45, has the Society's good wishes for a successful and historic year.





## The Choir



First row—A. L. Fraser, A. Heath, L. George, A. Sutton, Rev. E. Scott, M. Harrington, E. MacDonald, M. Schoch, M. Tulk.

Second row—P. Carr, F. McFadden, J. Lockwood, K. Ewing, A. Ascah, L. Aboud, J. Boast, F. Ladd, H. Fumerton.

Third row—L. Baird, C. McCredie, D. A. MacDonald, J. Scarth, R. Pierce, R. Wright, B. Watt, C. C. Schofield, K. L. Farquharson, R. G. Goddard.

## The Glee Club

This year the Glee Club began its activities rather later than usual. However, toward the end of October the Club got started under the direction of Professor Elton Scott, who assumed the double duty of Glee Club and choir director. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that the Club this year was to be a "Glee Club" more than a choral society, and as a result the music performed was of a much lighter character. This did not spoil the enthusiasm of the group though, and in some way may have added something. The tenor section often thought so, anyway, because they could reach some of the notes in the harmonies. We practised about every week before Christmas, but only put on one little show and that was a couple of numbers at the first C.O.T.C. dance.

Our thanks to Miss Lydia Aboud for her able support at the piano, to Prof. Scott for giving his time to us, and last but obviously not least, to all the members of the Club who turned out to make this year's Glee Club a lot of fun.

R. G. G.

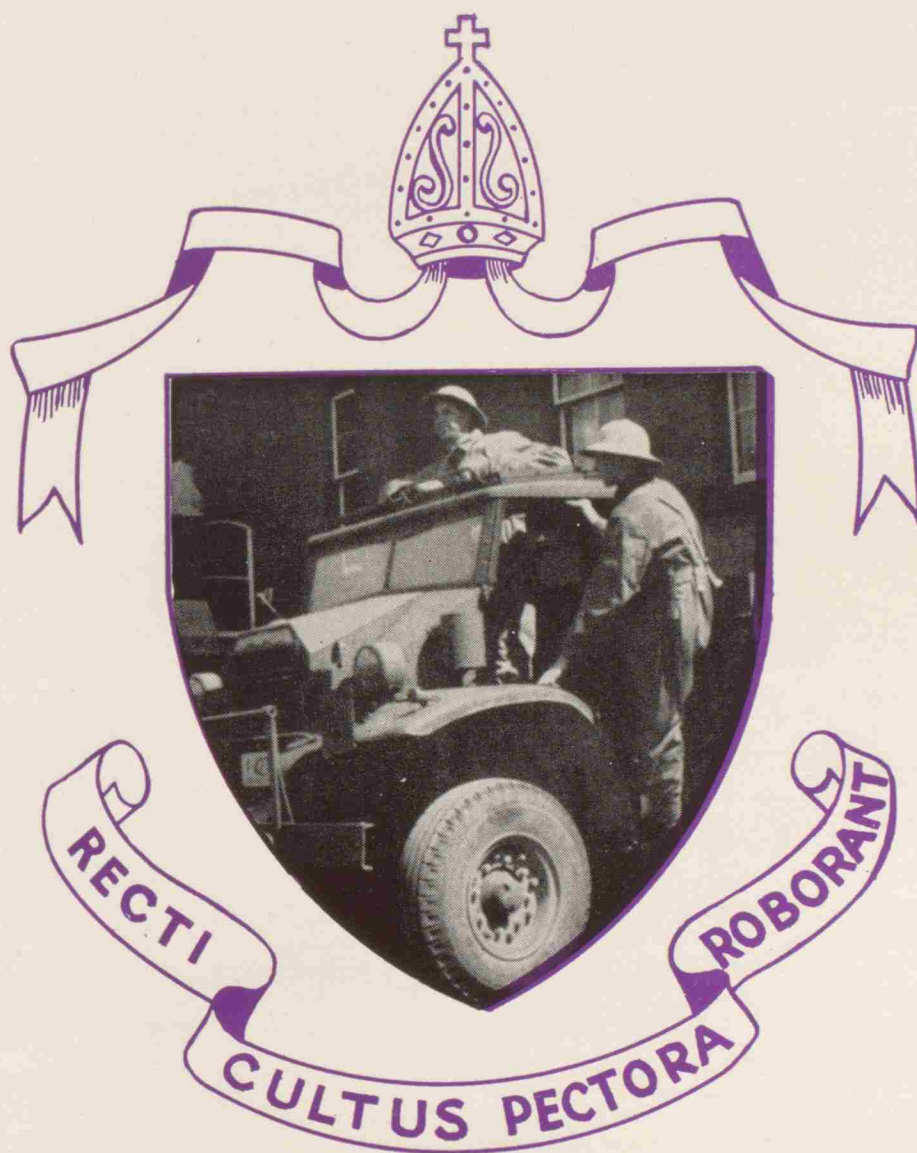




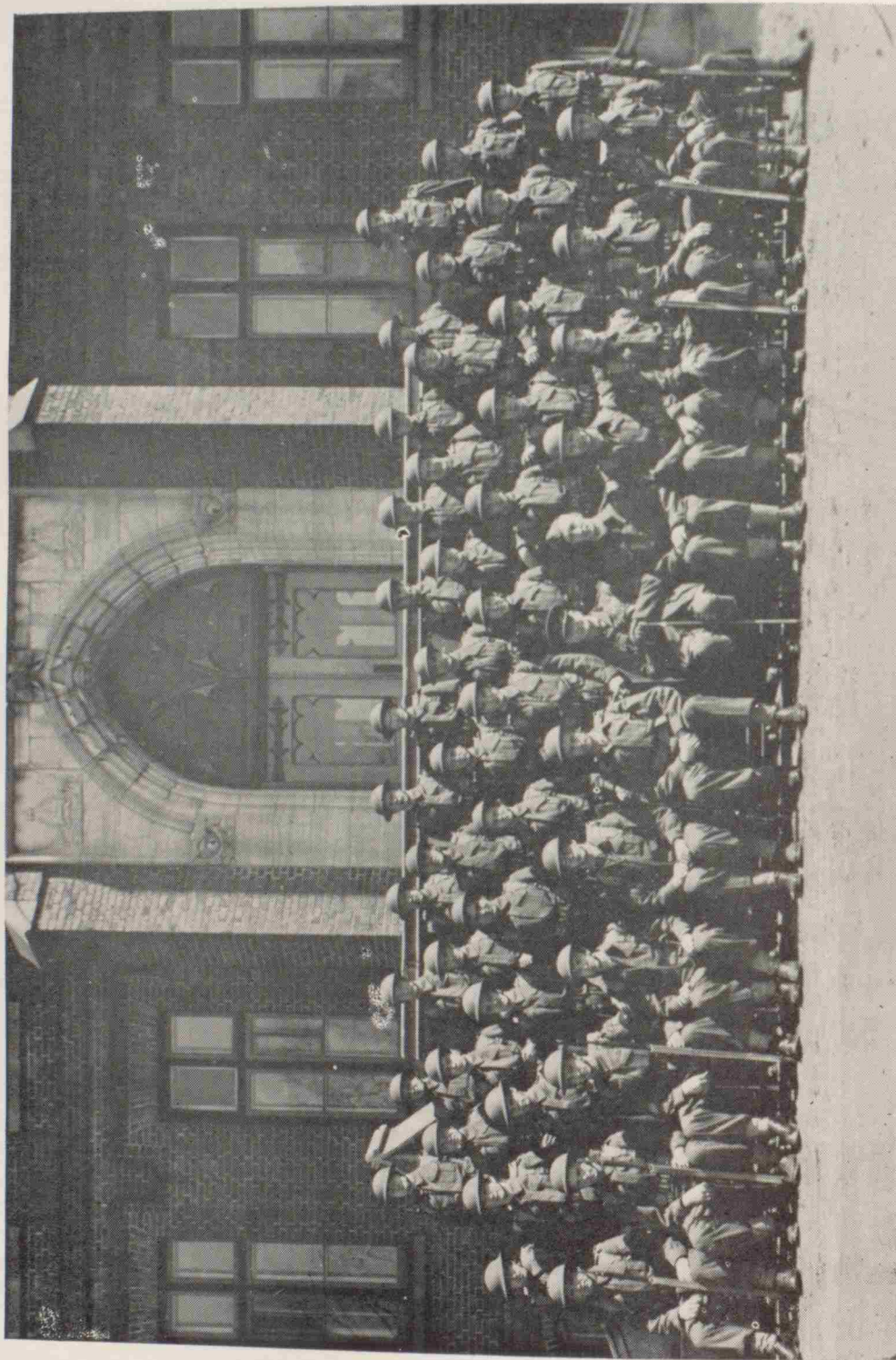
BOWLING







C. O. T. C.



Bishop's University C. O. T. C.







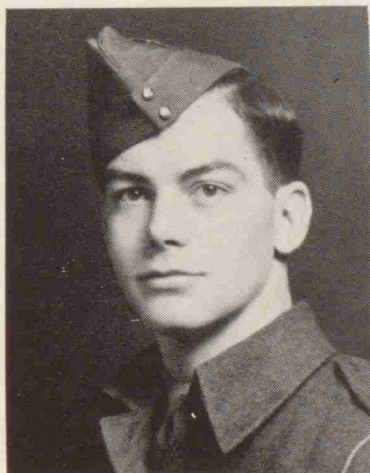
Major C. H. M. Church  
*Officer Commanding*



Lt. Col. The Rev. A. H. McGreer  
*O.B.E., M.C. President Bishop's C. O. T. C.*



Lieut. A. Langford  
*Second - in - Command*



2nd. Lieut. D. A. Macdonald  
*No. 2 Platoon*



2nd. Lieut. R. G. Goddard  
*No. 1 Platoon*



## Notes of C. O. T. C.

As it has come in the lives of recruit cadets for countless years, to both recruits and veterans alike came the command "Company on parade". For Bishop's C.O.T.C. it was in many ways more than just the first parade of the year. To all appearances a new phase of the contingent's had started. Feeling and confusion with regard to the unit's status and that of the men who made up its ranks could be gleaned from remarks like these heard around the campus: "New O.C.—"from an active unit"—"bet he's as strict as hell"—"can't understand students"—"new sergeant on staff, active army, spit and polish, knows his stuff"—"what happened to Roy?"—finally got called—"no officers, probably N.C.O.'s.

The cause of all this G.I. gossip? Like many unit Bishop's faced the chance of losing a well-established and organized Commanding Officer. Regardless of the merit of an incumbent "old man" a unit is sure to suffer in these circumstances from two causes: 1, Criticism of one C.O. on a basis of another's merit; 2, dissatisfaction arising from changes—old quirks lost, new habits to learn. That we survived our little crisis without casualties was natural, but the profits from the experience was unexpected and gratifying. The experience was good for us all, especially for those who are certain, in the armed forces to find changes of unit and command are part of every day life. The unit learned by experience how fortunate they have been in keeping their commander for even the short time that Major Church has been with us.

Other reasons for the growth of the O.T.C., as a controversial topic: 1, sharp young sergeant Fuller (now C.S.M.) with four years active army training behind him; 2, a decrease in the unit's numbers which lead many to fear that we would lose the bitterly won establishment; 3, the result in other universities of the removal of the right to qualify (the O.T.C. is no longer truly an officers training corps.)

Under the heading of events and activities the O.T.C.: Came under temporary command of shy, hard to know, Major E. G. Lawrence. A strict yet kindly disciplinarian, Lawrence has taught the U. B. Collegemen what O.T.C. veterans will meet with in the active forces. Major Lawrence, already holding down many time greedy jobs, was posted to Bishop's in the absence of Major Church, at that time on course at Halifax and expected to receive a larger command and active service.

Heard inaugural speeches by Dr. McGreer and Major Lawrence. Paraded with other units for the appreciation of local Victory Loaners on October 22 and April 24 in Sherbrooke streets, and remembered Great War dead by parading November 7.

Welcomed back, graying, well-liked Major Church to his command and heard with mixed sympathy and joy that there would be no changes of command this year.

Initiated Motor Transport and Signals course, the former at the college, the latter holding instructional periods in Sherbrooke under the Sherbrooke Regiment staff, and reinstituted the N.C.O. course which has been found to replace the advanced syllabi formerly used.

Held their annual dance (under the able direction of Lt. Goddard and Sgt. Schofield). On Sgt. Schofield fell the task of managing the preparations for R.A. Flyers entertainment at dances which the unit was asked to arrange. To Major Church went plaudits for a permanent-temporary solution to the decorating problem presented by the gymnasium interior.

Spent an estimated 5,160 man-hours on regular parades completing 222 periods of training and enjoyed for the first time training by films on subjects designed to teach keeping alive and keeping the enemy from keeping alive. Also carried out two training schemes under special conditions.

Worried like other O.T. Corpsmen all over Canada as to what benefit they derived from training now that commissions were placed out of normal reach, and draftwise wondered what this manpower commission would do next. Into the minds of many came the question of how many would attend summer camp, and whether the unit already depleted by the ravages of enlistment (C.S.M. Westman to the R.C.A.F.) and examinations, could have a successful camp.

To Major Church a short, still severe, bout with Pneumococcus and equally weaking drug cure.

To 2nd Lieut. Langford a promotion and a rumor of a new job if Church goes.

To A/Sgt. Carson, a change of unit, loss of acting rank (in accordance with military law, all acting ranks lose stripes on return to Depot), and promotion to Cpl. Ack

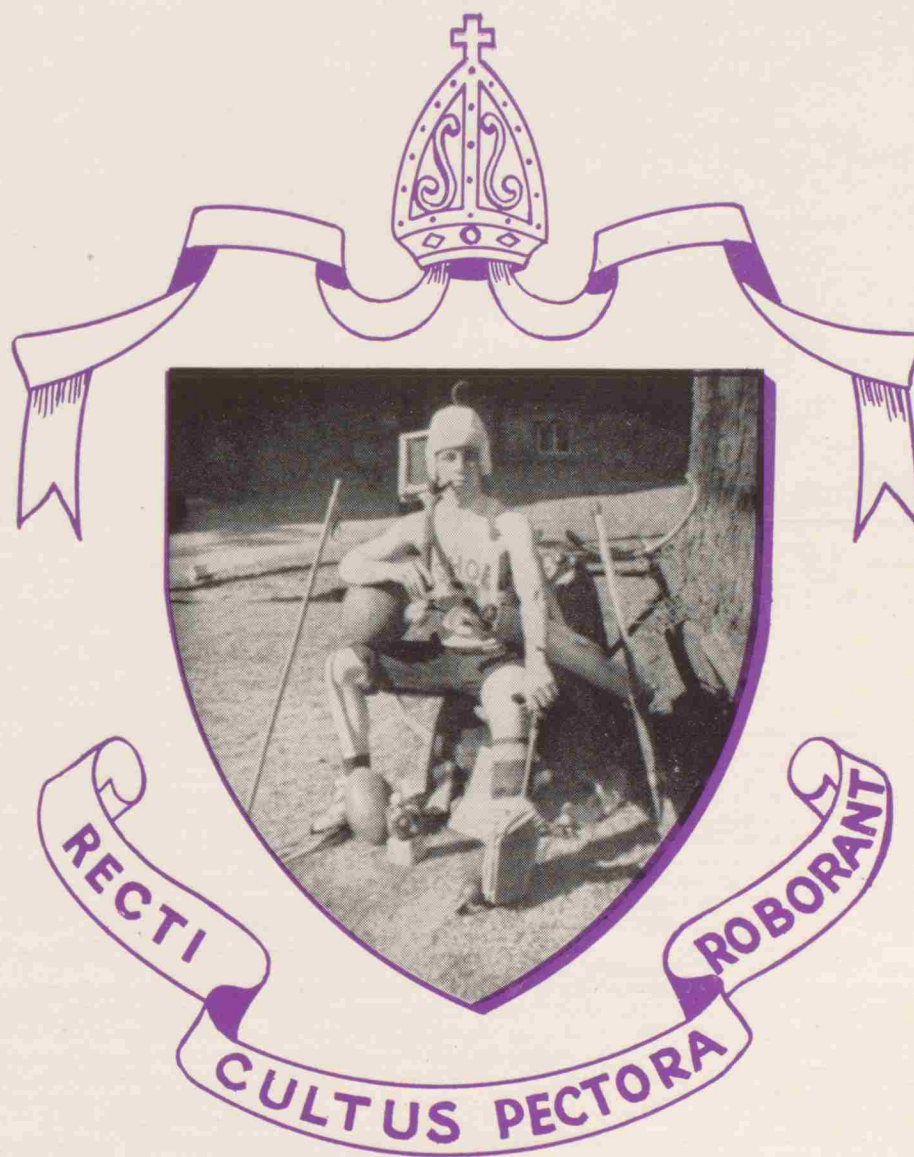
Enjoyed lectures from instructors other than officers and W.O.'s from Sgt. Farquharson, Sgt. Schofield, and Cdt. Hodder, and enjoyed seeing the Quartermaster Stores organized under C.Q.M.S. M. S. Brown.

Local training was finished by April 23 and at the time of writing we are looking forward to an equally successful camp period.

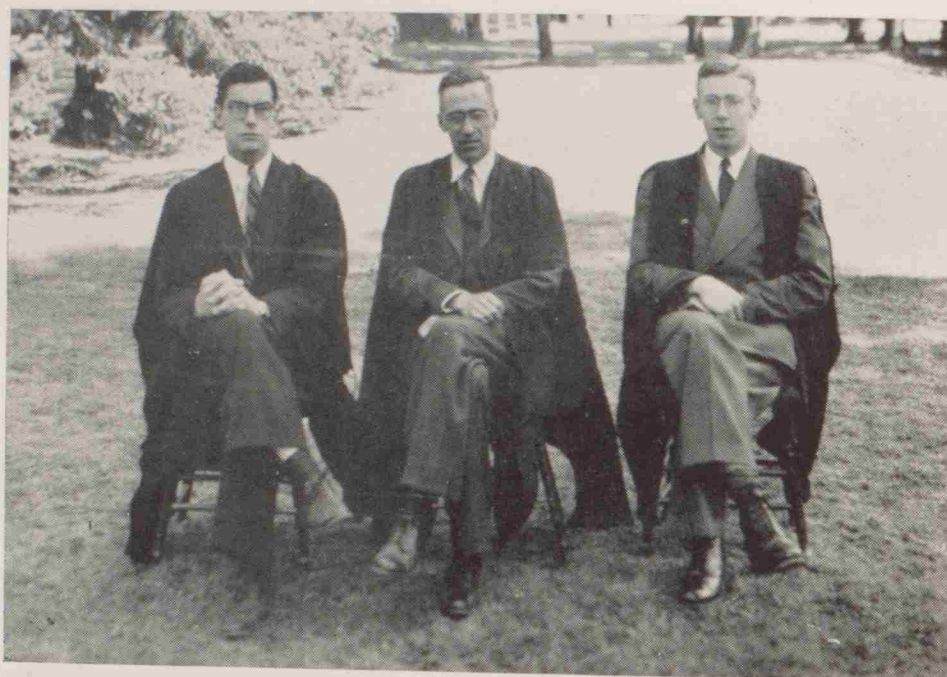
D. A. M.







# Sports



Left to right—D. A. MacDonald, Prof. A. C. Kuehner, P. A. Wood.

## Committee on Athletics

For the fourth consecutive year the Athletic Committee at Bishop's finds itself faced with wartime conditions. However, in spite of the many restrictions on college athletics, the committee has been very successful in keeping sports alive within the college. It is true that we have had to revert from major to minor athletics this year more than ever before, but it must be remembered that we have had to comply with the primary demand on the students' time and energy of the C.O.T.C. and the Academic requirements of the University.

With intercollegiate sports banned for the duration of the war, Bishop's has had to turn elsewhere for athletic competition. In October, 1943, Bishop's in traditional fashion went all out to defeat Sherbrooke High in the only rugby game of the year. With no practice the purple and white were still very confident. Misfortune fell upon us, however, for we were defeated in the annual classic 24-10. It was very evident that Bishop's had the material for a competitive team, but couldn't afford the time for practices.

As if sports weren't hard hit enough by the war, Bishop's covered rink was destroyed by fire during the Christmas holidays. This prevented our junior hockey team from entering any league competition. The committee partially solved this problem by obtaining the use of the B.C.S. arena three times a week, but only interyear hockey flourished to any extent. Exhibition games were played and although there was ample material for a good team, as usual time was lacking for practices. Basketball more than held its own as Bishop's major attraction and again this year a strong team represented the university in a five-team league, comprised of Windsor Mills Flying School, the Rand, Sherbrooke High School, Stanstead College and Bishop's. During the season it was quite evident that Bishop's was the team to beat for the championship.

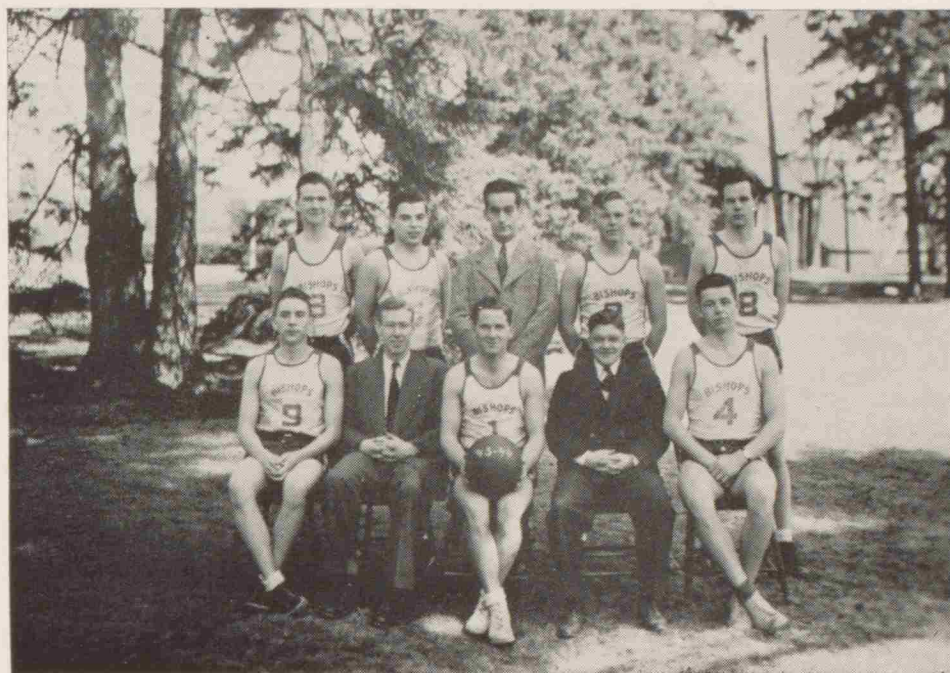
Minor athletics came into the limelight this year with ping-pong and bowling leagues being introduced into the college for the first time. The enthusiasm with which these minor activities were received was due to the fact that mixed teams were organized. Badminton and skiing suffered this year unfortunately, but this couldn't be prevented, because of the difficulty of obtaining shuttlecocks and because all our championship skiers graduated last year. The annual track meet was held in the fall of '43 and was an amazing success with the seniors defeating the Freshmen 52-38. The annual sports banquet was held in April at which time the awards obtained during the year were presented.

It was unfortunate, both for the Athletic Committee and the students that the President of Athletics, Mr. K. Jackson, left the university in December. His ability and experience in athletics kept the college on its toes and most of the success of the athletic committee is due to his untiring efforts. The Vice-President J. C. Brodeur, replaced K. Jackson for the rest of the academic year. The Honorary President, Prof. A. L. Kuehner, served this committee well with his thoughtfulness, experience, and careful consideration of our problems. We sincerely thank him for his efforts, and trust that he will continue to serve in this capacity for many years to come.

J. C. B.







Seated (left to right)—G. Dickson, P. A. Wood, C. McCredie, A. Clarke, (coach), K. L. Farquharson.  
 Standing (left to right)—G. Whalen, H. R. Dickson, Z. H. Posman, P. Carr, G. Pharo.

## Basketball

With hockey on a very reduced scale this year and the basketball team forced to use the Y.W. C.A. gym in Sherbrooke for its home games on account of Air Force activities at the college, Bishop's was without most of its usual thrilling games to which the whole college used to turn out to cheer the purple and white. However, the basketball team turned in a brilliant season to maintain the college name in the athletic field.

In spite of the fact that the basketball squad lost all its last year's players except McCredie and Farquharson, Coach Aubrey (Ozzie) Clark shaped up one of the best Bishop's basketball teams since pre-war days. The future of the Bishop's squad looked doubtful at the beginning of the season but a surprising amount of freshman talent appeared, and this largely accounted for the team's success. Among the freshmen were the Dickson twins, Gord and Herb, from Concord, Vt., who both played outstanding ball all season. Again as in past years Thetford talent was easily visible, when centre-man, Gale Pharo, led the scoring race for Bishop's in almost every game. Like the two Dicksons, Pharo was a seasoned basket-getter and was at his best when his opponents were climbing all over him as he sank them from close in. Two other seasoned freshmen were Pres Carr and Jerry Whalen. In every game, especially against the Air Force, these two played great ball and Coach Clark made good use of their ability. To round off the team, veterans Mac McCredie (Capt.) and Keith Farquharson proved their ability to handle the ball and turned in good seasons.

The season began with a trip to Thetford Mines to play an exhibition game with the High The Bishop's team was barely able to overcome the team work and individual ability of the Thetford boys to make it a victory. In January Bishop's began playing its regular games in the Sherbrooke and District Basketball League with Sherbrooke High School, Windsor Mills Flying School, Stanstead and the Rand. With each league game victory for Bishop's became more pronounced. But in the final game against the Windsor cagers, Bishop's came close to defeat. Only after a fast, hard-fought game and a five-minute overtime period did the U.B.C. boys manage to beat the airmen to end the season without a defeat.

In the meantime the Thetford cagers had come down to play a return game but Bishop's was able to win in spite of their tight zone defence and passing plays.

Like this year, next year we will be without most of our old players. All except McCredie and Pharo will be leaving and the manager will have to carry on with whatever freshman talent that shows up.





First row—L. E. B. Walsh, R. M. Brown, H. W. Beattie, D. A. MacDonald, A. R. M. Roy.  
Second row—E. H. Patterson, K. I. Farquharson, C. C. Schofield.

## Inter-Year Hockey

Inter-year hockey flourished this year more than ever before due to the fact that Bishop's had no junior hockey team in the Sherbrook District Junior League. This enabled every hockey-minded student to play in the three team inter-year league. A schedule was drawn up in which each year played six games.

In the first game of the year the freshmen team overpowered the highly spirited second year team by a score of 12-2. As was anticipated, first year would definitely be the team to beat because they were superior in numbers, but as far as quality was concerned third year had something to say about that. Every third year man who could skate at all turned out and with their excellent fighting spirit readily trounced the freshmen in the deciding game of the year 12-4, thus winning the inter-year spirit league championship. Having won five games and losing only one, the third year team compiled a scoring record of 60 goals for the season during their march to victory.

Farquharson, Brodeur and Schofield led the team in individual scoring with 39, 37 and 17 points respectively. During the two previous years Farquharson and Brodeur represented the college on the junior team, thus accounting for the majority of the points they scored this year. It must not be overlooked, however, that without the excellent work of Schofield and Roy on the defence the constant backchecking of Macdonald, the driving efforts of Brown and Walsh, and the clever goaltending of Patterson and Beattie, the third year team would not be the champions they are today. It is true that goals must be scored to win a game, but on the other hand too many goals mustn't be let in if a team wishes to win. It is this spirit of cooperation that enabled third year, though outnumbered, to win the coveted hockey trophy this year.

The team was under the capable management of P. Wood, who, although he didn't play was responsible in part for third year's victory with his timely advice. K. Farquharson, a valuable player to any team, was the playing coach.

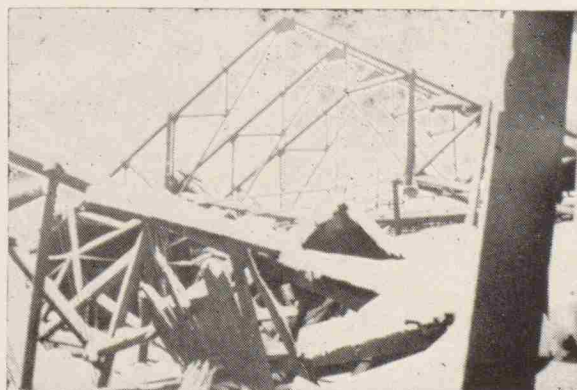
J. C. B.







FIRST YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM



The Death of Hockey





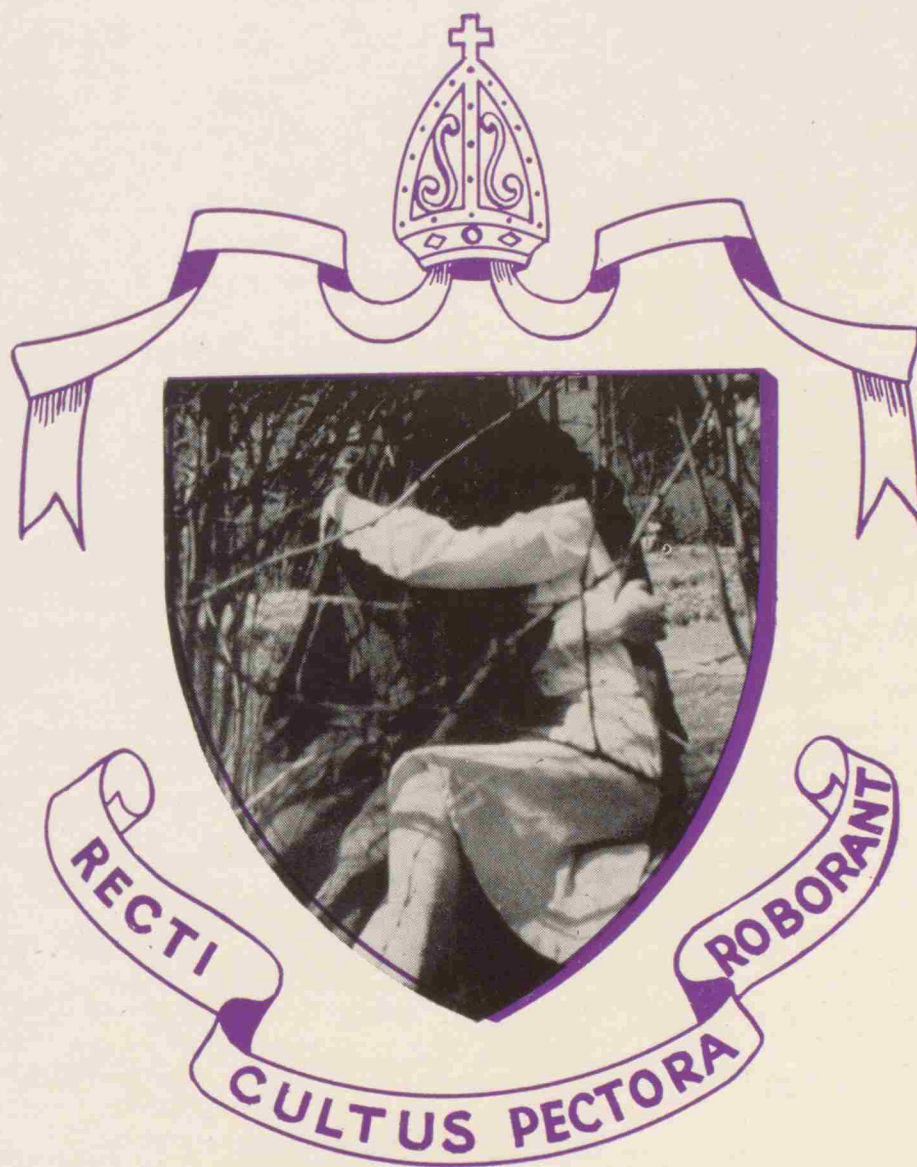
Bishop's



University







## Women's Activities

## Women's Executive Council

The aim of this year's Women's Council has been to stimulate our war effort, and to promote interest in the Women's Association as an active branch of the student body. At Thanksgiving we lost one of our most efficient members, Dorothy Stafford, Fourth Year Representative, when the Education Class was discontinued because of the illness of Doctor Rothney. We wish to thank Dorothy for her valuable advice and aid in assisting us, an unexperienced Council, to become organized.

During the Michaelmas term we revised our Constitution, volunteered to do three hours war work each, a week, and to buy War Savings Stamps every month. More than 1000 hours have been put in by the girls at the Red Cross, Blood Donor Clinic and Canteen. In October a joint meeting of the Men's and Women's Council was held to draw up a program for all joint activities, and this program was followed until the arrival of the R.A.F. in January when many extracurricular activities had to be curtailed.

We also cooperated with the Alumnae in establishing a fund for a Women's Residence, and in the Trinity term held a drive to collect rummage for a sale to be held in June. The Association voted fifty dollars, and fifty dollars was made at a food sale held in April, so that we have been able to donate a hundred dollar War Bond to this fund. Thirty dollars in War Savings Stamps has also been turned over to the fund.

Throughout the year the women students assisted in organizing the dances for the Air Force. Monthly meetings of Petunia Pig have also been held. The year came to a close with the annual Faculty tea.







Seated (left to right)—M. Tulk, E. Bryant, L. Pharo, M. Harrington, J. Boast.  
 Standing (left to right)—M. A. Graham, F. McFadden, K. Farquharson (coach), F. Ladd, E. MacDonald.

## Women's Basketball

After much discussion and recruiting a team was formed. We lacked two girls so Liz MacDonald and Flo McFadden came to the rescue. Although we didn't distinguish ourselves in the basketball league that's no reflection on Farky's excellent coaching, for he gave up much of his time to making a team out of us but we just didn't have what it takes to play basketball. His optimism, pep talks with an occasional stamp of the foot and "Fight Bish!" spurred us on to the very end. However, we did learn to be good losers. It should also be taken into consideration that 5 out of our 10 players had never played before.

Mary Harrington, our distinguished player master-scorer, with Liz MacDonald following close behind. Liz Bryant played an excellent guarding game, and Jean Boast, a new player, did well for herself. In fact all the girls did well. In closing we wish to express our thanks to Pres. Carr for refereeing our games.

Some of the highlights of the basketball year:

Peggy Graham suffering from shock at being called a C.L.B.—cute little bundle. Oh yeah!

Jean in her excitement racing down the floor in the wrong direction while we stood stock-still and yelled our heads off.

In one game Mary Harrington cried, "Oh, my glasses." The game stopped. Mary saw her chance, she grabbed the ball and sped down the floor. The rest of us held our breath but she missed it. No glasses!

Muriel Getty added a new rule to the game—her haymaker swing. Guaranteed to prove helpful. For lessons phone X-3972.



### *Acknowledgements*

To those who have contributed in any way to the production of the Year Book the Committee and myself offer sincere thanks. The lack of co-operation of most and the inspired genius of a few have made possible any success that this issue may attain.



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NAKASH, Montreal, portraits.  
SEARS STUDIO, Sherbrooke, group pictures.  
BEAUDRY, Sherbrooke, indoor snapshots.  
McCredie, Posman, Goddard, Farquharson,  
Beaudry, snapshots.

Engraving by I.A. TRIBUNE, Sherbrooke.

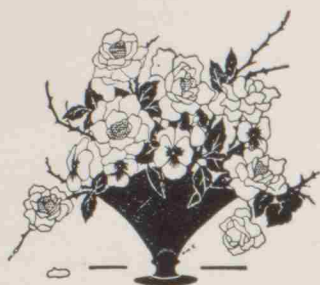




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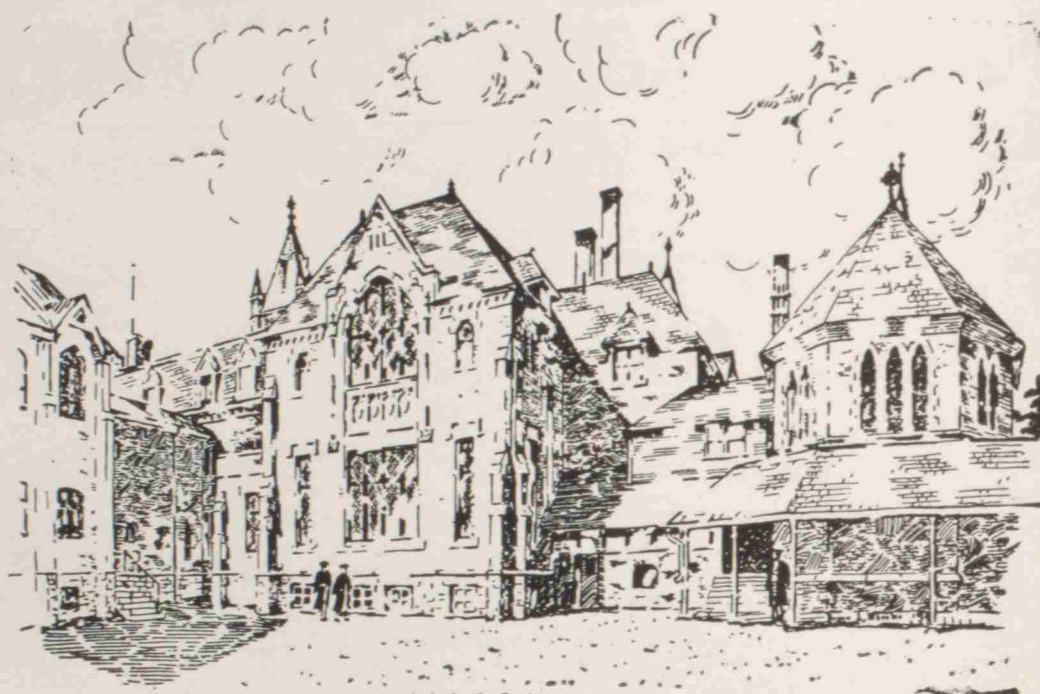
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Our long experience in outfitting the student body of Bishop's College, or should it be in outfitting the body of the students. No, that is not it. It is in outfitting the students. Body should come into it, though, because when a fellow is growing and his ideas are expanding then both the physical and the mental have to be considered. That's exactly what we do when looking after the apparel needs of young fellows.

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## *Don't - Quit - - -*

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest, if you must—but never quit.  
Success is failure turned inside out,  
The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,  
And you never can feel how close you are;  
It may be near when it seems afar,  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

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