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THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Mr. H. A. Jones, C.M.G., M.C., senior member of the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission in Ottawa, gave an address to the Canadian Club of Montreal on Monday, March 22, 1943. Mr. Jones served with the Wiltshire Regiment in the last war, and with the Royal Flying Corps in Serbia, where he was shot down and severely wounded. He was the official historian of the Royal Air Force.

In referring to the Battle of Britain, Mr. Jones said:

"You hear it said from time to time that when the Luftwaffe left off the Royal Air Force was very near the end of its tether, and that if it had lasted very much longer we could not have held out. Let me nail that lie on the head. When I was in England last autumn, I had some talks with Lord Trenchard, who commanded the Royal Air Force in the last war and long after the war. He has lost none of his form. He thumped the table vigourously, saying: 'They were tired, of course they were tired, who could not be tired when a battle is on? Anyone who is not tired when a battle is on is not doing his job, but to say that they were tired at the end of their tether, near breaking point, in bald-faced'."

To give emphasis to this verdict of one who had a front seat in the battle, let me quote one fact. The battle began with a raid on the 8th of August, 1940, and was fought in four phases, the final phase finishing on the 31st of October, when according to some critics our magnificent fighter units were on the end of its tether, and that if it had lasted very much longer we could not have held out. Let me nail that lie on the head. When I was in England last autumn, I had some talks with Lord Trenchard, who commanded the Royal Air Force in the last war and long after the war. He has lost none of his form. He thumped the table vigourously, saying: 'They were tired, of course they were tired, who could not be tired when a battle is on? Anyone who is not tired when a battle is on is not doing his job, but to say that they were tired at the end of their tether, near breaking point, in bald-faced'.

As we get our room-keys, snatches of conversation reach us: "... Just left the house as it was. I don't know what they'll do to it.\" "On dit qu'ils sont à Reims.\" "Mais... \" "Maïs... il y a longtemps. Il était à Meaux hier soir.\"

Always there. Every face reveals a naive conviction of the German's invincibility. No one would be surprised if General von Brauchitsch and his staff walked into the lobby; the English have obviously come from the south of France; the French from Paris. Several heavy women are wearing all their diamonds, about in the wicker chairs of the lobby: the English have seem to refrain from speaking to each other—by tacit consent: the famous Entente Cordiale is wearing thin under the pressure of constant bad news. There is a hint of a suppressed recriminations in the air.

As we debate in bed what we had better do. But the sea air, the food, the pleasant sense of luxury after the discomforts of our flight from Paris, make decision impossible. We decide to wait and see, and we spend the next day on the beach.

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Our room faces the sea—which we can see, blue with the sun on it, over the stained granite battlements. We take a bath and put on clean shirts from our only suitcase. There is something comforting in this return to normal actions. We are both hungry. Our last meal was bread and jam, eaten in the public garden at Chartres the day before.

The white and gold dining room, the white linen, the silver, the waiters, the fruit in the baskets, the menu cards and the table lamps seem incredible luxuries. They inspire security—you forget the haggard procession of refugees, the chaotic panic of Paris, the wrecked stations, the disheartened troops. The human mind is too frivolous to entertain two ideas at once—especially two ideas of a contrary nature. Besides, there is an agreeable sensation of decadence in thus gorging on luxuries in the midst of ruin. There is even a kind of gayety.

We have a long meal: crab, poulet marbré, a salad, fruit, pastry and a bottle of St. Émilion. The service is perfect.

We take a walk on the battlements before turning in. There is a pale yellow sunset; the evening air is fresh, filled with the smell of the ocean. There are English ships in the harbour. One channel steamer, painted blue, is moored to the dock. Troops are embarking. As we watch, the gangplank is drawn in and the vessel drops slowly away from the quay, heading for the open sea. The British Army is being evacuated.

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May, 1943

"La France est foutue. Vaut mieux que vous échappiez tout de suite." Nous le pensions, nous deux, si c'était possible. And their conviction of French rottenness, French treachery, French incapacity. No plagues, no guns, no com­manders.

(June 16.) We are on the beach again next day. The tide is still low. We walk out to the islands in the bay and look at the sixteenth century fortifications. The stone walls are still standing, but most of the wooden floors have fallen; inside, you see rafters lying amongst heaps of broken plaster. In the evening, we go to the quay on the harbour side of the town. More and more English troops are embarking. We find them drinking white wine and weak French beer like water. They amuse themselves by smashing the bottles against the side of the ship. The vendue is nearly beside herself. She comes whining to me when she hears me speaking French.

"I want to explain to them, Monsieur, that I bought these bottles for 25 centimes each, and must refund the money." "Listen," says one of the soldiers when I translate. "We paid for the bottles when we got the stuff. Never mind. Tell 'er she can 'ave them back."

"Why don't they leave them for us?"

I know what he means. With his perfect French and his dark hair and skin, he could pass for a Frenchman without difficulty. Besides, he was born in the middle of the war for Polish independence. He is used to catastrophe. My godfather, my clothes, my accent, everything would give me away at once. He would be better off without me. At this moment, a Belgian boy we had seen at the Legation comes up and speaks to me in English. "The Consul is giving visas to everybody. I'm sure your friend won't have any difficulty.

The Legation staircase is now packed solid. A lot of English people have arrived since we were there last. The Consul is scribbling at his desk, writing visas on Legation letterheads and stamping them with the date and the official seal. There are only two steamer left in the harbour and they see to blow up the docks when they leave. Sailors are laying the mines now. There is a feeling of tension and rush. The Germans are 9 hours away.

We walk back to the quay with an Englishman who arrived in St. Malo an hour or so before. It took him six days to come from Paris by bicycle. "I wonder if they'll let me take this bicycle," he says. "It's a trusty ride. I'd hate to give it up."

We find that he lived in Paris for 20 years, and left a library of 800 volumes behind—most of them on cooking. "I only bought two books with me," he says, producing copies of the Kubaiyat of Omar Khayyam and the Modern
The ship emerges into the bay. The town appears in a half-circle behind us, crouching inside its heavy granite battlements, an uneven mass of towers, with the cathedral spire jutting above the rest. We see the orange canvas awnings of the bath chairs on the beach, and the heads of people swimming. In such a situation, it is impossible not to think of something historic, and I think of Mary Stuart: "Adieu France, adieu! Je ne te verrai plus!"

The rocky islands with their forts stand out in the bay like ships. There is a light purple mist over the June sea; the town sinks down into it that afternoon. The headlands drop away. There is a last glimpse of white coastline, then nothing more. The water swishes steadily against the ship's side, audible above the pulse of the engines. A plane flies over us once or twice, winking signals from its cabin. The English soldiers lean on the rail, smoking their cigarettes.

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**THE MITE**

Library translation of "Thus Speke Zarathustra". His wife is an American; he sent her to New York with the baby when war broke out.

The officials let us pass. There is a feeling of exultation in treading the deck of a ship. The decks are crowded with troops. We install ourselves near a companionship with a group of soldiers who were at Dunkirk. This is their second evacuation in a month.

"You'll be all right when you get to Blighty," says one. They give us cartons of Black Cat cigarettes. I give them a bottle of Grand Marnier in return. They begin showing us photographs of their wives and children, and telling us about the retreat. Their optimism is immense.

The ship lies against the quay for nearly an hour after we get on board. She is a typical Channel steamer, painted blue since the war began; every inch, inside and out, is occupied by soldiers.

At last we start. The decks glide by. A big Frenchman near the entrance gates holds up his thumbs as we pass.

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**In Memoriam**

(With due acknowledgement to Miss J. Milne, without whose suggestion this might not have been written and the whole world would never have heard the story of one of its greatest martyrs.)

From this day forward, I shall never read a story about a martyr; I shall never read a poem about a martyr; I shall never see the portrait of a martyr, without thinking of her. What a noble thing she had done no one would have ever known, if I had not assumed the responsibility of telling you. No other thing can a man do than give up his life for a friend. She had given up her life—not for a man, oh no, not she—but for mankind. She was shown where her duty lay and she performed it. At the climax of her life, at the height of her loveliness, she was willing to give up everything with which it came in contact. To this day I can hardly believe it, I can hardly believe it.

---

**The Art of Acting**

"All the world's a stage.
And all the men and women are merely players."

One frequently hears of an actor or an actress reaching fame overnight; but one seldom stops to consider the years and circumstances which they have experienced, as a necessary part of their training. Grinding and soul-tearing circumstances which they have overcome by sheer tenacity and sincerity.

To make good in the theatrical profession, the player must have undaunted faith, and must possess much of that indefinable quality for which no name can be found. Success on the stage, before an audience, does not indicate that the classroom study has finished. In preliminary work the classroom has much to do, and much to offer, but the finishing work of the stage must be done, in practice, and before the public.

Perfection in acting, if there is such a condition, is only accomplished by hard work. Great stage artists have always been highly intelligent and studious people; with a broad outlook on life and human affairs. They have a special ability to apply their ideas to the work of characterization. For a stage artist to hold a place of prominence in the public eye, he must maintain the studious attitude to the end.

The amateur player who regards acting as a pleasurable hobby, merely, fails to realize the importance of preparation and study. The consequence is that there is a lowering of historic standards, all round, and this tends to destroy the public interest and confidence in the Theatre. Consequently, in all our work, in every line, in every word, we must be true to the spirit.

The old-age traditions of the flesh-and-blood theatre, should be preserved, and the attitude of the average amateur player, today, should be to help keep alive these noble traditions. Little theatre movements are all very well in one's own self be true, then it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."
One will have a desire to laugh. Or, a feeling of fatigue will create a desire to be seated. Energy, will impel one to walk or run, and inspiration will bring a desire to write or meditate. In every case, one will discover that if a desire is present the feeling which has created that desire, the pantomime will be stiff and unnatural.

We should always let our actions be controlled by the thoughts which prompt them. However skilfully a marionette may be constructed, and however expert the puppeteer may be in manipulating the strings, a distinctive personality will never be imparted to the puppet.

When expressing admiration or desire, prayer, persuasion, order, bravery, threatening attitudes, etc., one leg should be forward. This carries the weight of the whole body. Or when expressing indifference, timidity, hesitation, doubt, fear, scorn, meditation, dread, etc., the weight of the whole body should be thrown on a backward leg.

Pantomimic expression contributes vitally to the mode of speaking. When expressing strong emotions, facial movements should be used as well as body movements. Eyes, forehead, mouth, and chin, should become animated so that the face may be the index to the thoughts behind it.

**Dramatic Portrayal**

Dramatic portrayal collectively, comprises the arts of characterization, pantomime, speech, and technique.

The stage artist's major problem is character creation. To be able to create character it is necessary to be eagerly interested in human life. The actor's aim is to make the audience interested in each individual character of the play. There are two kinds of parts to be distinguished, namely, the straight part and the character part. In the straight part, the actor remains himself, while adding moods, gestures, and passion, as the dialogue and theme of the play demand. The straight-part actor creates nothing. He merely exhibits and adds to his own personality.

In the character part, the actor goes outside himself, and through his powers of observation, imagination, and sense of human values, he is able to create a new figure, different from himself. The character actor must get to the bottom of the playwright's conception of the character he is portraying.

He must make the character a definite personality, alive and natural, and he will never succeed in doing this if he cannot get very far ahead in the creation of a character, outside himself. Every part is really a character part, but in all cases an actor should create a portrayal outside himself. The "sense" of character must be built up in the mind and imagination.

The character should be as much unlike the actor as possible. If the actor strives to make the character like himself, he will be liable to be classed as a "type" actor. In such a case he will experience difficulty in gaining a wide experience of diversified parts, which is so important in his training. It is much easier to express character with a well-trained body and voice. Also, the sensitive and imaginative person will find the work of character portrayal easier.

Like the actor, the character part has an outer and an inner self. The actor must get to know the character he is playing, and in order to do this he must be thoroughly familiar with himself. Above all, he must know how to present the inner and outer self of the character. Herein lies the true art of histrionics.

The job of acting is by no means entirely inspirational. Thought must be given to anything which brings gleams of inspiration, but inspiration will take care of emotional parts and make them sound effective. In addition, it is necessary to give careful thought to the details of presentation and technique.

**Studying a Part**

When one begins to study a part in a play, one should concentrate on the role and analyze it from every point of view. Understand the character—study the dramatist's remarks concerning the character, and let the imagination expand, and clear the vision, regarding the psychology of the role.

In effective acting, a sense of intimacy is established with the audience. The directness of the voice will help greatly to bring about this desirable condition. Personal bearing should be directed in a definite manner, towards the audience. All effective acting has a quality of directness, but there should be no show of eagerness to come into close contact with the audience, as a whole. Keenly, and continuously, enunciation and pronunciation must be positively marked.

The elements that help to make the successful actor and actress, are life, vivacity, and animation. These three qualities intensify and enlarge, and through them, a large audience can be reached, controlled, and held.

In acting, every feeling expressed, should be as intense as its nature will permit. But the emotion of pathos is given without intensity. The mastery of pathos is one of the greatest helps in securing the control of breathing; and this means control of the whole vocal mechanism. This is because, in rendering pathos, the lungs must be packed with air, thereby giving adequate support to the voice. The actor should retain in his voice the impulse to sigh and sob. His acting will then become intense.

The strength of the voice in acting depends upon the amount of breath retained in the lungs. The normal voice should be strong and pure. Force need not be used in driving out breath in order to carry words. The retention and reservation of breath, cause sound to travel. This is called supporting tone.

If an actor is asked to speak louder, he should take more breath, and thus support his voice. It is the increase in support, and not the degree of loudness, that enables a voice to be heard in all parts of the theatre.

In the art of acting, whether in a non-professional capacity or otherwise, general procedure should be based on the qualities of courtesy, service, and co-operation. The actor should have complete confidence in his director, and a desire to see his brother players give first class performances. While there should be a keen spirit of competition between the players, there should never be any petty jealousies concerning the achievements of any individual player. Each member of the cast should regard himself as a necessary part of the play, and should cultivate the desire to fit into the pattern without belittling the efforts of others.

The imagination should roam untramelled with ifs and buts, fear of doing the wrong thing, or running counter to accepted practice, or being talked about, or even ridiculed, is very often a serious handicap to progress and accomplishment in art. Fear, in any form, is a vicious and deadly enemy, for it destroys individuality and originality. Development of dramatic sense which coincides with that of personality, will go a long way in eliminating fear.

An idea does not have to be entirely original if it can be given the personal touch. A fundamental knowledge in the art and technique of the theatre, is of real practical value in social, business, and professional life. Such knowledge helps, materially to give the personal touch.

It is far better to give a finished performance to a more or less simple role, than to murder a classic. Parts should not be "just learned," they should be understood.

Sir Charles Wyndham, one of England's greatest actors, once said to a young artist who was displaying exaggerated gestures in his attempt to act a part, "My dear boy, don't act—be natural."

---Leon Adams.
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,
When the heavy担 is hard to carry,
When the day you’re trudging seems all uphill,
When you are just too tired to try;

It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

Incident of A French Camp

(General plot based on Browning’s “Incident of a French Camp.”)

It was daybreak in the camp of the 1st Chevalier Regiment. The will-o-the-wisp-like fog flowed through the scattered evergreens and over the blanketed bodies of the sleeping French cavalrymen. In the centre of the camp over two blazing fires several cooks were busy preparing the men’s breakfast. Their noisless movements, punctuated occasionally by the clang of a ladle on a kettle, or the occasional hiss of water on the flame lent an eerie atmosphere to the scene. Peering into the fog, one could dimly discern the ghostly outlines of the sentries as they marched to and fro on the outskirts of the camp, and the steaming bodies of the horses who were tethered near the wooded region of the camp. The sun was now rising over the edge of the horizon outlining Ratisbon — objective of the day. Suddenly from the ranks of the sleeping men rose the bugler. Swiftly he marched to the centre of the camp; he raised the bugle to his lips; and the sharp blast of “reveille” split the morning air. As if by magic the camp came to life. Men staggered from their beds; others humanly rose the bugler. Swiftly he did his fatigue duty quietly, swiftly and exceedingly well. He knew that his regiment was to go into battle that day — it would be his first. He would fight well for on his and every French soldier’s shoulders rested the burden of honour and the 1st Chevalier to aquit itself with glory.—Glory for France and for Napoleon. He then outlined the regiment’s duty in the attack — it was his. To be proud of me today or I shall die in the attempt to make you Ratisbon.
A Contrast—East and West

In contrasting Eastern and Western Canada, I shall refer particularly to Quebec in the east, and Alberta in the west. I wish to compare these provinces because I have actually lived in both of them for a number of years. Strange as it may seem, many controversies arise when an Easterner and a Westerner get together. It is true that they are both Canadians and have no reason to argue, but in spite of this fact their ways of life are somewhat different. Not that their methods of eating and their fashions of dressing are unlike, but simply that their systems of education differ essentially. The poorer people in Alberta have in my opinion a much better chance of making a future for themselves, and this is due directly to education. Other trivial aspects of life in Quebec and Alberta may differ, but I wish to stress the contrast between their systems of education.

Alberta is known to have one of the best systems of education in Canada. The pride of this province is its rural education and its correspondence courses. A rural school district, at the head of which is a chief commissioner or school superintendent, is twenty miles wide and thirty miles long. There are seventy schools in this area. This divisional school district is again divided into five sub-divisions, each headed by a trustee who is responsible for the equipment—books, laboratory supplies, etc.—of the schools under his jurisdiction.

How is a rural school division financed? This may seem to be a difficult task, but actually it is quite simple. Taxes from the land and provincial grants are used for the upkeep of three country schools and for the salaries paid to their teaching staff. Every year in the province of Alberta a great deal of money is spent on education, but the results accomplished exceed by far the investment. Many more children, who would otherwise be deprived of the chance of learning to read and write, are sent to school. Books are supplied free of charge to all pupils, and even part of their transportation is paid for; when conditions make it difficult to travel. Free medical attention is given to all school children, not only in rural schools but in city schools as well. A doctor visits the school once a month, but in the meantime a registered nurse is always present and immediately reports any illness.

Alberta, thanks to its rural education and correspondence courses, has a standard education throughout the province. The same books and the same methods of teaching are used in every school. A pupil may move from one part of the province to another without it interfering with his standing. Compulsory summer school for all the teachers keeps the standard of education very high. If an instructor's qualifications are not satisfactory at the end of his summer training, he is not permitted to teach until he has regained his former competency. When rural children begin their education, their standing is in conformity with their surroundings. During the first few years this standard is not very high, but when a student has completed his twelfth year he has become quite proficient in domestic science, community economics, field crafts, elementary mechanics, and vocational studies. He has also acquired an efficiency in other high school subjects—chemistry, physics, mathematics, English, French, Latin, etc. In Alberta it is said that so many rural children are becoming so well educated that they are leaving the farms and taking important positions in the cities. In all rural schools there are clubs and societies where pupils may accustom themselves to public speaking.

Alberta has the largest university extension system in Canada. Students from rural districts may be sent in to the university for short courses for a nominal fee. The University of Alberta has a powerful radio station over which many courses are broadcast to rural districts in the remote parts of the province. Although Alberta is a very young province, it has done more for rural education than any other province in Canada.

Many Albertans go to school by mail. Over four thousand five hundred children and adults improve their education by correspondence courses. If a child cannot go to school, the school should go to the child; that is the slogan of the correspondence branch of the Alberta Department of Education. This work was begun eighteen years ago when provincial officials realized hundreds of children had no school opportunity. So one teacher was appointed to teach by mail. Now there are over thirty teachers and many clerks. At first only elementary work was intended for children in unorganized districts and back-woods country of the far north and the foothills. Now the pupils are of all ages and are located in all sorts of places. At first only elementary work was offered, but now one can get everything up to university entrance. Two correspondence pupils became Rhodes scholars for Alberta. Ken Comber of Fort Smith, N.W.T., who had never seen a teacher until he went to the university, won the prized scholarship in 1931. The Professor of English at the University of New Brunswick, Edward McCourt of Kitscoty, Alberta, was awarded the Rhodes scholarship in 1932. Many other correspondence students have won medals for leading their districts in various examinations.
THE MITRE

Twenty Years After

The fact that I have psychic powers is a matter of no personal pride to me. For though, like Hitler, I have such power of intuition, and rarely see them in times like these, and have never been to tear down the veil which obscures the future from us, but my fatalistic attitude has finally persuaded me that it can do no harm to reveal what destiny has in store for us. Thus I have looked forward, for a space of two decades to see how the men of '43 have fared in the intervening years. My discoveries have in many cases been painful, but it must be realized that I write with malice toward none, merely as the instrument of a cold and unreasoning destiny.

One of the most painful of these surprises occurred in the case of Mac Johnston. Shortly after the war Mac migrated to Hollywood, where he became a great success in that den of iniquity, and was known as Hollywood's greatest lover. Made dizzy by his fame, Malcolm became the leader of a notorious pack of wolves, in which was such men as Flynn figured prominently. Charges were brought against Malcolm by nearly every star in Hollywood, with the exception of Hedy Lamar, whom he eventually married.

Not all of our '43 came out unsainted from that terrible struggle of 1939-46. John Roberts was one of the earliest victims. Enlisting in the K.C.A.F. in 1949 he was shot down shortly afterwards over Germany. John was executed for terrorism when he attempted to debate obtuse questions in poor German, with every Nazi who came within earshot.

I was proud to learn that Bishop's men were not absent in the roll call of heroes. Hughie Smith caused the destruction of three German and Japanese divisions when he landed as a paratrooper behind their lines. The Germans were convinced that this unusual apparition must be either Thor or Odin. The Japanese were equally convinced that this was the Sun God. A furious altercation arose with both sides finally resorting to arms and annihilating each other. Hugh was appropriately decorated.

Nor was religion neglected by these men of '43. Jack Peake and Ed. Stevens were the co-founders of an entirely new cult. They erected a toppling monument and its proximity to a large convent was purely accidental. Unfortunately they split over the rather trivial question of the water supply. Ed was determined that they should get their water by a turn through the convent, carrying their water in pails from this excellent source. But Jack, more practical and puritanical, insisted that their great stores of hard cider rendered water unnecessary. They parted.

Few of us would have predicted that Ken Barlett would have become a great writer of popular songs, yet that is what actually happened. His most famous, "Kiss me Cute, My Cuttie," surpassed in inanity anything that has been written up to the present time.

One of the most painful of all these surprising discoveries was the vision of Morton Tyler, twenty years hence. But his friends had feared that he had come to pass. Tyler was well known as the lead

In Lloyd Patch's career we have added proof of that old adage, "High hopes grow cold on a warm hearth stone." Lloyd was well on the way to becoming a brilliant scientist after having divorced a lovely maidens with whom he was married from July to September of 1943. But in 1946, when Lloyd was doing research work on the island of Ta-hiti, he became enamored of a beautiful aboriginal, so common to that island. He was so infatuated that he neglected his work, especially a new explosive with which he was experimenting. At the time of the tragic end, he was an earthquake.

As I saw one after another of my college friends fall by the wayside in the struggle for success, I turned hopefully to Ronnie Smith. Surely that erratic genius had succeeded. Ronnie had succeeded, but not as I expected. Soony was an extremely successful gigolo in a popular New York nightclub and swirled around like an inspired hep-cat to such exotic rhythms as, "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar."

Harold Frizzell succeeded in the military field. At the end of the war Harold was a Colonel, but after demobilization came disaster. Harold's military mind was out of place in a world which turned to disarmament. Harold became a farmhand. At first Harold was reasonably successful and drew the average pay of 16 per month with no income tax deductions. But when Harold was caught...
Blue Autumn

Do you remember that blue autumn eve
We sat upon the sands and watched the sea
In dream-like silence while the moon came down
On you and me?

Do you remember the new-risen stars
Those shining rhinestones on the fringe of time,
That prompted you to look and love, and place
Your hand in mine?

Do you recall that sacrament we shared
While soft winds blew white foam upon the shore,
And we in wordless speeches pledged our love
For evermore?

If you have treasured these within your heart,
If still you hear our whispers in the night,
Then why have shapeless clouds obscured the sky's
Moon-mellow light?

—Leon Adams.

The Stevedores

“Six fathom, five deep dumb
Ten more kegs of good grade rum.
If I win, then you will lose
Three for the fingers, seven for the shoe.”

“Did you see the captain?” one stevedore asked the other.
“Uhmm,” said the other.

A grey-green smoke sifted over the wharf, and one stevedore rubbed his eye. A sinister character in his black ragged clothes and filthy whiskers with every word. The white ship through the dirty haze gleamed with a luminous brightness in the black lapping water. Night was falling. The lonesome thud, thud, thud, of a loose log near the wharf, marked the crest of each wave as it slipped by, dark and oily. One stevedore sat down. A match flared, lighting up his hollow face, and hied as it struck the water. Puff, thud, puff, puff, perfect timing. A little stevedore glowed grimaced, died, glimmered, died as the stevedore puffed, and the log bumped, and the night grew darker.

The crew ashore all boots and whiskers. Then the wharf grew quiet, except for the puff, thud, puff, puff.

“If you see the first mate?” said one stevedore to the other.

“Nope,” said the other.

“Then let go,” another shrieked, “Haw! Haw! Haw!”

“You’ll swing for—,” the rest of the captain’s words were lost as he hit the water.

The night was filled with noise. The sailors took up their drunken singing and tramped back to the bar room.

Our water the boat creaked and groaned. The captain splashed and swore and the water slipped swiftly by.

“Help! Help!” roared the captain, but the sailors were far away.

“Help! Help!” he shouted, and there was no answer.

The captain thundered in the darkness. His mouth filled with water. His breath was gone. Swish, the water took him. Swish, he went under. A hand stuck out of the water and waved weakly. The thud, thud, thud of the log ended with a dull kettledrum. It was pulled under, then it bobbed to the surface. There was no answer. The captain crawled out of the water.

The night was dark and sordid, yet the air felt like rain. A rusty smell hung over the wharf, dank and fishy. There was no sound except the tread of the patrolman coming around the corner, his light swinging. Tramp, tramp, nearer and nearer he came. The captain sat on the edge of the wharf to catch his breath.
"Ahoi! What the devil are you doing here?"

"None of your business," snapped the captain.

"Where's those stevedores?" asked the patrolman.

The captain said nothing. He hefted his feet, stumbled along the wharf and around the corner. The patrolman went his way, tramp, tramp, tramp. He reached the gravel road, crunch, crunch, crunch, farther and farther away. Then the wharf was silent.

"Six fathom, five deep dumb

Ten more legs of good grade rum, sang the riotous gang coming around the corner. Torches flickered, shouts rent the air, somebody screamed. The captain's voice rang above the drunken brawlers.

"Six ropes, six drunken by morning. Vengeance!" he roared as the noisy group posted across the wharf.

"Fee, fee, foe, fum,

I smell the blood—" somebody sang.

"Silence," the captain shouted.

"Don't swing us, please," chorused the six sailors, but the mob swept them on.

"Fright!" said the captain, "Hang them on the posts.

Flickering torches rising and falling lit the wharf. A sailor fell into the water with a splash. A sailor fell into the water with a splash.

"Save us," shrieked one of the six. "Patrolman! Patrolman!"

"None of your business," snapped the captain. "Six fathom, five deep dumb

Ten more legs of good grade rum, sang the riotous gang coming around the corner.

The room was flooded with brightness. Both boys were startled.

"Big storm abrewin','" said the first.

"Gosh," the other replied.

"Storm abrewin'," he muttered, his eyes straight before him.

"Storm abrewin'," said the first.

"None of your business," snapped the captain.

"Storm abrewin'," sang the riotous gang coming around the corner.

The mob held their torches high and six sailors on six posts dangled limply, their tongues hanging out.

"Well done. Haw! Haw! Haw!" the mob roared.

Out on the water a breeze was rising. Ice cold steelly specks of rain snapped in the stevedores' faces. They shivered. Waves began to rock the boat. They heaved. Waves began to rock the boat. They heaved.

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Incident In England

Printed in part below is a letter of Mr. Christopher Lloyd received by Dr. W. O. Raymond. Mr. Lloyd, when at Bishop’s some years ago, acted as Dr. Raymond’s assistant and was Prof. E. Owen’s predecessor. He is now lecturing at Dartmouth Naval College. This should be of interest to all students of the English Course. (The Editor).

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Raymond:

. . . I have also reason to be thankful for a very fortunate escape. About a month ago I wrote you a long letter describing an “incident” hereabouts, but evidently the description was too accurate for the censors who promptly telephoned for me to go and help him bring in a field of barley on a certain morning when I should have been working elsewhere, and that when I returned I found that all my notes and books were destroyed by something which fell out of the clouds—all except my old friend Century Readings in English Literature which was blown through a wall, missed a tank of water by inches and fetched up under a heap of rubble. I shall now keep it not merely for memory of Bishop’s, but also memories of the war! Brends and Joey were untouched in spite of the furious machine gun attack which followed.

The result of all this has been a very disturbed term in which my main efforts have been to make myself heard in the hammerings of glaziers and carpenters and to try and get some attention in spite of stresses, accompanied by distant bombs and gunfire. Imagine me, in a “Take Cover”, containing the lesson under a table, clad in academic gown and steel helmet. Such is the schoolmaster of Anno 1942.

Christopher Lloyd.

MAY, 1943

What’s Wrong With The Bishop’s Men

With malice towards none and affection for all, we are endeavouring like Mr. Carter and other reformers to gently call the attention of the men of Bishop to several minor faults which mar their attainment of perfection.

The freshmen when they arrive are too modest! They have never seen the ale they could not drink, the “baccy” they could not smoke, nor the lass they could not kiss; but, seniors, you’ll agree—venerunt, viderunt, sed non vicerunt. They like cigars, call checkers slow, and—but this you need not know.

Second year men should of course think for themselves. Unfortunately to attain this virtue they pass through a phase of evasiveness, and this is moderately genial. The calibre of their humor is in sync, are they laughing at us or with us? “If I faint and forced the laughter, sadness follows after.”

Again and again we have listened at the heels of a couple exasperated males only to hear, when we expected the level voice of culture, the staccato “say I!”, “say she”. However, second year men after a year under the benign influence of Tesser Call exhibit more smoothness and social grace.

The Divines are too orthodox and too methodical. Were the day of doom to dawn tomorrow you would find them taking measures to allay popular excitement and putting guards upon the graveyards that the dead might come forth in an orderly fashion. We are amused at their hesitancy to make amorous advances outside the sanctity of the library. The flirtation in their eyes as an exercise has taught us that aloof is the Alpha and Omega of their power.

But the seniors, they are clever. The professors even say that they can think—certainly they have an appearance of doing so which is delightfully deceptive. We do wish, however, that they would wake up to the fact that our moral sense of right and wrong is quite equal to theirs; and that we are surely capable of looking after ourselves without their matronly supervision at foreign houseparties. They frighten us sometimes although they are darlings and lack several things—conversation for one. Such lines! It would take Jonah’s whale to swallow them. If they sometimes give the impression “I am the man that fills the eye and delights the heart of woman,” we amably put it down to a couple of years at some Joe College prep school.

Incidentally, some escorts think that it’d improve the appearance of a formal to squash 12 in a taxi. That is wrong—14 is much more cozy. Let us gently add that the pseudo savour faire of Bishop’s men is annoying—couldn’t we have the high school naturalism.

“We have written the wrong of these men
For a sheltered people’s mirth,
In jesting gate, but ye are wise
And ye know what the jest is worth.”

What’s Wrong With The Bishop’s Women

It is not the intention of your roving reporter to insult you girls, or to compliment you unduly, but merely to pass on to you the ideas that he has gleaned from bulletin-reading, questioning, and the anonymous comments donated by the male student body. It is our earnest wish that you will take no offense from the opinions expressed here, but will perhaps profit by them.

One of our greatest needs is not only more but better women. Not that Bishop’s women could not make something of themselves, they just don’t try. They either cannot or will not carry on intelligent conversation. They are either too immature or too sophisticated. Those specimens who try to appear “women of the world” are just as sad as the poor creatures who just don’t know what the score is. Of course we have the few women-bathers, like the one who, when asked what he thought of Bishop’s women just said, “Phooooey,” and the other who answered, “Gaaaaaaaah,” as he fell to the floor frothing at the mouth.

So why girls don’t you do something about yourselves? It isn’t that you are so unattractive. Few of you know the right kind and how much make-up you might to use. (We suggest Perc Westmore, Hollywood.) You (to quote one of my fellows), “are becoming so primitive with needle-like gaudy red and purple fingernails that we expect you to begin wearing rings in your noses any time.” Another says, “I’ve confused. I never know whose legs I’m whistling at when I see them disguised in red stockings, green stockings, purple stockings, and polka dot stockings.” Then there are those who believe they must wear exactly what everybody else wears, even though they look like hell in it. Don’t get me wrong, I love Bishop’s women but they can’t wear something sensible.

They say that you are prudes with the boys. We don’t mean that our intentions aren’t honorable, but “couldn’t you let your hair down once in a while when on a date and boost our morale?” Why do you seem to be afraid of us,
The Bishop's Man

J. C. BRODEUR

The Bishop's man is never known To wear his finger to the bone. Nor is he ever wide awake When notes at lectures he must take.

He always cheers at hockey games But can't remember people's names. He feels that social intercourse Is for the most part rather coarse.

Unless the deb has just implored His presence at the party's board.

And even then he's rather coy Compared to any average boy.

His week-ends start on Friday noon And end more often late than soon, Because he feels inclined to snub The genial doings at the club.

Unlike the trite collegiate sect He never uses dialect

Like "Let's go out and tie one on!" Or "Shoot the liqueur to me John", He won't refer to girls as classy Or call a last 'trunk her chassis.

The standard symbols of the breed Are two-tone shoes and Harris tweed, And flannel pants which by degrees Are getting baggy at the knees.

Thus might you know him if you meet Our man along Wellington Street. Reflect and thank your lucky stars You're not—Good Lord!—perhaps you are A Bishop's man.

Notes and Comments

Pardon me while I move these stacks of books out of the way. My that "Medieval Civilization of Europe" is heavy. Sometimes I wish the authors name was John or Tom rather than Ross William Collins. There that's better. Now let me see—where did I put that typewriter? Ah, yes. Some paper? O.K. We're off.

The best critics will say that it is not good policy to write an editorial at the close of a season. We, however, since we conform to no standards or regulations feel that this would be an appropriate time to enunciate our policy. This is because (a) there has as of late been a great clamour for less of the subtle veiling and more of the crude expose in this column, and (b) because we have managed to exist up to this time without either being thrown out on our necks or murdered silently while we slept. We can dispose of the latter case without much trouble for it is apparent by these agonizing sentences that this department is still in existence, in spite of the many wrathful attempts made on its life by members of both sexes. The first, however, requires more attention. Apparently there has been a little too much covering up. As a result certain parties have been demanding that we come out more openly and state the facts. We might put up a strong defence, but, that the freedom of the press at Bishop's may be a standing tradition, we yield to public opinion. Read on—perhaps your name has graced these lines.

Some of us may remember the visit of the Honorable John Bracken, to this University shortly before Easter. Mr. Bracken, who was on tour of the Province of Quebec, is the newly elected leader of the Progressive Conservative party. He arrived at the college early in the morning, and was greeted by Dr. McGregor and other members of the faculty. Following this he took a short tour around the library. Accordingly, several members of the student body immediately hastened to the "sanctuary" to await his arrival. When he did come, and had been introduced to Miss Jackson, the librarian, he was shown some of the more valued literary documents. Bob Gale then succeeded in writing a statement from Mr. Bracken which was to appear in this Mitre.

Some say that no university is without its little controversies and conflicts. On the other hand it would seem that even in such a small place as Bishop's, that if men can not agree surely there is no hope for any valuable post-war peace. Nevertheless, it seems now that due to circumstances it will not be possible to have a Skinner debate. It had been planned to hold this debate sometime before Easter but due to unfortunate circumstances that was impossible. To put it briefly, two resolutions were rejected and when a third one was accepted it was too late to make any arrangements for the debate. As the competition now stands the Divinity team, by virtue of the last debate, is eight points ahead of the Arts, and since there will be no third debate, they will be declared the 1943 winners.

The Easter holidays were a surprise to most of us in that it had been announced earlier that due to the harvesting trip out west we could only hope for a few days over Easter. The faculty, however, apparently decided that the overworked students needed a good rest (or vice-versa) and we were granted 10 days leave. There followed a mad rush to obtain (a) any suitable container wherein to pack a few necessary articles, (b) the required $6.81 with which to secure a passage to Montreal, or more distant localities such as La Tuque and Timeske... ... Timeske?... ... Temiskaming?... ... ming something or other. Anyway we finally all made various Friday afternoon trains and buses. (Including Bob Smith and a few others who had earlier announced their intentions of staying for a few days in order to "clean up some work"). What happened in the various localities where Bishop's men penetrated for the few days would take another department to tell. We can only say that the students got back feeling very happy and in need of a good rest.

Not so long ago a notice appeared on the bulletin board concerning a medical examination which certain students of the University were to take at the Sherbrooke training centre. Accordingly, one bright sunny afternoon, we lined up in our O.T.C. uniform expectantly awaiting a truck that was to take us to our destination in Sherbrooke. As it had not arrived, after thirty minutes waiting, the hearty Bishop's lads set out to meet it. As we left the college grounds the men were whistling hearty. As we passed through Lennoxville a few of the more sprightly were still whistling. When we came to the big hill outside the town the whistling had stopped entirely. Fortunately the truck picked us up at this point, somebody said the equivalent of "thank goodness" and we were loaded in. From then on the only whistling done was when any potential allies were in sight. Finally our medical examination came. At the eye chart the examiner asked me which line I could read best. There was a big E at the top of the chart so I said so. He gave me 80% or 80-80 or something. The next examiner took one of those wooden sticks to hold my tongue down.
so that he could look at my teeth. I didn't want him stick­
ing anything down my throat so I just took out my teeth
and handed them to him. Also I said I had my tonsils at
home. The fellow that tested my heart couldn't tell me
anything so I went on to the next guy. He took a long
time over me but he finally found my chest. Then they
looked me over for identification marks—they say I
have grey eyes. Anyway they gave us an X-ray, and we
went home. That was the last for moments.

In the first issue of the Mitre this year we were happy
to welcome the new freshmen and fretbees to our univer-
sity. It is new also their university for now the graduating
class of '43 throws to them the torch. It is not without a
certain feeling of sadness that we say good-bye to these
men and women who have graced our halls for three years.

Let's say only au revoir and hope they will come back to
visit us, but for new they must make their start in the
bigger field of life. We therefore give them the advice that
they should do all that they can to welcome the new freshmen and freshettes to our univer-
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men and women who have graced our halls for three years.
Ladies Innocent and The Spring Knight

And it came to pass that in the city of Villelexonn, in the street of Parkon, in the house of Bittersweet there lived the four daughters of the world, named Jan-lyke-Rie, Kat-renys-Nutz, Lidian-sew-fare, and Yorestrahl of the line of Bacchius. It was rumored wildly abroad that these women lived wildly and for pleasure alone and many were witness of this fact. But this was false witness, for it was shewn by their deeds that they did act wisely and well. And I am come as a witness for these facts, and placing them in the written word for the generations to come. Thus shall I come as a witness for these facts, and placing them in the by their deeds that they did act wisely and well. And I am calm. Everywhere there was a playing of marbles, a return of birds, a springing up of nature. Great was the disturbance. Here there was happiness and great joy. Verily, their souls were filled with gladness and love. For it must be told that in this house of Bittersweet there was a guardian, a keeper, under whose sinister spell ing evil out of innocence, and cruelty out of civility. And thus it came to pass than Jan-lyke-Rie, Lidian-sew-fare, and Kat-renys-Nutz did start on their search for strength and bravery, did first of all accomplish her aim. She did woo and win him in the den, surrounded by danger an poisoned words. Yet did she subdue and tame him, a man of size and of loud voice. Great was the rejoicing and great was the merriment at the house of Bittersweet for many days and also many nights. It was agreed by all that the Knights of Spring had been of great help to Lidian-sew-fare. Thus did Kat-renys-nutz also purpose to fulfill her part of the claim. But in her cause was there a difficulty, for she did love secretly and passionately one of the tribe of New Arts. But the sisters of the house of Bittersweet did propose to her that this love was in vain, yea verily, of no avail. And so they did convince her to woo another of the tribe of New Arts, thinking of her fondness for this stalwart but backward people. She did allow herself to be prevailed upon, and did find great happiness with this man, who was of the line of Fulz. But they did agree on all sub­jects and there was no discontent between them.

The fourth maiden of the house of Bittersweet met with no success. For she had waxed old in years and wisdom and men had no appeal for her. Also it was rumored that the scorned man and their deaths, having found them to be un­true and unfaithful. So did she remain aloof, but few exceptions, which however, were known to all. And it will be seen that by her discrimination was the house of Bittersweet not saved from the curse of Shazam. And the fair in the city of Villelexonn, in the street of Parkon, in the house of Bittersweet met with no success. For she had waxed old in years and wisdom and men had no appeal for her. Also it was rumored that the scorned man and their deaths, having found them to be un­true and unfaithful. So did she remain aloof, but few exceptions, which however, were known to all. And it will be seen that by her discrimination was the house of Bittersweet not saved from the curse of Shazam. And the fair maiden within can only be saved by the coming of some brave and handsome man to win the heart of Jan-lyke-Rie. Until this day, not too distant now, we presume, shall these four women suffer the tortures of the female monster.

So ended the words of the prince of the dream, and the maiden awoke, moved and greatly in agony at the vision. She ran and informed her sisters of this miracle and they did talk far into the night in this suggest. They saw that one of their number loved already, so for her part had they nothing to fear except that she was of a capricious and changeable nature. But the other three did in public shake their head wisely, yet in private did they make great noise.

And thus it came to pass than Jan-lyke-Rie, Lidian-sew-fare, and Kat-renys-Nutz did start on their search for suitors. Lidian-sew-fare, being the one of most strength and bravery, did first of all accomplish her aim. She did woo and win him in the den, surrounded by danger and poisoned words. Yet did she subdue and tame him, a man of size and of loud voice. Great was the rejoicing and great was the merriment at the house of Bittersweet for many days and also many nights. It was agreed by all that the Knights of Spring had been of great help to Lidian-sew-fare. Thus did Kat-renys-nutz also purpose to fulfill her part of the claim. But in her cause was there a difficulty, for she did love secretly and passionately one of the tribe of New Arts. But the sisters of the house of Bittersweet did propose to her that this love was in vain, yea verily, of no avail. And so they did convince her to woo another of the tribe of New Arts, thinking of her fondness for this stalwart but backward people. She did allow herself to be prevailed upon, and did find great happiness with this man, who was of the line of Fulz. But they did agree on all sub­jects and there was no discontent between them.

By the will of the gods you are under the curse of Shazam if you fall not in love before an ap­pointed number of weeks is passed. And thus it came to pass than Jan-lyke-Rie, Lidian-sew-fare, and Kat-renys-Nutz did start on their search for suitors. Lidian-sew-fare, being the one of most strength and bravery, did first of all accomplish her aim. She did woo and win him in the den, surrounded by danger and poisoned words. Yet did she subdue and tame him, a man of size and of loud voice. Great was the rejoicing and great was the merriment at the house of Bittersweet for many days and also many nights. It was agreed by all that the Knights of Spring had been of great help to Lidian-sew-fare. Thus did Kat-renys-nutz also purpose to fulfill her part of the claim. But in her cause was there a difficulty, for she did love secretly and passionately one of the tribe of New Arts. But the sisters of the house of Bittersweet did propose to her that this love was in vain, yea verily, of no avail. And so they did convince her to woo another of the tribe of New Arts, thinking of her fondness for this stalwart but backward people. She did allow herself to be prevailed upon, and did find great happiness with this man, who was of the line of Fulz. But they did agree on all sub­jects and there was no discontent between them.

The Ascot School

Ascot Consolidated School is situated about a mile and a half from Bishop's on the main highway. To this red brick building go the teachers in training or the "stu-dents" every morning to practise the latest methods on the pupils there.

How many of us will ever forget the first day there was new school day in October when we were stared at, talked about and generally criticised by all the pupils. We were given about a week to get accustomed to the routine before we actually taught. Then one by one we ventured forth. Our knees shook, our hearts beat harder, our voices wavered and in fact we trembled all over, not with fear, but just gen­eral excitement. Of these there was nothing to fear. For the first week disciplinary troubles were nil. Then the fun began. Almost everything a pupil will do was tried. Either it succeeded—followed by a general hubbub—only to be quired by the appearance of the supervisor in the doorway, with the student teacher feeling like two cents; or else the pupils were outwitted. Rules and regulations never seemed to work in practice but only in theory. As the weeks passed we put them to good use and began to see where we had gone wrong before.

After Christmas we were old hands at the game, but we still couldn't teach. Our experiences this winter were considered for the dread to teach at the North Pole. We specialised in teaching in fur coats and overshirts in a temperature of approximately -15 degrees. We even got accustomed to that and kept looking for pleasure which undoubtedly will be yours, for children can be as unpredictable as the weather.

As the weeks passed we became accustomed to our rou­tine although we always met at recess with remarks as fal­lows. "Did you have anybody in?" "How many numbers did you get?" "Did he take the class away?" "Am I ever going to get blown up this afternoon?" "I think I'll re­sign." "Did you have any trouble with grade IX today?"

These are just samples of what might become topics of conversation during the recess period.

The first contract in our class presented great excite­ment. Everybody, of course, wanted to know what they would be like. Shortly afterwards, however, we were all getting them, and even the thrill of our first big position wore off.

In teaching one day can be just like the next, but we could never count on what might happen. Some days were perfect heavens, but they could be the direct opposite. Any time after Christmas we could expect the pupils to ask almost anything they could think of—to your latent co­called crush and who was the woman you were with last Wednesday afternoon. We could be prepared for the worst, but it never happened when we were prepared. Still even at that this year has been fun, and I would not have given up an oppor­tunity like this for anything. To some the course may seem a lot of work with no pleasure—but let me assure you there is work—plenty of it—but you get accustomed to that, and keep looking for pleasure which undoubtedly will be yours, for children can be as unpredictable as the weather.

Last autumns we thought we would never finish, but here we are with three weeks to go. It is the last lap and the beginning of our career. In our estimation we wonder if we'll ever be able to teach. If we can't it will be because we haven't followed the excellent advice which has been given to us all year.
"Let's go back. I'm out of breath."
"Let's go on. I'm out of Sweet Caps."

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ESCAPISM—

"Escapism" is the modern term used to describe the desire of people to-day to flee from the muddled world in which they live. As bodily flight from hurry, noise and the present embattled scheme of things is well nigh impossible, the instinctive longing to withdraw the mind and spirit into a private heaven of its own creating becomes increasingly apparent in the modern human being. Literally "the world is too much with us", and individually we seek out paths of retreat which will lead us away from the forest of restlessness to the quiet meadows of serenity and inward pleasure. Our generation is not the first to have felt this need for solitude in which to contemplate life from a detached plane, before descending again to take up the daily business of living with a renewed zest and a refreshed sense of perspective. We are told in an article by Mr. E. M. Forster that Saint-Beuve first used the phrase "The Ivory Tower" in the literary sense in examining the work of his friend and contemporary Alfred de Vigny, the 19th century French writer who displayed this tendency of retreating from his active life into his "tower" to contemplate action from the heights like a god before he created his literary masterpieces. And Sainte-Beuve borrowed the phrase from the Song of Solomon, so we discover that our remote forebears, as convinced as ourselves that they lived in the worst of all possible worlds, also sought for escape into the land of their hearts' desire.

Escapism has come into use lately in a derogatory sense. We question our motives for escape even while we know that as human beings solitude is as requisite to our well-being as gregariousness. We feel that we desire flight because we are afraid; we wish to hide from the bogey of modern politics and the growing horror of all the isms. Mr. Forster condemns this motive as being bad because fear is worse than useless. He says, "If then fear is the motive for our retreat, there's little to be said for the Ivory Tower, and little peace to be found inside it. We shut ourselves up there, trembling, doing nothing, afraid to face danger, and waiting from moment to moment for the blow that'll shatter our fragile fortress. This is escapism in the bad sense and deserves all the hard things that can be said against it. There's no release through it, and no creation." But, he goes on to say, "there's another motive for retreat: boredom, disgust, indignation against the herd, the community, and the world, the conviction that sometimes comes to the solitary individual that his solitude will give him something finer and greater than he can get when he merges in the multitude." And this is the kind of escape that the writers of books seek, and that indeed the readers of books should also desire.

The libraries of the world are filled with the literature of escape. Probably most of the books that ever have been written have offered release, consolation, and creative detachment to their authors, though not always to their striving unequal readers. But though the element of escape may be apparent in the works of most authors at times, there are certain forms of literature which obviously lend themselves as the very mold and medium of the escapist's art, and where we meet writers who have used such literary forms both for their own pleasure and that of the reader we have discovered the legitimate and lasting means of personal escape into the Ivory Towers of our delight.

The main styles of literature then, into which the escapist writer pours his creative art are romance, fantasy, adventure and nonsense, all forms of fanciful writing which carry the author and the reader away into the realms of imagination where reality becomes submerged in the charms and pleasures of the Never Land. Books which place themselves in such a category become immortal. Their appeal is perennial to adults and children alike. They are the property of all who sense the wonder, the mystery and magic which lies just behind the deceptive door of outward practical things, and a sorry man indeed is he to whom that door has become a locked barrier.

One of the simplest forms of escapist literature and one which includes the four ingredients, romance, fancy, ad-
venture and humour is the fairy tale. In the early 19th century we discover the Grimm brothers, Jakob Ludwig and Wilhelm Karl, one a German jurist and philologist, the other an eminent linguist, writing and publishing German folklore and fables, which, immensely popular then, have become increasingly so, until to-day they are the traditional classics among all fairy literature. The Grimms obtained most of their tales from the lips of the German people, and their first care was faithfulness to the truth. They kept close to the original, but strove to render the stories in a style and language which beautified and poetized the legends. And as a tribute to the fact that human nature does not change and that true art in whatever form it clothes itself lasts presumably forever, we witness Walt Disney's tremendous success with his technically filmed version of the Grimms' delightful tale of Snow White, the witch queen and the seven dwarfs. Another famous writer of fairy tales was the Danish Hans Christian Andersen, whose fame is assured as long as children read such stories as The Tinder Box, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and The Ugly Duckling. Andersen's tales are characterized by his own quaint humour, a rich imagination and sometimes by deep pathos. That he chose writing as a means of escape we cannot doubt when we look into the pathetic story of his boyhood spent in poverty with his shoemaker father who died when Hans was only nine years old, and then his bitter struggle to help his mother make ends meet.

A modern writer of two recent fairy tales that have caught the imagination of a wide reading public is T. H. White, who both provoked and delighted the critics of two continents with his almost indescribable book, The Sword in the Stone, published in 1938, and is likewise satisfying the shamless escapist of 1939 with his new continuation entitled The Witch in the Wood. Mr. White cleverly enjoyed writing these books. He fled from crisis after crisis into the land where fantasy and adventure rule the day, and he tells of his doings there with a wisdom and humour that invites us all to escape with him. The Sword in the Stone is a fantasy about medieval England and the education of young King Arthur, nicknamed The Wart because wart rhymes with Art. Merlyn, his tutor, instructs The Wart in all branches of medieval art and magic, adding touches of past, present and future to his teaching. Readers use superlatives in describing the flavour and charm of the work. The Saturday Review of Literature terms it "utterly delightful!" and goes on to say that "it would be hard to name a book so funny and as satisfying as every page as this one. And still the most important thing about it has not been said, which is simply that you ought to get a copy and keep it; you can read it at any age and find it as old as you are, and you may very likely find that you possess a classic." Other critics compare it to Alice in Wonderland, and its verse scattered through the pages to Lewis Carroll's nonsense poems; and still others liken it to Kenneth Graham's Wind in the Willows with its birds that talk and its fish that feel.

Another escapist author whose dual nature one would never suspect from the serious, shy, fastidious exterior which he showed to his Oxford contemporaries is the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, mathematical lecturer of Christ Church, and the Lewis Carroll of Alice fame. It was over sixty years ago that Dodgson went rowing up the river to Godstow with the Dean's three small daughters, and invented for them the tale of Alice and her adventures underground. Who has not read this gay dream story, the fairy tale which has been translated into many languages and twisted into many forms? The cartoonist knows Alice, and so does the satirist; the dramatist has tried to make Wonderland a thing of backdrops and stage settings, and the screen has attempted, a little more successfully, to give the magic of the tale actual form. Alexander Woolcott tells us that "even the symphony orchestras know Alice; for the charter of the flowers in the looking-glass garden, the thudder of Jabberwocky, the hum of the looking-glass insects and the wistfulness of the White Knight have all been caught up in the lovely music of Dennis Taylor." And who has not revealed in the enchanting nonsense of Carroll's The Hunting of the Snark, The Jabberwocky, The Walrus and the Carpenter, verses we learn in the nursery, relish in our youth and cherish as we become Olympians.

It was Kenneth Graham who, wistfully comparing his boyhood to the unimaginative grown-up state, termed the emancipated adult an Olympian. He is likened variously to Lewis Carroll, Sir James Barrie and Robert Louis Stevenson, and with his writing all being accomplished evenings, Sundays and on holidays, the man who has not the habit of reading is imprisoned in his immediate world, in respect to time and space. His life falls into a set routine; he doesn't shrink from it, but he deliberately retreats into his private dream world to enjoy the misted memories of the Golden Age.

An escapist of a somewhat different order is Robert Louis Stevenson, whose tales of adventure and romance are the product of an imaginative spirit which refused to be bound by a frail body. Stevenson's whole life was literally an effort to escape from physical weakness, and when his body refused to respond to the stimulus of warm climates and far places, his mind fired by excitement, mystery and danger, slipped away to its Ivory Tower to create the adventurous tales of Treasure Island, Kidnapped, The Black Arrow, and other stories of romance and travel. Stevenson was a lover of all that was masculine and strong in life. He loved the sea better than the land and the mountains better than the plains. And so it was when he came to die that he was buried under the wide and starry skies of Samoa, a far island in the Pacific. Stevenson's Treasure Island and Kidnapped may in some ways be compared to Robinson Crusoe, the adventurous tale of an escapist of another generation than ours, Daniel Defoe.

One could draw many more comparisons. The similarity between Mark Twain and Stevenson is fairly evident. Both have a broad sense of humour, that "power which comes to kindly people who can grasp the truth about man nature, yet still retain their love for it." Mark Twain's humour was a more outstanding feature of his writing than was Stevenson's, and he has become famous chiefly for his humorous fiction. There is scarcely need to mention Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, or the amusing foolery of A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. Once more in Mark Twain we have discovered a kindred escapist.

Lin Yutang wrote a book of great popularity, The Importance of Living. It is full of quiet, humorous wisdom of interest to all who feel that life after all can be an affair of fun and meaning and beauty to those who wish to make it so. In this book Lin Yutang talks of the art of reading, and of the pleasures to be found in books when we give ourselves the privilege of using them properly. He says, "The man who has not the habit of reading is imprisoned in his immediate world, in respect to time and space. His life falls into a set routine; he is limited to contact and conversation with a few friends and acquaintances, and he sees only what happens in his immediate neighbourhood. From the prison there is no escape. But the moment he takes up a book, he immediately enters a different world, and if it is a good book, he is immediately put in touch with one of the best talkers of the world. This rather leads him on and carries him into a different country or a different age... Now to be able to live two hours out of twelve in a different world and take one's thoughts off the claims of the immediate present is, of course, a privilege to be envied by people shut up in their bodily prison." I think we need little further persuasion as to the desirability and value of the Ivory Tower of Escape.
MAY, 1943

Exchanges

Having with our golden key (our golden voice, silly, addressed to Mr. Pryde) unlocked our treasure chest of mail and dumped it on the floor of our august chambers, we are now in a position to tell you what’s what and what goes on just about everywhere. Though the mail is smaller this term it is more varied than usual. We can now boast exchanges from Australia, England and Barbados. Not bad, considering there’s a war on.

War is taking a bigger and bigger share of printers’ ink in undergrad publications especially since the term for sports and debates is about over. One prominent subject is “Women and the War”. The Brunswickian dedicates an issue to two of their co-eds who have joined the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) The Acadia Athenium has a column of opinions on girls joining up. The answers to the question, given by the “man in the quad”, are generally in favour of the girls waiting to be sure of their usefulness in the services before enlisting. The McGill Daily has a comparative study of the Women’s Services and seems to encourage enlistment. U. N. B. has now a branch of the Canadian Red Cross Corps in which the co-eds receive training on much the same lines as the men do. For the men Dalhousie and Queen’s have added naval training to their C.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C.’s.

We note: that at Dalhousie badminton is a major sport; from the Manitoban that some universities have not done away with formal dress for men at dances and colour nights; the editor of the Trinity U. Review is Sonja Morawetz, how about it girls.

Here’s an idea for the Mitre drawn from the Codringtonian, Barbados. There is a biography of Bishop Anesty of Trinidad which started us wondering exactly how much we know about our own leaders. We might start with our professors. At present the only human-interest stories we get on them is at the athletic’s banquet or when we hear their funeral eulogies pronounced. Why can’t we have some writing on our own great men, written in an informal tone with impressionistic little details scattered through? Most of us don’t even know what our lecturers have accomplished or what has befallen them since their first arrival at Bish.

Why not have book reviews of new books? Many of our exchanges have them.

From the Argosy Weekly we find that Mr. A. students haven’t forgotten their disastrous fire by any means and do not mind the occasional disturbance of fire drills and false alarms when they consider what protection these inconveniences symbolize. “Take heed ye little men that know not what fate brings.”

The Silhouette, McMaster University’s organ, comes out with a plan which is not new but is certainly without precedent at Bishop’s. There, there is a legal system called the Students’ Code. We could do with one here. Now McMaster has initiated the idea of students’ courts to punish infringements of that code. In this way, by their assistance to the faculty they develop that co-operation between students and faculty which is alleged to be lacking at Bishop’s. It is inconceivable that students should govern themselves but it is reasonable that they should be represented among the powers that be and at the same time be granted some responsibility.

For those who like light reading we suggest:

“The Best Laid Plans” and “My Pet Peeve,” the latter an essay on the connotive of the word “corny”; both in St. Dunstan’s Red and White.


There is an excellent article on Canadian Universities in the War, by Principal R. C. Wallace in the Queen’s Review.

We will guarantee that much of the material in these publications is superior to that in the magazines bought for our Common Room.

We wish to make special note of the Gryphon, Leeds, England which is carrying on with four pint-sized editions a year. To save paper they have reduced the size of both the type and the pages in comparison with which the old format was king size,
THE MITRE

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Sports

BASKETBALL

The college basketball team ended the season still in the slump that started after their first game. What looked like a very good team at the beginning of the year turned out to be a quiet that did not have that extra punch when it was needed. The games were very close and interesting, but we lost the thrill of victory.

The games were very close and interesting, but we were unable to keep up with their 87 lead in the first quarter. The college, led by Scott, gave hope to the Bishop's squad. The players were in a muddle not knowing the accurate score.

E. G. STEVENS

The most valuable acquisition I acquired at Bishop's was a keen interest in all knowledge and a fervent desire to learn more. You may well say, and quite rightly too that one's education has been unsatisfactory unless both these things have been acquired. To be explicit, I learnt to strive after truth. I learnt to offer—happiness. I want to thank Bishop's for that greatest gift life has to offer—happiness. I want to thank Bishop's for the friends I made, for the ideals I formed. I want to thank her for all those delightful conversations, those youthful frolics, for those rambling walks, those hours of browsing through literature.

BOWLING

This year bowling answered that pertinent question: What shall we do tonight with hockey, basketball and skiing finished for the season? Several Thursday and Friday evenings were spent at the Y.W.C.A. with great enthusiasm.

GOLF

Although there is a shortage of golf balls this season a few people have been seen trying out their form and hunting for golf balls in the middle of the fairway. In a few days if the weather gets better, we should see quite a few people getting their recreation on the links. Good hunting.

On Leaving Bishop's

Much have I travelled in the Realms of Gold. I write this essay for no other reason than to record my thanks for the three very happy years spent at Bishop's, and to try to explain just what college life did for me. This essay is in no way meant to be objective, it is subjective, being constructed round the one rather insignificant person who wrote it, and concerned with his reflections, his feelings, his ideas, and his actions. I can imagine now my rather for- midable scientific fellow graduates reading this essay of mine, and perhaps figuratively putting themselves on the back by thinking, "Oh yes, that poor devil Mills refusing to be 'practical' and graduating in Arts. What an earth is he going to do after the war? I can see him now, perhaps driving me home in a street car, perhaps delivering my milk, perhaps even cutting my lawn. Just what has been to show for his college career apart from a piece of parch­ ment?" In this essay I hope to justify myself. I hope to show that never have I spent three more useful or more happy years than at Bishop's. To begin the tale then.

Sports

The games were very close and interesting, but we lost the thrill of victory.

In the return match against the Y.M.C.A. the College were unable to keep up with their 8-7 lead in the first quarter. The college, led by Scott, gave hope to the Bishop's squad. The players were in a muddle not knowing the accurate score.

E. G. STEVENS

The most valuable acquisition I acquired at Bishop's was a keen interest in all knowledge and a fervent desire to learn more. You may well say, and quite rightly too that one's education has been unsatisfactory unless both these things have been acquired. To be explicit, I learnt to strive after truth. I learnt to offer—happiness. I want to thank Bishop's for that greatest gift life has to offer—happiness. I want to thank Bishop's for the friends I made, for the ideals I formed. I want to thank her for all those delightful conversations, those youthful frolics, for those rambling walks, those hours of browsing through literature.

When we leave Bishop's we do not leave everything. At least we have our memories. Do you remember all those chapel services we had to attend? (All students must attend five sermons per week.) And the periodic pep talks; the bell clapper tied? Do you remember those squabblings and bickerings we sometimes had at the association meetings? (All students must attend five meetings per term.) Do you remember all those delightful conversations, those youthful frolics, for those rambling walks, those hours of browsing through literature.

And now I am leaving Bishop's (I wipe away a sentimental tear), leaving this happy life of studious seclusion, and like the other members of my graduating class going off to fight so that other people like ourselves may continue to enjoy the privileges and happiness we have enjoyed. And now Bishop's—hail and farewell!
If You Are Called Away -- -

As Your Custodian or Agent We Can:

1. Provide for the physical safety of your securities.
2. Relieve you from the burdens of investment management.
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Our Officers will be glad to consult with you at any time regarding the services which this Company renders.

A booklet, "Your Will and Your Executor", will be mailed on request.

SHERBROOKE TRUST COMPANY

—MAY, 1943—

Bishop's and The War

There seems little to report in this column since the last issue of the Mitre. At the time of writing there is still another term ahead of us but it is a short one and we will all be busy getting ready for those ... you guessed it ... examinations.

The director of the War Savings Stamp campaign informs us that the drive will probably close at the end of April. The amount collected so far is under half the objective. Perhaps we aimed too high but surely we could have done better. Most of us are still thinking too much of our own pleasures. That isn't good enough in times like these.

The C.O.T.C. is pretty well finished for the year except for the camp which will probably get under way in the middle of June.

We have in our possession a pamphlet issued by the Canadian Committee of the International Student Service with the significant title, "Students Must Live." As the name implies the I. S. S. is a worldwide organization. It does relief work among students and professors of countries victimized by war. The need for this work is great, particularly in Europe and China. Here is something worth thinking about. "A 10-cent hamburger has more bread in it than a French student has in a day, more meat than a French student has in a year." We as students in a free country must help the students of other lands who have become the victims of war. It is through doing things like that that we will get that better world we hear so much about. The Canadian Committee is seeking to raise $8,000. Their headquarters are at Hart House in Toronto.

Today opens the fourth Victory Loan drive. Its to be the biggest yet. With the invasion of Europe close at hand we dare not fail to put it over the top. Carry on Canada —that means Bishop’s too.

Alumni Notes

Births—

NORCROSS—At the Otsela Civic Hospital on February 28, 1943, to A. E. Norcross, B.A. '32, and Mrs. Nucross, a daughter.

STEVEN—At Three Rivers, Quebec, on March 23, 1943, a daughter to Lieutenant Trevor C. Stevens, M.'40, and Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens was formerly Miss Agnes Robins McDougall, B.A. '34.

Marriages—

BOOTHR oyd-BANFILL—The marriage took place at Christ Church, East Angus, on Tuesday, March 23, 1943, of Miss Dora Elizabeth Banfill, youngest daughter of Dr. S. A. Banfill of East Angus to Lieutenant E. F. H. Boothroyd, B.A. '36, eldest son of Professor and Mrs. E. E. Boothroyd. The best man was Mr. E. R. Boothroyd, B. Sc.'38, brother of the groom, and the bridesmaid was Miss Gladys Banfill, sister of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Wallace Smith, B.A. '20, and Mrs. Barlow played the wedding music. After the reception at the home of the bride, the happy couple left for a short honeymoon in Quebec.

GAGE-BOOMHOUR—The wedding took place at the Third Avenue United Church, Saskatoon, Sask., on April 3, 1943, of Miss Viola Louise Boomhour, B.S.C. '40, only daughter of Mrs. Nellie Boomhour of Stanbridge East, Que., to Tpr. Stanley Gage, also of Stanbridge East.

MEDINE-MacRAE—The marriage took place on March 29, 1943, in England of Lieutenant (N.S.) Janet K. MacRae, R.C.A.M.C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. MacRae of New Liskeard, Ontario, to Captain Sidney M. Medine, B.A. '31, M.D., R.C.A.M.C., son of the late Samuel Medine and Mrs. Rose Medine of Montreal. The bride is a graduate of the Montreal General Hospital. The bridegroom graduated from McGill Medical School in 1940. Both have been serving overseas for more than a year in the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

ROSS-WALTON—The marriage took place on January 10, 1943, of Miss Jean Walton to Flying Officer Donald Duncan Ross, B.A. '41, the Rev’d Mr. Guilford officiating. Pilot Officer Kenneth Duncan Ross, B.A. '35, brother of the groom, was best man. The marriage took place in England.

Engagements—

MARTON-JACKSON—Mr. and Mrs. Lynville E. Jackson announce the engagement of their daughter, Grace Irene, B.A. '31, B.L.S., to the Rev’d James Guy Martson, B.A. '41,
son of Mr. Herbert R. Marston and the late Mrs. Marston of Woodbridge, Ontario. The marriage will take place in June.

Schoch-Aiken—Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Noble Aiken of Lockport, New York, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Margaret Mahajala, M '44, to Sub-Lieutenant Peter John Schoch, R.C.N.V.R., B.Sc. '43, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schoch of Chicoutimi, Quebec.

Davidson-Wiggett—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Wiggett announce the engagement of their only daughter, Patty Anne Wiggett, Davidson of Sherbrooke.

Carpenfer-Armstrong—Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Armstrong of Sherbrooke announce the engagement of their only daughter, Patty Anne Fraser, M '43, to Mr. Robert John Carpenter, of Woodbridge, Ontario. The marriage will take place in June.

Braths—


Rollit—At the Royal Victoria Hospital on February 29, 1943, the Rev'd Albert Ernest Rollit, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Knowlton, Quebec.

General

Sub-Lieutenant Douglas Rowe, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. '33, now overseas with the Sherbrooke Fusiliers, has been promoted to the rank of Major.
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