

# Alumni Notes

R. MACKIE

## 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 Lieut. 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.

**HUME-COCHAND**—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 Stowe, 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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# The Mitre

VOL. 49 NO. 4

APRIL  
1942

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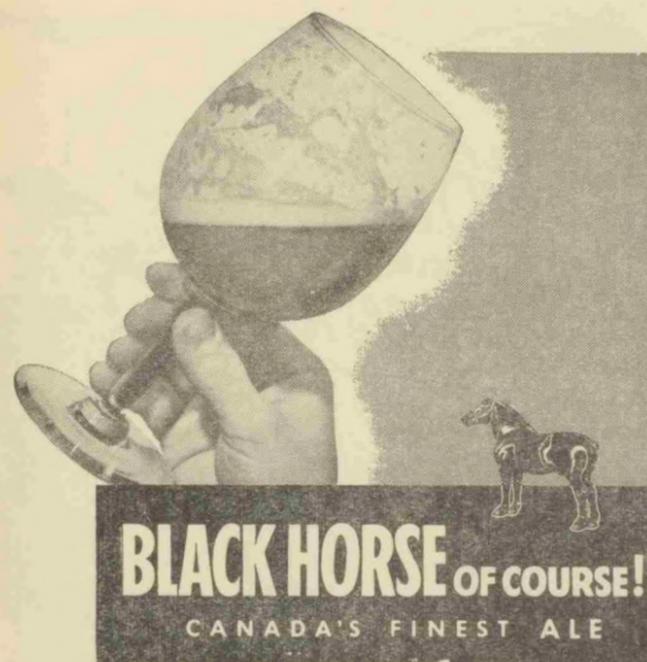


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## KILLED IN ACTION



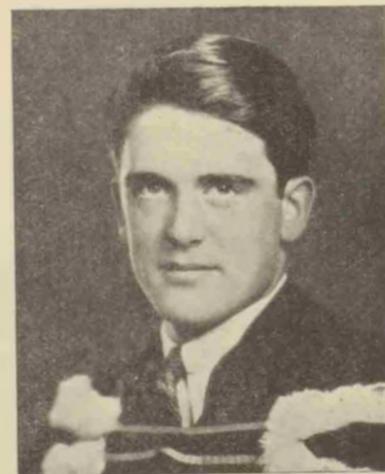
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Flt. Sgt. D. Bennett, B.Sc. '38



P/O D. Carmichael, B.Sc. '38



Sgt. Ob. H. Pibus, B.A. '34

also

P/O D. H. Budden, M '40

\* \* \*

## KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Cadet Pilot D. Bilkey, M '39

Lieut. K. Pyper, M '37

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

## In Merry Mood

### Stories of the late Beerbohm Tree

DICKSON - KENWIN

As founder of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, it was natural that Tree should give promising young students an opportunity to act in his theatre. One day, the late Sir George Alexander, who was producing a new play at St. James's Theatre in London, hailed Tree in the Haymarket, with the remark: "Good morning, Sir Herbert, I have one of the Academy students in my new play!" Tree smiled, and said: "You're very lucky, George, I have two!"

Tree's remarkable personality, which was expressed through a keen sense of the ridiculous, allowed him to say and do things which might have been thought insane by the average individual. Strolling along the Haymarket, one day, he encountered a grimy little newsboy, who thrust a copy of the Daily Mail in his face, and shouted in a raucous voice, "Piper, sir!" The great actor seized him by the neck, and hauled him, like a sack of potatoes, to the stage door of His Majesty's Theatre; he flung him into the arms of the astonished Commissionaire, saying, "Give this a bath!" The newsboy was led away, kicking and shrieking, to the stage cellar, and thrown, bodily, into a huge tank of water. Later this newsboy was given a menial job which consisted of carrying a newspaper from one side of the stage to the other, so many times a day. After a little while, Tree sent him to a school, and provided him with a first-class education. Finally, he became assistant stage manager, and eventually left His Majesty's Theatre and accepted the appointment of stage director at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Frederick Harrison. Then Granville Barker sent him to America to direct and produce plays in New York. This same grimy little newsboy is now a famous Hollywood star, and is none other than Claud Rains. He admits, himself, that he owes his success to the fact that he stopped Tree that day in the Haymarket.

Tree's understanding and kindness towards the underprivileged, made him the most lovable man one could wish to meet, but he would give the impression of extreme intolerance, and to the uninitiated, would appear as a man with a sardonic sense of humour. I once reminded Tree that a celebrity of his magnitude should possess a private motor car; in answer, he gave the daily twist to the top button of his waistcoat, and said, "It is because I am such a celebrity, that I can afford to do without a car." Then, yanking off the button, he concluded, "my eminent position, also, permits me to wear frayed cuffs, and allows me the privilege of telling people to mind their own business."

To be closely associated for many years, with a man like Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre, was a rare experience,

and one that can never be forgotten. The actor-manager provided such a constant stream of humour that it was difficult to catch him in a serious mood. He would be surrounded by groups of laughing people from morning till night. Tree created the part of "The Private Secretary". It was always his contention that an actor could not be a tragedian until he learned how to make people laugh. Even his farewell lecture at the Theatre, on the eve of his departure for America, during the first great war, was infused with humour—it was entitled "Humour in Tragedy" and his opening words were: "The Kaiser has no sense of humour, if he had, there would be no war."

On one occasion, Tree reserved His Majesty's Theatre for a visiting Italian opera singer. It was a gala performance, and when the great maestro was saying goodbye, he kissed everybody within range. Tree, observing this, hid behind a piece of scenery, until the opera singer had completed his affectionate farewells. Then he conducted him to his taxi-cab and went with him to his hotel. On the way, Tree ordered the driver to return to the theatre. The opera singer asked if he had forgotten something. Tree said, "No, it is *you* who have forgotten to kiss the fireman!"

During rehearsals, Tree disliked members of his company to attempt to gain favour by making some complimentary remark. One day, during a rehearsal, he strolled down to the auditorium where a new set of tip-up chairs was being installed in the pit. A carpenter was putting the final touches to the last chair, and as Tree approached, he quietly walked away, taking the fixing-pin with him. Tree, with pride, called out to the members of the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a wonderful innovation! Fancy! Tip-up chairs in the pit, for half-a-crown!" He then sat down in the unfixed chair, and was promptly shot backwards and jammed between the seat and the back, with his legs up in the air. There was a commotion, and several of the company rushed to his assistance. One young man, remarked in an agitated manner, "Oh, my dear Sir Herbert, are you hurt?" Tree shouted, "Leave me alone! I'm exhibit A." Henry Dana, the general manager, came upon the scene and helped Tree out of the chair. "Whatever happened, Chief?" said Dana. Tree turned round and said: "Mr. Dana, sit in that chair!" To humour him, Dana did so, and was promptly shot backwards. "What's the idea!" shrieked Dana. "One moment, please!" commanded Tree, addressing the crowd. "This, you observe, is Henry Dana! He is exhibit B." Then, pointing to the only portion of Dana's anatomy which could be seen, he said: "I wonder

how the audience are going to enjoy my performances while seated in that position?" This picture is made more vivid in its humour when one realizes that Dana's chief asset, as a disciplinarian, was his extreme dignity and pompous poise.

Very seldom did one succeed in getting the better of Tree in repartee. At a rehearsal of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion", Tree was busy conducting arrangements upon the stage, and Shaw was seated in the stalls. Suddenly, Shaw jumped up and shouted: "Sir Herbert, I don't like the way that man sits down!"—he was referring to an actor in the company. Tree went to the prompt corner and seized the play script from the stage manager, and tore it up into small pieces, and threw them at Shaw, saying, "I don't like the way you have written this play!" Bernard Shaw apologised and said, "I *do* like the way that man sits down!" Then Tree turned to the actor in question, and said, "You had better remain standing during this scene!"

Tree loved to tell a story against himself. During the first great war, he met his friend, Lord Kitchener in the Haymarket, one day, and said, "Well, how's the war getting on?" Kitchener replied, "That's a good idea, let's buy a paper and see!"

I remember that one day a letter arrived for Tree, from a young actor who was understudying at the Criterion Theatre. His principal was ill and he was to play the part that night, and he wanted Tree to come to the theatre and see his performance. Tree sent a wire, which read: "Thanks for the warning!"

On one occasion, Tree encountered a young actor in the corridor of the theatre, as he was proceeding to the stage.

The young actor was "walking on" and had devised a special make-up to impress Tree. Tree stopped him under a lamp and said, "What is that fog I see before me?" The young actor meekly replied that it was his face. "Your face?—your real face?" said Tree; "surely not." The neophyte mumbled something. "But tell me," said Tree, "what have you put on your face?" "Grease paint," said the young actor. "Oh, yes, I know, that's the stuff they use in the theatres," said Tree. "Yes, sir," replied the actor. "What are you supposed to represent?" smiled Tree. "I am a starving Pisan citizen in the second act," gulped the youngster. "Dear, dear," said Tree, "I thought it was a picture of Willesden Railway junction! Anyhow, in future, have a meal before you come to the theatre!"

In the days when the gramophone was in its early stages of development, a well-known firm of manufacturers sent Tree a model of a new machine, asking if he would test it out and give his opinion, and permission for them to use the same in their trade catalogues, as a testimonial. Tree ordered a record to be played. After hearing the scratchy, tinny sound for a few moments, he cried, "Stop it, for Gcd's sake!" Then he wrote a letter as follows: "Dear Sirs, thank you for your instrument of torture, it has indeed added a new terror to life, and made death worth while."

Even on his deathbed, Tree found an opportunity for humour. He called his daughter, Viola Tree, and said: "Viola, when I am gone, I wish to be cremated. Will you please see that the urn which is to contain my ashes, is artistic. I know what dreadful taste some of these undertakers have!"



## How to Kill Time

W. HEATH

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 uneasiness, 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 drugged 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, for I rarely attend more than two, 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 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 footstep further advanced along the road of knowledge than when I entered those halls of learning.

I would not have the reader believe that this illustration of a morning devoted entirely to time-killing is an isolated instance. I kill time with a clocklike regularity and ruthless consistency.

After such a morning I eat dinner in a very leisurely manner, determined that my afternoon shall be no more strenuous. The O.T.C. was at first a source of great worry to me, for I was forced to spend nine full hours or three full afternoons every week ordering arms and marching around the quadrangle. This is no longer a subject of worry to me, for after having repeated for over a year the same single movement which any halfwit could be trained to do well in three months, I look with pride upon these afternoons as very well wasted. No time, in my opinion, is better or more completely killed than the time which I spend playing soldier.

I have now accounted for three of my afternoons, but I still have three more to account for. One of these is spent in the biology laboratory. I look upon this afternoon with even more pride than the afternoons I waste in my uniform. For in the O.T.C. I have fitted myself to be a second-rate soldier; in the biology lab I am fitting myself for absolutely nothing. The biology laboratories require a fair

amount of skill in the art of drawing. My drawing is poor 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 dealt 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 homewards. 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 see 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 has done work of some value. Thus I seldom go home, because there I only succeed in killing about half of the day; at college my time-killing activities are entirely successful.

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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!

Phone  
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**BECK PRESS REG'D**  
 LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC

## 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. Strauss, 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 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 some 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 all over.

### *Everything Breakable in Smithereens*

"Everything breakable in the ship was in smithereens. We have only a few cups and have to eat all off one plate at meals. All the phones and speaking-tubes were put out of action, and clocks, electric light, etc., but she still floated and only made a little water which the pumps kept under. We had the joy of hearing on the Italian radio that night of our destruction by a German bomber—for the second time in three weeks, as before I joined the ship, 'Haw-Haw' announced she had been sunk in a British port during a mass attack there (three bombs were aimed at her but missed).

"When it was all over and the black abomination had disappeared to the eastward, I, for one, felt dazed—it was so like a miracle. There was the same lovely cloudless sky and summer blue sea. The ship was still plunging along to the westward. Only the shattered boats and the decks, rooms, and saloon littered with spent bullets, splinters and rubbish showed that something had been doing. Besides Almighty God we have to thank the coolness and skill of the Captain, who had to judge every order in terms of sec-

onds and never once made a mistake; but perhaps even more, that very noble lady, the Second Engineer, Miss Victoria Drummond. She took charge, and in ten minutes she had 'talked' to those engines to such good purpose that our miserable top speed of nine knots had risen to twelve and a-half and was still going up when she eased down at the "all clear." That speed had never before been recorded in all her eighteen years.

"It is only in the last few days that I have heard what happened down below in that ghastly half-hour. Miss Drummond was talking to the Chief Engineer on deck in her Sunday-best uniform after breakfast when the alarm gongs went. She went at once and took charge down below. After the first salvo, which flung her against the levers and nearly stunned her, she realised that there was little hope. She told the engineers to open up the fuel ejectors and to start others, and began opening the main steam throttle bit by bit. Then calling the engine-room and stokehold staff she gave them the last order—pointing with her long arm to the ladder—"Get out." She gave them a chance for their lives and stayed alone, where she believed she had none. It must have been pure hell down there. Two cast-iron pipes were fractured, electric wires parted, tubes broke and joints started, but her iron body and mighty heart stood it. The main injection pipe just above her head started a joint and scalding steam whizzed past her. With anyone less skilled down there that pipe would have burst under the extra pressure, but she nursed it through the explosion of each salvo, easing down when she judged from the nearness of the plane's engines that the bombs were about to fall, holding on for all she was worth to a stanchion as they burst and then opening up the steam again. If the pipe had gone we would have stopped and it would have been all U.P. By getting the speed it gave the helm a chance to move the clumsy hulk, which it wouldn't have had at less speed. And literally every second mattered in the swing.

"I saw her once during the action when I had to dodge along the ship and looked down the skylight hoping to be able to shout a few words of cheer to her. She was standing on the control platform, 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 acme 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 semi-stupefied state of some on the return trip). But the bus-driver's arts of jolting, side-swiping and picking the (mud) holes are nothing new, it seems. The poor undergraduate coming from Montreal to attend the College in



Before Covered Bridge Days—the College in 1846  
This engraving is reproduced from the B. C. S. Magazine

the year of its opening, 1845, had to come by stage-coach "over the most execrable" 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

this was the famous Ike Cutter, who was certainly the driver in 1851.

The Lennoxville that the first students saw was probably little different from the village a dozen years earlier shown in a current engraving, which gives a very good idea of the place. A feature is the number of bird-houses on poles and the cart—four oxen and one horse-power—in the middle of the picture; ox-carts were still seen around the village as late as fifty years ago. Lennoxville seems quite an advanced settlement for that early time—numerous bears still ran wild in what were then the dense woods covering most of the Townships. But it had now dropped behind Sherbrooke in population—the latter, in 1821, was not even a one-horse town and was reached from Lennoxville by a foot-

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

into the kitchen. The bed-rooms of the students were upstairs, 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 druggett 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 Reader:

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 shamelessly,

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

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 desk or table, which had been used in a former school. "Behind this room, and looking out on what is now Mr. McDougall's garden, was our Dining Hall, sufficiently large, which served also as our Chapel. Out of this room, at the south end, you passed by" two steps up "into Mr. Nicolls' room—bed-room, sitting room and study all in one,—(and measuring nine by fifteen) "a room looked upon by us as sacred, into which none of us, I think, was ever admitted. Out of the north end of the Dining Hall you passed

the students tried to settle himself in his own bedroom... he was fain to borrow one of my old packing cases to put his feet in, to keep out of the draught." This, then, was the building well described elsewhere as "the least unsuitable that could be obtained."

Right at the very beginning of the first year Charles Middleton, a young Englishman who had come out with Dr. Nicolls, fell ill with typhoid fever and his death in less than a week cast a gloom over the early days of the year.

By October 1, 1846, the first college building was opened; this consisted of what are now the five central bays of the Old Arts building, but without the main tower and steps, and with a different roof. Of the interior no description has been found, but according to an early circular, the rooms were provided with "such plain furniture as is required for the use of students!" Bishop's, it said,

aimed to establish it "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 will also be horrified to hear that anyone wishing to enter the College had to "show a sufficient acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, to be able to read and translate 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 open bridge across the Massawippi; this was probably built around the same time as the College, replacing a fording-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 crossing over to the College Island on a raft.

About this time the Quintilian—the predecessor of the Literary and Debating Society—was founded; the Reading Room Association was set up in 1849. The year before that the Old Lodge was built (two storeys only, and no verandah) and became the house of the Principal and his bride. Around 1849 and 1850 there were attempts to add French and Chemistry as new subjects, but these attempts eventually came to nothing. An important change occurred in 1851: the length of the College course was increased from 3 to 4 years.

There are unfortunately no detailed accounts of student life and conditions around this period, as for the earliest years. From 1850 on, for a long time, there are almost no records available except prospectuses and accounts of Convocation. Possibly the students formed the required "correct, prudent and moderate habits" and did nothing noteworthy; possibly there are dark secrets hid. The amusements of the time seem curious enough to us; the predecessor of the modern film seems to have been the "dissolving view." Mr. Alexander Young's "Dissolving views—with lectures" came (probably) to Lennoxville in October, 1852. The programme began with "The Passions (from the best French authors) — Admiration, Attention, Hatred, Laughter, Scorn, Jealousy, Terror, Anger, Despair — In treating of these spicy subjects, Mr. Young generally aims to address . . . Children, as well as Adults; Children have

taken a very lively interest in these graphic delineations of the Passions, and by their aid receive impressions which can not reach their minds through any ordinary instrumentality." Followed divers historical personages — "Henry VIII of England, striking and splendid; Edward VI of England, a lovely youth; Queen Mary of England, gorgeous and gloomy; Cardinal Woolsey (sic), rich and sleek; Archbishops Cranmer and Laud, very characteristic . . ."; then a series of scripture subjects and landscapes, with an "Appendix" which included — "Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott and daughter; Day and Night Landscapes at Boppard on the Rhine; Queen Victoria in her Wedding Dress; English Lawyers Quarreling; Chasing the Pig; Riding the Pig; Night Visits of the Rat, etc., etc."—a quick descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. A good time was doubtless had by all.

In 1853 the first College Chapel was begun—very similar to the present one and on the same site—but it was not consecrated till four years later. 1854 and 1855 were poor years for the College, only four new students entering during this time; by 1859, however, the yearly entry had reached 10 again. There were two professors besides the principal—Miles and Hellmuth—and the bursar, Mr. Chapman.

Although the College became a University in 1853, the first Convocation was not held till June, 1855, when a procession of 30 or 40 members of Convocation assembled in the College and marched to the school-room in the village, where degrees were given. The following year the convocation was held in September, in the not yet consecrated Chapel. Convocation was always followed by a "conversazione" in the evening. In 1856 the College "presented a very pretty appearance. In front, we observe the Union Jack, with garlands of evergreens; at the top, beautifully wrought in large letters, was the word 'Welcome'. The reception room was most elegantly and appropriately decorated for the occasion by some fair hands. On either side of the room were the portraits of Dr. Nicolls . . . and the Rev. Mr. Doolittle . . . Draping the walls were the Union Jack and the 'Red, White and Blue', with garlands of evergreens and bouquets of flowers. On a conspicuous part of the wall was the motto, 'Vita sine litteris mors est'."—In 1857, the convocation was held in a wooden shed-like structure connecting the College and Chapel (shown in a photograph of 1855). By next year a Convocation hall in the College had been fixed. In 1861 the ante-Chapel and the present dining-hall (then the Common Room) were built. In this year also the B.C.S. boys moved up from the village into a large building, roughly on the site of the New Arts building, connected by a long U-shaped cloister with

(Continued on page 28)

## Full Marching Order

The train pulled slowly out of the station and laboured up the grade towards Sherbrooke while the cadets sorted themselves out in the musty, squeaking day-coach. Clothes hangers were festooned with web equipment and rifles, and the luggage racks sagged beneath the load of kit-bags, packs and haversacks. The officers, having made a rapid check of personnel disappeared, perhaps to some more elegant quarters. The "Other Ranks" settled down as best they could in the dusty cushioned seats, feeling warriors to the fingernails as they lolled back in the seats and surveyed their natty new drill trousers, tucked smartly into web anklets over regulation Army pattern boots. Sleeves were rolled well above the elbows, and the khaki shirts, open at the neck and buttoned flat, were fresh from the stores.

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 with monotonous regularity, and the wooded farmland unfolded itself, half obscured in the curtain of falling rain. The lurch of the coach on the curves 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. Stops were few, and way-stations stood sleepily beside the tracks, dripping patiently from the eaves, as the train rushed through. Before long, though, speed was reduced, and the grinding of brakes, as well as the movements of the trainman, bespoke a stop. Richmond. Here most got out for a breath of fresh air or hasty refreshments at the counter. The clouds were lifting, and as the train pulled out the sun began to shine.

But time wore on, and the spell of tedium was broken at last by the trainman, who pushed through the aisles calling, "St. Basil, St. Basil!" and immediately everywhere was movement. Rifles and kit were taken from the racks and equipment strapped on as the train slackened speed. When all had detrained, the contingent formed up on the platform under the casual gaze of the passengers, who looked mildly interested. They did not realize what a momentous occasion it was—Bishop's C.O.T.C. was going into camp, and who could tell what effect this might have upon the course of the war?? Certainly for some of the less seasoned members of the unit von Moltke's forces might have been just over the skyline, spoiling for a fight. Soon C. S. M. Savage had called the company to attention, and turning smartly into column of route they marched off the plat-

G. H. LOOSEMORE



form and up the road, with Westgate pounding the drum and bugles sounding a cheery note on the warm mid-day air. The storm had missed this area, and when the pavement was left behind dust began to rise in little clouds about the feet as they tramped along the gravel road. Army lorries passed in both directions, and as the crest of the "mountain" heaved itself up to the west it became clear that the camp was not far off. Down a long straight stretch of road, shaded by elms, could be seen patches of brown canvas. Could there be a circus in town? A cluster of brown tents looked at first hardly enough to contain a platoon, but as the column approached "the lines" came into perspective, and the long rows headed by marquees took on a more formidable aspect.

It was already known that McGill was to have some 650 in camp, and great relief was felt when it became apparent that they had not yet arrived—time to settle down in peace before the rush. But as the impressive column of three platoons approached the guard tent at the gate there was a distant hum of traffic, and a cloud of dust in the distance rose from the path of a mighty bus. Behind it was another, and another, and yet more. The column came to a halt, and stood patiently on the shoulders of the highway, wreathed in clouds of dust, as the busses thundered by loaded with the forces of McGill. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen . . . At length the last had driven into the camp, and the unit moved off in the same direction. A suggestion of pique soon gave way to a quiet determination to show them that "there is no king that can be saved by the multitude of an host," and "Daddy" Bouchard's dictum "Grind your teeth, look 'im in the eye, . . ." rang in the ears with comforting assurance. Instinctively, arms swung smartly up, backs straightened, and with drum-sticks clicking, bugles sounding a lively note, and every man feeling that the reputation of the College depended on the angle of his chin, Bishop's C.O.T.C. marched into camp at Mt. Bruno, June 13, 1941.

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## The Comic Strip

R. TURPIN

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 expressive 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 unbalance 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 man 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 Nazis might say "At ten o'clock Monday night the nation is to be playful for twenty minutes. Heil Hitler!" 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.

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 phenomena? 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. "Funnies" 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 home-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 the idea of right and wrong was not absent. We have passed from that era but the new morality is devoid of laughter. Grim and forbidding are the executors of right to-day. Seldom has there been wielded a more powerful arm than that of Popeye (after a bowl of spinach) yet he is of a kindly disposition. Where are such ordinary qualities in Flash Gordon, who swings through the air with the great-

est of ease as he darts from planet to planet in some monstrous machine and saves humanity by letting loose a jet of proton rays with as much emotion as that shown by a tax collector.

In Superman we reach the peak of extravagance. But who laughs? Picture him. A massive head with jutting jaw, a would-be human but sinisterly calm. When the office "wires" crackle with the news of some daring coup, Superman rushes behind his typewriter, changes into his "space" clothes, pulls a convoy of trucks through the air, and after stopping a flood or two by changing the course of Nature, he modestly "scoops" his girl friend reporter and hoarsely whispers to himself, "If they only know that it was Superman!"

Is this a reflexion 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" at a conscription 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.

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### On Shaking Hands

J. H. APPS

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 "ars artium" of a friendly gesture. Believe 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 hand-shake.

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 action of our good intentions. Then there is the congratulatory gesture which shows our approval of some accomplishment by a close acquaintance. In olden 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 yeah?) 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 handshakes and try to elucidate on how they should be accepted, rejected, endured 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 barometrical 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 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 seize 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 lethargic 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 lethargic 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 uppermost 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 is seized. 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 much harm 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 troglodyte. 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 last kind I want to discuss is the clinging-vine group. Once they have your hand in their grasp they will not let go. They shake and shake, or they grip your hand, not ungently, until you wish you had something whereby you could infuse a charge of 1000 volts into them so that they would be forced to let go. Such people are usually sentimental, or over-loquacious, or lonely. Be kindly to these but at the same time, try to drop something as an excuse to pick it up; at the same time breaking the clinch upon your captured hand. Of course axle grease would be a good preventative, but sadly it is not very practicable. You have to use both wits and tact in such cases. Hand-shaking experts have little effort to handle cases of this

nature. The place where this sort are most in use is at funerals, or suicides. So you see, that the handkerchief-dropping act can be in quite appropriate use.

I must not take any more time in discussing how to perform this *ars artium*. Your own nature will govern the kind of greeting you extend to old friends or new acquaintances. All that I can advise is don't be a fop, or a sentimentalist, or a brute, or cynic. When you do take the hand of someone else give it a firm friendly grasp, not too long, nor yet too diffidently. If you are glad to meet or know him show it in your act. If not don't be a hypocrite and apishly follow some convention because you haven't the stamina to act as you feel.

## The Mitre in Scotland

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

It arrived here on the last day of 1941. The siren 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 bell rang. It was the Postman. "Evening Sir, hope there ain't going to be no raid 'ere. Yes, indeed, let's hope so." Hello, a package from Lennoxville, that's cheery. Then I saw it was the "Mitre". Thoughts of the siren vanished and I was soon buried in the contents of that attractive paper.

I was very grateful to Dean Jones for sending me his 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.

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 where. 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. Christ Church is a stone building of no little beauty, 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 Stanly Cheshire, 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.

Richard A. Ford, Berwickshire, Eng.

## Utopia - or Confusion as I See it

B. 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, Eutopia 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 hedy days when England was young and lived the life of youth: unorthodox, reformative, and headstrong, under the stern rule of the most irresolute mysogamist of all time. As before, let me repeat that you know well of this period so recall it and save us all trouble, paper and eyestrain. If I flatter your knowledge too much then ask the clever boy across the hall about Sir Thomas and his sychophant contemporaries of the royal court; and even though he knows less about it than you or I he 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 rifled 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 connubial confusion and intrigue of the court life, he managed to keep his head long enough to write the story of a perfect state—too perfect for man would be miserable without petty strife and his little problems to solve. Sir Thomas in writing his book—which I have never read although one day in attempting it I found it was written not in modern English and I pass on this discovery to discourage all would-be pedants from a similar attempt—forgot about human frailties even though paradoxically he was utterly surrounded by them. Yes in his story of a perfect state he completely forgot about human frailties so, logically, in return his perfect state was forgotten by the humans who possess those frailties; or at least by the literary proleteriat, or as we like to call them, the leaders in social and civil matters.

However, Sir Thomas deserves not isolated ridicule if he deserves ridicule at all. Plato, a Greek, who as a race have already been mentioned, was as you remember, a student of Socrates, a teacher of Aristotle, as well as a bit of a bore, really started, as far as we are concerned, the perfect

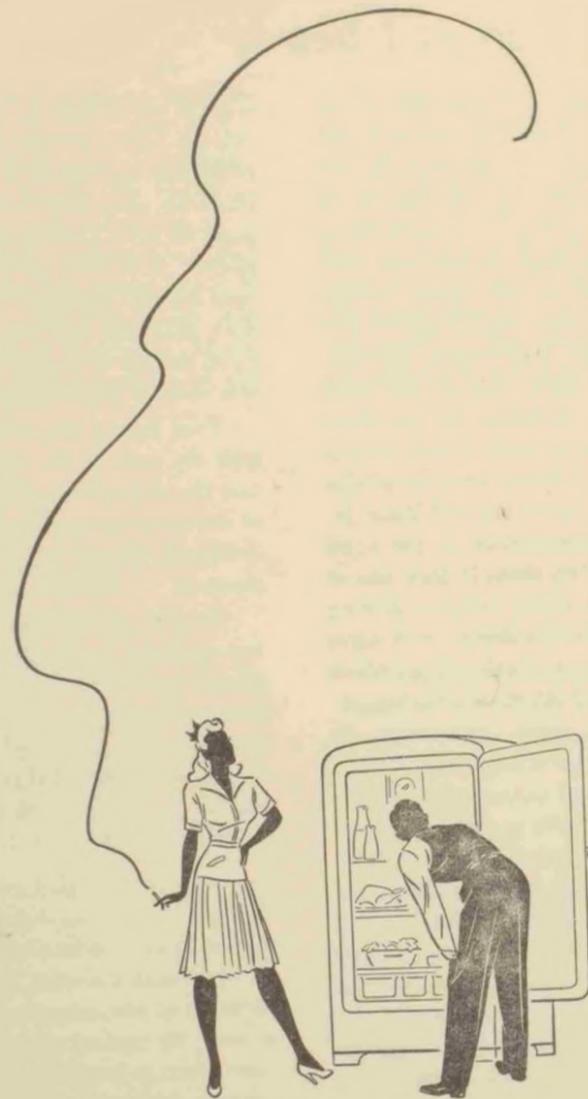
state in the subjective. Before Plato we never hear it specifically mentioned but he really went to work on it apparently deriving much of pleasure from it and little of significance, until little Aristotle who was a rather refractory pupil set up a counter state, equally theoretical and equally perfect. This took the fun out of it for Plato for it developed into an argument that lasted several centuries. Plato's state squelched the personality and Aristotle's embellished it; or perhaps it was the other way around, but either way was entirely impracticable.

Even before the ancient civilizations man was troubled with the state of his existence. In his search for amelioration the club and then the bow were made for easier means of subsistence; and also the cave and later the hut were developed for better shelter. He was at least practical about it.

Possibly the greatest attempt to describe a perfect state was made by James Hilton when in *Lost Horizon* he depicted for us the Lama ruled, mountain settlement of Shangri-La; but even this state is impossible although upheld by the great keystone of moderation for it is erected on the unsubstantial ground of fantasy. It is simply a pretty picture of the land-that-will-never-be. A pretty place where we should all like to go but a place none shall ever see.

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 fatuities 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 bare constitution must be hung up to air. Now that this is done let some intelligent man, who is less tired of this disertation 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 well on the shaky mass of accumulated mistakes that weaken democracy as it 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 I believe it rather befits a second installment; but before closing let me say all remarks in this work are purely *ex temore* and any resemblance to the truth is purely coincidental so may your academic mind be quite unblemished by them; each and every one of them.



"And what are you doing, Egbert?"  
 "Looking for a Sweet Cap!"

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

*"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"*



## Recipe for Longevity

W. HEATH

I have always been amused at the answers invariably given to the question "To what do you attribute your long life?" 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 horsedealer. 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 other 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

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 has aided others to achieve longevity, has stood the test of medical research, and may

## Lab Casualties

Well, my friend, how many lab sessions do you have a week? None! Really you don't know what you're missing. Absolutely the most exciting things in college, that is on the curriculum. Won't you let me show you around?

This is the Chemistry lab. See the sign, "Laboratory—more of the first five letters and less of the last seven." Too bad nobody ever reads it.

Anything can happen here—from shattered glass and explosions, to fires under the desks and down the drains. Yes, I know its slightly deteriorated but we have been promised a new one—who knows when we will get it? Oh, yes, I know. Well, here's a pinch-cock for your nose, it's the best I can do at the moment. What have we been making? All sorts of gases. We made chlorine not long ago—same stuff that the Huns used in the last war, 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 determine the odor of bromine. 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, and finally gave up the experiment in despair. I wonder—could it be that actresses put bromine water on their handkerchiefs?

Do our hands get messy working with chemicals? That's a very weak word for what really happens. You have everything the mags say you shouldn't have when you get out of here. But at least you can always wipe your hands on the tail of someone's lab coat when they're not looking. (Any reference to persons living or dead is purely coincidental—believe me.)

therefore be considered authentic. It has always pained 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.

Miss L. GEORGE

What do we do in case of an accident? We are told that if our neighbour catches on fire when using alcohol, the best thing to do is to put him on the floor so his head will not be affected. I suppose the idea is to make him as unobtrusive as possible until you can see your way clear to carry him out at closing time. We are cautioned to keep a cool head at such a time—but of course that is not always possible.

I presume you are addicted to pouring liquids from one container to another and shaking them. It is a favorite pastime in the lab, but unfortunately some of the liquids are not as harmless as they look. Not long ago I was pouring acid, and looking down it burned me up—to see that H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> plus silk stocking starts a very vigorous reaction, and unfortunately it is not reversible. You might as well take out a life insurance policy if you're going to wear nylon in the lab, where burning splints are likely to be found in the oddest places.

Have you had enough? Then let's go over to the biology lab and see what is going on. It is rather dark down in this cellar isn't it. Can you feel your way? Wait, here's the door handle. Oh! Oh! This is just as bad as chemistry lab. It must be the formaldehyde. Who screamed? It's just someone dropping a lumbxicus terrestris down the back of their neighbour's neck. Maybe her nerves are bad.

Who's that shouting. "Your lights are off and they're dirty too." Listen to the answer. "Oh is that why I couldn't find my . . . They seem to speak a different language over here.

What are they dissecting now? Frogs, my friend, just plain frogs. Rather nauseating isn't it? Wait, there's a lad looking accusingly at his frog, let's hear what he has to say. "My dear fellow, you may perspire, but you mustn't offend." Let's get out of here!

## Anecdotes of Labrador

PATTERSON

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 convince 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 dizzy head I stagger to the kitchen, to find him waiting with my rubber suit. "Be quick, or our best fishing spot will be claimed!" Then I didn't care if ever there was a fish alive. With boots on the wrong feet, 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 for my warm bed!"

"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? Every slip of the oar meant a few seconds longer.

"Thirty-odd sailing boats! Where is our spot? How much longer!" But my thoughts were soon disturbed—"Throw the grappling, and keep the boat straight," cried my friend. The poor ignorant school teacher could keep the pupils in such a position, but what about the boat?

"Pull the other oar," screamed Johnny. Again "Don't let it drift." But I did and we were far from our favourite spot. Back we came but this time ignorance had the line—Ho! Ho! Funny isn't it? If you've ever tried to stand on the back of a trotting horse, and lead another, you know what it is to stand in a bouncing boat and pull a fishing jigger. My catch consisted of thirty herring, stolen from another man's net on the way home!

### Anecdote No. 2: An Unusual Event

The pupils had left school—quietness would reign for an hour or so. Bang! Bang! Hurry, teacher, the dogs have torn up Eleanor. What was to be done? Run of course, but where? Never such an exclamation had struck my ears before. Arriving upon the scene of disaster, I saw several patches of blood on the snow. Shivers passed through me as I thought, "The dogs have torn Eleanor." In a hospital ward lay Eleanor, legs, arms, face and eyes bandaged. The bed was filled for three weeks, but bruises and sores were seen for many months. The clever doctor saved the eye and prevented some scars. Now three dogs lay dead in some nearby district.

(By way of interest to the reader, a Hudson Bay Company man's only child was torn to pieces by some dogs.)

### Anecdote No. 3: An Annual Event

Ring! Ring! Ring! Hello. Yes! Wonderful! Wonderful! Yes the news travels fast, but the seal is faster than any. A school of seals passed Blanc Sablon at two o'clock and at five the nets were out in Harrington. With eager eyes and sharp ears wait the seal fishers. Johnny has gone with a spy-glass to the hilltop watching for the first seals. Jimmy's net is full. "Hurry Joe, tell Johnny to tell Mary to telephone Susie to tell Bill that Jimmy's net has a school in it." Jimmy rushes, but returns with an empty boat. The seals had gone under the net. The seals as well as Jimmy can play tricks.

Ring! Ring! Ring! "Hello, Joe Green caught fifty seals." Soon fresh seal meal is the desire of many, especially of the newcomer to the place. "Have some, it's good for you."

"Not today, thanks," comes the reply of one with visions of a fresh-roasted lamb. Good fresh meat, indeed, but black meat is slightly repelling at first.

"So, you don't agree." Then first visit the place in which dogs' food is kept (which is salted seal), and then try to enjoy seal meat. Some do, others don't.

### Anecdote No. 4: Mail Day

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

Oh no, first plane 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-two, 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. 5: 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 lettuce are the only crops grown. How many? Don't ask questions. That is embarrassing.

### Anecdote No. 6: Census Taking

Have you ever heard of taking birds' census? No—I

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 murrets, seventy nests with 300 eggs." Not on an island—no—just beneath one rock. Tinkers, murrets, puffins, gulls, ducks, and loons are thus counted—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 birds!"

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

"Well, err-r, I mean 'Yes'."

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

MISS VICTORIA DRUMMOND—(Cont. from page 11)

long face, completely closing 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 again for fear she would not hear some vital order from the bridge—not knowing that all connection with the bridge was cut. She was about all in at the end, but within an hour was full of beans and larking about picking up spent bullets and splinters. All round her, by the way, the platform was littered with bullets that came down from the skylight. They still sweep some up every day."

That is the end of the officer's story. When the ship finally arrived in Virginia the people there were told what

Anecdote No. 8

Mumming, bumming  
They mummer to bummer  
Or mum to beg!

See—let me tell you. From December 26 to January 6 is the "mumming-up period". From house to house rove the mummies. Never a candy is refused or an apple left. They mum (disguise) with clothes and beg for candy. Not one or two people, but every one on the island has his night. There is an adage that goes as follows: "Every dog has his day and some have one or two." But when modified one can say, "Every person has his mumming night, and some have one or two."

A list of anecdotes doesn't always give a clear idea of the life of a person in that northern district called Labrador. But shortness of time and space will not allow for further description at present. If, however, you wish to know more, take courage and plunge forth into its outlying districts. Forbidding at first, indeed, but heaven help you when it attracts. Small homes, small fortunes, small ambitions, but large families—yet it is one of the happiest spots in our Dominion. If you've never seen a whale, or a porpoise, or a seal, go to Labrador. If you've never been in a district without any animals but dogs, visit this place. If you've never been without theatres, automobiles, trains, and daily mail, 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.

had happened: I am sure not by Miss Victoria. They were so impressed that they felt they wanted to do something tangible to show their appreciation. So they collected 2,500 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 coaxing 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 had 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.

## Notes and Comments

R. H. TOMLINSON

It's hard to believe, but spring is really here! Once again it is time for us to see some of our more enlightened brethren gently brushing away the last granules of snow in order to reveal the first budding crocus. Others, who are perhaps less enlightened, will soon be setting out in quest of frogs' eggs. Yes, even the skiing is so poor now that one has to search in the darkest corners of the buildings to hear the experts discussing which side they will wax their skis on.

How pleasant is the thought of spring! The whole world seems to radiate its freshness, but we must not let its serenity blind our eyes from the grim reality of our situation. The beauty of our environment should be all the greater incentive for us to make sacrifices, or it will be lost forever and we shall remember it only as a dream.

Talking about sacrifices, it is ironical to note that the car-owners claim the tire and rubber shortage is a blessing in disguise. It's a passable excuse for them to park their cars on lonely lanes on dark nights. The rubber shortage has also been the cause for some of the more ardent golfers to set out with divining rods in search of balls they lost last season.

Since the last issue of the *Mitre* the only big social event was 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 Sherbrooke, 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?

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 clamor for an encore. The most popular of the five pieces which were sung was a negro spiritual called "Standin' in the Need o' Prayer." Other prospective activities include a radio concert and a concert for the benefit of the girls at Compton. It is, indeed, unbelievable how such nightingales as these could ever be mistaken for drunks by the operator of CHLT when they recently appeared for a recording!

In the last two months there have been three debates. The first of these was one of the novelty variety—each team composed of one male and one female. Meg Aiken and Bill Van Horn maintained that the few changes made in men's fashions was an indication of conservatism. Peter

Kingston and Dorothy Stafford opposed the resolution, but no definite conclusion was reached.

A C.O.T.C. debate between Nos. 1 and 2 platoons was held on March 5. The No. 2 platoon team, composed of Lieut. Williamson, Lieut. Van and 1/Cpl. Apps, successfully upheld the resolution that if the Allies are to win this war, they should discard ethical practices. The opposition was provided by Lieut. Lindsay, Lieut. Duval and 1/Cpl. Hollinger. Incidentally, the judging of this debate was carried out in an unusual manner—one vote to each of the two judges, Major Church and the Dean of Divinity, and one vote to the audience.

On March 12 was held the second of the Skinner Trophy debates. The resolution was that "the progress of science is a boon to mankind." The team from the "shed", 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 Wilder Penfield, George McNiellie, and Sandy Mills weathered the storm with their superior arguments, and at the finish were beating 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 date 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 acting Senior Man in place of Dave Savage who recently left us in favour of the Air Force. Dave's achievements at the University are as varied and outstanding as those of any student we have seen 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.

We must congratulate the members of the society of the Venerable Bede who have raised seventy dollars for the benefit of the church. . . . We frown 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 a mushy song sheet—who would ever have suspected this

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 Valentino by his many heartaches. The best ski trail packer in the Eastern Townships is loosing his touch—and its a freshman at that . . . The fellows who tried to steer a rhumb line to Stanstead ended up on a bum line at Burroughs Falls—oh well, the hitch-hiking was good. Smiling Jack, the cup-

#### 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 1865 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 mostly taken up with very mid-Victorian serials, verse and acrostics, etc. The few special articles do not redeem the magazine as a whole. This paper was succeeded by the "Lennoxville Magazine" (January-October, 1868), a similar paper but not so directly connected with the College. The Quintilian was still flourishing, as was also the Harrold Association, a Theological Society.

As early as 1849, a number of graduates had agreed to meet at the College every June, attending a service and address by one of them. They had also raised money to send a student to the College. Nothing more is known of this embryo Alumni Association; but the first regular Association seems to have been formed in June, 1867, on Convocation evening. The records of this exist down to 1910; the Association was formed, we learn, on the assumption that "no one is so depraved as not to have some affection

bearer of the New Arts says that buses are the craziest people—it doesn't make sense does it?

The lack of activities is making this column more of a problem each issue. Surely with all the brain power at loose in this organization there is someone capable of a murder or of some interesting type of scandal. Who will volunteer to do something new or exciting?—say kicking a professor. In the interim before the next issue may you all get busy, but in the meantime, good luck!

for his Alma Mater". The plan of 1849 was generally followed—a yearly meeting beginning with breakfast in the Dining-Hall, after which followed a service, business of the Association, an essay and a paper. These last two items seem to have been very spasmodic; the real originator of the Association, W. H. Mayo, appointed to give the essay for 1868 was "absent without substitution or excuse" when the Association met in the College Library at Convocation time.

In the same year school sports were held just before Convocation. Prizes included "opera-glass, walking-cane, desk, atchel, box of dominoes, fishing-rod, cuff-buttons" (for the "High leap with pole"), "cribbage-board and 1 dozen flies"—the only thing at all approaching the nature of a cup was the flask given for the "hop, step and leap!"

The School Cadet-Corps had been founded in 1861. 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 conversazione of this Convocation that an enthusiastic reporter describes as "brilliant with all the beauty and fashion of Lennoxville!"

The College still had always less than 20 students; after the building done in 1861-4 it had been in a bad way financially, though by 1873 conditions had much improved. 74 new boys are said to have entered the School that year. Just, however, at this time, in January, 1874, a great fire destroyed both the school buildings and the chapel, built at so much expense only a few years before. There was nothing but a hand-pump nearer than Sherbrooke for fire-fighting, and a line of buckets was formed from the St. Francis to the School, and any water left in a bucket after its journey from hand to hand was used to fight the blaze. The following year the College, too, was gutted during the Christmas holidays.

Life at the College at this time is vividly described by an anonymous writer in "The Mitre" for Christmas, 1918: "In those days there was no steam heating, no sewerage,

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 supposition, for in cold weather the water in the bedrooms always froze. Some of the seniors' 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 stoked up to moderately warm his room, he roasted out the man next door. . . . all water for washing and 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 epidemics. 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 handy 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."

"There was a good deal of boating on the Massawippi. The boat-house was close by the present C.P.R. bridge and there were five rowboats and a four-oared 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 missed being capsized 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 harder balls the game soon developed, and there were many good players."

(The second part of this article will be reprinted in the next issue of the Mitre.—Ed.)

## EXCHANGE



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 victories for even greater victories.

The *Mitre* would like to acknowledge receipt of the following:

The Aquinan, St. Thomas University.

The Queen's Review.  
McGill Daily.  
The Carabin Laval.  
Xaverian Weekly.  
Dalhousie Gazette.  
The Argosy Weekly.  
The Acadia Athenaeum, Acadia University.  
The Manitoban.  
The Yale Literary Magazine.  
The Brunswickan.  
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.  
The Trinity University Review.  
Junior Journal, Princeton Country Day School.

L. Walsh

## 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 has had 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. Intelligent and well-educated men nearly always can envision its greatest possibilities and reason out whether it is great enough to justify a change.

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W. GALE

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 rest; 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-lost architectural genius, preserved in some ancient ruin or statuary. 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 by man. 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, *ex officio*, 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 P. 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 just as applicable to laymen as to aviators and (shall we add?) theologians.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1931, the second in 1938—during 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 silent experts, 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 indicate only 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, apropos for example of 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 time (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, on tables, and on the methods of converting observations into positions, 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 were of Japanese origin!

"Weems" is a book not to be overlooked (or read hastily).

\* \* \* \*

The applications of a science may be many and varied, but the fundamental principles (as mentioned above) are unchanged. How many students, one finds, are astray because they cannot see the wood for the trees, because they tend to become confused by the multitudinous details in a text-book, or because they cannot soon enough grasp 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 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 cannot be transmitted by painless entertainment any more than education in music can be brought by the most brilliant journalism to those who have never listened intently. 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 comfort 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 old-fashioned 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. To some the chapter on Number Theory will make a strong appeal; to others, the account of geometric transformations and projection will be an eye-opener; to others yet, 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 fascinating blend of theory and experiment, appealed particularly as a chef d'oeuvre 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 sphere—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.



## Bishop's and the War

### WAR SAVING STAMPS

We know, not only because Mr. Ilsley has told us, but because we are able to put two and two together as we look at the staggering figures of war expenditures, that every dollar, every cent, in the country that is not needed for the essentials of life is, or should be, ear-marked for the prosecution of the war. Only when we have faced that fact—when we have changed our lives so that we live on as little as possible, devoting the rest to War Savings—only then can we begin to talk about being "all out for victory." And that is just what we do when we buy a War Savings Stamp instead of going to the show—at least it's a step in that direction. With very few exceptions the whole student body is doing this. Many have set themselves an objective, and others buy when they can, and although we are not going "all out" yet, the figures each week are more encouraging, and it looks as if everyone will be able to wave at least one complete certificate on Convocation Day, and who's to say that your certificate won't be represented by a couple of hundredweight of T.N.T. that sends Hipper or Gneisau to Davey Jones's locker?

### MONEY

Money as a medium of exchange is so much part of our social structure that we think largely in terms of dollars and cents. A forest fire, the loss of a battleship, or the possibility of getting married, are all disasters which mankind sums up in terms of money. It is the representative value of the dollar bill, or the nickel ("devil's quarter") that we think of when we make money offerings in Church, instead of "the blood of bullocks". He to whom we give the money looks not upon the coin, but upon the difference that the gift makes in our lives. Just so in some measure with our investment in War Bonds and Stamps, our aim should be to have everyone doing his or her bit, and apart from military work and studies as necessary war work, it seems clear that our shaft is in a fair way to finding its mark.

The total sum given at the time of going to press is \$1,925.00, and is made up as follows:

At a meeting of the Officer Commanding, with the Officers and N.C.O.s of Bishop's University C.O.T.C., it was decided to invest in Victory Bonds certain funds that were at the credit of the unit and which it was considered could be spared without cramping the activities of the unit. The sum voted was \$1,500.00, to be made up of three \$500 bonds to facilitate disposal in case of urgent need of cash. This was approved by the Military Committee of the Uni-

versity and the investment went to swell the total of the recent War Loan.

The Men's Students Association, by foregoing further decoration of the Common Room which had been provided for were able to vote \$200 to be invested in Victory Bonds.

The Men's and Women's Associations have in the last two months collaborated in arranging for the sale of War Savings Stamps through local representatives, and the response has been most encouraging. In the two-month period, ending March 26, a total of \$225.00 worth of stamps was bought by students.

### MAGAZINES

Hugh Smith and his committee on Literary Lapses are gathering in popular magazines among the men and women, which are in great demand (we meant the magazines, girls, but it goes for you too). The auxiliary services are doing a great work among the armed forces in harvesting literature and distributing it to the camps, and our small contribution goes to the Y.M.C.A. in Sherbrooke. When you reflect on how much one can devour merely "flipping through" at Herb's, as our local bard so aptly puts it, and how soon a popular magazine (Current History, for example) gets dog-eared, you will realize how urgent is the need in the camps.

### CLOTHING

In response to an appeal by Mrs. Boothroyd on behalf of the I. O. D. E. for old woollen socks to be reworked into blankets for needy people in England, a number of students came across with surplus stocks of potato-in-heel hosiery which Jack Apps collected and delivered.

### SCRAP OF PAPER

The World War of 1914-18 began with the destruction of a "Scrap of Paper" by William II of Germany, and ended when the leaders of the same nation sent another scrap of paper to the Allied nations suing for an armistice. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and the newspaper you use to start a fire would have made three 28-pounder shell cups. One old envelope would make one cartridge wad, and 12 would make one box for rifle cartridges. Paper, and other cellulose products, play a vital part in the conduct of the war, and the newspapers from the Common Room go directly or indirectly into the shells, bombs, and torpedoes that are wrecking Axis tanks, destroying Axis factories, and sinking Axis ships.

Actually the local Troop of the Boy Scouts handle our paper salvage, and the proceeds from its sale are devoted to charity.

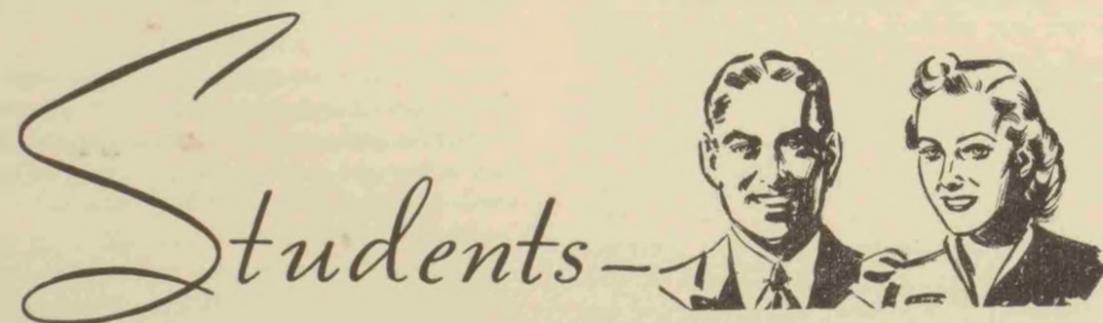
## IRON AND STEEL

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" to a 25-pounder gun-how but in the search of the premises that brought to light some of the interesting antiques that the girls used for decorating the gym that well-remembered night it wasn't just rocking chairs they found. Among the useful prospects for the salvage campaign they unearthed (never mind where) were the two ponderous brass candlesticks that flanked the "bar". We figure, in our "unscientific" way that these would make about 5 thousand rounds of small arms ammunition cases, or fifty 25-pounder shell cases. In another obscure corner some grates from a furnace of bygone days lay resignedly frozen to a barn floor, while no less than four German Spandau machine guns (1914 model) pointed their noses harmlessly and aimlessly into the air amid the ruck of adjacent lumber. We feel that if these aren't put to use in tactical schemes with the C.O.T.C. they should be melted up to make Bren guns and bayonets.

## RATIONING

In line with the national rationing of sugar the Bursar has reduced the supply of sugar in the Dining Hall and

kitchen to the (comfortable) limits imposed by the Government. It is almost a matter for regret that this is the only way in which the war has so far been noticed on our table. We live in the bread-basket of the Empire, and like granary mice, conditions outside may be as tough as they care, but we shall always have nothing to squeak about. It is hard, to see the economic reason for food rationing here, and in many items of our luxurious diet it does not exist. The bottle-neck of shipping space assures us of a bank of perishables that must be consumed or be wasted. This calls for two modes of action: we must adopt a long-range plan of agriculture that will reduce the production of foods that we cannot export and increase the production of exportable foods. And we must force ourselves to see that consumption, whether of foods or other goods, makes a demand on the producer, which must be curtailed. In addition to this there is the moral aspect of thrift and doing without. It's hard to see how it helps to make last year's hat or suit do, or to make a point of saving butter, but it is an economic fact, and if thrift is practised thoughtfully with the rigours of England, the hardships of France, and the bleak despair of Poland and other strangled countries in mind, it is a salutary exercise of that moral faculty which alone will carry us through to ultimate victory.



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## Alumni Notes

R. MACKIE

## 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.

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

STEVENS—In England on January 29, 1942, to Capt. Basil W. Stevens, R.M.R., B.A. '36, and Mrs. Stevens (née Joan Dunlop), a son.

## Engagements

CHADSEY-GILPIN — Mr. James L. Gilpin of Quebec announces the engagement of his daughter Margaret to Mr. John E. Chadsey, M. '40, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chadsey of Ayer's Cliff.

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

VISSER-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-MCOUAT — The marriage of Miss Ruth Cameron McOuat, who was a member of the class of '39, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fraser McOuat, and sister of D. F. McOuat, B.A. '39, to Leading Aircraftsman William H. Copeland, son of Mr. Irwin H. Copeland of Montreal and Mrs. James Ruddick of Quebec, took place at Sherbrooke on February 10, 1942.

MILLAR-MCNEEL—The marriage took place at St. Thomas, Ont., on 14th February, 1942, of Mary Burdetta, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. McNeel, to Lieut. Oliver Bruce Millar, B.Sc. '39, eldest son of Br. and Mrs. Bruce McD. Millar, of Sherbrooke.

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

## Deaths

ENGLAND — At his residence, 1374 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, on Monday, 9th March, in his 80th year, Dr. Frank Richardson England, '85.

Dr. England was one of Canada's outstanding surgeons who had practised in Montreal for over 40 years. He was born at Cowansville, Que., on 21st August, of United Empire Loyalist stock. He was educated at Waterloo, Que., the Normal School of Montreal and was an alumnus of Bishop's College, graduating with 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 1905 Dr. England graduated from McGill College (ad eundem) and in 1906 he was chosen President of the Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society. The following year he was made Vice-President of the Canadian Medical 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 post-graduate course at Vienna.

## GENERAL

REID — Miss Olga Mary Reid, B.A. '39, who for some months past has been Editor of the "Coaticook 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.

BUIK — Mr. D. K. Buik, B.A. '30, has recently been appointed assistant to the representative in Canada of the British Ministry of War Transport.

NEILSON — Lieut. Walter I. Neilson, B.Sc. '40, who has been taking a special course at Greenwich Naval College, England, has returned to his duties with the R.C.N.V.R.

MACDONALD—It has been announced from Ottawa that Lieut.-Col. N. B. MacDonald, B.A. '25, has been appointed to command No. 1 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Reinforcement Unit Overseas. Colonel MacDonald 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. BASSETT, B.A. '36, and Lieut. A. R. McMURRICH, M. '38, have been transferred from the Black Watch, R.H.C., to the reconstituted Royal Rifles of Canada.

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## 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 in 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 vs. Sherbrooke*

On Saturday, February 7, in one of the best games of the season the Bishop's University juniors went down to defeat at the hands of the Sherbrooke juniors by the score of 6 to 5.

The play was fast and clean, and except for the first period which saw the Sherbrooke team pile up a three-goal lead, the College squad outplayed, outshot, and outskated their opponents.

According to custom Bishop's went into its usual first period slump and the visitors scored three quick goals. However, at 7.53 in the second the college team came to life, and Atta scored on passes from Savage and Farquharson. About five minutes later Schoch fed Farquharson a pass close in, and he made no mistake about it. In the final

W. T. HOLLINGER

period play was even as both sides scored three goals. Bishop's scorers were Farquharson with two and Savage with one. The game ended with Bishop's storming the Sherbrooke net.

For Bishop's Farquharson, Schoch, Van Horn, Staples and Savage played well.

#### *Bishop's vs. Sherbrooke*

In the final league game of the year the Bishop's juniors were beaten 7 to 2 on Bishop's ice by a rugged fast Sherbrooke team. The game was rough and fast with Bishop's matching their opponents in the first two periods, but dropping behind in the third. Nine penalties were handed out, six going to Sherbrooke and three to Bishop's.

From the opening whistle of the first period both sides were on the alert trying to beat the goalers. Sherbrooke scored first at 17.59, but Bishop's replied on a goal by Scott assisted by Schoch, 25 seconds before the bell that ended the first period. The second period was almost as close as the first with Sherbrooke scoring twice and Bishop's once. Schoch scored from close in on passes from Van Horn and Farquharson and the period ended with the score standing at 3 to 2 for the visitors. Sherbrooke came back strongly in the last frame to score four goals. Although they were never headed from here in the Bishop's squad showed plenty of fight and came close several times.

For Bishop's Norris, Schoch, 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*

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 took early command of the game when Farquharson scored on a pass from Jack after one minute of the first period had elapsed, only to have Sherbrooke tie it up. Farquharson then passed to Schoch who banged the disc in at 17.15. Two minutes later Farquharson split the defence to make the score 3 to 1. Sherbrooke High made a desperate attempt to overcome the two goal lead in the second period, but the efficient work of defencemen Scott and Staples, along with brilliant goaltending by Abe Norris, left the score still at 3 to 1 for Bishop's. The College took the initiative again in the third period and replied with four goals against two for their lighter opponents. Tyler scored unassisted at 3.05, and five minutes later Johnston scored on a pass from Van Horn. Sherbrooke then replied with two, but at 17.50 Farquharson scored on a pass from Tyler, and came back again a minute later to complete the scor-

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 arena. Play 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 5.00 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 tallied 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 team held the lead at half-time by the score of 16 to 11, but the size and experience of the Bishop's team overcame this lead in the opening minutes of the second half, and they held the lead until the end of the game. Hollinger, McCammon and Carpenter protected the Bishop's net while Jackson sparked the attack.

Bishop's—Carpenter 12, Stevens 6, McKay 4, Jackson 2, Scott 4, McCammon 1, Hollinger, Fairbairn, Duval.

Referee—Rev. E. C. Amaron.

*Sherbrooke Y vs. Bishop's*

On Wednesday, February 11, Bishop's played hosts to the Sherbrooke Y, and lost by the close score of 15 to 14. The score was kept at a minimum by the close guarding of

both teams.

Captain Bob Carpenter led the scoring with six points, while Ken Jackson scored four, and Ian Scott and Ed. Stevens tallied two apiece. At no time in the game did either team lead by more than two points, and until the final whistle both teams battled for the winning point.

Bishop's outscored the Y during the first half, and at the close of this period led by the score of 10 to 11, but in a rally in the opening minutes of the third frame the Y passed the Collegians to win. In the final minute of the game, with the score at 13 to 14, a double foul was called after Gillam and Carpenter had fought for the ball. Carpenter, up first dropped his shot through the net to even the score at 14 all, but Gillam followed suit to put his team out ahead, and at that point the game ended.

For Bishop's Carpenter, Jackson, Stevens, and McCammon were outstanding.

Bishop's—Carpenter 6, Jackson 4, Stevens 2, Scott 2, Hollinger, McCammon, McKay, Fairbairn.

Referee—Bill Wolters.

*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 seconds of the game, 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 16 to 13 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 Stevens, Jackson, Carpenter and McCammon played their usual good game.

Bishop's—Stevens 11, Carpenter 6, Jackson 6, Fairbairn 4, McKay 2, Hollinger 2, McCammon 2, Scott, Duval.

Referee—Bill Wolters.

*Bishop's vs. Stanstead Town*

On February 26 Bishop's visited the town team at Stanstead and defeated them by the score of 31 to 25. The game made four wins against two losses for the Collegians.

Stanstead opened the scoring, and throughout the first two quarters of the game held a small lead. The half-time

score was 19 to 11. Staging a strong comeback in the second half the Collegians completely overpowered their opponents. From tying up the score at 24 all on a free throw by Carpenter the Bishop's squad went on to win the game handily.

For Bishop's the team work of Scott, Stevens and Jackson was good and the defence of McCammon and Carpenter kept the Town team at bay.

Carpenter 8, Jackson 8, Stevens 5, Scott 4, McCammon 4, Fairbairn 2, Mackay, Hollinger.

Referee—G. Hitchcock.

*Stanstead College vs. Bishop's*

Captain Bob Carpenter, scoring 14 points on six field goals and two free throws paced the powerful Bishop's squad to an easy 45 to 27 victory over S.W.C. on the College floor Saturday, March 7.

Ken Jackson, playing center, and Ed. Stevens playing forward were also outstanding performers, scoring eleven and ten points respectively. The Stanstead team was bolstered by the presence of Rev. Errol Amaron coach of the team and former McGill star. The score at the end of the first period stood at 10 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 Bishop's team lagged, 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 Lennoxville 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 both guard and forward turned in a fine game.

Bishop's—Carpenter 14, Jackson 11, Stevens 10, Scott 8, McCammon 2, Hollinger, Fairbairn.

Referee—W. Wolters.

*Bishop's vs. Stanstead Town*

Playing before a large crowd the University of Bishop's basketball team completed its season with a smart 31 to 10 victory over Stanstead Town. The College team finished with a record of six wins against two losses.

The game was fast and rather ragged with the College team completely outclassing their opponents and missing many a chance to run up a much larger score. Freshman "Ironman" Ken Jackson rounded out his first season for Bishop's with a brilliant game, scoring 14 points. E. Stevens also played a fine game for the College scoring 12 points. The Bishop's team getting a quick start pulled away from their opponents and the first quarter ended with the score standing at 8 to 3. Continued pressure on the Stanstead basket resulted in a score of 17 to 4 at the half-way mark.

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 19-point advantage. Only six points were scored in the last quarter, four by Bishop's and two by Stanstead.

Bishop's—Carpenter 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 Y.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 halftime score stood at 17 to 13 in favour of the Y. The second period opened rough 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**

—by J. Peake

As the days get longer, and the snow takes on a dirty lock, it is a 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 what could not be termed as the best terrain. It was a test of brute strength and endurance rather than one of ability, being nearly all flat except for one steep climb of about an eighth of a mile. A heavy snow covered the ground with six to eight inches of fresh soft snow.

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

Two weeks later, on February 15, 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 55 and 58 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.

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