

The Mitre

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1943



University of Bishop's College Lennoxville, P. Q.

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Royal Charter 1853

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For the duration of the war, The MITRE is published three times a year: in the Michaelmas term, Lent term and Trinity term, by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar; two years, one seventy-five; three years, two fifty. Address all communications concerning Advertising to the Advertising Manager.

EDITORIAL



Again, the *Mitre* is fulfilling its worthy job as the voice of the students of Bishop's University. The College has entered upon another year of the war. The tide of conflict has carried on the crest of its wave many of our valiant sons, and now our musty halls echo and re-echo with the silence left by those departed. However, the class of '46 has filled in their places, and are carrying on the true tradition of Bish. It is to these that this issue of the *Mitre* is dedicated, and we offer to them a most hearty welcome.

It has been the policy of the *Mitre* Editorials to deal mainly with matters concerning the College. I feel that some notice should be brought to bear upon the admirable work of the Students' Executive Council. Few people realize the true significance of this body. The Council is responsible for the organization of all extra-curricular activities on the campus. Unfortunately, most of these have become war casualties. But the Council is striving to retain some of the old spirit of the university. In this Michaelmas term, they have proved themselves equal to the task. I know that when the young men leave this university, at this year's end, they will have attained the "esprit de corps" so essential to the warriors who are fighting for the victory of the Allied Nations.

Some mention should also be made of the O.T.C. Al-

though I believe it is the opinion of the students of the College that it would be more practical to substitute an Air Training plan in place of our infantry unit, I know that they are entering into the training with the utmost co-operation. We were greatly hampered by the change of Commanding Officers in mid-term, but under the excellent guidance of Maj. Church we are fast becoming efficient cadets. Our junior officers inexperienced as they are in the art of war, have been giving us a thorough grounding in basic training. The Contingent will again live up to its glorious traditions of the past.

As I write this memorable editorial, the gloom of exams enshrouds us. As we all know, men of the universities are faced with the difficult problem of trying to concentrate on their studies when their thoughts naturally turn to war. In the rooms and in the halls, books are feverishly being read, and dubious students are promising to meet one another in the armed forces after Christmas. I wish everyone the best of luck in the forthcoming trial; and to those who fail to meet the required standards comes the opportunity to prove themselves in another field.

The *Mitre* staff wishes to take this opportunity to wish both the Faculty and students a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

L. E. B. W.

University Education In Wartime

Dr W. O. RAYMOND

These are difficult days for universities and the students who attend them. With the war in the foreground of our thoughts, with normal college life disrupted, and with a diminished number of undergraduates, it requires an effort to retain a sense of the importance and reality of academic work. This is particularly so in a college of liberal arts as distinguished from a professional or technical school. Winning the war is our primary concern at present, and this involves a complete mobilization of all our material resources and a thorough mechanization of them. Scientific invention to fashion and perfect instruments of war is at a premium. In connection with manpower there is an unceasing demand for doctors, chemists, and engineers.

Yet a college of liberal arts is by its very nature a centre of humanistic studies. And the humanities, being non-utilitarian, seem to be somewhat remote from practical exigencies. Consequently the question arises, not merely as to their restriction, but as to whether they have any legitimate place in our adult scheme of education during this crucial struggle. One has only to glance at the reports of actual conditions in the various institutions of higher learning to realize the pertinency of this query. At a recent meeting of the American Association of Colleges, attended by five hundred presidents and deans, a proposal was accepted by which, according to President-Emeritus W. A. Neilson, "Education in the liberal arts for men is out for the duration." This seems to be an unduly pessimistic conclusion, but on every hand there is evidence that the present status of courses in the humanities is a matter of grave concern.

There is, however, a distinction to be drawn amongst studies pursued in a college of liberal arts. From a broad point of view the scientific courses conducted in such an institution may be included amongst the humanities. Pure science in its essence is non-utilitarian. It is an intellectual discipline in which truth is sought for the sake of truth, an effort of man's mind to comprehend the structure and laws of the universe. The technical application of the findings of science is to the genuine scientist a mere by-product of man's intellectual curiosity and activity.

Yet, while this is axiomatic, it is nevertheless true that such objective and disinterested scientific investigation is the indispensable groundwork of the adaptation of science to those technical necessities that are paramount in the war. Therefore scientific studies are not hit in this world conflict to the extent that other humanistic disciplines and cultures have been. It is the humanities in a narrower sense, such for instance as philosophy, theology, history, English, the

classics, modern languages, political and social economy, which have really suffered. From a superficial point of view these seem to many to have no positive and direct bearing on the outcome of the world war.

In order to fortify our faith in the humanities it is necessary to remove ourselves a little in spirit from the dust and smoke of conflict in order to obtain a broader vision and a longer purview. Sir William Beveridge has said: "Democracies make war for peace, not war for its own sake. They fight better if they know what they are fighting for after the war." Beyond this war lie the problems of reconstruction and the future well-being of mankind. It is surely evident that these problems can not be solved through scientific progress. They can only be solved through the inculcation of human virtues and the cultivation of better human relationships.

Science in itself is neither moral or immoral, it is amoral. Science can heal wounds and inflict them. It can discover anaesthetics and manufacture poison gas.

We have travelled a long and hard road since the Industrial Revolution in order to realize the truth of Tennyson's adage, "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers." In many branches of knowledge we infinitely surpass our forefathers. Science and machinery have revolutionized the material world. We marvel at the discoveries of physics, chemistry, and astronomy. But are we wiser than our ancestors? "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." Look at the cataclysmic state of the world today. We are forced to recognize that the advance of what we may call material values has by no means been accompanied by a corresponding advance of what we may call human values. Like Frankenstein we have worshipped the mechanical giant we have cunningly contrived, and now it threatens to devour its creator. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." There was no race in modern Europe more highly educated from a scientific standpoint than the Germans. Consider their ruthless betrayal of human values; their renunciation of Christianity and all that Christianity represents; their acceptance of the brutal doctrine that might makes right, so that civilization threatens to reel back to the law of the jungle, and man surpasses nature in being "red in tooth and claw"; their unblushing and flagrant disregard of truth and the basic principles of morality. It is noteworthy that the Nazis, at the outset of the war, ruthlessly closed universities in Germany that had been famous for their philosophical faculties and cherished a tradition of academic freedom and humanistic culture. The Boston Globe, in a recent editorial,

put this question bluntly: "Do you realize who the Nazis are? They are only one generation of German youth who, having been denied access to humanistic studies, could be indoctrinated with mental poisons like a foetal monster grown in a glass test tube. We had better not copy them."

"Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers." We have made gigantic strides in our knowledge of how to deal with Nature; but in our human relationships, in our perception of how to deal with each other, have we made parallel progress? We can compute with the utmost exactitude the orbit of a star millions of miles away from the earth, but can we compute the orbit of men of a foreign nationality, can we even compute the orbit of our next door neighbour? Is the man who whirls along in a high-power motor car wiser or better than men were in the days when Socrates strolled out of Athens in the age of Pericles, with one companion, and heard the pleasant murmur of waters by the banks of the river Ilissus? Has our mastery of material resources been accompanied by an equal advance in man's real happiness and moral elevation?

The humanities in their essence are non-utilitarian. They centre about the nurture of the personality and spirit of man. Their first aim is to teach us how to live, rather than to equip us with the instruments and tools of a trade or a profession. They are concerned not merely with factual knowledge, but primarily with that enlargement of mind and attainment of wisdom which only comes through the appreciation of the values that everywhere underlie facts. Plato, in the ninth book of the *Republic*, gave counsel which might be regarded as the Magna Charta of humanistic education. It is paraphrased by Matthew Arnold as follows: "An intelligent man will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will less value the others."

But, since this definition of humanism may seem too theoretical and abstract, we may recall that the humanities as well as natural sciences have many applications, and are the groundwork of numerous professions and techniques. To reiterate my argument: the basic problems of the future are all in their essence human problems, and involve our ways of dealing with and living with our brother men. It is not more knowledge, but more wisdom that we need. We need deeper insight into history, law, ethics, sociology, economics, politics, and diplomacy. We need a sympathetic understanding of the intuitions of man's heart and the aspirations of his spirit, the elemental stuff of human nature, which only art and religion can penetratively reveal. We need teachers, statesmen, economists, sociologists, diplomats, philosophers, artists, and divines. For all of these the

study of the humanities is practically a *sine qua non*. They are the fountain springs whence flow those fertilizing currents which can alone give birth to that brave new world of which Tennyson had a prophetic dream.

"Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

Consequently, it seems to me that young men who earnestly and intelligently devote themselves to the study of the humanities today have the guerdon of the future awaiting them. Even in the midst of our world struggle human values count enormously. It is not merely the renunciation but the perversion of such human values that has hurled Germany to the brink of an abyss and inflicted incalculable misery upon the world. As a recent article expresses it:

"Civilization includes far more than the results of intellectual effort. While the conduct of modern war is one manifestation of the enormous power of the intellect, this unprecedented activity is a disaster to civilization, because intellect, when developed without moral purpose and a supreme human end, is destructive of what is most distinctive and worthy in man."

On the other hand, it is the rallying about those elemental principles and values of man's life which the humanities have held aloft like beacon lights throughout the ages, that have given the democratic nations of the earth the strength and resilience to arise Phoenix-like from what seemed to be their ashes, and have constituted the invincible fortress of their morale. They have stood for the freedom and dignity of mankind, truth of mind, and integrity of soul. They have not lost their belief in the eternal varieties of righteousness or the common decencies of morality. They have striven to preserve the bonds of sympathy and fellowship. They have not been unmindful of those qualities which have added to the sweetness and graciousness of life, and above all that upward surge of man's aspiration in art and religion which leads throughout the centuries, by the path of travail and adventure, to a divine and not an animal destiny. These are the ideals, inwrought in the precious fabric of humanism, which constitute the core of western civilization. Under their banner we march conquering and to conquer.

Let us not therefore underrate or disparage our courses in an Art's college in any fickle spirit of opportunism. Democracy in its hour of challenge and crisis desperately needs liberal education. Our aim should be to strengthen not to weaken the status of the humanities in university life.

Introducing

The curtain has risen with the opening of another academic year, and once again, along with other former members of the University, the *Mitre* welcomes all freshmen and newcomers. Indeed, a couple of years ago, most freshmen might have been somewhat skeptical of this professed welcome, but now, protected by the long arm of the law, they have nothing more to fear.

Alphabetically, the first member of a long distinguished list is ELVYN MEAD BALDWIN (Baldy) who was born in Baldwin's Mills on May 12, 1925. Having attended Baldwin's Mills school, Holmes Memorial School, Stanstead College, Lennoxville High, and the Feller Institute, we naturally gather that he is a student and scholar in the true sense of the word. Indeed, our suspicions are carried further when we learn that so preoccupied was Baldy in gaining a wider knowledge of the fundamentals of life, that he neglected all other pursuits in his search after learning. However, college seems to have done him good, for besides studying for a B. Sc. degree, he intends to ski, skate, dance and play football. It would seem a crime against justice that this budding genius will not be allowed to finish his course, but unfortunately he has made up his mind to join the Air Force. In addition to his first week at Bish, interesting past experiences include trips to New York's World Fair, as well as a journey around the Gaspé Coast in a house trailer.

HUGH MURRAY BANFILL came to Montreal in a Christmas parcel in December, 1925. After a few years he was repacked and sent off to Guy Drummond, Alfred Joyce School and finally he reached Lower Canada College, where he played rugby and took great interest in magazine and library work. At Bishop's Hugh plans to take part in badminton, bowling and night life. He would like to obtain a Ph.D. degree at McGill after graduating from the faculty of science at Bishop's. Hugh spent four years of his life in Rio de Janeiro (that's where he learned the Carioca).

MARCEL BERTHIAUME comes straight from Sherbrooke, where he was born on April 23, 1924. He attended Mon Notre Dame Collegiate in Montreal where skiing and basketball would appear to have been his main pastimes. Like several other freshmen this year, he is taking three years' pre-Med, hoping to some day qualify as a full-fledged doctor.

DAVID BLOOMBERG made a happy landing in Waterloo on June 22, 1925. But that first flight so fascinated him that he intends to join the Air Force after three years of sweat and toil working in the lab. His activities at Waterloo High may be summed up in three words: hockey, hooky and nooky. (You can say that again.) Activities at Bish:

Edited by
W. RIESE and A. ROY

hockey, hooky and necking.

JEAN ISOBELL BOAST made her initial debut in Richmond, on September 27, 1924. Here she attended St. Francis College High School where she took an active interest in badminton, debating, skiing and softball. At Bishop's her activities will mainly consist of dramatics and Glee Club as well as an occasional Saturday night. Although her future is somewhat undecided, she is now concerned with the acquisition of an Arts degree, which with a little divine guidance and a great deal of luck, she might be so fortunate to attain.

ELIZABETH BRYANT—Liz, by her many friends with a lazy streak or perhaps just with a chatter complex, first opened her dainty little mouth in April 25, 1925. Living in Sherbrooke, Mitchell School and Sis-Boom-Bah Sherbrooke High were her former alma maters. Here she took part in basketball and badminton, but Liz herself admits that under such trying circumstances little time remained for study. Activities with which she will be mainly concerned will treading these hallowed halls include dramatics, skiing, working and having fun in general. After having graduated with an Arts degree tucked safely under her arm, she plans to continue her academic studies at an Art college, where she some day hopes to rival the artistic productions of such masters as Leonardo da Vinci. Interesting past experiences include this year's Freshmen's dance (Boy what a night!). Oh of course, then there was the trip to Ottawa by bicycle. What with the help of generous truck drivers on the way up, and the able assistance of the C.P.R. on the way back, Liz finally arrived home, in the best of condition.

RUSSELL JOHN BURTON was born within the melancholy sound of the College bells on November 30, 1926. Lennoxville High and Stanstead Weslyn College were indeed honoured by his gracious presence? Activities: Sports, track, dramatics and cadets, in all of which he shone forth with such great exuberance that he hopes to continue them at Bishop's. After graduation he hopes to enter McGill in order that he may eventually swell the rank and file of Industrial Engineers. Predominant among past experiences was an automobile crash which as he himself admits did much to raise the standard of his mental faculties.

JEAN LILIAN CARR. As Jean does not wish to divulge her place of birth, we naturally surmise that she must have descended straight from the skies on the rather hazy morning of December 7, 1924. She attended Osnebruck, Cookshire High and Moulton College Schools, before ending up

at Bishop's. Reason for coming here: To take three year Arts leading to Education.

EDWIN RAOUL CURPHEY made his initial debut in Hul Que., just a few years back—on April 23, 1924, to be exact. He attended Lisgar Collegiate Model School in Ottawa and Sherbrooke High, where he was a member of the Cad Corps. Activities at Bishop's will consist of C.O.T.C. and hockey in which he has still to demonstrate his prowess. After having secured a science degree, he intends to either a chemical engineer, or a bio-chemist. Eddy claims as his most interesting past experience, a game of golf which he once enjoyed with a "pro" who shot a sweet on the Chaudière Golf Course.

FRED G. DELANEY arrived in Quebec City on May 1926. He attended the High School of Quebec and Patrick's School, where he spent most of his spare time bowling, playing billiards and working for the school paper. Fred intends to take up badminton, bowling, and 1 (swimming pool?) at Bishop's. He is trying to secure a B.A. degree in a reasonable time in order to take up medicine later. Two trips to New York in his early youth rank high among his past experiences; but most outstanding is the fact that he was brought up "with the bottle" the love of which he is still unable to deny.

GORDON LIONEL DICKSON tried hard enough but nevertheless did not succeed in missing April fool's day 1926, when he was welcomed in Concord, Vermont. Concord High School he played basketball, baseball and acted as business manager of the school paper. Gordy would like to take up rugby, hockey and basketball this year, and after obtaining his B.Sc. degree intends to join one of the U. S. armed services. He says, every Saturday night was an interesting experience for him and is willing to give up library work. At Bishop's Hugh plans to take part in badminton, bowling and night life. He would like to obtain a Ph.D. degree at McGill after graduating from the faculty of science at Bishop's. Hugh spent four years of his life in Rio de Janeiro (that's where he learned the Carioca).

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HERBERT RUSSEL JOHN DICKSON came in the same C.O.D. parcel as his brother Gordy. He played basketball and baseball almost as well as Gordy, was assistant editor of the school paper and a member of the Glee Club. Except for basketball he is not quite decided yet as to what he will do at Bishop's. Herb would not mind joining the army even before graduation. In contrast to his twin he does not consider any of his experiences worth mentioning.

NORMAN JOHN FAIRBAIRN thrust his wantoned presence on civilization on New Year's Day, 1926. La Tuque High was the seat of his early education where he was a member of the basketball, badminton and ski teams. When not concerned with his struggles in the lab, Norm hopes to continue these sports, as well as taking an active part in the C.O.T.C. Plans after graduation, none. Interesting past

MARGARETE ANN GRAHAM (Peggy) made all Montreal happy with her arrival there on August 11, 1925. Peggy attended Mitchel School and Sherbrooke High School, where she enjoyed skiing, skating, swimming and badminton. She now intends to take part in dramatics, follow social pursuits and lead an academic life. Peggy's plans after graduation are as yet unrevealed. Her past experiences are rather "moving", she "having been here and there".

IRIS JEAN HAMILTON. Her birthplace was the capital city of Canada (February 17, 1926, for your information). At Fort Coulonge Intermediate and Shawville High Schools she had the elite position of school librarian. After graduation with a B.A. degree she hopes to qualify for a High School Certificate in preparation for entering the teaching profession.

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experiences—one or two!

HOWARD S. FUMERTON — Fummy as he is familiarly termed by the inmates of the "shed", shone forth with all the exuberance of his lusty frame on April 9, 1926. He attended Fort Coulogne Public, St. Peter's School and Shawville Academy where he rose to that honourable position of editor of the school paper. Activities planned at Bishop's consist mainly of strictly adhering to all freshmen rules and in particular to answer all phone calls in his building with the greatest alacrity. With a B.A. degree tucked safely away, "Atlas" plans to enter upon a career of ministering to the poor. Interesting past experiences consist of learning to walk, a hazardous and painstaking operation, several automobile accidents, as well as numerous trans-Canada flights.

NORMAN STUART GEGGIE found himself awake in Wakefield, Que., on May 2, 1925. He attended Wakefield Consolidated, St. Allans, Brockville and Ottawa Model School, where he played rugby, softball and tennis. Here, Norman is going in for tennis and badminton and possibly dramatics. After completing his science course he intends to study medicine at McGill. Norman apparently became interested in the medical profession while accompanying his father, a country doctor, on his trips.

ROBERT CLAUDE GIRARDIN, a native of Sherbrooke, was born there on May 2, 1921. Robert attended St. Charles Seminary where he organized radio contests and took part in broadcasts. At Bishop's he intends to take part in all activities for which he will find time and energy to spare. As M. Robert Claude Girardin, B.A., (we hope) he plans to study law and later to specialize in Commercial Law. In Robert's memoirs we read that he had a rather strange encounter with the late Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir.

MARGARETE ANN GRAHAM (Peggy) made all Montreal happy with her arrival there on August 11, 1925. Peggy attended Mitchel School and Sherbrooke High School, where she enjoyed skiing, skating, swimming and badminton. She now intends to take part in dramatics, follow social pursuits and lead an academic life. Peggy's plans after graduation are as yet unrevealed. Her past experiences are rather "moving", she "having been here and there".

IRIS JEAN HAMILTON. Her birthplace was the capital city of Canada (February 17, 1926, for your information). At Fort Coulonge Intermediate and Shawville High Schools she had the elite position of school librarian. After graduation with a B.A. degree she hopes to qualify for a High School Certificate in preparation for entering the teaching profession.

at Bishop's. Reason for coming here: To take three years Arts leading to Education.

EDWIN RAOUL CURPHEY made his initial debut in Hull, Que., just a few years back—on April 23, 1924, to be exact. He attended Lisgar Collegiate Model School in Ottawa and Sherbrooke High, where he was a member of the Cadet Corps. Activities at Bishop's will consist of C.O.T.C. and hockey in which he has still to demonstrate his prowess. After having secured a science degree, he intends to be either a chemical engineer, or a bio-chemist. Eddy claims as his most interesting past experience, a game of golf, which he once enjoyed with a "pro" who shot a sweet 63 on the Chaudière Golf Course.

FRED G. DELANEY arrived in Quebec City on May 16, 1926. He attended the High School of Quebec and St. Patrick's School, where he spent most of his spare time bowling, playing billiards and working for the school paper. Fred intends to take up badminton, bowling, and pool (swimming pool?) at Bishop's. He is trying to secure a B.A. degree in a reasonable time in order to take up medicine later. Two trips to New York in his early youth (?) rank high among his past experiences; but most outstanding is the fact that he was brought up "with the bottle", the love of which he is still unable to deny.

GORDON LIONEL DICKSON tried hard enough but nevertheless did not succeed in missing April fool's day in 1926, when he was welcomed in Concord, Vermont. At Concord High School he played basketball, baseball and acted as business manager of the school paper. Gordy would like to take up rugby, hockey and basketball this year, and after obtaining his B.Sc. degree intends to join one of the U. S. armed services. He says, every Saturday night was an interesting experience for him and is willing to give details in personal interviews.

HERBERT RUSSEL JOHN DICKSON came in the same C.O.D. parcel as his brother Gordy. He played basketball and baseball almost as well as Gordy, was assistant editor of the school paper and a member of the Glee Club. Except for basketball he is not quite decided yet as to what he will do at Bishop's. Herb would not mind joining the army even before graduation. In contrast to his twin he does not consider any of his experiences worth mentioning.

NORMAN JOHN FAIRBAIRN thrust his wantoned presence on civilization on New Year's Day, 1926. La Tuque High was the seat of his early education where he was a member of the basketball, badminton and ski teams. When not concerned with his struggles in the lab, Norm hopes to continue these sports, as well as taking an active part in the C.O.T.C. Plans after graduation, none. Interesting past

experiences—one or two!

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MARY LILLIAN HARRINGTON has come a long way to Bishop's. Emerged from the mists of New Foundland (Trinity East to be exact) on June 21, 1925, she attended Kenogami High School, Stanstead College and King's Hall. Mary played basketball and took an active part in debating, dramatics and literary work. She intends to keep up her dramatics as well as basketball and may also risk a few minor activities. Mary is going to be a teacher (if she does not change her mind), for the purpose of which, we hope, she will take one of Bishop's B.A. degrees along with her. After having lived in Labrador and spending three summers at an Indian mission, Mary "don't get around much any more." We wonder whether she has any intentions of going back to teach little Indians.

JAMES GARDNER HODDER. Several years of college life have gone by since Jim remembers his initiation as a freshman. However to deny him a "write-up" now that he has joined our little society would indeed be an omission of the first order. The pleasure is therefore all ours, in presenting before our readers the contents of the most interesting *Mitre* questionnaire which has been handed in by the Year of '46. As for his place of birth we quote, "Newfoundlander by birth and affection, England by fate and adoption, New Zealand by choice, but as a vagabond in an ever changing world, I give Bishop's University as an adequate address." Concerning his date of birth, he is most retiring, "I have arrived in my twenty-fifth year without achieving much, or at least so it seems to me." Outstanding among schools which he attended were Bishop's Field College, Newfoundland, Wilson's Grammar School, England, the Polytechnical, London, and St. Aiden's College of Durham University, Durham, England. Activities at all these schools may well be summed up as follows "playing the game wherever I could." Jim is intent on securing an L.S.T. degree to be followed by his life long ambition for Holy Orders. Interesting past experiences are astronomical. He has visited every country in Europe except Russia and Turkey, as well as having travelled over the greater part of North America. Answering the call to arms, he joined the Imperial Army on September 3, 1939. During the Battle of Britain he was attached to the Medical Corps in the City of London where he was mainly concerned in giving first aid to air raid casualties.

ORMAND A. HOPKINS first opened his mouth with "Every time she kisses she says I'm a pious creature" on that gruesome day of August, 1925. At Perth Collegiate Institute he gained the reputation of being a "nice little boy" but during month of Bishop's life, wine, women, song and parish work has changed his outlook for the better. Having gained a degree in the Licentiate of Sacred

Theology he plans to enter the priesthood in the diocese of Ottawa. Well, all we can do Ormond is to wish you the best of luck, hoping that you may sometime have the good fortune to land on a nice juicy popsicle.

FREDERICK AYTON HOVEY took a breath of the Sherbrooke air for the first time on March 21, 19—. At Sherbrooke Public and High School Fred took an active interest in rugby, basketball, hockey, badminton and softball. The *Dumbel* found him an efficient circulation manager. At Bishop's Fred plans to take part in rugby, basketball, badminton and golf. As a pastime he is trying to obtain a B.Sc. degree, if possible in one year's time. One of Fred's most outstanding experiences is a hitch-hiking trip to Ottawa. Ever since, however, he spends his Saturday nights in a more or less quiet atmosphere.

FRED KAUFMAN claims to come from Vienna, the city of wine, women and Strauss, where he arrived on May 7, 1924, at 5.00 p.m. B-U-L-O-V-A Bulova watch time. After exhausting the knowledge elementary schools had to offer, Fred started to explore high school life first in Vienna, then in Darlington, England, and finally in Sherbrooke. At Sherbrooke High School he spent most of his spare time managing the business affairs of the *Dumbel*. Fred was also a very active (eating) member of the Hi-Y. At Bishop's he intends to take part in debating and is also considering to work for the *Mitre*. He hopes to enter McGill with a science degree. Unfortunately the record of Fred's past experiences has been lost.

JAMES KENNEDY first saw the bright lights of Montreal on January 30, 1926, where he attended Blymouth Herbert Symonds, Roslyn Public and Westmount High Schools. Here he seems to have been mainly concerned with studies for his sole outside activity consisted of being an ardent supporter of the Air Cadets. Now, however, having entered this hallowed sanctum, he intends to pursue a course which will finally result in a B.Sc. degree. After graduation he hopes to swell the ranks of industrial engineers. One of the outstanding adventures which he claims to have experienced was a trip from Brockville to Kingston, a distance of 05 miles, in a 14-foot rowboat, propelled by a one horse-power motor.

ELAINE FREDERICKA KNUTSON who disdained Quebec as her birthplace, expressed a decided preference for Timmins, on November 23, 1923. She received her elementary grounding at Lennoxville High and King's Hall, where dramatics, sports, glee club and debating were her main activities. In three years' time with a B.A. degree to her credit, she hopes to join the Wrens.

FRANCES PERCIN LADD, another representative of "the Queen of the Eastern Townships", increased Sherbrooke's population by one on May 17, 1925. Frances was a member of the *Dumbel* staff and the Tenzelevenz Club at Sherbrooke High School. She plans to give her wholehearted support to the *Mitre*, dramatics and the Glee Club, but we may also see her bowling and playing volleyball. Right now Frances is quite concerned about obtaining an Arts degree, after which she plans Education (to educate or to be educated, that is the question). Frances thinks her experiences so far have been very commonplace. (Please, don't whistle, boys.)

JOHN D. MACNAUGHTON (General). May 28, 1927, was the disastrous day, when he forced his way into the ranks of the community of Richmond. When John decided to honour St. Francis High School with his attendance there was universal rejoicing. There he took an active interest in hockey, badminton, song and women, being expert in all of the activities mentioned. At Bishop's the General plans to add bowling and golf to the list of his hobbies, his talents in these directions having only recently been discovered. As far as his academic work is concerned John is going in for a science of some sort. After graduation (?) he intends to do some research in Medicine or women or perhaps both. His interesting past experiences, he claims, lie mainly in the social field.

LEO McDONOUGH originally from Detroit, heard his own voice for the first time but by no means the last on August 3, 1927. Leo preferred St. Patrick's Academy in Sherbrooke to Detroit high schools. There he enjoyed a quiet life interrupted only by tennis, hockey and ping pong. At Bishop's he is only going in for "etc" and B.A. Leo claims to have been involved in a lot of mix-ups which naturally must be left to the reader's imagination.

MURRAY McEWEN. Mack, as he is familiarly termed by his many friends, was born in Carleton Place on May 25, 1919. The oldest of the Freshmen, he is indeed, one of the few who shows so much as a particle of common sense. During his twelve years in the neighbouring high school, he gained for himself the reputation of being the best all round athlete the community had ever produced. Now that he is at Bish he no longer has time for such trivialities but is mainly concerned with romance and adventure. Having completed three years pre-med in Lennoxville, Mac intends to go on to McGill to finish we hope with flying honours. It is useless to try to enumerate the adventures which he experienced during several years service in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It will suffice to say that

if anyone is the least bit interested in the arts of boxing, wrestling, Judo or ju-jitsu, a short interview with Mack will doubtless pay them great dividends.

THELMA BERYL PARKER came to Bishop's from North Hatley where she was born on March 3, 1927. She received her high school education at Ascot and Lennoxville where she was a member of the students' council and the Junior Red Cross. Thelma is willing to write for the *Mitre* and to try her luck in dramatics. She is studying for a degree in economics after which she intends to pass on some of her knowledge to others. During one of the most outstanding moments of Thelma's life she was seen by the King and Queen.

Thus we come to GALE FRANK PHARO, who was born in Thetford Mines on February 13, 1926. There during his high school years Gale's activities consisted of hockey, basketball and track; at Bishop's he plans to add badminton to this list. With a Science degree he would like to start working as a chemist; he may, however, spend a year at McGill before doing so. Some time ago Gale was involved in an automobile crash. Apparently it did not leave any serious noticeable after effects.

LILA JUNE PHARO joined the community of Thetford Mines on May 14, 1925. At the Johnston Memorial High School, she took part in badminton, golf, skating, skiing, was captain of the basketball team, and president of the athletic association. She has not planned any activities at Bishop's yet, despite the fact that she has definitely decided to take an Arts degree.

MERNE ELLEN POWERS. On June 3, 1925, the stork paid a welcome visit to the "great industrial metropolis" of Brigham (P. Q. in case you're in doubt). She attended Farnham Centre, Philipsburg Intermediate, Cowansville High and Granby High School. Course of study at Bishop's—Arts. Plans after graduation—teaching.

WALTER RIESE. None other than Berlin, Germany, was his place of birth on May 8, 1924. He attended one of Berlin's most outstanding public schools, a Technical College situated in Darlington, England, as well as good old Sherbrooke High. A member of the Hi-, he eventually assumed the responsibility of editing the *Dumbel*, a publication which is worthy of no small praise. At Bish he plans to debate; he is already working for the *Mitre*, playing basketball and other minor sports. After securing a B.Sc. degree, plans after graduation consist of engineering. His most interesting past experience was crossing the Atlantic on the

ex-luxury liner (censored) which narrowly escaped being torpedoed.

MARY BEATTY SCOTT. Mary was born in Ottawa on March 1, 1922, and attended Litton School, California, Elizabeth Ballantyne and McGill University. Basketball, dramatics, skiing and debating were her main pastimes when not concerned with "rushing" the freshettes. After completing her course in Education she hopes to reach that much coveted position of ringing the bell in the little red schoolhouse. Her most interesting past experience was being "capped" at convocation.

NEIL STEWART arrives straight from his birthplace, Sherbrooke. The date was October 31, 1927. He attended St. Patrick's Academy where in his spare time he perfected himself in the art of ping pong, marbles and spin the bottle. Apart from his first day at Bish where he has enrolled as an Artsman, meeting Hovey seems to have been his most outstanding past experience.

ADA MILDRED SUTTON arrived in the ancient city of Montreal on June 6, 1926. At Westmount Intermediate and Westmount High School she was a member of the Hi-Y and took a very great interest in Operetta. At Bishop's Ada intends to go in for badminton, skiing, and dramatics. Because of her abilities in that field Ada would like to graduate as mono-linguist from the faculty of Arts.

In reply to our question as to her interesting past experiences she says, "Are you kidding?" Her plans after graduation are unknown, but she is now busy procuring a B.A. degree at Bishop's. She sings, she acts, she sports. She's one of the Compton girls who also attended Kingsley Consolidated, Cookshire and Magog High. She was born on February 7, 1926, at Ponch Cove, Newfoundland. Who is she? MARIE MAUD VENERABLE TULK.

The tale of JULIA HELEN VAUDRY began August 15, 1926, at Lennoxville. The call of Bishop's which included tennis, skiing, dramatics, Glee Club and a B.A. degree could not be resisted. Julia's plans after graduation are as yet unsettled, but she hankers after the New England School of Theology in Massachusetts.

RALPH VINEBERG, another Montrealer, discovered this world on July 9, 1921. He went to an astronomical number of schools and finally graduated from Sherbrooke High School where he took an active part in all major sports and was assistant sports editor of the *Dumbel* in his first year. Among activities at Bishop's dramatics and the *Mitre* interest him most. After completion of his arts course Ralph intends to take up journalism. He counts army life in Sherbrooke and Camp Borden as his most memorable experience.

BERESFORD JAMES WATT.—A genuine Juicer, he was born in Burton-on-Trent, England, on May 9, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six. He attended Windsor Consolidated High where his activities were confined to loafing and to the art of soldiery. Although he is now already enrolled in the ranks of the C.O.T.C., he intends to ski and play golf as well. After having graduated with a B.Sc. degree to his credit, he plans to join the ranks of those courageous morons, who cheerfully wend their way to the "G" as regularly as their conscience permits. Interesting past experiences consist merely of "swell necking parties" which he enjoyed (we hope) during his four months in the Active Army.

GERALD THOMAS WHALEN disembarked in Gaspé Harbour, Que., on December 8, 1926. He attended high school in Trois Rivières where he made use of his long limbs in basketball, hockey, badminton, and golf. He plans to keep up the same activities while studying for his B.Sc. degree. After graduation Gerry would like to look down on Bishop's from six thousand feet altitude. His most interesting experience was shooting (trying to shoot) moose at fourteen. For different versions of the story please see him personally.

ROBERT WRIGHT. Ever since April 4, 1924, Toronto has sensed the presence in its midst of this nebulous being. Now he has drifted out to Bishop's and we are vaguely aware that he is taking a B.A. degree in Theology. According to data supplied he attended East York Collegiate School, where he was a prominent member of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship Organization. At Bishop's he plans to take a wholehearted interest in debating as well as supporting the *Mitre* (nice going). Bob's only past experience worth mentioning, he says, was staying with his uncle, Governor of Prince Edward Island, during a visit of Lord Bessborough.

NANCY DORIA MEADE was born in British Guiana, South America, on February 9, 1925. She attended St. Rose's High School, British Guiana, Bishop's High School, Alona College, Victoria College, and finally Varsity University. An excellent athlete, she became Games Captain of all girls' sports, also head girl and head prefect. While studying for an Arts degree at Bish, her spare time will be devoted to badminton, bowling, dramatics, debating and skating. After graduating Nancy plans to go in for journalism. Doubtless the success she will achieve will be in no small part due to her extensive travel on both the continents of North and South America.

Don't - Quit - - -

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

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The Locket

L. E. B. WALSH

Poker always was Butch's favourite game, especially when he could stack the cards. Butch and "Fingers" liked this game even more when they played with ladies, and Butch was in his prime when he pulled four "bullets" and scooped up the prize possession of the two Peruvians. These two worthies in turn pulled two knives and our friends departed swiftly with the locket and an old bystander who happened to be in the way. Oddly enough Butch had a strong distaste for knives, having been stabbed by Tony "The Wop" during a private war, on the corner of 52nd and 9th Avenue back in New York (over the beer racket). Anyway the saloon no longer had the pleasure of their company.

Juan's house was in the general direction of their exit, so he just kept on going the way he was headed. Butch and Fingers with no particular direction in mind, but only distance between themselves and the knife-throwers desired, followed Juan through the breaking day.

Ten miles in Peru is bad, but in a Peruvian desert, at Siesta time, it is unbearable. The three sweat-soaked, dust-caked, bleary-eyed amigos arrived at Juan's home—a hotel. Juan beaming proudly, gurgled, "See? This is the hotel of my father!" The hotel was something Holywood has been trying to copy for a long time and never succeeded in doing—you know the "Death Gulch Valley" type.

Over the door was a sign, Palace of Signor Furoso. This worried Butch considerably for it was no palace, and he preferred to slap down knock-kneed enemies rather than normal citizens. Juan explained that his father had taken his name after the events of a certain Saturday night. It seems that this father had been drinking moonshine during the preceding week and was in fine feather for a bull fight. He expressed his views and his comrades obligingly provided "Furoso" the bull. Well it seems that the bull-tender, being slightly intoxicated had poured beer into the bull's trough by mistake. The result was something like a Viennese waltz. His father was the victor due to the fact that the bull was unaccustomed to imbibing in such large quantities.

Butch held a whispered consultation with Fingers. Doubt was seeping into his mind. This reminded him of the time he had been ambushed by Scarface and his mob, and he had no intention to let it happen again. Fingers, however, had a blind faith in Juan, due to the quart of Scotch he had downed at the saloon. So they agreed to stay at the hotel a while, making sure that they had a good hold on the locket. Juan barred the way telling them they could not enter until Siesta was over. They walked around the building to the east wall and there they found Signor

Furoso sleeping peacefully. With a swift kick from his son he jumped up brandishing his sombrero, and bowing as low as his pot belly and altogether too small red pants would let him. Wiping his face with his shirt tail, pushing his pistol further into his belt and blowing out a handlebar mustache, revealing a bloated and swarthy face he roared, "Welcome to the humble abode of Signor Furoso. My house is yours. After slapping at sand fleas and twisting and cursing and throwing vile chatter around they heard stretches and grunts inside the house. Signor Furoso shrugged his shoulders and said, "My wife." They all went to the front door and knocked and shouted and at last heard the sounds of the bar lifting from the sockets.

As the door opened Furoso grunted, "My wife." Like all latins she was fat, but she looked as though she could handle a gun as well as the best of us. She disappeared returning with a jug of the well known brew and a platter of food, southern style, which might have been sawdust and vinegar. She placed this on a long bar which with a staircase was the outstanding feature of the room. Signor Furoso led them across a floor covered with sawdust. The sawdust was piled higher in one corner to form a bed and there sat a beautiful seniorita blushing coyly. Fingers was now sure that their stay should be prolonged.

Before the two friends could lay their hands on the brew, Juan had to tell his father about the locket. After much idle banter they came to disagreement as to where the four bullets came from. Juan snatched the locket from Fingers, yelling, "See! I have it now. It is mine. No!" His father took up his bull-fighting attitude and the four paired off. Sorrow was expressed on Fingers' face as he lay immersed in the sawdust, and it seemed as though Signor Furoso might have killed the bull even if they were on the same terms. Juan had learnt a lot about Butch's Bronx battling in the last five minutes and his head stuck through the bottom boards of the bar. This reminded Butch of a mounted moose without antlers.

Fingers was definitely in approval of a truce, and the father after this exercise made for the jug. Butch, who was naturally kind-hearted was ready to forgive Juan and Juan in his turn felt that the Spanish race were a bit too emotional. Still there was not the same cordiality as before, but Signor Furoso felt that he must retain his manners and passed the jug around. He extended the jug to Butch. Butch took it, sniffed the open neck, shuddered, then turned and braced his shoulders against the bar, closed his eyes and drank. He passed the jug, sputtering and gasping. Fingers drank and handed the jug to the father. He wetted his lips,

rolled his eyes upwards and drank slowly smacking his lips he passed the jug to his son.

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and by nightfall they were pretty drunk. One gets hungry even if one has been drinking excessively all day. So they turned to the Spanish dish, not bothering to use the knives and forks known to higher society, and washed it down with the brew. After this they were in a more jovial mood. Signor Furoso slipped and fell and they all rushed to pick him up and sit him on his original position on the bar. Laughing heartily, he washed down the sawdust he had gathered in his fall.

At around ten o'clock in the evening, Butch told Furoso that they would like to hide out here a few days. This seems like a good idea to Fingers who was engrossed in a corner with the senorita. Furoso thought it would be a good idea too until he remembered that he was mad at them. So they went on drinking, passing the jug methodically around the circle. Butch suddenly remembered the locket and they all got on the ground with the jug and started searching through the sawdust for it. Signor Furoso searched so diligently that Butch could not help forgive him for trying to take it away, and immediately showed a great affection for him by throwing his arms around him and hugging him like a bear. Signor Furoso took his action the wrong way and a great fight ensued. Juan sat and watched since Fingers was still engaged with the pretty senorita.

After the two had fought for a while everybody decided to turn in for the night. Butch being particular as to where he slept, picked a corner of the room and started to pile up the sawdust for a bed. Juan, who had knocked himself unconscious by banging his head against the wall in a renewed search for the locket, lay crumpled on the floor. His father crawled within easy reach of the jug.

They woke up about nine in the morning when the wife entered with some more food of the same description. Butch and Signor Furoso both went for the jug on the counter, but Fingers shuddered and turned his head. They passed the jug around until about noon and then Signor Furoso again retired for his siesta, the others followed suit.

Promptly at three o'clock the father woke up and was looking around for the jug when there was a knock at the door. He grunted, got to his feet and went to the door, because the others all pretended to be asleep. Just as he got to the door in crashed the two gamblers looking for their locket. Butch leaned over and said, "I wish they would

find it for us."

"What?" said one of the newcomers, "You have lost the locket?"

Signor Furoso swelled out his chest and bellowed "What do you mean lost? You insult the house of Signor Furoso when you think one of my guests has lost something." He picked up the jug, brandished it and put it to his lips taking a long pull. The newcomers looked on thirstily, and the father tempted them again swallowing lustily. Fingers felt kindhearted and reminded him about hospitality. So the newcomers were invited in and the jug was passed around the enlarged circle.

By the time food was served the jug was half empty, and everyone was on good terms with everyone else. One of the newcomers turned to Butch and asked him how the locket had disappeared. Furoso didn't seem to know where it was and the newcomers accused him of making it vanish. Furoso stood at attention with the jug in his hand and with an insulted air bellowed "I challenge you to a duel."

Butch and the other newcomers acted as seconds. Somehow they started a fight of their own and Butch, rather than be eliminated tried to choke him to death. Furoso down with the first salvo, and the two Peruvians hurriedly left the hotel.

They set Signor Furoso up on the counter and his wife came in with her apron over her face and started to wail. Butch took a round off the jug and said the old hotel wouldn't be the same without the old man. Fingers was well occupied with the senorita and Juan was drowning his sorrow in the jug. After a while they all turned to the jug and they were all happy again.

Signor Furoso who was only knocked out after he fell to avoid the bullets now came to and he was most annoyed to see that they weren't mourning over his death. He sat up and shouted, "where is the locket which I offered my life so courageously for." They all turned around in surprise and Butch dropped the jug. They were all glad that he was still alive, although, for a moment, his wife thought he was a ghost and proceeded to voice her opinion in a loud shriek which reminded Butch of Molly, the gun moll, when she was getting the third degree.

Fingers retorted "I gave the locket to the senorita yesterday." Whereupon they were all relieved and this time Butch's bear hug was correctly interpreted. They began to pass the jug around again. Fingers gave a contented sigh in the corner.

Office Glamour

THE TYPEWRITER

Just as Bacon wrote essays on all topics of his day, yet because the lowly and temperamental typewriter had not been invented, it suffered a sad fate, which I shall surely attempt to rectify. The typewriter contends with the adding machine as the number one Glamour Girl of the Office.

Due to its more curvaceous form, and that its pedigree contains a greater amount of "blueblood", we find the men continually swarming about and lovingly fondling it. But, my dear reader, do not look askance as I say this, I assure you, it happens in the best of families. For is not beauty in the female sex generally man's downfall?

But the typewriter, knowing its own prowess, becomes "fast" only under skilled hands. And this is why I am writing this tale of awe and anguish. For I just can't manipulate this brazen female. (I say brazen because contrary to our moralistic ideas, she clothes herself not during the day and retires at night unromantically clad in sackcloth.)

Thus, her true character may be seen. She is of that class of female who on being told to do this, do that, who flirt with men and annoy women. Please don't think that I haven't tried. Each day I sit before her in homage to her beauty and swiftness. Each day I work my fingers to the bone to attain swiftness that will chant a pretty tune and soothe her ruffled spirits. Does she help? No! Each day she moves her letters around so I'll be a little more baffled when I pay my respects to her, and I sit and fume, trying to gain enough courage to free myself from her bondage, but I cannot escape her magnetic personality. For those who are the worshipers of idols must pay the penalty—work!

Notwithstanding her temperamental personality, she has uses in an office. For all those uneducated white collar workers, she is a blessing. Those poor souls who can hardly write, but can stumblingly read the alphabet, employ it constantly and very gracefully with their index finger, as one holds a teacup in the presence of the mighty. And then there are the speed-demons, who each in turn presents a momentary infatuation. But being but a creature of the iron age, her loves are short and tempestuous and leave few scars.

In true femininity, she is a creature of wiles—mercenary ones. Not that she is expensive, oh no! But each time she favours you with a compliment, her cry is "ribbon, rib-

Miss J. MILNE

bon" and each swain unto whom she pleads brings forth a ribbon—that beautiful blue which can be seen only for an infinitesimal minute between twilight and the blackness of night. Now you have seen the typewriter, in all her mystery, a friend to the deft, a foe to the clumsy.

THE ADDING MACHINE

Since I have portrayed the typewriter in all its mystery, in fairness I must tell of her rival, a matchless beauty.

That is, beauty as far as men are concerned. Without doubt, she has nowhere in the whole wide world a rival, for the truth is, she has the best of "figures". And what more does a man ask? Curves galore—and in the right places, not one single line out of proportion. No wonder she is gaining popularity throughout the business world. There are none who do not know of her, have not heard of her famous calculating mind, yet yearn with their utmost passion to possess her. For one glance at her and she coyly succumbs, one touch of the finger and work is dissolved into a mist. But, my reader, these are only the fancies of the male mind. Because I know the sad truth of the matter.

Even I acknowledge that of all the figures in the world hers is perfection. But, alas, she moves herself into tantalizing and diverting positions, under the touch she pretends to be pliable, secretly men gloat and think "I have conquered." They hurry, they speed up their actions, faster, faster, to remove all her goodness and when they are finished they leave her, thinking that it is they who are clever and have removed her innocence. And the answer, it is wrong. Man must humble himself before her and return to pray for her forgiveness. This time, abashed at his own inadequacy, and ashamed of what he stole for sheer passion, he moves more slowly. This time he takes his time. He goes over each curve carefully, his passion is cooled and yet not dead. She may take compassion on him this time and allow him to leave her, correct and happy.

Not all does she do this to. For do not think she is fickle. Her passion is long-lived and when once gained, if not neglected, will flourish, and man may reap his most coveted reward. Under a familiar and practised technique, she will unfold like a new born rose and all shall be his for the asking. The best of her is given up to man. And her reward—none but a ceaseless pounding and beating on her body, her figure may become mutilated but she takes time out for repair and returns—unrivaled and unconquered.

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Nocturne

H. BANFILL

It seems to me a wrong symbolism and attitude, that the tolling of the Chapel bell for evening prayers is accepted as the forewarning of a gloomy night. Such is not the case—it merely ushers out the sad day, giving no hint of the revelry to come. Contrary to the understanding of some, indeed beyond their powers of comprehension, is the fact that the night is the time for life, and day the time to make up one's lost energy by means of forty minute periods of sleep.

Supper at night is usually very uneventful unless one of the help spills a pile of plates or the freshmen get fed first. One professor mumbles grace to himself—if forced to, and another gazes benevolently at the latecomers.

Evening proper begins with a cigarette in the lower halls. As the smoke clears it becomes apparent that the crowds have broken up and diverse deeds are about to commence. Some edge off to their rooms to cast away their gowns—and the night-errants think of damsels to be rescued from a night of boredom to the confines of a dance or the Wellington Grill. Various others scurry around with no apparent end in view.

For those who have been forced to stay in by some crazy reason such as work, or a very practical reason such as lack of funds, the bell for the mail distribution brings a gleam of hope. Perhaps your pecuniary difficulties may be solved, that little blonde or fast brunette has written you again . . . or then of course your dreams of future prosperity may have been shattered and the little woman turned you down. Granted, however, that the result you had anticipated has come, you either keep on playing bridge, go out in a belated start or save your money for tomorrow night. Work of course is a very useless make-shift solace.

Work is always a distressing thought, even more so in the evening when you should have some luscious wench on your lap—or at least be trying to get her there, anyway. However, if work you must, your general progress will be a false start on the wrong problem, a hasty scribble and faster crossing-out (not passing-out), a gnashing attempt at tooth sharpening on a pencil and after the usual caustic crowd has collected, start throwing the bull, or playing the inevitable round of bridge. We defy any expert to inform a certain freshman that eight clubs cannot be bid over seven diamonds in contract bridge.

Bridge is a wonderful game for those who can play, or rather think they can, and those who wish to enlarge their vocabularies (if they can be enlarged). The play at times has a strange tendency to encourage bidding like: two diamonds, two spades, three clubs—in a wavering voice, three

spades, four clubs, pass, damn, double, hell . . . and so on, till midnight.

The night-errants—these are a group by themselves—whom everybody wishes to join, and usually do as the first cheque arrives at the beginning of the month. It is a very varying group whose qualifications are only that "thou shalt be able to pay for thyself", and any incidental baggage whom you happen to be squiring that night. The procedure is to round up those with a temporary financial foundation and form a group, at-or-not-at the nearest telephone booth. "Cherchez la femme?" is the battle cry. The women's angle having been solved, the next procedure is to pick them up; if you have already dated them, so much the better, if you haven't—pick them up anyway. The procession then wends its way to the nearest dance, tavern, or grill. The fun then starts, as many, if not all, again try their ability as brewery trucks. As long as they can get it out of the kegs or the bottles, there is no amount they won't try to carry—successfully or otherwise, but usually otherwise. Bacchus having been placated, the women are taken home—if the men can get that far, and then starts the merry ride back to college, by taxi, thumb, or any other means of conveyance.

Morpheus must be a darn poor lover, or those who grace his arms wouldn't do such queer things, make those strange noises, or get those absurd feelings. For those who don't know what I mean, perhaps I had better explain. Quite a few of the inmates of this asylum get nightmares—terrible things, which make them twist and turn, and rock to-and-fro. This goes on with a sudden start, and the spasm is of short duration, usually climaxed with a violent upheaval and capsizing of the bed. The resulting groans are usually stifled under the sheets, with the help of a pressing matter (excuse me, mattress). Those who have experienced this, say the feeling is strange . . . being rocked and then feeling as if the world were giving way underneath you, and Atlas had let-go. Slightly of the same grain are those "queers" known as somnambulists (what a word). They go wandering around at all times during the night, waving their arms and themselves, wearing a blank mystified look, and having a general mental fixation that they are too hot, and want a cold bath. Ah! such men!

Sleep and too much beer are the opiates of humanity (as we know it) and as such deserve a place in life. When the beer is finished, and sleep is coming on, then shines the light of another day, and our dear friends the professors once more give us a chance to rest, as we wait for the evening to approach.

A Letter

November 1, 1943.

Dear Fran,

Sorry I haven't written before to tell you all about Bish. (That's what they all call it.) Well, I'm all settled now—and I think it's a swell U. (They call it that too.) The Prin (they call him that too)—and say — Fran — he knows *me*. This is the funniest place—the Profs speak to the students and know them—well anyway, I had an interview with him and my course is super-duper.

—But about Bish—it consists of two buildings—one's new and the other's old. But I can't tell them apart. However there really is a difference and one is newer—not saying how new—but newer. Any way the front one has scaffolding all up the front—they say that work is being done up on top—but personally I believe the seniors find it a handy entrance late at night—but don't mention that—heavens, no! They say that we frosh will learn soon enough.

Chem Lab is such fun! We make the darndest things. Not being at college, you wouldn't understand the technical language—but you'd like the pretty colours that things turn out to be. But really the social life there counts. The girls are nice—they come in small numbers—but quality out does quantity these days—wartime and all that. And that reminds me. We have training. It always rains Wed-

nesdays and Fridays, but cold capsules are cheaper than cleaner's bills!

And there was a dance too—we picked our dates from a hat—(don't tell any of the gang at home—but that's what happened.) I danced with more fellows' girls—nothing like getting around, I always say!

I mustn't forget the track meet. Oh, Fran—you should have been there to watch me—I entered a contest and threw a thing—or at least I tried to—but the amazing thing was that the wrong person won—because dozens of us had a hard time throwing the thing once, but one fellow—Hercules, all the girls called him—threw it back every time. I can't understand why no one competed against him praps they thought he was too good—but they didn't announce him as a winner. Can't understand it! And one poor fellow didn't have any shoes, and you know what he did, Fran? He ran all the races in his bare feet! Now that's what I call a real sport!

There goes the dinner bell—and I'm off in a flash to hash! Remember me to the old crowd.

Morley.

P.S. A Pseudo-Leap Year Dance is coming up, and I'm shaking in my shoes. A good-looking fellow has to be mighty careful, you know.

K. L. FARQUHARSON

On Relief

On relief

From lecture, the loving couple wiled away
Their precious time, with n'ere a thought for judgment day,
For they rejoiced in skipping class,
That they might lie upon the grass
Beneath the trees, and talk of things
That dealt with love and wedding rings,
The Senior and the Co-ed.

The Senior and the Co-ed
No longer live a life of blissful ease
Because they're married now and work like busy bees
For three offspring, and till late at night
They oftentimes talk beneath a bare, unshaded light
Of things like sadly wasted college days,
And failure to amend misguided ways,
They're living in the south I do believe,
On relief.

The Sphinx

J. HODDER

Sir Lawrence Gomme said that "to have studied London to the full, is to know that London tells her own story and that no one can tell it for her." It is therefore a small thing indeed to act as scribe, for the inspiration is drawn from the great city itself.

The spell of London can not be explained. I expect that every man or woman in this world who has suffered the wonder of being loved has at some time asked, "But why do you love me?" The unsatisfying answer never varies. "Because you are you." Likewise London is London.

I was walking along past Lambeth Underground Station late one night and slowly wandered over Westminster Bridge, and turned right to enter the Embankment. Big Ben towering over my head boomed out 11 o'clock. It was a fretful autumn night with a movement of clouds across a pale moon. I stopped before Cleopatra's Needle to light my pipe. It was an odd thing to find such a monument along the Thames Embankment. The naked light of the match showed me the cuttings in the stone where a stray bomb, during the last Great War to end wars, had left its mark. Then the fading match showed up the Sphinx at the base of the Needle. I loved it because it had a distinct way with you, a spell, a beauty and such amazing character. It was not a smiling Sphinx. It required some considerable understanding, so much in fact, that people often began to love it by first hating it. There was nothing cheap or vulgar in its soul. It had knowledge of everything that can happen to a human being—all the tears of sorrow and all the smiles of joy. How barren my soul felt in its presence. What did the Sphinx think of me? I, who as a young man was full of ambitions and mighty works and now, nearing forty was in reality a broken man in spirit. I knew my downfall. It was the colour of her hair.

How cynical I had become. How right was Wilde when he said that a cynic was a man who knew the price of everything but the value of nothing. I knew, as all cynics know in their hearts, that cynicism is only a pose. And what is pose but playing at seeming to be what one is not. How could I hope to be original, even on the humblest scale, if I insist on being an actor. The Sphinx was cruel to me that night. It bared my cheap soul. The Sphinx knew somehow that I still wanted to do some real good in the world. Had I deteriorated too much? I thought I saw the Sphinx smile. Was it a smile of encouragement. No—impossible. I was a fake and I knew it. My pose was to pretend to know, to pick up formulas, thanks to which I could judge airily of literature and art and music. I was nothing better than a gramophone. Yet the strange character of that Sphinx

gave me courage. I felt that a change was to come in my cheap and vain life.

I wanted to leave London. No—London was part of me. Just to ride down the Strand in rain on top of a bus, or to stroll along Pall Mall on a bright sunshiny day was enough to keep me in London. London forced itself upon me, a spiritual anchorage if you will. I must get away from the Sphinx. My God, what a dreamer it made of me. I half ran up to Piccadilly Circus. Piccadilly at this moment was an avenue of amber lights aglow with the thrill of theatres, limousine doors are closing on visions of silken ankles, the lovely trees in Green Park gave a weird beauty in the lamplight. The glamour of Piccadilly. I did not fit in it at all. I had squandered my money. When the last penny goes, and you are too proud to exhibit your poverty, solitude and memory are all you have and one seems to talk to them and people think you are talking to yourself.

My attention was rivetted to a shrunken mishapen lump of humanity crouching on the opposite pavement. His limbs were horribly twisted and the hands that were holding out a greasy cap for the purpose of holding money that sympathetic theatre goers might throw in, were shaking pitifully. London had many street beggars but not even the blind beggars could present such a hopeless sight. The beggar was so grotesque that many threw in a coin not so much out of sympathy but as with a desire to get away from the nightmare as quickly as possible. I watched unseen from the shadows. When the crowd dwindled away the dwarf shuffled off slowly around the corner. He looked in all directions and thinking he was unseen began the most amazing transformation that man has ever witnessed. Slowly the bent crippled legs straightened to normal proportions. The crooked body straightened and the twisted elbows curved around into a natural position. Obviously the man was a born contortionist and saw no other way of using that gift than to deceive his fellow creatures.

At last here was my chance. Chance! What do you mean? Let me explain. I pursued the fake cripple and had a long and earnest chat. At first he doubted me but the promise of my remaining £50 was not to be missed.

For two weeks the daily newspapers were full of accounts of a mysterious healer—a faith healer. This prophet was going to show that through the power of God hopeless cripples could be healed by faith. Yes, my reader, I was the prophet. Yes—still a fake—oh, but wait. On the prescribed day I appeared in Hyde Park dressed in a long purple robe and black beard. I gave a long oration on the unutterable beauty and strength of God and his power to

heal. Among my 3000 hearers were some who were not merely idlers come to mock a prophet or those who were merely interested and curious, there were several cripples—incurable cripples whom medicine and surgery could not heal? Yes—you guessed it—and my friend the hunchback who had bent and twisted himself more than ever. I shall never forget the silence when I invited any cripple to come forward and receive my blessing. As arranged the grotesque little hunchback shambled forward. By God he was an actor. The pain he showed on his face—the suffering. After a long prayer I laid my hand upon him. Once again he went through that marvellous transformation. More slowly this time. More torturous it seemed. The silence was frightening. Before my eyes loomed the spectre of the Sphinx. It had faith in me. At last—the hopelessly twisted body of the hunchback returned to normal. There was no applause. Amazement and incredulity took its place. A brighter light shone in 3000 pairs of eyes. Then my eyes

fell upon the sweetest child I have ever seen. If only Michael Angelo was there to paint as she sat in her wheelchair where she spent all her life. She would never walk in this world—but no—look, look. She was slowly rising from her wheelchair and then cautiously walked towards me. Her wonderful eyes expressing her faith and belief in me. Thank God—again I say thank God I was not a fake. What I actually prayed and hoped for had happened. I had never believed that God worked in a mysterious way. But He had use even of a fake. The people were on their knees, some for the first time.

As far as the world knows the wonderful prophet disappeared from London.

A week later the little pale moon looked out of a flurry of clouds as I walked on towards Cleopatra's Needle. The Sphinx registered no emotion. It had completed its work. A lost soul had returned to a human body.



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Why - When - Where ?

H. FUMERTON

My name is Christopher Bailey. That I know—but nothing more except what I am going to tell you. My sombre form, draped in black can tell me nothing, my brain refuses to answer, I wander endlessly into the unknown future from a forgotten past, I am alone on an endless, torturous waste.

The sirens went that night at 11 p.m.—hideous, screeching, inhuman death knells. London, Bristol, Plymouth—they all seemed so far away—only names. But Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, all obliterated—No, it can't be true . . . But it is.

Now where was I?—let me think. Oh yes, the sirens went at eleven—instantly the University was darkened. Life, for a time, almost ceased to exist. A tense, bottomless feeling of suspense enshrouded the silent company huddled in the lower reaches of the New Arts building. No one dared to speak. The silence, itself, was terrifying. Then a cigarette was lighted and instantly slapped out. Someone choked a laugh, and soon we were all roaring more from nervousness than anything else. A certain person wished he had a deck of cards but that was silly—they couldn't have seen to play anything. Then silence again. I heard someone ask the time—about 3.30. Good Lord! When will this ever end.



We heard no plane—only a shrill whistle—then an ear-splitting crash, followed by a second, a third and I think a fourth. My stomach left me. I tried to rise but fell flat. This surely was the end. In that split-second interval I said every prayer I could think of. The light flashed, the sirens shrieked—louder and louder. They almost drove me mad. Falling bricks, stones, beams, the whole building itself came down on us muffling the cries of the dying. It was then that I heard that plane. It seemed to be mocking us. It came down low surveying its handiwork. I held myself tense expecting another Gethsemane. It rose, circled again, then was off. Oh how I cursed it! How long all this lasted I have no idea. I lay motionless for several minutes. Then I attempted to rise. A sharp pain gripped me and I sank back. I struck a match—it went out. I struck two and in

the dim light found myself spattered with blood. A head wound was bleeding profusely and my leg hurt. I groped around looking for an exit. Where was everyone? I tripped over something and a shudder of horror went through me. Yes, it was him—that young fellow who sat next to me in history class this morning. But where was the rest of him? Dawn was breaking when I collapsed.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. The nurse gave me an injection and told me to lie still. I tried to move but I couldn't. I supposed I was in Sherbrooke. There were people lying all around me. Some people were crying—others looked perfectly calm. The doctors and nurses were scurrying about at a great rate as if something terrible had happened . . . As if something terrible had happened! Then I remembered it all and I confess I lost control of myself. I cursed God and everything holy. I tried to leap out of bed only to be seized by a pain that cut me like a knife. The doctor seized me and held me and the nurse gave me another injection. Then I went to sleep. It seemed ages before I awoke. When I did awake I was not in the hospital. I seemed to be everywhere at once, stumbling and feeling for my way. Queer sensations passed through my body. Fantastic shapes loomed before my eyes. I thought I heard people laughing at me but I didn't care. I asked someone for directions. He only looked at me and moved on. So I kept going—going—going. The next thing I was conscious of, was standing in the hallway of what remained of the Old Arts building. The smell of abandonment and utter desolation filled the air. The floors were covered with plaster and all sorts of wrecked material, for they had not yet cleared them. The sun shone in upon the roofless shell and cast its gleam on a hastily written notice, tacked to the wall, which read: The identified dead and injured from the enemy raid of November 18 are as follows. I glanced down the list—hurriedly, because I wanted to leave this place—this tomb. Then I turned to go. But wait! What was that name near the top of the list. There it is, the fourth name. Why it's Christopher Bailey—killed. I repeated the name over and over again to myself. At last it struck me. "That's my name," I screamed, "I'm not dead—a bit shaken perhaps, but I'm alive—not like some of those poor guys." But yet, my name was there, written in ink. It stared down at me and I gazed at it stupefied. Then I caught the list and tore it up because it was a lie. Just a minute! That list said "in the enemy raid of November 18." This is only the 15th.

Oh, God! What's happened to me? Am I dead or am I alive or am I just stark mad? . . .

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Making Bandages

E. and F. M.

"Anybody seen the show this week?"
 "No! Any good?"
 "Have you heard Pinky's song?" (very audible groan)
 "Oh Liz, what about our paramecium, have you put any water in them?"
 "No, not very good, not enough like the book."
 "Everybody hates men
 Nobody loves me
 Guess I'll eat some worms . . ."
 "Oh must you!"
 "No I forgot about the bally things. Anyway the incubator is high and that's enough to keep anybody away."
 "And Pinky's so jealous!"
 "Cliff didn't get any in his culture you know."
 "I know, poor thing, after he spent all afternoon chasing them from one drop to another."
 "Oh, come off it, you two!"
 "Do you want to hear something funny?"
 "No!" (uncomfortable pause).
 "Where were you working this summer?"
 "R.C.A. Victor. Heard a lot about the C.C.F."
 "Did you do your essay for Owen?"
 "Yes, I know him, he's my new secret passion."
 "What do you really think of the party?"
 "I don't know, quite. Rather a good idea."
 "Oh, I can write it on Sunday. Only a day late."
 "What on earth do you see in him?"
 "He's nice, really he is."
 "My father says he would vote for it if he didn't have a job to hold on to."
 "Do you believe in working on Sunday?"
 "Don't go for the strong, silent type myself."
 "Did he mean it?"
 "Sure, why not? C.C.F. will be the next Dominion government."
 "That brings us much to heaven and hell."
 "Who's strong? He's as thin as a rail."
 "Nonsense, Liberal-Conservatives will be in."
 "You just don't know a darn thing about it."
 "Do you believe in hell?"
 "I guess so."
 "You mean hell fire and brimstone?"

"I sat beside him in Sid's lecture."
 "What for? To calculate his age by his teeth."
 "Oh, can the politics, you two. Don't let's have a fight here. After all we must keep the bandages clean you know."
 "What do you think heaven is?"
 "Are you pinching yours at the ends?"
 "No, too much trouble and it leaves a lump."
 "Haven't any idea, who can tell."
 "You must be agnostic, then."
 "You might call it that."
 "I just love my part in the play, it's so cute. Only I'm going to change my husband's name to Dickie."
 "I wonder why." (she giggles coyly).
 "He's got curly hair, too."
 "Not curly — kinky!"
 "My edges have horrible little wisps. Where the devil are those scissors?"
 "Gee, we have a lot of freshmen this year."
 "They don't come up to last year's though."
 "I like A. A. Milne, don't you?"
 "I love Pooh."
 "Oh you're so lucky, I wish I could fall in love. It must be wonderful."
 "Oh Edie, shut up!"
 "I like Egore better."
 "But Piglet's so sweet."
 "You're just prejudiced. Is he coming down from Montreal this week-end."
 "I thought you were a one-man woman."
 "No, life's too short."
 "Remember Roo and Piglet getting mixed up?"
 "It's leap year next year, but I'm waiting till the one after that. How about you?"
 "No time like the present!"
 "You mean, to use your *savoir faire*."
 "Could you lend me the second Pooh book, Marion?"
 "Algae has one!"
 "What are you in such a hurry for?"
 "Got to meet my man at five."
 "Just the pips on his shoulder, that's all."
 "Nuts! she's been that way for a year now."
 "Would any of you young ladies like a cup of tea?" (Mad scramble).

Bovarist

Pen was about to leave Mary's house, when a voice hailed him, it was his friend Bern.

"What's your hurry?" he asked.

"Well, Mary asked me to accompany Miss Certis home in Jim's car."

"Miss Certis eh! Do you know her?"

"No, I'm going to meet her now."

The girl had been introduced to Pen just as Miss Certis; everytime he said "Miss", she told him everyone called her "Cig". She wore a sleek sport coat of fur with a high collar. She was slender and fair, with dark, bored eyes and the sort of a mouth that is made by ignoring the mouth entirely, and painting on a vivid petalled pout. She could not have been older than seventeen—her lassitude, her bored eyes and over-plucked eyebrows, her way of murmuring "How amusing" in a voice not amused, made her seem years older. Or rather they made her seem "seventeen trying to seem years older." Jimmy, Cig and Pen rode in the front seat. Cig, whose ennui her long glance at Pen had cast away, sat with one silken leg over the other, shapely and agleam in the list of the dashboard. The toe of her dangling foot just grazed Pen's ankle. She was still quiet, by no means animated; but her dark eyes were no longer bored. She sat a little nearer Pen, and gave him a peeping profile, silhouetted against the dark light of the night. She had a low, husky voice, and talked with her head bent slightly forward, Pen, to hear her had to incline his head towards her. This made all their conversation seem very intimate. He knew that, even though she pretended not to be interested, her mind was strongly concentrating on him. You could know that she thought him handsome, dashing, and romantic. Also his being older than her made him all the more a better adventure.

She was always smoking. She would always say "Cig". Pen thought maybe that was why she was called Cig for short. He had them for her and every time he handed her one, she took it slowly from him, as if it clung to his fingers.

When they prove up to her address, she asked him in for

P. BEAUDRY

a drink, which he accepted. On entering her apartment, she went to her room to take off her wrap and told Pen to mix the drinks.

When she came out he subjected her to a slow inspection from the toes up. She had on red shoes, silk stockings like sunburn embroidered with seams, low V-front red dress, with a tight bodice and a flaring skirt. Her yellow hair swirled across the back of her head between red ear-tips leaden with jade. She had on a new mouth, so moist, so recently and richly applied, that you thought her every breath would surely smear it.

On seeing her thus, he had a youngish inward feeling. His thoughts were destructive, he wished to run his hands through her hair and ruin that lovely coiffure, to smear the red mouth—that new moist mouth. It was too perfect, something ought to be done about it.

"Well?" said Cig's mocking voice, "Why don't you?"

She was standing close to him now, and her chin ever so slightly at that right angle; her eyes showed invitation, the red mouth, curved and smiling.

"I'll be damned," thought Pen, "she thinks I want to kiss her!"

"Act your age," he told himself.

He stretched his right arm and his fingertips gently rocked the red jade tied to her earlobes; then his fingers delicately slipped down her lovely, warm, soft and white cheek to touch, ever so slightly, her moist, red mouth.

"And spoil that? Oh no, I couldn't. My artistic appreciation won't let me."

Maybe she was hurt at this remark, but she certainly didn't show it. She turned away suddenly, saying: "Come on, get your coat and let's go places . . . child!"

"Child," he said slowly and well accentuated.

That was too much, he could only stand a certain amount.

He said: "Come back here," in a voice that sounded angry, but held no anger.

Grabbing her by the wrist, he turned her around and kissed her . . . not childishly . . . after all!



This Business Of Passing Exams

(The Mitre is reprinting for your convenience (?) a day by day account of how to pass Christmas exams. If we had released this earlier we have no doubt that it would have solved all your problems. But we're just mean that way.)

Nov. 30.—Make resolution to begin work immediately after supper. Eat supper. Go to show. Then to bed.

Dec. 1.—Make very firm resolution to work immediately after supper. Have supper. Take a few minutes off after supper to watch bridge game. Then decide to play just one or two hands. Then play all night.

Dec. 2. (Saturday)—Decide *very* emphatically it was time you settled down to work. Have supper. Go out to celebrate something or other.

Dec. 3.—(Sunday) . . . BLANK . . .

Dec. 4.—Sit down at 7 p.m. to do six hours of steady, uninterrupted work. Run across doubtful point in notes. Go into friend's room to clear up the matter. Stay for two hours and discuss life, love, women, etc. Then go to bed. (Mustn't fall behind in your sleep.)

Dec. 5.—Examinations now four days off. Work from 7 to 3 with no time off. Smoke forty cigarettes in process. Sleep soundly.

Dec. 6.—Lana Turner in an Extra-Special Production comes to the local theatre. Mustn't miss it under any circumstances. Make up for time lost by sitting down to work all afternoon. Find *Cosmopolitan* on desk. Read three stories and do one cross-word puzzle (great educational value). Have supper. Show. Bed. Dream of Miss Lana Turner.

Dec. 7.—Read ad. saying that stale rancid coffee keeps you awake nights. Smuggle some of Dewhurst's coffee up to room. Take 15 minutes off at 11 p.m. for coffee with friends. Drink plenty of it as you are going to work all night. Spend two sociable hours discussing usual subjects. Return to work. Fall asleep in chair. Wake at five. Find chair very uncomfortable. And so to bed.

Dec. 8.—Examinations two days off. Work all after-

noon. Work at night until ten. Get exceedingly restless. Get up and wander around corridors. Meet other restless students. Indulge in glorious water-fight, being careful that no time shall the water on the floor exceed a depth of six inches. Change clothes and resume work. Bed at 3.

Dec. 9.—Work all afternoon on next day's exams. Work all evening on next day's exams. Bed at 3.

Dec. 10.—*Der Tag*. Rise at 5. Make a little book size of postage stamp. Fill book with notes in very small script. (We recommend the Zilch Biology Pen.) Take little book surreptitiously into exam room. Find notes are so sparse and written so finely that they cannot be deciphered. Despair. (Moral is obvious.)

Dec. 11.—Latin examination. Enter exam room. Look over the Latin paper. Write in exam book: "Veni, Vidi, victus sum". Sign name to exam book and hand in.

Dec. 12.—Have shirt-sleeves starched half-way up to elbow. Fill with notes. Enter exam. room. Find that the 200-lb. Freshman who usually sits in front of you is not writing an exam. this morning. Therefore you have to write directly under professor's stern eye. Shirt-cuffs ruined for nothing. Tsk! Tsk!

Dec. 13.—Enter exam. room. Write about a dozen words on the first question. Simulate faint by rolling off seat into aisle. Great consternation. Get carried out. Get aggregate standing for that exam. Success!

Dec. 14.—Last exam, and then freedom! Enter exam. room in very high spirits. Write very fluently. Fill three exam books. Write anything and everything that occurs to you, whether it has something to do with the question or not. Be sure to work in the story about the travelling salesman.

Jan. 4.—Explain to Dad that the F's on your report stand for "Fair".

A free booklet on "How to pass *June* exams" will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.





"Well, what now, you old chimney climber?"
 "Just a reminder... give everybody Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Notes and Comments

K. L. FARQUHARSON



Editor's Note.—Unless you are a member of this University, have a fairly good imagination and are ready to sit down and ramble with us for a short time . . . omit the following.

This issue marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of "The Mitre". It was in June 1843 that the greyish coloured magazine bearing the above title was first published. Crowned by a latin quotation *Hic est aut nusquam quod quaeramus*, its cover included the College shield, the contents, and an inscription which read "A monthly Magazine of Literature, University Thoughts and Events". It was the last part of this inscription which immediately caught our eye, for it is in college thoughts and events that this column is mainly interested. Accordingly we went browsing in the old files and came up with a life history of this department. It was, apparently, founded even before the first *Mitre* in a small scandal sheet known as "The Frying Pan".

This was succeeded in the first *Mitre* by a column known as "Arts Jottings", which lasted for a good many years, finally breaking up however, into disjointed sections. These sections, which were under such various titles as Freshette Notes, Divinity Notes, and Co-ed Notes were finally reunited again only in 1934 under the heading "News and Notes". Three years later one J. D. Carmichael brought the column into its present form, and in 1938 the department assumed the title which it now bears. Accordingly, at the outset, let us hasten to say that we desire in no way to change the temper of this column. Its purpose will undoubtedly be made all too clear to you should you by any accident read further. Let us add only this, that should we at any time do anyone an injustice please bear with us for injury of any sort would, we assure you, be accidental.

Actually it was with amazing suddenness that the university got under way for the 1943-44 academic year. Those of us who were accustomed to the pre-war rabble rousing days that formerly preceded the first morning of lectures, were gravely disappointed at the quiet way in which the college ushered in the new term. The seniors, as usual arrived early and propped up their newly papered rooms. Meanwhile, however, there had been no sign of the Freshman. It had been rumoured that several had been seen around the university, but these only at a distance, while other reports had it that strange noises could be heard in the corridors at early hours of the morning. However, as the opening day grew closer these reports were still unconfirmed and the Seniors, in desperation, carried their own trunks up the stairs. At this stage two individuals em-

barked on an enterprise which was to continue for two weeks and which only ended when one of the combination, already sadly in need of a haircut, found himself without substantial pecuniary resources, and decided that it was about time he went to 7 o'clock mail anyway. Late on the afternoon before lectures, however, the sudden news that several freshmen had been located at a garden party on the prin's front lawn was broadcast throughout the college.

This immediately created a furor among the lonely seniors who rushed out to observe their successors, which persons proved to be the most studious group of individuals imaginable. This was again born out by the principal, who, in his inaugural address praised the "Frosh" very highly, and after duly welcoming them to the University proceeded to inform the seniors that these students undoubtedly had the highest scholastic standing that the College had enrolled for many years. At this point a freshette appeared and several of the upperclassmen who had been hoping to ensnare one of these lonely unprotected girls rushed from the room gibbering in ugly contemplation of his fate. This group was immediately followed by a somewhat smaller group of individuals with a "keep-what-you-can" look who besieged the phone for no less than half an hour in an endeavour to make dates with their last year's steadies. A third group, however, stricken immovable by the appearance of the aforementioned specimen, were well rewarded as a few minutes later the rest of the freshette class entered and were found to be, to all intents and purposes, more than satisfactory.

The first big social event of the season, some of the earlier ones being unprintable, was the Freshman Introduction Dance. As usual it was held in the gymnasium which several of the more ambitious students managed to throw into a state of decoration before 8 o'clock on this sad night.

Indeed, several days previous to the great occasion there had appeared on the campus one quite anonymous character

first called the "streamer" because of the long strips of festive paper which were continually hanging about his being, and somewhat later the "Extension" for a very obvious reason. At the same time a certain group of females were reported to be gathering daily in the New Arts, and painting themselves up like Indian squaws. However, as this had been going on for several days and no papooses had yet appeared it was decided to look into the matter more carefully, whereupon it was found out that those bright green and black tints which had been taking the place of the more conservative cosmetics were the result of a brave effort on the part of these girls to paint caricatures of certain professors. The finished products, indeed, were all to amusing but were nevertheless hung around the walls in an attempt to improve on the bricks. Finally, however, after the seniors had decorated the gym, given the freshmen complimentary tickets and coughed up to the tune of \$1 apiece, Giz Gagnon, his uncles and one distant cousin arrived carrying a base drum and three sweet potatoes, and the dance was away to a stumbling start. Three sets went by and most of us were beginning to look forward to a pleasant evening with somebody else's girl friend when it happened. From out of nowhere came a high-pitched voice, which quavered a good deal, and panting slightly, told a joke. This joke was followed by an awed silence and the click of the loudspeaker which we had located in the rafters. However, this was not to be the last of "The Extension" who we soon learned, had, after several vain attempts to draft some other member of the student body, been forced to nominate himself master of ceremonies. At last intermission arrived and the comely damsels retired upstairs to collapse in the powder room while the gentlemen, having removed their shoes, lit up a cigar to ease the situation. The freshmen initiation, which is the star attraction of the evening, was then announced. This consisted mainly of two events. The first was a race between four motherly Freshettes to feed to their equally babylike Freshmen sons the contents of one infant's bottle—complete with nipple. At the word "go" the young boys climbed up on their mothers laps and with panting and frustrated gurgles the race was on. However, due to the fact that the boys were long out of practice, the milk was disappearing none too fast. To alleviate this it was agreed to run the last half of the race under Wellington rules whereupon one Freddy D., having blown off some invisible froth downed the contents "bottoms up", and was declared champion. The second attraction was a fashion show in which the freshmen with many graceful motions modeled an over abundance of ladies hats. These creations, usually reserved for Sunday church or afternoon tea provoked no end of laughter among the observant females who

failed to realize that this was probably the closest they would ever get to a man's point of view. Finally, however, after all the hats had been duly displayed and peace again restored somebody changed the clothes on the line over the faculty corner and Gordie Dickson, sporting a rather unbelievable piece of felt, eliminated the M.C., who was wearing a lampshade, and was declared the winner. At this point an egg was found in the middle of the dance floor but since it could not accurately be determined which hat had done it, it was given to Jim Dewhurst for his exploitation of "A bicycle built for two", and the dance went on until 12.15 at which time the ladies picking up their skirts waited for the men to put their shoes back on and several taxies literally bursting with an over-abundance of humanity could be seen leaving for parts unknown.

Two university organizations which do not usually function to any major extent during the Michaelmas term have already got off to a good start for the year and in the subsequent months we should be hearing a good deal from them. The first of these groups may be seen any Monday night in the anti-dining room, where, having shut all the doors and grouped themselves to gether around a somewhat battered but nevertheless adequate piano they proceed to exercise their vocal chords with some musical calisthenics which range through several octaves. This year the Glee Club is in charge of Father Scott, who, after a pre-season conference with Dorothy Stafford, Elizabeth MacDonald and Gill Goddard, announced that due to the lack of trained vocalists at the college this year the club would concentrate on somewhat simpler and more popular songs, which, it is hoped, may actually help to popularize the club. The second organization consists of a group of individuals sometimes known as the "first-pounders". This group, which is not necessarily made up of singers, is generally noted for its ability to drone on for several hundred words to the accompaniment of sharp beats on a rostrum. We refer of course to those worthy people who by grace of their ability to stand on two feet, are allowed to call themselves debaters. However, in spite of the small number of students debating is carrying on with good results and a full program, including quizzes and discussions as well as outside lectures has been planned. At the time of printing the first of the three Skinner debates, which are the big debates of the season between the Arts and Divinity Faculty, are still in the offing. Again, perhaps some of you will remember that due to lack of material two years ago, Bishop's retired from the inter-university debating league. This year, however, it is felt that it might be possible to re-enter the league and as a result a representative has been sent to Hamilton in order

to attend a conference at which the possibility of continuing inter-university debates was discussed. Unfortunately, no report has yet been issued as to the results but those who follow debating closely hope to hear more details in the near future.

We pause at this point to remind all those who read the short note at the beginning of this department that if they regret their decision to read on they may now skip the remaining portion without hurting our feelings in the least. And so having filled up our glass again and we order another sandwich and push on.

In mid-October a small tea dance was held following the annual university track meet. The dance got under way about 5.30 p.m. in the gymnasium, the music being supplied by the famous "I don't know how it goes but it does" common room semi-portable (when two Freshmen are available) gramophone. In spite of the fact that the only records available were in such a sad state of decay that "Stardust" was mistaken for "Put that Pistol down", the gang really pitched in and made the affair a howling success, said howling being done mainly by the feet of most of the athletes, who had been, during the afternoon, gallantly running all over the football field. Unfortunately most of these athletes were so tuckered out that after a few dances they collapsed on the nearest chair. McEwen and Watt, the standby's for the "Frosh" during the afternoon's events having found themselves a cosy nook wherein to rest any of their remaining bones were particularly noticeable for their loud snores, to which accompaniment embarrassingly enough, one rather engaged couple found themselves dancing. At this point it was decided that some tonic ought to be administered to aid the track contenders and cookies and milk were served. This caused no end of confusion among the F. B.s who scarcely remembered this white liquid, but they drank up all the same and in order that their reputation might be retained they arranged to leave the hall slightly inebriated and mooing contentedly.

At the time of writing it is all too apparent that due to the illness of Dr. Rothney, that the Education Course at Bishop's will be suspended for the 1943-44 academic year. It is expected that most of the class will, by special arrangement, continue their studies at McGill University where they will, we are sure, hold up Bishop's fine reputation for producing teachers which are second to none. However, that they will miss the excellent guidance of Dr. Rothney as well as the U.B.C. spirit is all too clear to these students who leave us now with our best wishes for health and happiness.

On the other side of the ledger, we are glad to welcome

back, temporarily at least, Major Church, Officer Commanding of the U.B.C. C.O.T.C. Shortly before college opened Major Church left for the maritimes to take a course in sh - - - (censored). In his absence Major E. G. Lawrence did a fine job of organizing and equipping the O.T.C. for the coming year and upon his departure he turned over to the returned C. O. a unit that had already participated in two important parades and that was certainly in fine shape for the extensive work that the Major is planning.

On November the sixth there came to the college a new personage by the name of "Lady Pseudo". A new and more stately character than her predecessor this noble woman was of upright character and shining countenance. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that she did not boast about it, a good deal of tradition marked her sayings and doings. In honour of her coming it was decided by the Women's Council to hold a Pseudo Leap Year dance. This was heartily welcomed by all the male students and long saved up for by their female companions. In spite of the fact that the Pseudo Leap Year dance was such as to (a) complicate poster making, (b) cause no end of confusion among the more moronic students who spent days searching for the library in order to determine the true meaning and derivation of the word, and (c) oblivate the chance of the more comely date-maker, who, in many cases, succeeded in over emphasising the first syllable of "pseudo" and received an emphatic no from her bespattered prey, . . . well in spite of all this the dance proved to be a great success and a noticeable milestone on the "Return Date Road". The evening itself started only after the boys had applied a last dab of after shave lotion and kept the girls waiting a suitable time. Slowly then the expectant males descended the stairs vainly hoping that this blind date would prove better than the last. Several minutes later however, willing and moaning accompanied, in the more disappointing cases, by desperate shrieks, was heard coming from the quad. Hereupon several of the more bashful wolves who were still waiting the arrival of their escorts peered out the window only to see their sadly delapidated companions being led on ropes towards the gym. Finally however, the party got under way lit by apple-based candle sticks, and in some other cases, even more base material. . . . To say the least the dance was a field day for the women, and a revelation for the men. One couple, sadly in need of a Bromo drifted in quite late but was soon swallowed up in the enshrouding gloom. At this point however, somebody suggested a conga and a line was immediately formed. Unfortunately, however, the participants seemed to have less South American and more Indian blood in them which finally resulted in what might be described as a Mexican version of a pow-

wow. Suddenly, however, the evening was over as fast as it had come and the couples left in search of further amusement.

And now in closing here are a few odd items of interest that are too short to donate a paragraph to, but, on the other hand, deserve just recognition. For instance, it has been reported lately that the fire escape over at Divinity House has come into constant use lately. The shed's boarders being very honest, however, report that should they at any time use said method of entering the building, they immediately go down stairs and sign the register . . . whether this is true or not we don't know but one of the Professors was heard to say that as much as he would like to, it would be an insult to take this iron structure away . . . although steady couples have diminished around the college somewhat this year at least one new addition to the ranks is apparent in the constant company that Aida and John are keeping . . . Does that Westmount stuff appeal to you John? . . . From Beaudry we learn that the Sherbrooke lads aren't letting the grass grow under their feet . . . "Pash" Gagnon, for instance has reportedly been keeping several young ladies on their toes lately . . . on the other hand Hovey has given up basketball because he says that the game is interfering with his studies, well we're not sure but we have an idea that it isn't basketball which is jeopardizing his physics exams . . . a famous book which is kept by the night watchman and often referred to by the faculty has lately seen the addition of a new name . . . it all started after the introduction dance when Mac was heard to say . . . You know boys . . . I'm definitely interested . . . well since then we wouldn't be afraid to guess that the council office has given away to heather . . . Bowling of course is under way again and in spite of the many university students who have no idea what a duck pin looks like we still have the oldtimers like Lydia who can bowl one ball and make a strike at both ends. . . from what we hear from various sources that philosophy course must be really something . . . for instance one rather aesthetic chap who lives on the top floor Old Arts now claims he has a psychological answer for everything . . . this undoubtedly should phase a certain girl with whom he's been seen rather constantly lately were it not for the fact that she's taking the same course too . . . at any rate, in spite of all their knowledge, the course hasn't helped either of the above-mentioned to get a haircut . . . "Pres" has lately reported that he is through with going steady for a while . . . don't worry Carr she won't be worried as long as there are air force men around . . . On the other hand look out Freshettes for when this P.C. boy is on the loose you never know . . . he might start collecting other things than records . . . more advice to Freshettes . . . take a good look

around before you choose . . . every time we look around nowadays we find somebody else walking up the aisle . . . G. G. has been alternating so much between North Hatley and Montreal lately that his textbooks are becoming rather dusty . . . We also wonder why Gil had to wait until third year to take up biology and then drag Pat the Apostle in with him . . . On the other hand rumours of our other Pat's doings in Montreal keep filtering in from time to time with the result that we are beginning to wonder if this wolf has really settled down after all . . . The coveralls which the army has just issued are really something . . . after seeing them some of us are toying with the idea of becoming a garage mechanic . . . a few sad individuals were a bit late in getting theirs and had to be content with an oversize . . . one of the smaller fellows is reportedly still trying to find his way out . . . in case G. B. reads this, "Put that Pistol down" . . . Definition: Colledgebred — a three-year loaf made of father's dough, . . . we notice lately that Pinky and protege really have Petunia well organized this year . . . during the last summer Shawinigan, and thereabouts was apparently the scene of a lot of happy get-togethers for Scarth and "Black Magic" . . . we wonder if this could have been instrumental in persuading John to come back to college this year . . . Heard after the blood donor clinic — positive — negative — positive — negative — positive — negative — so my name's Roy — so what ??? . . . Herb and Gordie are really making a name for themselves . . . rumours, however, that they came to Bishop's to get away from a reputation are as yet unconfirmed . . . "It's down — It's up" was the song Mac was singing at the F. B. meeting this year . . . Liz is gradually putting Courey's out of business, or so we hear from that set, apparently, however, only split lables, the odd cork and Gagnon are admitted after 2 p.m. . . . The Compton dance was quite an affair or so we hear from various cynical characters who tell us that they were rivalled by a 6'1" wonder who tipped the age scales at 11 . . . with such competition the freshmen must have been in their glory . . . well for those who want any more gossip, drop in on the Red Cross gatherings which the girls have weekly in Lennoxville . . . in case you fellows really want to get the lowdown on how the female mind works, disguise yourself as a bandage and drop in . . . and so with the little reminder that it's not the cough that carries you off, but it's the coffin they carry you off in, we close the column for a short while. We hope that it won't develop into too long a while, but should there by any chance be a murder please drop a line to us c/o Satan, and post it at the nearest fire box. We will send you by return mail a lump of coal and a three-pronged fork so that you too can practise being a devil. In the meantime, exams are coming up and we must turn our minds to more important things.

Drama -On the Bus

MILNE and BRYANT

We humbly dedicate this melodrama to all our "friends" who accompany us each morning, bright and early, on our most perilous journey to the charming, bucolic town of Lennoxville.

The scene takes place in a romantic (?) antique, orange bus. The seats are "holy", the springs don't work. On them sit the brains of Sherbrooke—those angelic youths and maidens who partake of higher education—to become the leaders of Canada. (Poor Canada!)

Any resemblance between any persons living or dead is definitely not coincidental.

Bang! Bang! (this is the approaching bus.)

Beaudry (eyes shut tight)—Is that you Gagnon?

Gagnon—(just a groan).

Beaudry—(Opening one eye and in an accusing voice) You combed your hair!

Buchanan—I resent the fact—mine isn't combed.

Edith (with usual dreamy expression) — Gosh you're cute, Paul. (This may mean either.)

Of course Beaudry answers—Thank you, Edith. You don't look so bad yourself.

Bryant (laughing as usual and waking everyone up—She's a little touched—special by J. M.)—Hey, kids, look at the spark plugs on the road. Amazing—I wonder how they got there!

Waldman—The engine, you stupe! Today is the day we take off.

N.B.—The bus has been trying to perform this feat since September 17. As yet success has not been achieved. We hold our seats in breathless anticipation.

A little clatter is heard—Gilles Roy is on the floor.

Roy—Who woke me up? I've had my morning exercise—my usual run.

Lipstickless Betty, the parson's daughter now makes a dramatic entrance.

Betty—Now, where's my bus ticket? I had it in my purse when I got on. (Hauling junk out of said purse) Cigarettes, lipstick, pyjamas, matches, five cents! letter (ecstatic sigh—), a bottle (you guess what's in it), a piece of toast . . .

Hovey (snoring gently)—Jeanie, my Jeanie.

Vineberg—Literally speaking—the state of infatuation is below the intellect of a college student. It is psychological. Mind over matter. (This may last indefinitely according to the state of sleepiness of the audience.)

Putt! Putt! Putt! A streak flashes by. Cap pulled low. Brow furrowed; glasses half a mile behind. Curphy with

the glasses. Kennedy! Our moment of excitement is over.

Brodeur retakes his usual prone position. Yawns gently. "Life is such a bore".

Peggy (jumping up and down on her seat) — We're coming in. We're coming in.

Girardin—Do'-ont bee opteemeestec.

Berthiaume sits in grim silence.

A beautiful girl goes by—Echenberg is no longer with us. Six brave girls are stemming the riot.

Frances—Won't be able to attend lectures this morning. He sure got me out of condition last night.

McDonough (dimples and all)—Gosh, I'm tired.

Beaudry (rolling those great big, beautiful eyes)—Cherchez la femme.

Stewart—Some "femme"!

Gagnon descriptively waving his hands in the appropriate gestures. "No one but Kay Kirkpatrick has a form like that. Where's Largy?

Betty—My bus ticket! My bus ticket!

The bus now arrives in front of the modern post office. All "gentlemen" remain seated as her highness sweeps down the aisle. (She has them well trained!—E.B.)

Jackson, making a frantic grab for her collar, goes through the window. "Milne, come back here!"

Who always wins—Milne!

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With Due Respect to Mr. Saroyan

L. WALDMAN

My name is William Annoyin. I am a man of extraordinary intelligence and ability, as anyone who knows me will tell you (And everyone who is anyone knows me). I am also, by heredity, a Dalmation. My father and mother and brothers and sisters are Dalmatians. Even my dog is a Dalmation. Many years ago we all came from Dalmatia. It was this country's good fortune that my family decided to migrate to the New World, because now I can bless America with my genius. If I had stayed in Dalmatia I would have been a renowned Dalmation, but I am in America, so I am a renowned American.

This article is a short resumé of my life. People are fond of books, magazines and newspapers because they are interesting. They like to read interesting writing, they enjoy it. The only story more interesting than a story about William Annoyin is one about Mr. Annoyin written by himself. I am William Annoyin so I am writing this and everyone will read it and enjoy it because I wrote it.

To begin with I was a remarkable child. Not a child prodigy, but an infant of great resource, foresight and worldly knowledge. For example, if, as a baby, I had been set adrift in a basket, like the child Moses was, I would not have waited patiently for the Pharaoh's daughter to come and find me. No, I would have hoisted my diaper as a sail, using a bulrush as the mast, and sailed down the Nile to distant lands where I would have raised an army strong enough to throw the Pharaohs and all the Egyptians out of Egypt. But I was never put in a basket to shift for myself. I almost was but my father was stopped before he could carry out his intentions.

When I was five years old I could drive a scooter faster than any boy on our block. I wanted to drive faster than anyone else, so I did. I only had one serious accident. I hit a wall. I was going at a terrific speed when the wall loomed up in front of me. I could have slowed up or swerved

around it but I didn't want to. I hit it, with disastrous results, but I hadn't swerved or slowed up and I'm glad that I hadn't. The accident strengthened my character. Now, when any obstacle stands in my path, I remember the wall. I go up to the obstacle and batter it down, or, if I don't (not can't—W. Annoyin never says can't) batter it down I go around it.

While going to high school I worked as a messenger boy in my spare time. I delivered singing telegrams. It was my ambition to deliver singing telegrams faster than any of the other boys—and of course I did. I could deliver a singing telegram so quickly that whenever anyone in Ureca (that's where we lived) wanted to send a belated greeting they would ask that I deliver it. I would get it to its destination in time even if it was a day late. I knew every short cut in town and I always ignored traffic lights and speed laws. I had a reputation to uphold.

Recently I decided to write a best seller (anyone of any importance always writes a best seller) and so I wrote a best seller and naturally it sold better than any other best seller. I cannot say that my book exceeded my expectations because I didn't expect any but the best sort of writing to come from my pen. I have chosen a literary career not particularly because I excel in that field. I may as well be a successful writer as a success at anything else. Naturally I would rise to the top in any profession I decided to follow. I am not bragging, I am just saying this because it is so. So it is.

My life has been interesting and varied to such an extent that I could write a whole book about it. I think I shall, but not now because I don't want to now. Instead of going on until this autobiography is book length I shall finish it immediately, with a surprise ending. The end.

It is finished. Are you surprised? Naturally—I meant you to be.



Hey! I Caught A Fish!

J. KENNEDY

In case you have never heard of a fish, except that friend of yours the poor fish, I will try to give you a description of it. Before I start I would like to emphasize one point. A fish is made purely for the pleasure of extracting bones which get stuck in your throat. I'm going to emphasize this bone business because I consider it important. (To what I decline to say.) Fish are long or short, sometimes they are even medium. The ones caught are always long but they make up for it by extremely small girth. Then, of course, fish are high, lots of times as high as they are long and sometimes even higher if they have been left in the sun for a few hours. Then, of course, as fish are three dimensional (they must be or they wouldn't be fish) they have width. This width is caused by bones. Fish have different names but that is only to help we humans out.

For instance, a guy with long arms can stretch them way out and say he caught a pike, while a short fellow who can't stretch his arms as far can boast of the sunfish he caught. The sunfish, on account of his girth, could say (If he could talk, which I doubt) that he had the same volume as a pike. Personally I'd rather have the smaller fish, you don't get as many bones that way. Before getting onto a more detailed description let me point out that a fish is a fish; don't let anybody kid you on that point. It has a head at one end and a tail at the other (which end you take first makes a whale of a difference), the intervening space being filled with bones. This also includes mermaids, who, we all know, have something more than bones holding head and tail together, but as she is a sea-water creature and not a fresh water one we won't discuss her any more (it might become embarrassing). To get back to fish, it has two eyes which never change their expression, at least not when you're looking. Maybe a she-fish could make a he-fish change expression. This brings up the question of sex of fish. There are she-fish and he-fish and a fish which is

neither he nor she. This brings up an interesting problem: Could a he-fish or a she-fish go out with a neutral fish? Maybe you can figure it out, I can't. Fish also have gills with which they breathe. We also have gills but they are only used when we wish to get full to them. This should give you a good idea of what a fish looks like especially as it is filled with bones.

There are different ways of catching a fish, and each way can be subdivided. (It gets rather involved, so I won't go into all the ways.) The most common way is using fish line either trolling, still fishing, plug casting or fly fishing. In trolling you let the line out from the side of the boat while someone rows until you drag the bottom for seaweed. Then you haul up the line, remove weeds and repeat the process. Sometimes you catch a fish but if you do you're cheating. In still fishing you can either sit on shore or in a stationary boat, then let out your line and wait until the gremlins remove bait. During the interval you can go to sleep or not, as you see fit (If you aren't fit you'd better sleep, you probably need it). Plug casting needs a special rod. You swing the rod like a baseball bat and let sail for nearest tree. If no tree is handy it is usually better to have a badslash, it's more fun untangling. Fly fishing is an art in itself; again you need a special rod with which you flick imitation flies onto the water, much to the amusement of the fish. There are two kinds of flies, wet flies and dry flies. One day I'm going to invent a half-wet fly or maybe even a half-dry fly, I don't know which yet.

So far nothing has been said on bait. Again, there are two kinds, first the bait fish like and secondly, the baits fish don't like. The ones which they like are usually the most satisfactory though I may be biased as I've never caught any on the other kind yet.

And so, before I run down to the fish market for mother, I want to say . . . happy fishing!



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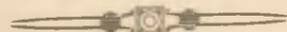
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Sports

Two years ago the Intercollegiate Athletic Union was absolved. The duty of this association was the direction of all intercollegiate sports with the exception of rugby for which a branch of the association operated separately. The disbanding of this organization was due to the fact that for the duration of the war it was decided that there were to be no intercollegiate sports. This naturally had its effect on Bishop's which, along with the rest of the universities, immediately turned its attentions to the C. O. T. C. and inter-mural activities. Accordingly the long fought contests with McGill and Loyola were postponed until after the bigger fight was over. However, college teams did continue to enter into minor local leagues due to the fact that the college boys could not entirely suppress their inherent desire for competing with outside teams. This competition increased until at last we find that in spite of the fact that McGill and Western, as well as Queen's, no longer play intercollegiate football and hockey, that they have entered squads in servicemen's league which are comparable in importance and ability to the teams that were playing in the pre-war inter-university games. In short, if these universities are still capable of entering these teams in such important leagues, why not swing back to intercollegiate sports?

Bishop's, on the other hand, being a smaller university has been more drastically hit by the lack of student enrolment than the larger universities. However, the question has been raised as to whether this is entirely due to the war. On one side of the ledger we have the fact that this university concentrates more fully on O.T.C. training than other universities, and that time for sports is accordingly curtailed.

This was aptly demonstrated in the fall of 1941 when the university undertook to have a football team, even when this team was forced to practice at 7 a.m. Well it turned out that the university had the talent but not the time and the team was dissolved. Again, the view has been expressed that Bishop's no longer has the material to put out players of intercollegiate calibre. Admitting this, however, it is essential to examine the situation. The first and foremost reason is the lack of student enrolment. Again, let us look behind this fact and we will discover that the lack of enrolment is due not only to wartime conditions but also to the fact that Bishop's no longer offers much in the way of athletic activities to the high school graduate. The fact that Bishop's no longer goes in for major sports is scaring away our prospective talent. It is essential to realize that to the high school graduate, athletics are still very important. He has not come to the stage, as yet, where other

Edited by
A. ROY & K. FARQUHARSON

activities are assuming the number one position on his agenda. Accordingly when he thinks of going to a university he chooses one that he hopes will offer him the best opportunity to develop his particular sporting skill. Of course it must be admitted that sports are not the only factor that influence the choice of university but it cannot be denied that often the final decision, all factors having been taken into consideration, may rest in the sporting field. Right now Bishop's has no sporting field to attract these youths—nor does it appear likely that she will in the near future. Accordingly, we are looking forward to the day when this university, like most other up to date universities, will have a permanent physical instructor who will help the students supplement their academic work by well-directed sports.

RUGBY

Earlier this year, however, in an attempt to uphold the Bishop's tradition of thrashing Sherbrooke High, sufficient interest was aroused to organize a football game with our old rivals. With one backfield practice, and no line practices, we marched out with high hopes of springing some of last year's surprises.

Despite the loss of Bud Manning, who was taken out of the game with a broken nose in the second quarter, the U. B. C. men were in there fighting hard to the end of the game. Several times their powerful bucking carried them down the field into scoring position, but the speedy Sherbrooke High boys overcame all but two of these threats.

For most of their yardage gains the heavy Bishop's team relied on strong bucking and long passes thrown by Farquharson. One of these brought them into position for their first touchdown. They also repeatedly used a rowboat play in which the rest of the backfield, running interference for either Farquharson or Scarth, ploughed through their lighter opponents.

Macdonald and Farquharson did trojan work for the losers, the former bucking the ball past Sherbrooke High's goal line twice to get both the College team's touchdowns and the latter, who acted, as captain, setting up most of the plays.

The game got underway with Brodeur kicking off for U.B.C. Pye received the ball and ran it up to his own 40-yard line. On Sherbrooke's second down, Fiddler took the ball and carried it as far as Bishop's 20-yard line on an end run play. Budning then kicked, Bishop's failed to carry the ball over its own goal line, and S. H. S. earned a rouge making the score 1-0. Bishop's lost the ball to the High

School on successive downs. An end run by Saunders brought the play to the University 10-yard line and Fiddler took around the end for Sherbrooke's first touchdown. Budning converted, jacking the score to 7-0 for S. H. S. Macdonald received Budning's kickoff but was nailed on his own twenty before he could get going. The University lads then started an attack, spearheaded by the bucking of Macdonald and Scarth which brought them to Sherbrooke's 13-yard line, at the end of the first quarter. A forward pass thrown by Farquharson to Schofield netted U.B.C. about twenty yards.

Opening the second quarter with a bang, Macdonald bucked the ball over for a touchdown, but Brodeur failed to convert the point. Hunting caught Brodeur's kick on his own 25-yard line and ran the ball up 50 yards before Hovey nailed him with a neat tackle. The Sherbrooke boys started to drive, sparked by Fiddler's end run which ended with Pye plunging across for the touch. Budning's attempted convert was unsuccessful. Budning kicked off, Carr caught the ball, but was thrown on his own 35-yard line. The U.B.C. men began a march down the field and their strong bucking brought them into scoring position. But the Sherbrooke team rallied, and reversed the tables, carrying the pigskin almost the whole length of the field to the University 10. A buck by Waldie followed by Budning's end run over the line earned S. H. S. another touchdown. Budning converted and the first half ended with Sherbrooke leading 18-5.

The second half opened with Brodeur's kickoff, being taken by Pye who ran it up to his own 40. Sherbrooke lost the ball to Bishop's on successive downs. U.B.C., on their first down, tried an end run with Dickson carrying the ball, gaining yards and following up with a plunge for another down. Sherbrooke tightened up and spoiled a forward pass by Farquharson, to regain the ball.

End runs brought Sherbrooke up to the Bishop's 10-yard line and in position for another touchdown. Pye plunged through in a fake end run to go over the line for the locals fourth major. Budning's convert made the score 24-5. Both sides battle to advance their scores, but the play remained deadlocked for the second quarter.

Bishop's came out strong in the last quarter, Burton, Scarth and Dickson repeatedly plunging for yards. Macdonald and Farquharson took over the brunt of the attack and Macdonald, finally through a hole in the Sherbrooke line, ran for his second touchdown. The convert failed. Bishop's tried another powerful bucking attack and threatened the S.H.S. team with only five minutes to go. But the younger boys tightened up, and prevented the heavier Bishop's lads from plunging through from the Sherbrooke 5-yard line.

With only seconds to go, the High School regained the ball and Hunting broke away to carry the ball up to his own 20. The game ended 24-10 in favour of Sherbrooke High.

U. B. C.		S. H. S.
Brodeur	End	Martin
Schofield	"	Bascom
Beaudry	Middle	Boduch
Roy	"	Waldy
Manning	Inside	Connor
McNaughton	"	Cathcart
Gagnon	Snap	Roberts
Farquharson	Quarter	Fountain
Carr	Half	Fiddler
Burton	"	Budning
Macdonald	"	Hunting
Scarth	"	Pye
U.B.C.—Subs: Hovey, Beatie, Dickson, Whalen, Possman		
S.H.S.—Subs: Stewart, Royal Stewart, Drake, Saunders, Roberts, Jackson.		

TRACK

In their annual Senior vs. Freshman track meet at the University of Bishop's College on Saturday, October 19, the Seniors handily defeated the Freshmen by the score of 52-38 points. McEwen and Watt, the mainstays of the Frosh team, accounted for 26 of the 38 points. The former led the field home in all the events in which he ran, winning the 100, 200, and the 440-yard dashes easily. However, the combined efforts of the seniors, highlighted by Schofield coming in first in the mile run and the broad jump, and Brodeur's high jumping, was sufficient to put them far in the lead.

Senior strong men, Jackson and Manning garnered 10 points for their side by taking highest honours in the shot put and discus, respectfully, and a senior team won the 880-yard relay.

Highest aggregate was obtained by McEwen with a score of fifteen points while Schofield and Watt were second and third, with ten and nine points each.

The events and winners were as follows:

- 100 yards—1, McEwen (Frosh); 2, Bown (Senior); 3, Brodeur (Senior).
- 220 yards—1, McEwen (Frosh); 2, Whalen (Frosh); 3, Bown (Senior).
- 440 yards—1, McEwen (Frosh); 2, Watt, (Frosh); 3, Scarth (Senior).
- 880 yards—1, Watt (Frosh); 2, Patterson (Senior); 3, Roy (Senior).

1 mile—1, Schofield (Sr.); 2, Watt (Fr.); 3, Farquharson (Sr.).

880-yd. Relay—1, Seniors: Buchanan, Carr, McCredie, Bown.

High jump—1, Brodeur (Sr.); 2, Goddard (Sr.); 3, Fairbairn (Fr.).

Broad jump—1, Schofield (Sr.); 2, Watt (Fr.); 3, Goddard (Sr.).

Shot put—1, Jackson (Sr.); 2, Burton (Fr.); 3, Scarth (Senior).

Discus—1, Manning (Sr.); 2, Burton (Fr.); 3, Jackson (Senior).

PING PONG

A new sport around Bishop's this year is ping pong. Early in the year there came an offer to the college to enter into a local Townships ping pong league. This led to some rather hot discussion as to whether the ping pong table, long disused because of its location in a rather small room in the New Arts should not be brought out and placed in the common room. There were two main objections to this, the first being that it was thought that hard shoes would harm the common room floor. This was overcome by insisting that only soft soled shoes be used. Suddenly, it was thought that the noise caused by players might disturb the students on the second floor Old Arts but trial proved that this was not the case. However, the university was still without a team. Finally it was decided that a team should be formed under the direction of Jim Hoddard, who coming to the university this year from the famed Durham University in England had already proved himself indeed a master of the art of table tennis. To obtain his team Jim ran an elimination tournament and eight men were selected. Later however this selection was reduced to six so that the slashing seven consisted of the above-mentioned captain and Scarth, Gagnon, Stewart, Beaudry and Wood. These men immediately practised up and the team was officially entered into the 11-team league that had been formed. For the first few weeks everything went smoothly with Bishop's coming out well on top. However, lately some difficulty has arisen due to the fact that the team, which was accustomed to play on Monday nights is being interfered with by basketball and the N.C.O. course. Indeed there are even rumours that because of these other activities Bishop's may be forced to drop from the league. On top of this there is the fact that ping pong balls are becoming increasingly difficult to obtain. We hope however that it will not be necessary to drop out because judging from the number of games being played through the weeks that the table has been in the common room, it is apparent that ping pong is not only providing a new recreational activity, but that by the end

of the year many of our now mediocre players will develop into first-class material for the team.

BOWLING

Another of the so-called minor athletics this year is bowling. Due to the fine work of Ken Jackson who is keeping the college on its feet as far as sports are concerned, bowling was started last year. That this was an excellent move was immediately apparent from the enthusiasm with which the sport was greeted. Accordingly again this year the league, consisting of 9 teams, has been organized. These teams bowl every Friday night at the Y.W.C.A. where the expense account for the use of the alleys is being payed by both the boys' and the girls' student associations. This unfortunately is rather a drain on the funds of the girls' student association who are planning to finance a very full basketball league this year. However as things stand now 27 out of the 28 girls are taking part in the bowling league which makes it apparent enough that the money being spent on this activity is certainly providing enjoyment for 95% of the girls' student body which is after all as it should be. The teams by no means claim to be expert but that the selection of personnel for teams is purely a matter of dividing up the large group that wish to bowl. In the near future, however, it might be possible to select a group of the better bowlers, which will no doubt include Lila Pharo, Paul Beaudry and Paul Gagnon, to represent the college against some similar outside organization.

Of the two major sports in the university, basketball and hockey, it became apparent this year that most of our limited material was more suited to the gym floor than to the ice. Accordingly, since there was no football, it was decided to get under way immediately and the service of Ozzie Clarke as coach were secured. The hoopsters began practising, however, even before the new coach was available. A pre-season game saw the New Arts aggregation bow to the Old Arts reprobates in a game that was badly handled by the team's manager, Phil Wood, and which actually went into an unlawful 10-minute overtime to determine the winners. More important, however, was the fact that the small crowd who was on hand saw on the floor material for a small but alert squad to represent the college this year. Bishop's teams have always been handicapped by the fact that they never start their league games until January, due to exams, which results in the fact that they have to get in shape very fast, and then play squads who have been participating in league games since early December. The fall practices, however, are perhaps a solution to this problem and it is hoped that this year's team which has planned a full season including at least one outside trip, will acquit itself nobly. As yet, however, no predictions can be

made. Last year's veterans include Mac Macredie who in spite of an injured ankle with which he has been handicapped since the beginning of the year has been burning up the floor, with the result that he may be expected to prove the backbone of a well-rounded team. Among the newcomers we have Grover Whalen and Dick Pharo, the former a steady defenceman with a good eye and the latter a rather tall but fast man with a tricky one-hand shot that should come in handy in the pinches. Up forward we have Pres Carr, a cool player with deadly close in shot. Herbie, one of the Dickson boys, comes to us from the States with a seemingly natural instinct for the game. Herb's brother, Gordie, on the other hand, has been playing guard in most of the practices up to date and although lacking in height he has made up for it by his consistently high jumping, ability to get the ball up the floor fast and coolness in the more pressing occasions. Rounding out the team are Burton and Hovey, two day students who show promise, Possman who comes to us from Strathcona High, which has produced some fine players, and Walter Reise who although he started out somewhat shakily is beginning to show promise.

HOCKEY

As usual, during the latter parts of the first term our thoughts of examinations are occasionally punctured by visions of the year's hockey team. Unfortunately this year these visions are none too radiant. Nevertheless it is expected that the college will enter a team in the City of Sherbrooke Junior League. Last year you may remember, the college received a rather raw deal when, having lost to Bromptonville in the finals, and at the same time the right to represent the Montreal victors in Montreal they found



out later that the above-mentioned team had been disqualified for using overage players. Accordingly this year the college is resolved to enter only a league which is well organized and which will admit only teams which are ready to play good hockey, rather than the rough-house type which has become characteristic of the local Townships' bush leagues. However, as yet no practices have been held and no well-founded predictions can be made. Let us hope however that adequate material will be found to enter a team that will do justice to the fighting spirit and sportsmanship which are inherent parts of Bishop's tradition.

One further thing which deserves mention is the girls' basketball team. This year the Women's Student Association is planning to have a very full basketball schedule, due to the fact that there is a good deal of enthusiasm among the girls. This may be due to the fact that this year the team will play boys' rules. This should go a long way towards opening up the game and thus increase scoring and scoring margins. In this connection the girls think they have found a suitable coach among the boys' team who may possibly be able to help them get accustomed to the new rules. Aside from this there is rumoured to be some excellent talent among the girls and this should lead to a strong team that will make its power feared in the women's basketball league.

And so we close the sports section of this *Mitre*. It is unfortunate that we cannot print the results as they come out but we hope that this column will act as a permanent record of your sporting activities in college. In the meantime for those of you who are not playing on the team we will try and give you some idea of what is going on behind the scenes in the sporting world at Bishop's.

The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by

Rev. E. K. MOFFAT

THE APOSTLE—

If one were to search for a modern work that would interpret for the plain man the New Testament record of Apostolic labours from the great Pentecost to the deaths of St. Peter and St. Paul, this book, cast in the form of fiction, from the pen of Sholem Asch, would be the answer. Other books aplenty on this or similar themes have been written, especially during the last sixty years, but none, I venture, has combined the imaginative with the documented as this does. Our author treats imagination as implying a picture true to the known facts, and in all his major descriptions it is a picture free from fancy. These 800 pages form an authentic portrayal of a period of some twenty-seven years in which the figure of Paul dominates the scene. It is not a portrait, for that would mean the character of the Apostle with the background entirely subsidiary; it is rather a splendid canvas in which the life of the young Church is painted in full colours.

Yet shining through its pages is the personality of Messiah's Apostle to the Gentiles. The Pauline letters and The Acts are used freely and wisely to depict the mind and soul of this God-filled enthusiast for Messiah and His righteousness. All through we are shewn how a man of intense feeling and strong sense of duty meets the vast problems which a worthy moral leader has to face. There is no exaggeration of the difficulties; they are just what the record states. But all the trials and triumphs are put in their proper setting. Not always do we, as readers of Acts or the letters, see in fair proportion the dislike, suspicion, hostility, and hatred, under which the Messianites strove amid Jews and Gentiles. Full weight is allowed by Mr. Asch for the obstinacy and pride which are alleged to be grave weaknesses of the Apostle by some readers of Holy Writ, but the selfless devotion to the noblest of all causes, the tenderness displayed to his children in Christ, his bearing under physical pain and outrage rather give the impression of a man capable of utter selfhumiliation in the service of his Lord.

The confusion of ideas, then prevalent in Mediterranean lands forms a sharp contrast to the singleness of faith and purpose that mark the Apostle from his first journey to his execution. All the agony of decision, especially during the sojourn in Arabia, is brought before us in a simply expressed but profound psychology. After that, belief in the new



F.B.

revelation, belief in his own mission hardly wavers, and we watch a militant enthusiast combat, in His Name, every error, every vice, every form of bigotry that raised its ugly head wherever he marches.

Not the least interesting, and possibly the most graphic portions of the book are devoted to "pagan putrescence." Writing of the filth found in Antioch he disgusts without nauseating us. In a detailed account of the bronze foundries at Corinth he horrifies yet melts our hearts. There can be few, however well known to them the facts of imperial history in this period, who will not find food for reflection in these summaries of pagan lust, cruelty, and superstition. The decadence of Greek thought, the shallowness and impotence of philosophic and religious systems, the quackery of star-gazers and astrologers are brushed in dark hues—but not overdone—in order to emphasize how truly that Greek-speaking world needed and longed for light. We are reminded, too, how octopus-like were the tentacles of world, flesh and devil that gripped the pagan converts, and how easily some could, and did, slip back into the mire of their own past.

Full justice, however, is done to the beautiful and noble. And here we welcome that touch of the imaginative which distinguishes the sober text-book of history from the sound historical novel. The text-book is essential in its place, but we are indebted to such an author as this, for many backgrounds of nobility and beauty which few if any text-books afford. The artistry of Mr. Asch in this respect might be compared with that of Mr. H. V. Morton—there are analogies in their presentation of ancient cultures. In the book we are reviewing we see certain glories of Greece through the eyes of the Apostle and of his modern interpreter, and if we are to single out any descriptions from an embarrassment of riches it is the effect made upon Paul by his first view of the Parthenon and of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

The fact is that the just reader—sceptic, agnostic, Jew, Christian—has to admit that this particular "novel" assesses with eminent fairness the worth and influence of all that was good in that century and in those geographical limits to which it is confined. Full admiration of the noble in Israel and in the new Messianic faith does not exclude warm, even glowing, appraisal of the beautiful in the semi-Oriental and the Hellenic world. Even in decadent Athens of the fifth decade of the Christian era the grand and sublime are not hidden from the Apostle's vision. (Seldom, perhaps, has the influence of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* upon average men and women been more simply and clearly demonstrated.) But all the splendour of architecture and art, of craftsmanship, of cities, of thought and aspirations, all things that are lovely in Hellas, Paul longs to see used for the glory of Him who is all in all.

We have deferred until now the mention of Judaism. The very warp and woof of the pattern is Israel. The chief characters are Jews, nearly all of them straight from the books of the new Testament, alive, vibrant, rigid or compassionate, tender or stiffnecked. We have, before the close, a surer and more sympathetic understanding of Simon, James, Jude, Gamaliel, Apollos, and such women as Mary the mother of Mark and Priscilla. Every type of Jew is etched, the hard and formal, the stubborn and narrow, the fanatical nationalist and the bitter disciple of Shammai; but also the humane, generous, pacific sort who in waiting for the comfort of Israel comforted their brethren from inner resources of faith and love. The Apostle is something of the former before his conversion, arrogantly asserting the claims of privilege. In the sections 1 and 2 (pp. 1-612) the religious and national sentiments of such varied types are made vivid. The cliques, factions, fraternities of Jews act, as the letters suggest, but the reason for their quarrelsomeness is made clear as daylight. Indeed, our novel is no mean commentary on Romans and Galatians. The Divine force which entered the world in the person of Yeshua Messiah is convulsive, and the upheaval in society caused by the plea for unconditional surrender brings pain and grief as well as joy and peace. Like a dark thread there runs through many chapters the spiritual uneasiness of the backsliding Jew whose conscience is raw and quivering, who is never at peace with himself. Not the least striking instance is the discomfiture of the sorcerer at Paphos.

Those who hope to find in this book matter for an essay on social conditions in Palestine (and in the Empire) will not be disappointed. The few, everywhere, had wealth or moderate prosperity; the many, everywhere, lived in poverty or appalling degradation. Yet the scene is no darker than sober Jewish historians paint it, and we are taught by

these records of venality, oppression, greed, callousness, and cruelty, why Messiah and his followers had so much to say of covetousness and its consequent ills. The heart of St. Paul is filled again and again, by the sight of its victims, with anger and pity. Members of the High Priesthood seem to have as brutalizing and malign an influence upon the masses in the Holy Land as the pagan Caligula and Nero had upon the Empire.

Part III—the last 200 pages—is devoted to Rome: the Rome of Seneca and Nero and Petronius. Patricians are fawning sycophants, the plebs dissolute, the slave and foreign population contributing colour and force to the city's life. In this overcrowded metropolis there is the stench of moral decay. No longer do the old codes restrain. Under Nero there is a loosening of all ties with moral grandeur. Here Peter and Paul preach to those who will listen the magnetic power of Yeshua. Here, scorned and derided, Israel clings to its customs and traditions and proclaims the Uniqueness of the Living God, mocked for the eccentricities of its faith, while the absurdities of Chaldean, Syrian, Egyptian, or Phoenician cults evoke little or no criticism. Thus Israel—and especially the Messianist sect—becomes a scapegoat, and in this we descry the prototype of twentieth century Israel in Nazi Germany. Fearlessly the small Apostolic bands carry on for their master Yeshua, their leaders sharing His sufferings.

The best commendation of The Apostle would be the assurance that it drives men and women to study anew the sacred records.

REVIEWS

THE THORN-APPLE TREE by Grace Campbell

"The Thorn-Apple Tree" is a tale of pioneer life in Canada about one hundred years ago. It is mainly the story of two people—the woman with her deep love for the quietness and peace of life in a Scotch Canadian settlement in Ontario, the man with his restlessness and ever-present urge to push onward to the outposts of the west, in search of wealth and adventure.

In this, her first novel, Grace Campbell has done a very competent piece of work. Stripped of all but the essentials, her story stands out clear-cut in its simplicity, free from all unnecessary embellishments. Her prose is beautifully restrained, but her tale is vivid enough to hold the reader's interest from first page to last. Judged by its subject matter alone, "The Thorn-Apple Tree" might be judged as a slight novel, especially for these times, but as a charming and colourful story of the drama of early nineteenth century life, it is a fine addition to the field of Canadian literature.

Exchanges

This column will, as of now, be addressed specifically to my three loyal readers (my parents and the proof reader), and therefore is liable to contain strictly personal comments. In other words, all opinions expressed here are (and don't say I didn't warn you) of no interest to the chance reader who happens to be looking for something to cure his insomnia. We have decided upon this action after due consideration of the facts which I am about to present.

Why shouldn't we (meaning I) treat this column as a medium of personal correspondence? In the first place nobody reads it except as a duty or to be polite. Many know better than to be that polite. I'm sure other Exchange editors don't read this department. I don't read theirs and I wouldn't expect them to read mine. To be honest with you, I don't even read it over myself.

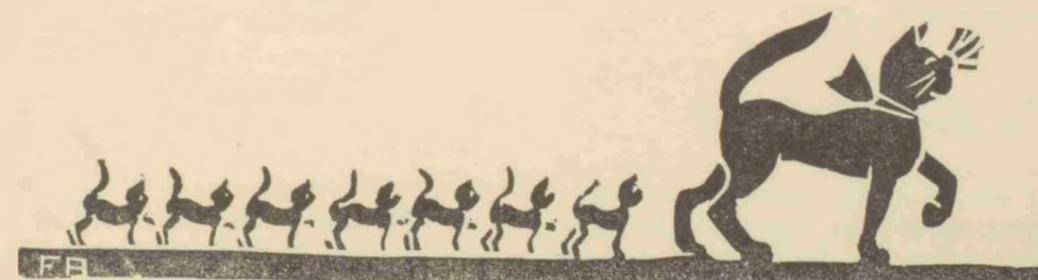
Secondly, I don't like to write the column. At one time I thought of writing an article detailing the unendurable pleasures of exchange editing. Sitting up till two o'clock in the morning (I never begin till midnight) ripping off

D. A. MACDONALD

Well, here we are with half a column written and a partial explanation of why uninvited readers may see almost anything here. I may even talk about the *Mitre* or the Faculty or politics or—well, not that—and no one the wiser.

Leaving facetiousness aside for a moment, let's dig into this pile of pregnant literature. The first pamphlet to strike my eye is called *L'Affaire de Saint-Etienne*. It was published by the Creditors (les créanciers) of Saint-Etienne and is meant to justify their complaints. They allege that there only sin against the church is their desire to be paid. They proceed, at some length, to put forth their claims (as near as my Freshman French tells me) and their rights to complain. This is part of a very interesting series of articles on the same subject so if you are interested, let me know by all means. Also the grammar in this, as in most French publications, is delightful (especially after those crib-notes we had in our first year).

The June issue of *The Challenger* had a complete five-



covers from periodicals from all over the country, and trying to find something to say about them. Well, what can I say about them? And this brings me to thirdly. Thirdly, everyone keeps asking why we have any exchanges or any column. Now, Stock Day was here a few weeks ago and mentioned how griped he was when the Exchange came out with an account of what some other university was doing or how they were running things. He was right; if you want to see how the other half live, read their magazines yourself, don't read the Exchanges. What else can I say about those journals and papers that clutter my bedroom floor? I can say, "Thanks for sending them," dig my way out of the pile and go to bed. "Oh, no you don't," says Exchange department and you've got to write it even if nobody does read it." (You see the Ed. doesn't know about my four regular readers.) (I forgot to mention my brother who will read them, at my request, when he's old enough.)

page class prophecy; all in poetry. (Yes, I still think that anyone who can, or dares, write poetry is wonderful.)

We have the first copy I've ever seen of *King's Hall*. We are keeping our copy in my room. We notice there that Mr. Dickson-Kenwin and company visited the girls last year. Speaking of girls, and who doesn't, we also have the Hatfield Hall magazine.

More snooping, under the carpet now, yields us: Exhibit (a) A letter to the Ed. from the Government telling us what we should print; exhibit (b) A cheque in payment for advertising; exhibit (c) 16 copies of Statement on Social Welfare and World Order and Related Resolution.

We also have on hand a copy of *Boletin Bibliografico Mexicano* which is very good I'm sure.

From the Queen's Review we learn that at Queen's, members of the armed forces are taking extramural courses. Does anyone know why the Aesculapian Court is mentioned in the Queen's Journal?

What are College papers writing for news this term? Besides the regular corn we all dish out, this term their talking up The Blood Donors Service, the lowered registrations, the T. B. clinics at Queen's and U. of Manitoba. At McMaster the Red Cross Blood Clinic was moved right out to the college.

Here's an interesting bit of mayhem on the front page of the Manitoban. Evidently they have been hit with much the same moustache craze as some of our lads have. We support the derisive expressions of Miss Middleton who handled the topic. We of course are not prejudiced because of our inability to grow one. We just wouldn't have one if we could.

The best literary college review still comes from Trinity College and the best pictures from Université de Montréal. We note in the *Loyola College Review* that they think our prose is good and our lack of photography a weakness. In reply I might say that I think our prose is so-so and their pictures very good but I believe that in a growing concern like Loyola they can afford the cuts the *Mitre* would not even dream of printing.

We acknowledge with thanks the following receipts:

The Yale Literary Magazine.
Boletin Bibliografico Mexicano.

Bishop's and The War

As Great Britain and her allies have entered another year of war, so Bishop's has once more opened her doors to the "intellectual interests" of man. We who are here must do our best to profit from the opportunities as well as prepare for the dark days that lie near at hand. We have since the last issue of the *Mitre* witnessed great victories in those countries bordering the Mediterranean, in Russia and in the Pacific. There are greater to come and so we must do our bit here on the home front for Bishop's and for the war.

The War Savings Stamps campaign is once again underway. Last year we sadly missed our goal for the amount collected was under half the objective. We can and will do better this year, but must also remember that our own pleasures have to be often forfeited. Why not try to make your motto, "A stamp a week for victory".

If you are in the habit of attending breakfast on Thursday morning you have probably been confronted with certain very pale and white-faced individuals. Don't be too alarmed, however, for they are not the local ghosts, but only blood donors. It is just another part Bishop's is playing in this war. Many students have already donated their blood, but great deal more of this vital plasma is urgently

Red and White, St. Dunstan's.
Hatfield Hall Magazine.
The Muse, McMaster University.
The Trinity University Review.
Le Carabin, L'université Laval.
The College Cord, Waterloo College.
The Brunswickan.
The Adventure, Magee High School, Vancouver.
The Argosy Weekly, Mount A.
The Manitoban.
The Silhouette, McMaster.
Xaverian Weekly.
The Acadia Athenaeum.
Queen's Journal.
Revue de L'université d'Ottawa.
Codrington College Magazine.
Alma Mater, St. Jerome.
The Queen's Review.
Loyola College Review.
King's Hall.
B. C. S.
McGill Daily.
The Dumbel, Sherbrooke High School.
Documentaire sur l'université de Montréal.

R. PIERCE

needed. Application cards are available for the asking.

Another Victory Loan has come and again gone over the top, this time by at least eighty-three million dollars. Canada has played her part well and so Bishop's.

We have in our possession a petition issued by the Canadian National Committee on Refugees. This petition urgently entreats the government of Canada.

1. To offer the sanctuary of Canada to refugees from political or religious persecution without regard to race, creed or financial condition.

2. To take immediate steps to facilitate the entry into Canada of refugees (especially those stranded in Portugal) whom it is still possible to rescue.

3. To make any changes in the Immigration Act, Regulations or Administration thereof necessary to admit such refugees into Canada.

This petition is to be signed by any citizens of Canada eighteen years and over. As such we should see that this assistance is given. Canada will benefit, as the history of other movements and countries has proved, by the admission of more of these talented people. Think it over and when the petition is posted sign it.

Alumni Notes

Births

ABBEY—At the Jewish General Hospital, Montreal, on May 5, 1943, to Mr. Monroe Abbey, B.A., '25, and Mrs. Abbey, a daughter.

AYLAN-PARKER—At Whitehill, England, on June 9, 1943, to Jean, wife of Major John Aylan-Parker, B.A., '36, a son.

CASWELL—At the Sherbrooke Hospital, on July 12, 1943, to Gunner and Mrs. Chester Caswell (née Millicent Marlin, B.A., '38), a son, Chester Bruce.

DELANEY—To Dr. William L. Delaney, B.A., '38, and Mrs. Delaney, at Montreal, on May 20, 1943, a daughter.

HOGG—At the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on 21st September, 1943, to Captain F. John Hogg, B.A., '34, M.D., and Mrs. Hogg (née Peggy Winslow), a son.

MACLEAN—At London, England, in March, 1943, to Lieut. Ian M. MacLean, B.A., '39, R.C.N.V.R., and Mrs. MacLean, a son.

McMURRICH—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, on 13th May, 1943, to Lieut. Arthur Redpath McMurrich, R.C., and Mrs. McMurrich, a daughter. Mrs. McMurrich is the daughter of Rev'd Canon E. R. Roy, M.A., '99, and Mrs. Roy, B.A., '15, also sister of Miss E. R. Roy, B.A., '41, and A. R. M. Roy, '44. Lieut. McMurrich attended the University in 1938.

MARTIN—At the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital on May 31, 1943, to Sybil (née Shires) wife of Lieut. Jack E. Martin, B.A., '39, 2nd Battalion Black Watch, a daughter.

SCHOCH—At Laterrière, Chicoutimi Co., on 15th May, 1943, to Lieut. A. N. Schoch, B.Sc. '40, and Mrs. Schoch, a son.

TAYLOR—At the Arvida General Hospital on 27th July, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Wylie O. Taylor (née Gertrude Chadsey, M '36), a son.

VISSER—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, on June 10, 1943, to A. H. Visser, B.A. '39, and Mrs. Visser, a son.

WILSON—At Oxford, England, on 22nd July, 1943, to Flying Officer Christopher Wilson, R.A.F., and Mrs. Wilson (née Bainbridge), a daughter.

Marriages

BAYNE-LOTHROP—The marriage of Ethel Noreen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Lothrop of Sherbrooke, to Leading Aircraftman Alexander Thomson Bayne, St.

E. PATTERSON

Hubert, Que., son of Dr. and Mrs. Archibald R. Bayne, La Tuque, Que., took place in Plymouth United Church, on October 9, 1943.

DAVIDSON-WIGGETT—The wedding took place on 7th August, 1943, at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, of Miss Patricia Anne Wiggett, B.A. '39, R.N., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Moore Wiggett of Sherbrooke, to Flight-Lt. James Crockett Davidson, R.A.F., B.Sc. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Davidson of Sherbrooke. The Rev'd Canon H. R. Bigg officiated.

HALL-HOWE—The marriage of Margaret, daughter of the Rev'd and Mrs. Howe of Halifax, N.S., to Capt. George W. Hall, M.A. '30, son of Dr. George Hall, M.S. '96, took place on 17th June 1943, in Halifax.

HIBBARD-BEAUDRY—The wedding of Miss Geraldine Beaudry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Beaudry of Quebec, to Lieut. John E. Hibbard, B.A. '37, Canadian Dental Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hibbard of Sherbrooke, took place in Quebec City on May 22, 1943.

LANE-MEREDITH—The marriage of Miss Pauline Rebecca Meredith, M '32, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meredith of Cookshire, to Lieut. Lloyd James Lane, B.A. '40, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lane of Lennoxville, took place recently in St. Peter's Church, Cookshire.

MCLEOD-MATTHEWS—The wedding took place in Montreal, at Divinity Hall Chapel, on June 26, 1943, of Miss Phyllis Jean McLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McLeod of Lake Megantic, to Dr. Frederick White Matthews, M '35, son of the Rev'd F. R. and Mrs. Matthews, formerly of Lennoxville, now of Summerton, Ont.

MARSTON-JACKSON—In St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, on June 12, 1943, the marriage was solemnized of Miss Grace Irene Jackson, B.A. '31, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lynville E. Jackson, and formerly Librarian at Bishop's University, and the Rev'd James Guy Marston, B.A. (Theology) '41, priest in charge of Sandy Beach and York Churches, Gaspé, Que., son of Mr. Herbert R. Marston and the late Mrs. Marston of Woodbridge, Ont. The Right Rev'd Philip Carrington, Bishop of Quebec, officiated, the assistant priests at the Holy Communion which followed the marriage ceremony being the Rev'd Russel Brown, Rector of St. Peter's Church, the Rev'd E. K. Moffatt, and the Rev'd Eiton Scott of Bishop's University. The bride was attended by her sisters, Miss Olga Jackson, B.A. '29, as maid of honour, and Miss Lyndall Jackson, B.A. '34, as bridesmaid. The Rev'd

Norman Pilcher, B.A. '38, of St. John, N.B., was best man, and the ushers were the Rev'd Leon Adams, B.A. '43, of Smith's Falls, and the Rev'd E. G. Kettleborough of Montreal. The reception was held at the home of Mrs. Clifford Goodhue, Quebec Street, after which the Rev'd and Mrs. Marston left for Lake Memphramagog, where the honeymoon was spent.

MEADE - EVAN-WONG—The marriage took place at St. Stephen's Church, Coaticook, on June 12, 1943, of Miss Nancy Doria Evan-Wong, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Evan-Wong of Georgetown, British Guiana, and Mr. Cecil Francis Meade, M.A. '43, youngest son of Mr. Sydney Albert Meade of Coaticook.

MORTIMER-LEROY—The wedding took place on June 26, 1943, at St. Luke's Church, Rosemount, Que., of the Rev'd Hugh Augustine Mortimer, B.A. '40, Assistant Priest at Trinity Memorial Church, Montreal, to Dorothy Violet, daughter of Mrs. Leroy and the late Peter Leroy.

PERRY-TITCOMB—At Kenogami United Church, in September, the wedding took place of Miss Edith Margaret Titcomb, B.A. '37, to Mr. Clifton Graham Perry, son of Mr. H. Gordon Perry and the late Mrs. Perry of Quebec City.

PILCHER-LONG—The marriage of Nancy Walton Bernice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Walton Long, of Saint John, N.B., to the Rev. Norman Donald Pilcher, son of the late Major and Mrs. Norman Pilcher, of Sherbrooke, took place recently in Trinity Church, Saint John. The Rev'd Canon Young officiated. They will take up residence in Drummondville.

ROTHNEY-ROSS—The wedding took place in August, 1943, of Miss Alice Russell Ross, younger daughter of the Rev'd and Mrs. Alex. R. Ross of Asbestos, to Professor Gordon Oliver Rothney, B.A. '25, Ph.D., eldest son of Professor and Mrs. W. O. Rothney.

THOMPSON-REIKIE—The marriage took place on September 25, 1943, in the chapel of Erskine and American United Church, Montreal, of Catherine, daughter of the Rev'd and Mrs. T. Thomson Reikie of Edmonton, Alta., to Allan Lloyd Thompson, B.A. '40, Ph.D. of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Allan Thompson of Leeds, Que.

SCHOCH-AITKEN—The marriage of Margaret Mahajhla, M. '44, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Aitken of Lockport, N.Y., and S/Lt. Peter John Schoch, B.Sc. '43, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schoch of Laterrière, Que., took place in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que., on October 12, 1943. Dean Jones performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev'd Professor S. Childs. The bride wore a gown of

white silk jersey and carried a shower bouquet of American Beauty Roses. Miss Rahno Aitken, the bridesmaid, wore blue velvet and carried pink roses. Lt. Arnold Schoch acted as best man.

Engagements

MAGEE-FREEMAN—The engagement is announced of Section Officer Phoebe Anne Freeman, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), daughter of Mrs. G. Eric McCuaig of Montreal, to Captain Allan G. Magee, R.C.R., H.Q., 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade, Central Mediterranean Force, C.A. (O.), M '41, son of Col. and Mrs. Allan A. Magee of Montreal.

O'CONNOR-FENTON - TOMS—The engagement is announced in England of Major Osmund O'Connor-Fenton, of the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, Canadian Army, who was a member of the University in 1935-36, youngest son of the late Rev'd T. J. O'Connor-Fenton and Mrs. O'Connor-Fenton of Toronto, and Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Toms, of Whitmore, Mersham, Surrey.

Deaths

CARROLL—Lieut. John Carroll, B.A. '41, was killed on operations with the Brockville Rifles Regiment in Alberta.

JOHNSON—The *Mitre* records with regret the death of the Rev'd M. B. Johnson, M.A., Mus.B., Rector of Trinity Church, St. Thomas, Ont., on May 10, 1943. Mr. Johnson received his B.A. from Bishop's University in 1910, and his Mus.B. in 1927.

General

HUMPHREY—The promotion of Maj. Willard D. Humphrey was announced recently by the Department of National Defence. Maj. Humphrey joined the Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment when it was mobilized in 1940, and later continued his connection with the unit when it was converted into the 27th Armoured Regiment. He received his B.A. from Bishop's University in 1931.

LAWS—Lieut.-Col. Rev'd Harold S. Laws, V.D., rector of St. Stephen's, Westmount, and chaplain of the Royal Montreal Regiment (Reserve), preached his farewell sermon recently in the church that he has served for eleven years. Col. Laws has retired from the rectorship because of ill health. He is a graduate of Bishop's University.

JOHNSTON—Word has been received by his friends in Lennoxville that Wing Commander Russell Johnston, R.C.A.F., M '37, is critically ill in a military hospital in Texas, suffering from infantile paralysis.

MACKEY—The promotion of Captain, the Rev'd D. B. MacKay, B.A. '35, to the rank of Major, will be of interest

to University circles. He is now a Chaplain overseas and is Assistant Senior Chaplain of the 2nd Canadian Division. Major MacKay is the son of Mrs. Malcolm MacKay of Sherbrooke and the late Dr. MacKay. After graduating at Bishop's Major MacKay received his Th.B. from Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J. He was appointed chaplain to the 1st Battalion, Black Watch, in 1939 and went overseas in August 1940. He has also been Education Officer and organized and taught courses dealing with Canadian government, law and justice, conditions in Canada, post-war planning, rehabilitation, and other matters, which will help to fit the men under his charge for post-war civilian life.

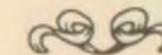
MACKEY—The Rev'd George T. Mackey, B.A. '37, has taken up his duties as rector of St. Patrick's Church,

Guelph, Ont.

The Reverend John COMFORT, L.S.T., is a chaplain to the R.C.A.F. with the rank of Flight Lieutenant. His address is: C-35253, C.A.P.O. No. 4, R.C.A.F. Overseas.

D. B. AMES, B.A. '28, Ph.D. Yale '32, has been promoted to Associate Professor of Mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

VISITORS—Recent visitors to the University were Rev'd H. I. Apps, Rev'd and Mrs. Norman Pilcher, Rev'd R. Mackie, P.O. D. Jack, Lts. Lloyd Patch, Merton Tyler, Harold Frizzell, Jack Peake; Messrs. W. Gale, E. Goodhue, W. MacVean, J. Giroux, L.A.C. H. Smith, Miss Mary Lynn, Miss Audrey Walker, Miss Jean McCallum, Miss Gwen Weary, Messrs. Raycraft, Scott, Day, Davis, Meade.



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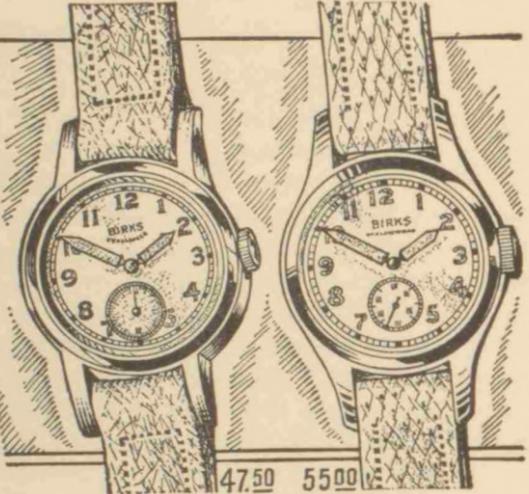
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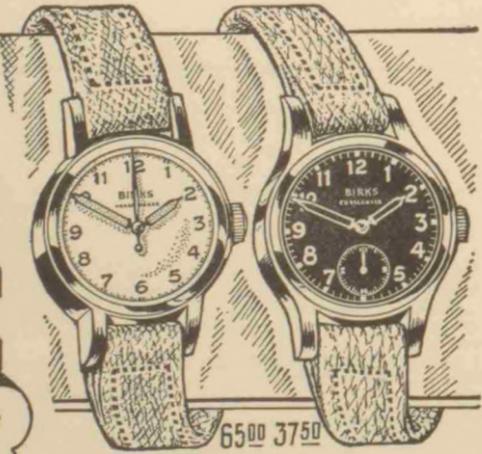
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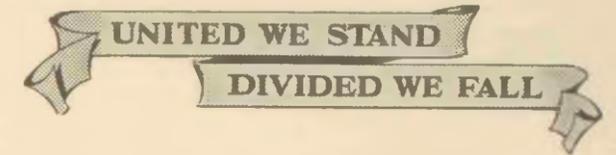


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