Births

Bassett—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 24th December, a son to Lieut. J. W. H. Bassett, B.A. '36, and Mrs. Bassett, B.A. '34.

Bradley—At the Jeffrey Hale Hospital, Quebec, on New Year's Day, a daughter to Mary, wife of Lieut. W. B. Bradley, B.A. '33.

Glass—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 29th December, a daughter to Mr. C. L. O. Glass, B.A. '35, and Mrs. Glass.

Tomlinson—At Cornwall General Hospital, on 9th January, a son to Dr. G. H. Tomlinson, B.A. '31, and Mrs. Tomlinson.

Stockwell—At Sherbrooke Hospital on 5th January, a daughter to Lyle Stockwell and Mrs. Stockwell (Miss E. M. L. Everett, B.A. '39).

Marriages

Havard-Trenholme—The marriage took place on 1st January, 1942, at Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke, of Miss Edith Marion (Molly) Havard, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodger Havard of Sherbrooke, to Mr. William Henry Trenholme, B.A. '37, Second Lieut. C. A.C. of Camp Borden, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Trenholme of Sherbrooke.

Scott-Todd—The marriage took place in Montreal at the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul of Pamela Margaret Todd, daughter of Mrs. Thomley Hart, and Dr. Henry James Scott, B.A. '37, son of Mr. W. B. Scott, K.C., and Mrs. Scott. The Rev. George H. Donald, D.D., assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon F. G. Scott, grandfather of the bridegroom, officiated at the ceremony.

Cochand-Hume—The marriage of Suzanne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Cochand of Ste. Marguerite, to Flying Officer William Gordon Mackenzie Hume, R.C.A.F., M. '38, took place on Tuesday afternoon, 10th February, at St. John's United Church, Montreal.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Rolland Beaulieu, as matron of honour, and by Mrs. George Morrell of Swayne, Vermont, Miss H. Elizabeth Hume, M. '43, and Miss Doris Heubach. Flight-Lieut. Alan G. Byers acted as best man, and the ushers were Sgt.-Pilot Louis Cochand, brother of the bride, Mr. George Morrell, and Pilot Officer Russell Cowans. The reception was held at the Windsor Hotel.

Deaths

Wood—The death occurred on 26th January at his home in La Jolla, California, of Dr. Casey A. Wood, at the age of eighty-six. Dr. Wood was a graduate of Bishop's Medical Faculty, Montreal, in 1877, and McGill University, later continuing his studies and research in London where he established himself as a clinician. He returned to Chicago and became a professor of Ophthalmology. He was specially interested in the eyesight of birds, and published several books on the subject. Just before his death he had completed the manuscript of a translation of the famous "Emperor's Falcon Book."

Dr. Wood is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Emma Shearer of Montreal, aunt of Norma Shearer. He founded the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology in the Redpath Library at McGill University. He also established the Wood gold medal for clinical subjects in the Faculty of Medicine, and the library of Ophthalmology at the university. The library of Ornithology which he established at McGill is regarded as one of the world's finest.

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CHINESE philosophers and present-day medical experts extol the virtues of perfect relaxation. This does not mean a quiet doze while attending classes. What the experts are trying to tell us is that worry impairs efficiency, gives rise to muscle-bound brains. As you grow older you will discover that many of life’s worries are financial.

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The Mitre

How to Kill Time
Miss Victoria Drummond, M.B.E.
Life at Bishop’s in “The Earlies”
Marching Order
The Comic Strip
On Shaking Hands
The Mitre in Scotland
Utopia
Secret of Longevity
Lab Casualties
Anecdotes of Labrador
You Name It

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THE MITRE is published on the 20th of October, the 10th of December, February, April and the 1st of June, by the Students of Bishop’s University, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar fifty; two years, two fifty; three years, three fifty.
In Memoriam

KILLED IN ACTION

P/O D. Carmichael, B.Sc.'38
Sgt. J. Michaels, B.A.'35

also
P/O D. H. Budden, M '40
Sgt. Ob. H. Pibow, B.A.'34

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Cadet Pilot D. Bilkey, M '39
Liet. K. Pyper, M '37

In the next issue of the Mitre will be published a complete list of Bishop's men on Active Service.
How to Kill Time

I generally write essays in a spirit of great humiliation, bravely trying to conceal an embarrassing ignorance. But in this essay I have no such unsensitiveness, for few have killed time so well, or killed so much of it, as I have done.

I get up in the morning as late as possible, often late enough to miss the first lecture or two. In this way I have managed to waste several hours at the very start, but even now time has not escaped my murderous desire to kill it.

The first lecture which I attend in the morning, generally around ten o'clock, is also wasted, for dragged with sleep, I am in no condition to concentrate. I listen dreamily to the words of the professor which make scarcely any impression upon my mind, for I catch only the odd sentence and the lecture is at best only an incoherent assembly of wise observations.

In the second lecture of the day, I rarely attend more than two or three, my mind has cleared up a little but I am now too hungry to pay even polite attention to the lecturer, since I did not get in up in time for breakfast. This lecture is of no more value to me than the first, and the end of the morning's lectures find me not one step further advanced along the road of knowledge than when I entered those halls of learning.

I have learned to focus the microscope. I now trace my drawing to the point of being ridiculous. I have long stopped trying to make minute microscopic drawings. I have never even learned to focus the microscope. I now trace my drawing from the text-book. In this way I learn absolutely nothing of biology but I do succeed in killing three precious hours, and only two more afternoons remain to be dealt with.

I generally attend one movie in the afternoon during the week. Sometimes this afternoon troubles me because the actors may be very good, and in this way I learn something of dramatics, and occasionally something of psychology. Generally, however, the actors are not good, the plot is poor, and I learn little or nothing. I have wasted five afternoons, and only one more remains to be done with.

This final working-day afternoon is a problem, but I attack it bravely by a long siesta. Then I drowsily toddle up to Herb's and spend as much time as possible in conversation with whoever happens to be there. This conversation is usually of the type which would bore a ditch-digger. This is only natural, for I have met another loafer who also suffers from ennui. Neither of us have done anything in particular, we contemplate doing nothing, and our talk is of nothing. After this discourse, I wander listlessly home. On arriving there I still have to do with the hour or two which remain. I generally spend this time in reading, but I am very careful in my selection. I read nothing in which it is necessary to think in order to follow the writer.

I still have my evenings to account for, and I believe that I am justified in saying that these are wasted no less skilfully than the rest of my day. If there is a radio programme on the air such as Jack Benny's, which should appeal only to the sense of humour of a rather backward elementary school child, I listen to it. If there is a basketball game between Bishop's second-rate team and some other equally clumsy and mediocre team, I attend it. But I am as careful in the evenings as during the day to do nothing or to do nothing from which I might in any way profit.

I kill time at college with a cool and easy efficiency. At home I also kill time, but not so pleasantly. I get up as late as possible in the morning, but after calling me three times my father generally becomes unpleasant. I do as little productive labour as possible on the farm, but when one milks a cow even if one only extracts half the milk, one does have work of some value. Thus I seldom go home, because there I only succeed in killing half of the day; at college my time-killing activities are entirely successful.
THE MITRE

When care is pressing you down a bit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
Success is failure turned inside out,

LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC

Don’t Quit -- -

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you’re trudging seems all uphill,
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,

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BECK PRESS REG’D
LENOXXVILLE

Miss Victoria Drummond, M.B.E.

(The following article is reprinted from the overseas journal of the British Broadcasting System “London Call­ing” of March 15. It was written by G. R. Straus, M.P., L.C.C., as told to him by an officer serving on the ship at the time Miss Drummond won her M.B.E.—Ed.’s note)

"She seems to be without fear or nerves. Her inside
must be composed of steel wire and copper wire and catgut.
She is very good at her job and has an uncanny power over
the engines, for which I once thanked God. She gets from
a half to three-quarters of a knot more out of the ship on
the same fuel in her watch than any of the others. When I
once asked her how she did it, she said: 'Oh, I just talk
terribly nicely to them. You can coax or lead engines to do what
you want; you must never drive them.' Which, of course,
is as clear as mud. If none of the others did a spot of driv­ing
we might be across this Pond a bit quicker."

One day the ship they were on was attacked 400 miles
from land. For thirty-five minutes—thirty-five minutes of agony—a big four-engined bomber tried to sink them.
It showered the decks with machine-gun bullets and dropped
bombs all round. But I will tell you the rest of the story in
the officer’s own violent words, and remarkable words they
are too. He gave this account a week or so after it was
missed). (Continued on page 26)

"I saw her once during the action when I had to dodge
along the ship and look down the skylight hoping to be
able to shout a few words of cheer to her. She was standing
on the control platforms, one long arm stretched straight
above her head and her hand holding down the spoke of the
throttle control as if trying by her touch to urge another
pound of steam through the straining pipes. Her face, as
expressionless as the bulkhead behind her and as ghastly
white in colour, was turned up towards the sunlight, but
she didn’t see me. From the top of her forehead, down her

(Continued on page 26)
Life at Bishop’s in the Earlies

(Ed’s Note—The following article is reprinted from an article by A. J. H. Richardson in the December issue of the Mitre, 1933.)

The hired-bus ride probably represents the scene of local travel, considered as all travel should be, from the point of view of entertainment. Compare the wide-awake conditions in which a Bishop’s team reaches Quebec or Stanstead with the semi-stupefied state produced in many people by a train journey to Montreal for the Loyola game (not to speak of the (mud) holes are nothing new, it seems. The poor undergraduate coming from Montreal to attend the College in "over the most execrable" roads, on a two-day journey; an overnight stop had to be made at Granby where Archdeacon Roe "slept, failing a bed, on the floor of the little stuffy parlour of the inn with the back of a chair for a pillow." The roads were in such a state that it required six hours to travel from Granby to Sherbrooke; after that, a student came from the Quebec district he might, like a Rivers and cross the St. Lawrence by canoe. Then there was another journey by "the old lumbering coach". From Nicolet to Richmond was a day’s travelling, and from Rich
don to Stanstead another day still (the day’s journey generally began at 5 a.m.) Anyone missing the stage might get the chance of going with a lumber-sleigh. The stage, even though generally covered, was by no means comfortable, especially if too crowded or too empty—"O, whatever you do, never travel by an empty stage," says a writer of the time who had ridden by this route and whose "hands were nearly blistered with hanging by them" for a couple of hours "to the roof of the vehicle to save my poor bones." In such a case, one could go on the outside seat, possibly, like the 1842 traveller, driving while the Yankee coachman lit a pipe and puffed in his face, eventually saying: "Hope it’s not offensive; if it is, guess I’d better lay by.” Perhaps

Before Covered Bridge Days—the College in 1846

This engraving is reproduced from the B.C.S. Magazine

the year of its opening, 1841, had to come by stage-coach "over the most excorable" roads, on a two-day journey; an over-night stop had to be made at Granby, where Archdeacon Roe "slept, failing a bed, on the floor of the little stuffy parlour of the inn with the back of a chair for a pillow." The roads were in such a state that it required sixteen hours to travel from Granby to Sherbrooke, after that, no wonder Roe and another student, Frederick Robinson, decided to walk the rest of the way to Lennoxville! If the student came from the Quebec district he might, like a traveller of three years before, come by stage to Three Rivers and cross the St. Lawrence by canoe. Then there was another journey by "the old lumbering coach," From Nicolet to Richmond was a day’s travelling, and from Rich-mond to Stanstead another day still (the day’s journey generally began at 5 a.m.) Anyone missing the stage might get the chance of going with a lumber-sleigh. The stage, even though generally covered, was by no means comfortable, especially if too crowded or too empty—"O, whatever you do, never travel by an empty stage," says a writer of the time who had ridden by this route and whose "hands were nearly blistered with hanging by them" for a couple of hours "to the roof of the vehicle to save my poor bones." In such a case, one could go on the outside seat, possibly, like the 1842 traveller, driving while the Yankee coachman lit a pipe and puffed in his face, eventually saying: "Hope it’s not offensive; if it is, guess I’d better lay by.” Perhaps

path through the woods. Indeed, the engraving hardly shows a hustling settlement, as the streets are almost empty except for a few boards negligently strewn around.

It was opposite Warren’s, where the Roman Catholic Church now stands, that the first lectures were held, with the Principal, Dr. Nicolls, and eleven students. Roe’s description of the building is very full:

"... a curious, rambling old place, covering, I think, most of the ground the College House covers now. The College, however, had not the use of the whole, a large slice being taken out of the house by Mr. Cushing’s country store which occupied the ground floor of the corner. Immediately to the right of the shop portion, facing the road to Sherbrooke, a door admitted you to the College apartments, opening into a room—which served as our Common Room where we usually sat and studied together"—at one long table, all of them small, the two or three which were larger being cut into two cubicles each by a temporary board partition running up some six or seven feet, with a piece of hanging drugget for a door." In the Principal’s words: "The dining room had one long table of decently planed boards, and all our furniture was in keeping —'planed boards’. The highest luxury the house contained in the way of a seat was a common wooden chair. And when one of

Dear Readers:

We have dedicated almost two weeks to a search for the cut that was originally intended for this space. We hope you aren’t too disappointed, but if you really want to see it, look it up in the December issue of the "Mitre", 1933.

Yours shamely,

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.
aimed to establish its "internal economy . . . upon such a plan and system as will be calculated to ensure correct, prudent and moderate habits among the students." The bulk of the present student-body also would be horrified to hear anyone wishing to enter the College had to "show a sufficient acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, and to be able to read each language readily." The First Year subjects were Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Divinity, Hebrew ("if desired"), Ancient History and Composition ("English and Latin Prose"). Examinations only took three days.

An engraving of the College at this time shows a low bridge across the Massawippi; this was probably built around the same time as the College, replacing a fordings-place across the river. Two very old looking stumps which, from their position, may be remains of this early bridge, can still be seen in the river-bank just where the road from the College, if continued on beyond the main highway, would reach the river. This bridge was only temporary, and soon after the first covered bridge was built where the present College bridge stands.

In 1847, two more deaths occurred among the students: Frank Cotrell and Herbert Schaw were drowned while the Old Lodge was built (two storeys only, and no veranda). The first Convocation was not held till June, 1855, when a procession of 30 or 40 members of Convocation assembled on a part of the College grounds. On the left side was the motto, Vita sine litteris mors est. By next year a Convocation hall in the Arts building, connected by a long U-shaped cloister with the main College building, was finished. This hall was occupied with cards or reading. Telegraph poles moved past with monotonous regularity, and the wooded farmland unfolded itself, half obscured in the curtain of falling rain. The lurch of the train continued, and the excited clickety-click of the wheels on the rail-joints harmonized with the excitement in the minds of some, and melted into the dreams of others. Gradually the rain subsided, and windows were forced up. Steps were few, and way-stations stood sleepily beside the tracks, dripping patiently from the Union Jack and the 'Red, White and Blue', with garlands festooned with web equipment and rifles, and hangers were festooned with web equipment and rifles, and hangers were festooned with web equipment and rifles.

As the train pulled out of Sherbrooke, the sky, which had been overcast, darkened, and before long large drops of rain began to fall, streaking the windows slantwise. Faster they came, and running together coursed down towards the sill, fascinating the gaze of those who were not occupied with cards or reading. Telegraph poles moved past, and way-stations stood sleepily beside the tracks, dripping patiently from the Union Jack; the 'Red, White and Blue', with garlands festooned with web equipment and rifles, and hangers were festooned with web equipment and rifles. Stops were few, and way-stations stood sleepily beside the tracks, dripping patiently from the Union Jack and the 'Red, White and Blue', with garlands festooned with web equipment and rifles, and hangers were festooned with web equipment and rifles.

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Would You Like

— to leave your wife a dependable income without burdening her with the management of your property?

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You can do any of these things, by creating a trust through your Will. You can stipulate, for instance, the amount of money you wish to put in trust for your wife, how it shall be invested, how the income shall be paid to her—that the Trustee may pay her sums from the principal to meet special needs—that the fund shall, at her death, go to a son or daughter—or you may permit her to dispose of it through her own Will.

Our booklet "Your Will and Your Executor" will be found useful in considering this important matter.

Call or write for a copy.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

The Comic Strip

If we are really serious about post-war reconstruction it seems highly desirable that our leaders should look into the question of our "funnies". Emphasis is shifting as alarmingly as some feminine fashions and the title "comic strip" appears to be a misnomer.

With our institutions being rocked to their foundations isn't it worthwhile that we should be willing to wage an all-out war for a heritage cherished by Canadian boys and girls? For generations it has been a household custom to read the comics on a Sunday (after going to church of course). It has been part of the very warp and woof of our social structure. Some would-be-wits may argue that these comics were devised as an antidote for dull church services, but today even a dull church service is not as trying as a number of the newer comic features.

Never was there a time when we had a more pressing need for comic comics. This need is vital to the whole population. No longer can we relax beside a cup of steaming coffee and laugh the laugh expensive of the soul's well being or the soul's amusement. Instead, with the serious mien and furrowed brow we look at features which increasingly are symptoms of the tension and imbalance in the world. It is true that on the whole the women do not seem to be as concerned as the men. Yet this apparent disinterestedness may be beyond the pale of human understanding, caught up perhaps in that mysterious something, which for many men, makes women "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

Still this need can be called of national importance, maybe of international importance when we think in terms of post-war reconstruction. Surely the prime reason for the comics is to make us laugh, and although laughter is not confined to human beings it is not too arrogant to call the laughing animal par excellence. Who better than a college student knows how blessed is forgetfulness which shields him from the past, how inspiring is hope which helps him to face the future? How vital then must be laughter which beguiles the present.

In this time of stress and strain we do not always want to be in earnest. If we do there can be little humour. We must have our playful moments. Expressed in an exaggerated form the Nains might say "At ten o'clock Monday night the nation is to be playful for twenty minutes. Hell Hielet!" For it is only when we make the distinction between the serious and the playful, when there is a breakdown in an accustomed pattern of thought, that laughter is possible.

R. TURPIN

And the magic represents more than a spontaneous outburst on the individual's part. Is it not also indicative of the group, and so properly a social phenomenon? If so, the changing scene of our "comic strip" reveals a most unhealthy point of view. Much of the laughter coming from behind these "funnies" betrays a certain nervousness, a certain tension. Frequently there is no laughter at all.

Mixed feelings do make it possible that superiority or sympathy might be too strong and destroy humour but on the whole it is for humour which people look. Herein lay the appeal of the sturdy pioneer of the "comic strip", this product of the New World, begun in the last century and appearing first on the back pages of American magazines.

Now more and more it is our sympathy and interest which are aroused. "Funniest" aren't supposed any longer to hand you a laugh. As a commentator has recently stated, "You couldn't ever hope to follow them unless you devoted at least an hour every evening to their lives, adventures, and increasingly moral destinies. It got pretty fatiguing for a while and I gave them up at last. Comic strips weren't fun any more, they were hard work."

Some of the features have always held a middle of the way course. Little Orphan Annie, for instance, has a large following even though her adventures do not present much at which to laugh. Still in a wider sense there seems to be a humour about them based chiefly on sympathy, as mysterious perhaps as the feelings of a child whose tears often flow intermingled from twin fountains of laughter and crying. Again, even the adventures of Tarzan can be accepted for we do know that many men secretly envy "this child of Nature", while not a few women sparkle at his manly deeds so far above the accomplishments of their more ordinary swains.

But the time has come to draw the line. So far and no further. Strange creatures are being passed off as representatives of the human race. The imagination has become distorted, and we see the results in the bizarre doings of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, Mandrake the Magician, and Superman.

Even in the days when "pie throwing was popular" there was pretty much general approval. But the time has come to take a stand. So far and no further.
Is this a reflection of our times? Is this the Wave of the Future? All so deadly serious, even frightening. Any laughter at Superman can't be genuine. It must sound something like a partisan "Liberal" in a conscientious meeting. The comics then are no longer comic! This problem must be faced by us all with courage and imagination. It should be more than a post-war problem. It is part of our very war effort. Think of us all on the home front. Think of our airmen flying over Berlin, of our sailors on Pacific convoy, of our soldiers on the plains of Australia. They want to laugh. Perhaps the whole problem should be drawn to the attention of the Cabinet, or at least the War Priorities Board.

In Superman we reach the peak of extravagance. But...

---

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**THE MITRE**

APRIL, 1942

J. H. APPS

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**On Shaking Hands**

It is no easy thing to give an all-embracing and adequate definition to the ancient, yet courteous, convention of handshaking. It is something akin to music; thus, it is both an art and a science. Like music it requires a skill and dexterity that can only be acquired by practice. Indeed one might call it the "irst arm" of a friendly gesture. Be it or not, the clergyman and the doctor of medicine should be the two types of people best able to advise upon how to administer and accept the exchange of greeting or courtesy expressed through the instrumentality of the handshake.

An old adage says that actions speak louder than words. This is more than vouched for by the handshake. It is a pledge of loyalty to a promise. How often do we grip the hands of a partner in a deal as a conclusive act of our good intentions? Then there is the congratulatory gesture which shows our approval of some accomplishment by a close acquaintance. In older days, however, this gesture was given in order that the weapon hand would be seen and thereby indicate that no treachery was intended. If you are interested enough to look it up, you will find an instance in the Bible where a lefthanded man pulled a "fast one" on Eglon, king of Moab, who seeing the right hand in a gesture of friendliness failed to realize that in this case the weapon hand was the left hand instead of the right. But now in these days of goodwill (Oh yea?) the extension of the right hand has lost its original significance; in fact in some cases it has been replaced by the use of the left hand to give a special meaning to friendly greeting.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides use the left hand to express fraternal or membership compliments or greeting.

I will now endeavour to describe a few types of handshake and to elucidate on how they should be accepted, rejected, endorsed or repelled. There is no special order in which to name them, since the occasion for shaking hands occurs with an uncertainty and diversity equalled only by meteorological fluctuations.

Think of that handshake of the village curmudgeon; a lean, bony and grasping hand. The type that would squeeze blood out of a stone. The hands on which the veins often stick out in gnarled knots. He is the kind of person who, if you are just and upright in all your dealings, would pinch a nickel (assuming it would be the old buffalo-head type) until the buffalo roared in pain. Do not waste time in giving this person a hale-fellow-well-met grasp. You are just wasting breath and energy if you do. Take that hand with the thumb and first three fingers of the right hand and shake once—the hand will fall away of its own listlessness. It gives little, likewise it expects little in return. It is a cold phlegmatic hand that points but one way—towards its owner's interests.

Let us call the next type the sanguine hand. This is a type to be more enjoyed, and quite in contrast to the one we have just mentioned. There is more hope and optimism expressed by the owner of this hand. He may be the genial grocer, or the florid farmer, or even the well-fed and friendly indulgent "Scatter-good Baines" of any "Bird's-Eye Centre" type of village in the country. You can state this proffer of friendship with all confidence that here is a person who, if you are just and upright in all your dealings, will stick to you through thick and thin. But remember, that this sanguine hand can also be equally reprehensible should you betray a trust in the owner or any of his friends.

Did you ever shake a lefthand hand? Well, don't try again. You are just wasting time and energy, both of which are your own. You might just as well start shaking a wet rag with one hand, in fact it requires less energy, since in the case of the lefthand hand you are trying to shake about twenty pounds of unresponsive flesh (including hand and arm of the pseudo-corpse that is on the other end of the limb). Let me suggest, since I am posing as an expert, that you merely extend your palm up to him and let the owner lay his or her hand in yours. Please do not shake; you might give them an attack of biliousness.

The lemon-squeezer, and bone-crusher shakes are one and the same type depending upon how full or firm a grasp it is sized. If you are the stronger person, return such a grasp with interest. If, however, you are about to be victimized by another stronger than yourself, be wise! Grasp his hand well up the palm towards the wrist. It is quite difficult in fact almost impossible for such a hand to be perpetrated in this grasp, since your hand is too wide for his fingers to meet properly around it. On the other hand, avoid shaking with such a person. He is usually too much of a moron, or buffoon to take offence at the tactful ignoring of a prof­fered hand. Treat him as you would a trololoedy. How­ever, there is some consolation in that this type forms a small percent of handshakers, and usually can be detected by the sardonic grin that overspreads his face when being introduced to a stranger. That is your warning. Take heed! Beware of them! The socket-wrencher, and pump-handler must likewise be avoided. One thing you can console your­self with is that after a little experience you develop a sort of sixth sense and can more or less scent these people out before they have a chance to play their practical joke at your expense.
THE MITRE

R. A. FORD

I should like to see accounts of Lennoxville men in their respective spheres of work; but I suppose it would be a formidable task to secure the information. I used to enjoy very much when at Lennoxville, looking at the Venerable Bede map on the wall with its pins, showing where Lennoxville men were. I hope that is still there. You will see that I am not far from the border; fifteen miles from Berwick-on-Tweed, twelve miles from the border and thirty-five from the See City of Edinburgh. Duns, which was once spelt Dunc, you may like to be reminded is the home of the celebrated Duns Scotus. Church building is a stone building, standing on a hill overlooking the town and southwards. The Cheviots can be seen from my window. The church is imitation Norman and holds 300. The members live, not as in England, around the church, but are scattered in some cases twenty miles away. But you will say that is nothing, our Canadian parishes are much bigger. Well—I know it. The present Governor of Canada worshipped here a few weeks before sailing to Canada, and so did Lord Jellicoe just before his death.

It was a great pleasure to have a visit by the Rev'd Stanley Chishirte, M.A. (Lennoxville) who preached at our Harvest Festival in October.

There have been a few Canadians in this district of late. It is a great pleasure to me to meet them.


Utopia - or Confusion as I See It

A. KIRWIN

Utopia — let us give the word philologically to Sir Thomas Moore — is as old as mankind but just how old mankind is, is another question of no importance to this essay so it will not be discussed, for after all there is no point in it whatsoever. However, Utopia as a word, let us say began with Sir Thomas, who, lived as everyone well knows, so why should I expatiate on the subject except only to fill up space, in the hazy days when England was young and lived the life of youth: unorthodox, reformative, and headstrong, under the stern rule of the most irreproachable myogyomatist of all time. As before, let me repeat you know well of this period so recall it and save us all trouble, paper and eyestrain.

If I scatter your knowledge too much then ask the clever boy across the hall about Sir Thomas and his sycophant contemporaries of the royal court; and even though he knows less about it than you or I will recite a long story about an heroic daughter picking a paternal head from a spike on London Bridge with naive disregard for blood stains on her new frock, all of which will make you feel very humble and somehow enlightened.

But, to return: Utopia as a word began with Sir Thomas Moore but as an ideal it predates the immortal Greeks who are alleged to have started so much but actually merely lifted the archives of Arabia who in turn copied the Assyrians who begat there ill-gained knowledge from Babylon and so like the fleas with lesser fleas it goes ad infinitum.

But let us return once again — and I promise you this will be the last time — to Sir Thomas and see how, amid the chaos one can, if he wishes, see order and gain knowledge from Baby lon and so like the fleas with lesser fleas it goes ad infinitum.

And now we give you the supreme state of them all. A mixture of Plato, Aristotle, Moore, Hilton, and a Neanderthal or two thrown in for spice—it’s foolproof. In order to appreciate the plan we must remember what are the futilities of our democracy, for it, despite its faults, is the basis of my perfect state. However, the present superstructures, such as laws, cabinets, where all the skeletons of past governments are hidden, civil service positions, and all such other political institutions, must be torn down. Only the basic constitution must be hung up to air. Now that this is done let some intelligent man, who is less tired of this discussion than you or I, build a strong state on this strong democratic constitution we have cleared for him for without our preliminary clearance no matter how intelligent the man he would be unable to build on the shaky mass of accumulated mistakes that wear democracy as is now.

And there are also statistics running in my mind to help obscure, which they always do, another point about a perfect state but a place none shall ever see. How long will have to wait, I am afraid, until Hitler is finished.

The Mitre in Scotland

I will not attempt to explain the psychology of that feeling, or had I better say "thrill", which possesses one receiving something from one's old College; but I assure you it is a real joy. Here on my desk are two Wise lines, "The Mitre" in its regal purple and white.

—it arrived here on the last day of 1941. The sirens had just gone; that howling, moaning, devastating sound which penetrates one's inmost soul. When it first went at the beginning of these hostilities I used to have a headache; but now I am used to it and pay little attention to it, until, of course, planes are near then we begin to stir. It is really remarkable what human beings can get used to. The door copy, and were it possible to send money out of the country for a subscription to the paper I should send one; but that will have to wait, I am afraid, until Hitler is finished.

The "Mitre" in Scotland, and the only one, as I am the only Lennoxville man in the country. It will be "just too bad" if someone writes and says I am wrong. "The Mitre" has greatly improved from what I knew of it in 1912. I congratulate the Editor and all who contribute to its pages.
Recipe for Longevity

I have always been amused at the answers invariably given to the question "To what do you attribute your longevity?" They are always much the same type. Either the octogenarian questioned has followed the ten commandments or he has never drunk, or he has never uttered a swear word, or to some other equally pious quality are attributed the great heights to which he has climbed up life's ladders. I never hear these pious old reprobates give their hypocritical answers without laughing, for I know the genuine recipe for longevity.

I myself come from a family which is noted for its longevity, especially on the male side. My Uncle Ezra lived to be ninety-four, Uncle Ebenezer lived to be eighty-nine. Uncle Amos, who was the cause of our sudden departure from England, was charged for stealing horses at the age of ninety-two, and would easily have reached the hundred mark, had it not been for this brutal miscarriage of justice. With such a background I naturally expect to live to a good old age myself; the recipe which I give for longevity is one which has been proven, and is therefore worthy of great consideration.

A widely held misconception is that alcohol is injurious to longevity. I have been able to ascertain that the opposite is actually the case. My Uncle Ezra was so convinced of the benefits he had derived from beer and whisky that he left his body to a medical research hospital. It was found upon dissection that the heart, liver, and other vital organs had been pickled or preserved by a semi-permeable coating of alcohol which had formed over them, protecting them from harmful bacteria, and at the same time in no way interfering with their normal functions. Research has thus proved, through Uncle Ezra, that alcohol, if imbibed in sufficient quantities, prevents the ravages of sinister germs and may add one and often two-score years to the proverbial three-score and ten. I might also add that Uncle Ebenezer, who nearly reached the ninetieth mark, kept himself in a state of continual exhilaration and Uncle Amos was well lubricated the night he met with his unfortunate accident.

Alcohol can do wonders in promoting a long life, but alcohol alone is not enough. Much of its good effects can be spoiled by over-exertion. For it is of little use to protect the vital organs from disease, if you then wear them out with violent exercise or even with steady work. My grandfather, who himself lived to be eighty-seven, used to remark that the prevailing economic system made such demands on a man that it destroyed all hopes which he might have of longevity. He was careful never to do a day's work in his life, except for the operation of a fairly profitable still which turned out its nectar in full view of the lenient police of those days. He attributed his long life not only to the fact that he sampled his own work so often but also because he was careful to do no work himself, leaving the washing of potatoes and the filling of casks to the numerous stray loafers who were easily paid in produce. Uncle Amos also saw what dangers to one's general health would result from labour of any kind. It was this bitterness against the demands of the business world which decided him to set up as a horse-dealer. At that time he had neither horses nor money, but he soon got hold of horses and was very successful until his untimely death.

Extreme religion is also detrimental to longevity, apart from the fact that it rules out alcohol. For instance, the man who refuses to swear is signing his own early death warrant, for such a man is certain to ruin his nervous system and the result is indigestion and numerous digestive ailments. My uncles were violently profane and took great pride in the original manner in which they could combine oaths. But they swore only in passionate moments, to relieve pent-up emotions and ease tensed nerves. A volley of oaths serves as a valve to let off steam, and the man who refuses to make use of this natural outlet deserves the nervous collapse which is sure to follow. Religion is detrimental to longevity not only because it prevents swearing—it also is opposed to lying. All my uncles were notorious liars, and this was undoubtedly of no little value in stretching out their lives. A lie is an intelligent way of getting out of a difficulty, and the man who refuses to take this way out is condemning himself to incessant worries and difficulties which a plausible lie would avoid. My uncles were seldom in such straits that a reasonable lie could not save the situation, and this happy faculty, together with their profanity, made them comparatively free from all nervous troubles.

Smoking, though not as effective as alcohol, is a great aid to longevity, in that nicotine is able to kill tuberculosis, diphtheria and numerous other germs, though it is of little
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value against argina pectoris. Tobacco chewing is of even greater value than smoking, since more nicotine is imbibed in the system. My uncles chewed tobacco incessantly, spat frugally, and in this way conserved much of the valuable juices. This recipe is one which aided others to achieve longevity, has scored the test of medical research, and may therefore be considered authentic. It has always pleased me to read some toddling old hypocrite's recipe for longevity in which one is told to work hard, abstain from everything and lead a pious life. I am shocked that these people should try to mislead those who are coming after them and who hope to achieve equal longevity.

Anecdotes of Labrador

Oh, to be in that barren, magnetic land once more! It would take a large volume to print all the interesting events I experienced; I trust a few will convinse you that the statement is true.

Fishing Trip

The clock has just struck three a.m. "Roll out!" calls the fisherman friend. With heavy eyes and dazed head I stagger to the kitchen, to find him waiting with my rubber suit. "No, sir, our best fishing spot will be claimed!" Then I don't care if ever there was a fish alive. With boats on the wrong cast, hat askew, and jacket unbuttoned, I dashed to the rowboat (clumsily of course), seized the oars, and away.

With eager eyes I watched for the favourite fishing spot. But, lo and behold! near the horizon were the sailing boats, and our spot was there! "My first and my last", I thought, "oh, no, my warm coat!"

Take courage, my boy, I've been doing this for thirty-five years and this is a fine morning compared to some," came the fisherman's voice. Encouraging, isn't it? Everything is a little better, but of course the purpose is not the same. What was that? Yes, it does get a little thick around here at times. Why just the other day I was brandishing a file, being about to cut a piece of glass tubing, when a solid block of atmosphere fell down on my desk. What did I do with it? Why I put it in the refuse bottle so it could be reclaimed.

That bottle of spirits of ammonia? Oh, that's the restorative for the poor dope who passes out when he's trying to detach an eye. Yes, we have worked with laughing gas, but we made something the other day that had an exactly opposite effect. I wept huge crocodile tears with laughing gas, but we made something the other day which dogs' food is kept (which is salted seal), and then try to enjoy seal meat. Some do, others don't.

Mail Day

February 9. Plane arrived. Thirty bags of mail. Important people, eh?

Anecdote No. 4: Mail Day

Oh no, first place in three weeks. The daily papers take up a lot of room. There are several Christmas parcels too. Have you one of my Quebec daily papers, Betty? Yes, I've twenty-one, but I ought to have only twenty. Indeed, she had twenty. That was our daily news arriving. A little late, so what? That is our mail system. Why worry—we'll receive the orders within two months after sending them. Christmas cakes would be better if received within six weeks. But since our dentist has gone, the dry cakes will make tough teeth.

Anecdote No. 1: Gardening

Rocky is the land, indeed. When it comes to gardening, it is no cinch. The soil is scanty, but it is possible to collect it. Many have plots four feet square, but one garden has been enlarged to thirty feet by ten feet. So history is being made on the Labrador. Carrots, potatoes, radishes and lettuces are the only crops grown. How many? Don't ask me.

Anecdote No. 6: Census Taking

Have you ever heard of taking birds' census? No—1
thought as much. If Doctor Lewis were here, he'd tell you all about it, but since he isn't, I'll act as his substitute. Bird census taking sounds queer, doesn't it? I thought so, too, later I thought that it was crazy. However, "Sixty murre nest 300 eggs." Not on an island—just beneath one rock. Tinkers, murres, puffins, gulls, ducks, and loons are thus counted—the beneath the rocks, in the crevices, by the water side. From island to island went the census takers. Many thousands were counted during the course of the year.

If the law were kept, how busy Doctor Lewis would be. The people feel sorry for the poor man—so, they kill the birds, rob the eggs and enjoy a good dinner. My mouth waters. Why? Take one guess and you'll have the answer.

Anecdote No. 7: A Bit of Conversation and Comment (Not connected)

Do you want a Mug-up before turning in? Not knowing the meaning of the word "mug-up", I replied hesitatingly, "I'll try one please."

Yes, there was resounding laughter. Why? One wouldn't want two mug-ups. Can you guess what it is? No, you're wrong. It's a light lunch.

"Gun fire on Christmas Day! Surely they aren't hunting bears."

"Oh no, they've finished their Christmas pudding."

"Well, errr, I mean 'Yes'."

Ignorance prevails. First, pudding eaten is honoured by a royal salute of two rounds.

Anecdote No. 8

Mummering, mummering
Mummering, bummering
Anecdote No. 9

In men's fashions was an indication of conservatism. Peter and Bill Van Horn maintained that the few changes made in recent years. Although we have lost a valuable man, we cannot help feeling that his remarkable ability will be of much more use to Canada's war effort. Bill Van Horn, who will be leaving us soon, has also been an outstanding member of the University. We wish them both the best of luck.

Dave Savage who recently left us in favour of the Air Force, or fresh milk and vegetables, then go to Labrador and learn what real living or a rugged and healthy nature is. It would be well worth your while.

MISS VICTORIA DRUMMOND—(Cont. from page 11)

long face, completely cloning one eye, trickled a wide black streak of fuel oil from a strained joint. That alone must have been agony. She had jammed her ears at first with oily waste to deaden the concussion and then in a panic tore it out an hour was full of beans and larking about picking up every cow pie and pointed them. The first of these was one of the novelty variety—each team composed of George Loosemore, Bill Blackstock, and Morse Robinson, arguing for the negative, did all they could to upset their opponents on points of order, but the Arts team of Wider Penfold, George McNielie, and Sandy Mills weathered the storm with their superior arguments, and at the finish were besting the divines at their own game. These interruptions made the debate one of the most interesting we have heard for some time. This decision now gives the Arts team a lead of eight points, but in order to win the trophy on the point basis, a lead of twenty points must be obtained, so the divinity team really has an equal chance of winning. The debate for the last of these debates has been set for the 9th of April. Major Church, who was asked to choose the topic for the debate decided on the resolution that "the present war policy of our Government does not adequately represent the public opinion of the country."

Robin Lindsay is now using Senior Man in place of Dave Savage who recently left us in favor of the Air Force. Dave's achievements at the University are as varied as the wide range of subjects covered in his course. Although we have lost a valuable man, we cannot help feeling that his remarkable ability will be of much more use to Canada's war effort. Bill Van Horn, who will be leaving us soon, has also been an outstanding member of the University. We wish them both the best of luck.

We must congratulate the members of the society of the Venerable Bede who have raised seventy dollars for the benefit of the church.钢筋 we were with increasing anxiety at the attitude taken by a certain small group of freshmen—it's a pity that the water is getting warmer... The protege of one of our late students owes his success to the only big social event the annual banquet and sleigh ride. The sleigh ride in particular was such a signal success that it has been suggested that the ten days at Easter be spent on one long ride, instead of our going home. This year we ended the evening at the St. Francis country club in Sherbrookes, where one and all had a nifty time. The only regrettable part of the evening was that the women were in a majority at the finish. The moral: he who loves and runs away, lives to love another day and have a bigger, better time.

This year the Glee Club has been one of the most active organizations in the college. On March 8th the club gave a concert in Convocation Hall, and the approval of the audience was shown by their applause for an encore. The most popular of the five pieces which were sung was a negro spiritual called "Standing in the Need of Prayer." Other prospective activities include a radio concert and a concert for the benefit of the girls at The skating rink. It is, indeed, unbelievable how such nighttime as these could ever be mistaken for drinking by the operator of CHLT when we heard for some time. This decision now gives Miss Victoria. They were so impressed that they felt they wanted to do something tangible to show their appreciation. So they collected 2,100 dollars and sent the money to the Mayor of Lambeth to buy a mobile canteen for use in air raids. And now sometimes we see a van going through the streets marked 'The Victoria Drummond Canteen.'

Today Miss Victoria is at sea again; down in the engine room of a ship cooing the engines she loves, so that food and munitions may arrive safely in Britain. When she comes ashore and you ask her about her adventures she will tell you she has hit none. And while she's waiting for her next trip she'll busy herself planting flowers, doing a bit of decoration, or some other simple domestic job.

That is Miss Victoria Drummond.
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of him? What student, who is interested in money-lending, is attacking the Georgian problem from a different angle. It is more from amusement than hard feelings that we smile at the simultaneous confronting of a young Valentine by his many heartaches. The best ski trail packer in the East...at the Burroughs Falls—oh well, the hitch-hiking was good. Smiling Jack, the cug-

LIFE IN THE EARLIES—(Continued from page 14)

the College. The finishing-stone was laid at the Convocation next year by General Sir Fenwick Williams. The following convocation is the first in which we note the mention of the procession dividing into two lines to form an avenue for the Chancellor, Bishop and professors. In 1863, also, the valedictory was given in French by Jeremie Babin.

There is, curiously enough, no mention of any sports in which the College took part till 1862, when members of Bishop's played on a Lennoxville cricket team which beat Sherbrooke. The College was probably too small for organized sport, though the School, with an enrollment of around 200, played football and cricket.

A plan of 1861 shows an oval driveway with grass in the middle right on the spot where the cloister between the Chapel and New Arts now runs.

January, 1867, is marked by the publication of the first number of "The Students' Monthly. This magazine, edited at the College, but published in Montreal, ran for ten months. Unfortunately, College news is kept down to generally less than a page out of each number of 32 pages, while the magazine is only taken up with very middling Victorian serials, verse and anecdotes. The few special articles do not redeem the magazine as a whole. This plan was succeeded by the "Lennoxville Magazine" (January, 1866). This magazine, in an enthusiastic report, described the Society as "brilliant with all the beauty and fashion of Lennoxville!"

The College still had always less than 20 students; after this time, in January, 1874, a great fire consumed the buildings done in 1861-4 it had been in a bad way just before Convocation time. The College apparently had a Corps by 1871, when the Chancellor, speaking at Convocation, stated that "each one of the youths of the College had not only taken the oath of allegiance, but all capable of taking up arms for the country had done so". It was the conversation of this Convocation that an enthusiastic reporter described as "brilliant with all the beauty and fashion of Lennoxville!"

Our Exchange Column editor is still with the R.C.N. V.R. Again we must apologize for the brief substitute, which we offer instead of the usual notes.

We see that most of the college papers are publishing complete accounts of the campaigns and elections for the various positions on their respective Students' Councils. Here at Bishop's we feel that more interest should be taken in the elections, and that complete accounts of all the candidates should be published in the MITRE in order to obtain the most satisfactory council.

In the February edition of the Queen's Review they published a complete list of students on active service. They have also published an Honour Role. The MITRE hopes to be able to do the same in the near future.

The Yale Literary Magazine has taken up the football question. Since America declared war they feel that they should put aside football for greater victories.

The MITRE would like to acknowledge receipt of the following:

The Aquitan, St. Thomas University.

The Queen's Review.

McGill Daily.

The Carabin Laval.

Xaverian Weekly.

Dalhousie Gazette.

The Argus Weekly.

The Acadian Arthenacum, Acadia University.

The Manitoban.

The Yale Literary Magazine.

The Brunswickers.

The Silhouette, McMaster University.

The Bates Student.

College Topics, University of Virginia.

The Gateway, University of Alberta.

Queen's Journal.

Codrington College Magazine.

Quarterly, McMaster University.

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no electric lights. The building, was kept warm (or cold) by large wood stoves in each hall, which were supposed to heat the four rooms opening off it. It was merely a suppo-
tion, for in cold weather the water in the bedrooms always froze. Some of the writers' rooms had a small stove between two rooms, the door of the stove being in one and the stove pipe end in the other. If a man stood up to moderately warm his room, he roasted out the man next door...all water for washing food drinking purposes was brought from the College pumps which stood in the yard. This water, although beautifully clear, was later found to be full of typhoid germs that it was the cause of very serious epi-
demics. Each student had his own lamp and bought his supply of coal-oil, unless he could manage to borrow a lampful at a time from other students and forget to repay it. The cordwood, placed in bins for the hall stoves, made hungry weapons for offence or defence, and anyone making a midnight visit to another's room with ulterior motives had always to reckon on the possibility of this being used. Meals were served in the dining hall, the students sitting at one long table, presided over by one of the professors, and the School-boys occupying the remainder of the room.

APRIL, 1942

"There was a good deal of boating on the Massawippi. The boathouse was close by the present C.P.R. bridge and there were five rowboats and a four-cared racing skiff. At the beginning of the year a captain was elected for each boat, and he chose his own crew. The names of the boats changed with the captains, as they were generally called after some lady friend." The four-oar skiff in the spring of 1874 rowed up a narrow gut in the Massawippi, formed when the river was diverted while the railway to Newport was being built; they narrowly escaped being cap-sized by a large cake of ice. A Fives Court was built in 1873, and the game soon became very popular. "The first game of tennis in Lennoxville was played on the grounds of Mr. Joseph Shuter, just opposite the Church. The bats were very small and light and the balls of uncovered rubber. The players knocked the balls up in the air, to be knocked back again in the same way. It was not very exciting, but with heavier bats and balls the game soon developed, and there were many good players."
You Name It

Of the many and varied marks of an educated man, perhaps four of the most important ones are his tolerance of fools and geniuses, his fearlessness to stand up for his own opinions, his readiness to consider all opinions whether of the humble or the mighty and his familiarity with the arts. A definite mark of a man's education is that he can present an argument clearly and intelligently, coupled with a firm resolve to stick to his own opinions through thick and thin. He has carefully considered all viewpoints of the topic, not blindly and stubbornly put forth merely his own thoughts without consideration for his audience. After one has listened to his speech one feels that what he said was the result of an organized and intelligent preparation.

A man who has a sound education when he does not thoughtlessly reject the opinions or ideas of a fool or a genius. He is intelligent enough to realize that just because an exceptionally brilliant man puts forth a new theory or idea that is unconventional or contrary to world opinion, it is no just reason to toss it away with a laugh. A project or theory that defies custom and convention is most probably worth a great deal of sane, intelligent thought. The world places too much faith and reliance on convention and is always extremely reluctant to give way to something which probably at face-value may seem absurd and ridiculous. Intellectual and well-educated men nearly always can envision its greatest possibilities and reason out whether it is great enough to justify a change.

A third important mark is a man's cultural education and familiarity with the arts. Though he may or may not be proficient in one of them, at least he knows the history and progress of the art; music, architecture and many others. His keen sense of beauty enables him to see some redeeming feature in nearly everything and his heart thrills at the sight of an old masterpiece or long-forgotten architectural genius, preserved in some ancient ruin or statute. Coupled with his cultural education is his knowledge of industry and its importance, especially when a nation is at war. He must be able to so organize his business so it fits smoothly into the picture of war production. While studying the past, he lives in the present and dreams of the future.

Perhaps the most important mark is his eagerness to keep his mind open to all new ideas and opinions, carefully separating the grain from the chaff and successfully drawing an opinion for himself but never a conclusion, never passing a final judgment with the idea that all is completely settled and that there is absolutely nothing more to be said. No decision is ever final by any limits imposed on it. An educated man's philosophy is one of searching for the truth and he cannot do himself justice if he thinks he has exhausted his sources of information and can consider the search over. From now till judgment day there must be something yet unknown that man can search for, live for and perhaps die for.

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The Bishop Looks Down

MISS KATHLEEN HALL

Two Recent Books

Why should the Bishop always look down? Far back in one's inner consciousness, one has usually had the feeling that a Bishop's gaze should be more often directed to things above than to things below, that, e. x. effects, so to speak, his eyes should be directed to the skies at least as often as to the earth, and that his angle of approach should be one of elevation, rather than of depression.

Be that as it may, a careful perusal of "Air Navigation" by Lieut.-Commander F. V. H. Weems (McGraw - Hill Book Company, 1938) leads one to the conclusion that the motto of the Royal Air Force "per ardua ad astra" may be put as applicable to aeronauts as to sailors and (shall we add?) theologians.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1931, the second in 1938—through those seven brief but fateful years the advances in the technique of both marine and air navigation have indeed been startling. Within that period, to mention but two facts, the British Admiralty manual of navigation has undergone extensive revision, many tables in the "Nautical Almanac" have been greatly modified, and who, outside a charmed circle of expert scientists, can hazard a guess as to what further advances have been made since the fateful month of September 1939?

"Air Navigation," whose first edition won the gold medal of the Aero Club de France, is nothing less than a comprehensive treatise setting forth, in considerable detail, all those principles and applications of mathematics and physics on which ultimate mastery of the air depends. In a brief review, one can naturally only indicate the highlights of recent progress (and those not necessarily quite the most recent) though fundamental principles are invariant. One is sometimes asked by a student, "Why all the big to-dos for example for some theorem in trigonometry—"but what is the good of all that?" and one answer, that the subject is worthy of attention for its own sake, naturally sometimes fails to satisfy. It is perhaps true (as Colonel Bovey has hinted in a recent article in "Saturday Night") that it has taken a world war to convince some of the younger generation that mathematics and physics are of colossal importance in this modern mechanized world. No one will deny that the conquest of the air is a striking example of this; the same principles, in obedience to which ships have reached their destinations in safety for centuries past, have required but slight modification, on the whole, to make them applicable to transatlantic flights, and to the long-distance exploits of Bomber Command.

The volume under review naturally contains detailed descriptions of the various instruments used in a modern plane, and the uses to which they are put—more significant than this however (and a feature to which the book owes much of its value) is the account of the progressive changes in those tabular aids to calculation on which naval officers and air navigators must to a considerable extent rely. To find one's position in mid-season by means of observation of celestial bodies involves the "solution" of a spherical triangle—this triangle was the same in the 18th and 20th centuries, but how much more concise, and at the same time more accurate, the method used by a navigating-officer to-day, in comparison with that perforce used by Captain Cook in his Pacific explorations.

It is not too much to say that the introduction of the " Greenwich Hour Angle" (to use a technical term which it is unnecessary to explain here) has been the revolutionary change in navigational methods, involving radical alteration in the "make-up" of both the British and American Nautical Almanacs during the last decade. All the technical resources of applied science—construction of appropriate tables, mechanical aids to computation, the use of previously prepared graphs—are now in common use as aids to position-finding both on sea and in the air, and the long-sought-for goal of the reduction of calculation effort "on the spot" to a minimum, seems well within reach.
The chapters on charts, tables, and on the methods of converting abstract concepts into propositions, are all of the greatest interest, but it was curious to note that some of the most useful special tables now used by the U. S. Navy cause they cannot see the wood for the trees, because they lack the basic ideas involved, those guiding threads which, once firmly held, should show the way infallibly through many a labyrinth. To such, but by no means only to such, can be recommended "What is Mathematics?" by Richard Courant and Herbert Robbins ( Oxford University Press 1941). Prof. Courant, one of the leading lights in his profession, is now head of the mathematics department at New York University—a refugee from Nazi Germany—indeed there is a sentence in his preface which is not without pathos: "at any rate, it is hoped that the book may serve a useful purpose as a contribution to American higher education by one who is profoundly grateful for the opportunity offered him in this country. And the book should indeed serve a useful purpose. The vital arteries of mathematics cannot be transmitted by painless entertainment any more than education in mathematical science are discussed in a way which one would expect from a man of Courant's international reputation. He points out, very truly, that "understanding of mathematics can be transmitted by painless entertainment any more than education in mathematical science can be brought by the most brilliant journalism to those who have never listened intensively. Actual contact with the content of living mathematics is necessary. It is possible to proceed on a straight road from the very elements to the vantage points from which the substance and driving forces of modern mathematics can be surveyed." And then words of commendation to the weaker brethren, and of warning to the overconfident—"it is by no means necessary for the reader to plow through the book page by page and chapter by chapter . . . the student with slight background will have to make a choice . . . no harm will be done if the study of the book is confined to those sections or chapters in which the reader is most interested . . . most of the exercises are not of a routine nature; the more difficult ones are marked with an asterisk. The reader should not be alarmed if he cannot solve many of these."

And how clearly, how brilliantly, Prof. Courant has performed his task. No one, after reading his book, could fail to have a clear conception of the vital forces of a science which (despite the forbidding appearance of most fashionable text-books, and, alas! of some modern ones also) is organic and alive, with an inherent vitality which is quite independent of its manifold applications.

The book is indeed crammed with good things—those which have survived from Greek antiquity, those which owe their existence to that galaxy who flourished in the 17th and 18th centuries, and those of much more modern growth. There is food for all tastes within these 500 pages. Some the chapter headed "Topology" will open a gateway to a domain which has only begun to be explored within comparatively recent times. To the reviewer, the chapter on the development of the idea of maxima and minima, its many ramifications into cognate branches, and its blending of theory and experiment, appealed particularly as a chef d'œuvre of clear exposition.

Prof. Courant has gathered together a remarkable collection of those ideas and methods which have proved to be most worth while in the mathematical enterprise—ideas which have been developed over long periods of time and in many regions of the world (and incidentally it was striking to note what a prominent place Soviet Russia has taken in quite recent developments based on older work).

This is a book to be read and reread by those interested from the standpoint of content, of presentation, of clearness, and not least as an aid to realizing the type of man for whom Hitler's Third Reich has no use.

Both in theory and application there exist heights to which The Bishop (or anyone else) can look up instead of down. A. V. Richardson.
THE MITRE

IRON AND STEEL

Metals are in demand, and the Bursar is taking steps to see that any scrap is gathered up and turned back into circulation. It may seem a far cry from "The Cockade Inne the girls used for decorating the gym that well-remembered that brought to light some of the interesting antiques that of small arms ammunition cases, or fifty 2 5-pounder shell useful prospects for the salvage campaign they unearthed scientific" way that these would make about 5 thousand rounds nace of bygone days lay resignedly frozen to a barn floor, C.O.T.C. they should be melted up to make Bren guns and into the air amid the ruck of adjacent lumber. We feel that if these aren't put to use in tactical schemes with the (never mind where) were the two ponderous brass candle­ has reduced the supply of sugar in the Dining Hall and Metals are in demand, and the Bursar is taking steps to see the economic reason for food rationing here, in many items of our luxurious diet it does not exist. This calls foods. And we must force ourselves to see that consum­ we cannot export and increase the production of exportable foods. This calls tation, whether of foods or other goods, makes a demand on foods. And we must force ourselves to see that consump­ 354 carry us through to ultimate victory.

AprIL, 1942

Alumni Notes

Births

BLINCO—At the Sherbrooke Hospital on 3rd March, 1942, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Blinco. Mr. Blinco received his B.A. in 1930.

GOURLAY—At Comeau Bay Hospital on 7th February, a son to the Rev’d R. L. Gourlay, B.A. ’39, and Mrs. Gourlay.


Engagements

CHADBEY-GILPIN—Mr. James L. Gilpin of Quebec announces the engagement of his daughter Margaret to Mr. John E. Chadsey, B.A. ’36, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chadsey of Ayer’s Cliff.

MAGOR-ALLEN—The engagement is announced of Mr. Lincoln Studdard Magor, B.A. ’40, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Magor of Montreal, to Miss Margaret Allen.

VISER-FLYNN—Mr. and Mrs. T. Garnett Flynn announce the engagement of their daughter, Martha Florence, to Mr. Andrew H. Visser, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Howard Visser, of Thetford Mines, Que. The marriage will take place on April 4.

Marriages

COPELAND-MCCUTCHEON—The marriage of Miss Ruth Cameron McCUTCHEON, who was a member of the class of ’39, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fraser McCUTCHEON, and sister of D. F. McCUTCHEON, B.A. ’39, to Leading Aircrafts­ man William H. Copeland, son of Mr. Irwin H. Cope­ land of Montreal and Mrs. James Ruddick of Quebec, took place at Sherbrooke on February 10, 1942.

MCNEIL—The marriage took place at St. Thomas, Ont., on 14th February, 1942, of Mary Burdetta, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. McNeil, to Lieut. Oliver Bruce Miller, B.Sc. ’39, eldest son of Br. and Mrs. Bruce McD. Miller, of Sherbrooke.

SMITH-LLOYD-DODD—The marriage took place recently in England of Lieut. Earle Whitthall Smith, M.C. ’37, Royal al Montreal Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander of Westminster, to Miss Margo Lloyd-Dodd, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Edmond Lloyd-Dodd of Surrey, England.

Deaths

England—At his residence, 1374 Sherbrooke St. West, on Monday, 9th March, in his 80th year, Dr. Frank Richardson England, M.D., B.A. ’83.

R. MACKIE

Dr. England was one of Canada’s outstanding sur­ geons who had practiced in Montreal for over 40 years. He was born at Cowansville, Que., on 21st August, of United Empire Loyalist stock. He was educated at Wat­ terloo, Que., the Normal School of Montreal and was an alumnus of Bishop's College. He was a governor of the class of 1885 with the degrees of M.D. and C.M. He obtained the Wood and Nelson gold medals. He was professor of diseases of children at Bishop’s College in 1887 and professor of surgery in 1894.

In 1901 Dr. England graduated from McGill College (ad eundem) and in 1906 he was chosen President of the Montreal Medical-Chirurgical Society. The following year he was made Vice-President of the Canadian Medi­ cal Association. He was also a governor and fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He married Carrie Ann Galer of Dunham, Que., in 1887 and following her death married Dr. Octavia Grace Ritchie, who survives him. His son Murray Galer England of Niagara Falls and his daughter Esther Ritchie England also survive him.

Dr. Grace Ritchie England, his wife, is a graduate of Bishop’s College 1892 and one of the first class of women to graduate from McGill. She was the first woman to receive a medical degree in the Province of Quebec. She took a scholarship at Kingston and later pursued a post­graduate course at Vienna.

GENERAL

REID—Miss Olga Mary Reid, B.A. ’39, who for some months past has been Editor of the "Costick Observer," has left for Toronto, to join the newly organized woman’s branch of the R.A.F. in Canada, the C.W.A.A.F. Mr. D. K. Buik—Mr. D. K. Buik, B.A. ’36, has recently been ap­ pointed to command No. 1 Royal Canadian Army Ser­ vice Corps Reinforcement Unit Overseas. Colonel Mac­ donald—It has been announced from Ottawa that Lieutenant-Col. N. B. MacDonald, B.A. ’21, has been ap­ pointed to command No. 1 Royal Canadian Army Ser­ vice Corps Reinforcement Unit Overseas. Colonel Mac­ donald commanded the Bishop's Contingent of the C.O. T.C. during the final year of his undergraduate course.

FULLER—J. P. Fuller, B.A. ’31, has received his commission and is now Lieutenant in the United States Navy.

LIEUT. J. W. H. BARKETT, B.A. ’36, and Lieut. A. R. MACKIE, M.R., have been transferred from the Black Watch, R.H.C., to the reconstituted Royal Rifles of Canada.
Sports

HOCKEY

Bishop's vs. Richmond

On February fifth the Bishop's University Juniors took on the highly-rated Richmond team at the College rink, and were defeated by the score of 10 to 2. Although beaten by a decisive margin, play was much more even than the score would indicate.

Richmond took control of the play immediately, and by the ten-minute mark had rammed in four goals. Bishop's had just as many chances to score in this phase of the game, but they lacked finish around the nets, and at times found it hard to match the visitors' speed. In the second period Richmond scored four more goals without an answer from the college team. In the third period, for the first time in the game, Bishop's actually held the edge although they only managed to score two goals to two for their opponents. Tyler and Atto notched these well-deserved goals for the college, and thus averted a shutout. Norris, in the Bishop's net, had a hard night of it, and turned in a very creditable performance.

Bishop's vs. Richmond

For the second night in a row Richmond Juniors defeated Bishop's University Juniors 4 to 1 at the Richmond arena. The match was fast and well played with Bishop's taking the initiative in the first period and then weakening in the second and third.

Bishop's took command in the first period and Van Horn scored on a pass from Schoch seven minutes after the puck had been put in motion. Play steadied for the rest of the period with neither side being able to score. The second period opened with the Richmond team pressing Norris to the Bishop's nets, and they scored two goals. They added one more at the beginning of the third, but were held by a fighting college team for the rest of the game.

Bishop's Juniors defeated Sherbrooke High School 7 to 3 in an exhibition game at the college rink on Thursday, February 26. The game was fast and clean with Referee Errol Duval handing out only two penalties. Bishop's Norris, Schuch, Van Horn, Savage and Scott played well. Archie McKell just coming back to the game after a severe leg injury played well on defence.

Sherbrooke High vs. Bishop's

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Bishop's took early command of the game when Farquharson played well on defence. Bishop's Norris, Schuch, Van Horn, Savage and Scott played well. Archie McKell just coming back to the game after a severe leg injury played well on defence.

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ing with an unassisted goal. Farquharson with three goals was the best man on the ice, and Johnston, Schoch, Scott and Tyler played effectively for the purple and white squad.

**Bishop's vs. The Rand**

On Saturday, February 21, the Bishop's University Juniors defeated the Rand in an exhibition game 4 to 1 at the Sherbrooke rink. The score was close in the first period with both teams playing hard hockey. Bishop's scored late in the period on a play in which Farquharson flipped in Tyler's pass. The period ended with Bishop's leading 1 to 0. Bishop's opened the scoring in the second period at the 0:10 mark when Brodeur tallied on passes from Atto and Staples. Five minutes later Farquharson scored on passes from Tyler and Jack to give the College team a three-goal lead, but the Rand rallied near the end of the period to make the score 3 to 1. The final session was close with Bishop's holding an advantage around the nets. Staples scored the final goal on a beautiful pass from Atto at the five minute mark to end the scoring in the game.

The Bishop's squad had not been on skates for a month, but they turned in a creditable performance. Norris in the College nets played a brilliant game, while Scott, Johnston, Farquharson, Atto and Staples sparked the Bishop's attack. This was the final game of the season.

**BASKETBALL**

**Bishop's vs. Stanstead College**

On Saturday, February 7, in Stanstead, the Bishop's University basketball team defeated the Stanstead College aggregation by the score of 29 to 26. The win enabled the College to take over second place in the Sherbrooke City basketball league.

Captain Bob Carpenter took high scoring honours, coming up from his guard position to drop in six field goals for a total of twelve points, while burly Ed. Stevens accounted for six. Dave Mackay and Ken Jackson scored 4 and 2 points respectively, while Ian Scott tallied two field goals, and McCammon one free throw. The fast-breaking Stanstead combination of Stevens, Jackson and Scott played their usual good game.

The Bishop's team got a quick start and pulled away from their opponents and the first quarter ended with the score 8 to 3 in favour of the Bishop's. In the second quarter the game see-sawed back and forth with both sides scoring many a chance to run up a much larger score. Freshman E. Stevens with a brilliant game, scoring 14 points and ten points respectively. The Stanstead team was bolstered by the presence of Rev. Errol Armanico coach of the team and former McGill star. The score at the end of the first half stood at 16 to 5 for Bishop's, and in the second frame the Purple and White really got rolling to ring up a score of 24 to 8. Play tightened up in the third quarter, and at the end of this period the score was 26 to 17. In the final quarter, the game was even logged, and Stanstead raised their total points to 26 while the home team held their lead at 36. In the last five minutes of the game the Stanstead outfit staged a grand show, sinking four field goals and one foul shot to go well out ahead and win the game 45 to 27.

The Bishop's combination of Stevens, Jackson and Scott was effective on the attack, Carpenter, playing at guard and forward turned in a fine game.

**Bishop's vs. Sherbrooke High**

In an exciting match on Saturday afternoon, February 21, the Bishop's basketball team scored a decisive 33 to 22 win over the Sherbrooke High squad, at the local High gym.

After trailing during most of the game, the Bishop's squad rallied in the final quarter to triumph, and retain second place in the Sherbrooke City Basketball League. Burly Ed. Stevens paced the Collegians' attack scoring 11 points. Bob Carpenter and Ken Jackson each accounted for 6 points. The High School opened the scoring with a field goal in the opening play, but Bruce Fairbairn, Bishop's dark horse, retaliated with two perfect set shots immediately afterwards. From then on the High School held the lead, and at the half-time mark the score stood at 13 to 11 in their favour. In the third quarter the game see-sawed back and forth with both sides scoring spasmodically, and at the close of the third stanza the Collegians trailed by one point. In the final period drive, the Bishop's team staged a strong attack, scoring several points and completely outclassed their opponents. For Bishop's the team work of Scott, Stevens and Jackson were also outstanding performers, scoring eleven 11, 5 and 2 points respectively. At the guard position the Bishop's team went on to win the game by a 27 to 34 count. The Bishop's team getting a quick start pulled away from their opponents and the first quarter ended with the score 17 to 11, 5 and 2 points respectively. At the guard position McCammon 4, McKay, Fairbairn.

**Referee—W. Wolters.**

**The Mitre**

APRIL, 1942

The third quarter opened with a brief rally by the visitors, however, the Collegians managed to keep well ahead, and ended that period with a 15-point advantage. Only six points were scored in the last quarter, four by Bishop's and two by Stanstead.

**Bishop's—Carver 2, Jackson 14, Stevens 12, Scott 3, McCammon, Hollinger, Fairbairn.**

**Referee—Bill Wolters.**

**Bishop's vs. Sherbrooke Y**

In the league final play-off game of the season the Y. M.C.A. edged out Bishop's 34 to 27 in a keenly contested match played on the W.C.A. floor on Friday, March 20. The scoring opened rapidly in the first quarter with the Y accounting for a basket in the opening play. This was quickly followed by a score from Bishop's. From this time on play see-sawed back and forth with both teams scoring on several occasions, and the half-time score stood at 17 to 13 in favour of the Y. The second period opened rounded and fast and neither team could build up a lead of any proportion. The final score found the College team trailing by a 27 to 34 count.

The first string line of Jackson, Stevens and Scott turned in a brilliant performance for the college, scoring 11, 5 and 2 points respectively. At the guard position McCammon played his usual steady game ably assisted by Carpenter.

**Bishop's—Jackson 11, Stevens 5, Carpenter 5, Scott 2, McCammon 4, Mackay, Fairbairn.**

**Referee—Bill Wolters.**

**SKIING**

At the days get longer, and the snow takes on a dirty look, it is sure sign that the skiing season is coming to a close despite the fact that a few still persist in going to Tremblant or Mt. Orford. For the ski team anyway, things have ended for the year, and now complete results are available.

**Eastern Township Championship Meets**

On Sunday, February 1, the cross country run was held at Victoriaville. A nine-mile race had been laid out on several occasions, and the half-time score stood at 17 to 13 in favour of the Y. The second period opened rounded and fast and neither team could build up a lead of any proportion. The final score found the College team trailing by a 27 to 34 count.

Top honors for the college were gained by J. Peake who placed second, L. Millar sixth, S. Mills and D. Jack seventh and eighth respectively.

Two weeks later, on February 11, the slalom was held at Hillcrest, on their new slalom hill. The course, by far the most difficult that has been seen in the Townships, was laid by Dick Tomlinson. A bright day and ideal snow condi-
tions made the course fast. The best time of the day was set by Don Jack, with runs of 5.5 and 5.8 seconds respectively; J. Peake placed second, W. Atto fourth and P. Duval ninth, enabling Bishop's to lead the field by a wide margin. Hillcrest Ski Club was second—a hundred points behind.

The last meet of the season was held on March 1 on the tricky slopes of Mt. Orford and the new Three Creeks run from the top of the mountain was the scene of the Downhill race. The race officially opened the trail. For nearly two hours the competitors climbed steadily until they reached the start at 2400 feet—400 feet from the top. The officials had decided beforehand that the element of danger was too great to allow the competitors to start from the top. Snow conditions were favourable and the trail was very well packed. Unfortunately numerous falls soon spotted the run with huge holes, and made the descent difficult. The snow was deep however, and the only casualty suffered was a scratched nose by one of the Bishop's team.

The fastest time of the day was 1 minute 51 seconds turned in by J. Voisard of North Hatley. L. Tomlinson, former Bishop's star, placed second, with J. Peake third. There was only a fifth of a second difference between each of the first three men. W. Atto came fourth with D. Jack sixth and P. Duval 12th.

This gave Bishop's the lead once again and the team chalked up their fourth consecutive victory, winning with 1071.8 points. Hillcrest placed second with 943.0 points.