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ARCHDEACON SCOTT

Dr. W. O. RAYMOND

It is impossible in brief compass to pay adequate tribute to a life so rich and many-sided as that of the Venerable Archdeacon Frederick George Scott. He was a national figure, and his death at the age of eighty-two evoked an expression of love and esteem in which Canadians of every figure, and his fine accomplishment and his varied gifts.

It is fitting that Bishop's University, Archdeacon Scott's Alma Mater, should voice its appreciation of his endearing personality and character. Even in casual conversation he had the gift of immediately establishing a personal relationship between himself and everyone with whom he came in contact.

Though he was endowed with many talents, the warm and genialness of Archdeacon Scott's humanity was possibly his basic attribute. Like Abou Ben Adhem, if he had chosen his own epitaph, he might have enjoined the recordation, "I pray thee then, write me as one that loves his fellow men." He was interested in human nature and he had faith in human nature. It was this quality which gave him an unique influence amongst soldiers in the years when he served as Brigade Chaplain of the First Division of the Canadian army overseas in the World War of 1914-18. As he approached men as individuals, and individuality rather than conformity to type was eminently characteristic of his own personality. He was a poet with some of the fire-lace proclivities of the poet; and a poet let loose in the midst of a great war is a

Scientific Research and Human Progress

Dr. A. N. LANGFORD

"Hauanu. Thyme, a drug for the lungs, to be chewed. A drug for the lungs, to be drunk alone in oil and beer. Its smell revives an epidemic. Thyme is also used for hardness of breathing."

Thus is translated the description of the medicinal properties of the thyme plant as set forth in an Assyrian herbal of the seventh century B.C. and recorded by R. C. Thompson (The Assyrian Herbal. Luzac and Co., London, 1924).

**PENICILLIN DOSAGE SCHEDULES IN VARIOUS INFECTIONS**

A. In serious infections due to the hemolytic streptococcus, 10,000 to 20,000 Oxford units should be given, with continuing dosage as follows: 1. Five thousand units every hour injected into the tubing of an inlying intravenous set or 2. Constant intravenous injection of a solution at a rate designed to deliver 5,000 to 10,000 units per hour. In a few cases it may be necessary to use larger doses.

3. After the temperature has returned to normal, the total dose in a twenty-four hour period may be reduced by half, but it should be continued for at least seven days after the temperature is normal.

B. . . .

*(From "Penicillin; Its Action and Uses." Merck & Co., Inc. 1943.)*

Note the contrast in this detailed description of the use of recently discovered penicillin, a description breathing reliability, with the very wording indicating the high degree of confidence with which penicillin may be used medicinally. Here we see one way in which may be contrasted the Assyrian period, when life was at its best precarious and the twelfth century, in which increasing life expectancy creates a major peacetime problem in government administration. The advent of penicillin is but one of the many advances on which this increasing life expectancy is based. Let us, however, select for further consideration this one advance, the discovery, production and clinical use of penicillin to combat disease.

The research workers who developed penicillin were able to do so because of the simultaneous availability of numerous laboratory tools and experimental techniques which sprang from the results of scientific investigations. Some recent and some remote in time, in many apparently unrelated fields. For instance, the knowledge of the principles of inheritance, gained largely since the turn of the present century, has enabled the provision of pure lines of similarly reacting laboratory animals, essential in the development of such a substance as penicillin. The "pure line" concept dates largely from the studies of Johannsen, published in 1903. From long-continued research in electricity and by the utilization of data on the thermal expansion of metals and of the transmission of heat come the thermostatically controlled, insulated, constant temperature chambers in which Penicillium may be grown repeatedly, and in almost any climate, under identical conditions, which are highly standardized, to yield maximum quantities of penicillin, a by-product from the growth of the fungus, Penicillium. Widespread interest in and research into the nature of the physiology of micro-organisms has led to the isolation, identification and testing of a host of organic compounds, produced by micro-organisms, penicillin being a very late arrival in this group. Directed attempts to kill specific bacteria within the human body by the introduction into it of specific chemical substances date at least to the time of Ehrlich (1902). These attempts, in turn, were dependent on the earlier development of the chemical industry to the point where relatively pure chemicals were available for investigation. Knowledge of the nature of disease, of methods of culturing micro-organisms and of sterilizing nutrient materials, and even knowledge of the very existence of minute living things dates to the period culminating in the epoch-making researches of Pasteur, Koch and others during the 1860's and 1870's. The microscope too, in its present advanced stage of development has been of great importance in connection with the development of penicillin; yet for its origin we must look to an even earlier day, the opening of the seventeenth century, to the investigations of Galileo, who is considered to be the effective discoverer of the microscope. For glass itself we are indebted to the still earlier but less exact investigations or discoveries which eventually led to its manufacture as a precision material. All these and many other factors have made possible the modern development, not only of penicillin, our particular illustration, but of thousands of articles considered essentials of modern civilization.

Even in the period in which the Assyrian herbal was compiled, research, of the sort peculiar to and possible in that day, had yielded considerable in the way of useful results. For instance, the medical men of Ninivah had a good but by no means completely accurate knowledge of the plants of the day. We must think of the earliest studies in
natural science as beginning at a much earlier period, one of the first essentials in the development of civilization being the accumulation of knowledge of plants and animals and success in their domestication and with personal happiness and true progress. However, the physical environment of the twentieth century is a cause of satisfaction to the great majority of civilized people and of regret to only a few. Regardless of how civilized people have and their opportunities, it is a scarcely disputed fact that the tremendous physical developments of the past have afforded man increasingly great opportunities for the development of his mind and for the world-wide dissemination of ideas concerning, and aids for the achievement of, a more complete development of the human personality.

And what of the future? Scientific research has played a great part in the developments of the very recent past. It is often said that we are living in the age of science. Shall we attempt to claim to science the dominant role in our future development, as some have done? In my opinion, rather, the fundamental problems of the immediate future are very largely unrelated to scientific research. They are problems of organization, administration, local and national government; problems which can only be solved by clear thinking and, equally important, by the determination to co-operate for the common good, by an ingrained willingness on the part of responsible persons to accept good new ideas, to be constantly open to possible conviction that ideas other than their own may be practicable. The essence of factual knowledge available to-day and still awaiting translation into terms of living is so great that, were scientific research to cease to-morrow, true human progress could not be suspended, but thereafter the problem may become a strictly economic one. We have not been particularly successful in establishing the fundamental reasons for the delay until 1940 in the trial of the Kenny method for the treatment of infantile paralysis, successfully demonstrated before the medical profession in Australia in 1911. Dr. D. W. Gradekunst, Medical Director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, writes of this disease:

"The only positive hope, at present, lies in the realm of treatment. . . . To-day there is the Kenny method of treatment, which is not a cure. It can neither prevent nor cure paralysis, for it cannot in any manner alter the destruction of the cells of the central nervous system. But the Kenny treatment can do much to speed recovery. The intense heat applied for long hours affords great relief from the distressing rawness of early poliomyelitis. Physical therapy, as advocated by Sister Kenny, does much more. It lessens the stiffness of the joints, the shortening of muscles, and the deformity contractures. In addition, it makes the most of the residual strength in the muscles. By the careful skilled hands of nurses and technicians, patients are taught effective use of their arms and legs, and back, that once might have been considered by many as hopelessly paralyzed."

"There is nothing miraculous in that which is done by the physician, nurse, or physical-therapist in applying the Kenny method. Only skill, based at a knowledge of anatomy and muscle function, as well as an understanding of the symptoms of the disease, is necessary. The nearest approach to the miraculous comes in executing the tedious and extraordinarily laborious routine of this technique. Hard work, added to skill and knowledge, has restored to useful function many of those otherwise would have suffered greater disabilities or far longer periods of convalescence." (From "The Known and Unknown in Infantile Paralysis." Merck Report, Jan. 1944. The italics are those of the writer).

It may be argued that the results of scientific research long have been continuously applied in fields which contribute to human progress as outlined above, but it may also be argued that the contributions to progress is an incidental one and that the driving force behind the application is usually an economic one. This is too often the case even in medicine. A research worker in medicine may, working with the highest humanitarian motives, make discoveries on the basis of which some new instrument for the relief of suffering may be visualized, but thereafter the problem may become a strictly economic one. We have not been particularly successful in applying our science in cases where the stake is a social one rather than a simple economic one. We should do well as a nation or as members of a university to inquire into the fundamental reasons of an unjust law. It would also be well to re-examine North America of the Kenny method for the treatment of infantile paralysis, successfully demonstrated before the medical profession in Australia in 1911. Dr. D. W. Gradekunst, Medical Director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, writes of this disease:

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APRIL, 1944

After thirty years of research on infantile paralysis since the demonstration of the Kenny treatment, this treatment still stands superior to any other. Prejudice on the part of the medical profession has been cited as one cause of the delay in the recognition of the Kenny treatment, but there are other factors. How hard work and skill are the main requisites for the treatment: industrial concerns see no opportunity in the manufacture of these. The fact that the method was developed on another continent may have something to do with the delay in its introduction. Some of us are inclined to look with disfavor on ideas which originate from far away. Some of us are inclined to overlook the investigations made by people of another tongue. For instance, a few years ago great prominence was given to the results of American experiments with a poisonous substance, the alkaloid colchicine, which is capable of inducing, in various species of plants, including certain commercial floral types, new strains with double-sized flowers. Related investigations were quickly undertaken in many parts of United States and Canada. Approximately a year later, at a large meeting of scientists, the year's progress was discussed and the promoters of colchicine were hailed as having introduced a new era in the field of plant breeding and in the study of species evolution. Some months later there appeared in the Journal of Heredity a short note by a Belgian geneticist who pointed out that one of the "All-American" symposium on colchicine, felt constrained to write on the subject. He pointed out that the principles involved in the colchicine work had previously been demonstrated, published, and studied by Belgian scientists, whose investigations were more fundamental and extensive than the American ones. At the symposium in the United States there was no mention of the original Belgian workers. There is great room for improvement in the operation in solving with such problems as this, with the universal struggle against disease, and with problems in numerous other fields. Financial organization for the unrestricted investigation of medical and other social problems is essential if we are to take up such slack as has been illustrated in the discussion of the Kenny treatment, or could no doubt be illustrated by thereader in other instances. It is equally important, however, that such organization be staffed by...
fascinating study. His intuitions are inspiring and refreshing, and there is something undeniably humorous when they clash with the more conventional ideas of men who believe in rule of thumb regulations.

Canon Scott was at times a thorn in the flesh of staff officers who made a fetish of military routine, particularly if they were of the red-tape ilk. Assigned to a home base in England on account of his years (he was in his fifties when appointed army chaplain), he smuggled himself aboard a troop ship in order to get to France. When hailed before a high-ranking officer to account for his presence in France, his bland excuse was that he came across the English Channel in order to search for his base. He was finally permitted to remain in France, but forbidden to go to the front trenches. It is hardly necessary to state that this attempt on the part of a halted English Colonel to discipline Canon Scott by keeping him out of the fighting zone was abortive. But for some time, as he tells us in his enthralling book, "The Great War As I Saw It," he sought hiding amongst companies of privates when a higher-ranking officer appeared in the trenches, always arousing their sympathy and co-operation when he told them that "he was trying to dodge a general."

Anecdotes regarding Canon Scott in the World War are legion. On one occasion he was walking with an officer and reciting poetry to him, when shells began to fall in their vicinity. Deciding that it was a shame by quenching his inspiration to break the continuity of the rhythmic beat of the verse, he kept on his leisurely way, despite the fidgeting of his companion whose aesthetic sensibilities were not keen enough to feel that pleasure in poetry was adequate compensation for a possible loss of life.

Canon Scott's courage and devotion to duty were recognized in many ways. As early as 1898 he was awarded the Sanford gold medal for life saving by the Royal Canadian Humane Society. During the war he was made a C.M.G. in 1914, and was awarded the D.S.O. in 1918. One of his sons was killed in action, he himself was wounded, and he was four times mentioned in dispatches.

Other honours came as a tribute to his poetry. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1900. While it would be an exaggerated estimate to rank him as the greatest Canadian poet of all time, he has contributed a volume of verse which he was successively Canon and Archdeacon, is a matter of record. But no outward record can chronicle the radiation of his kindly, wise, devout Christian faith. He was the most natural and honest of men, and anything in the way of cant, unction, and pietism was abhorrent to him.

Any sketch however slight of Archdeacon Scott would be incomplete without reference to the spiritual centre of his life. His long and fruitful ministry in Quebec, during which he was successively Canon and Archdeacon, is a matter of record. But no outward record can chronicle the radiation of his kindly, wise, devout Christian faith. He was the most natural and honest of men, and anything in the way of cant, unction, and pietism was abhorrent to him.

Of him it might have been as truly said as of Chaucer's stock and a reflective vein conjoined with accurate and intimate description. His Communion hymn beginning "We hail thee now, O Jesu" is a fine contribution to Canadian hymnology. His temperament was innately poetic and it endowed him with a elasticity and quickness of perception which, combined with inimitable humour, was captivating and no small part of his attraction and influence.

It all started this way—I was deposited' a little of my month's war factory earnings at the bank one day about a month ago (I had a holiday that day), and got to talking with Cyrus Worsh casual like about the weather while we waited for Worsh Worth to come in. They had a new ledger keeper down to the bank—one day night.

I was almost stupid with surprise, but beggars can't be choosers and if he was willin' to be friendly it seemed that when he got to know me better he might decide to marry me. You know, Mabel, that my character's good, even if my face ain't. After all it didn't seem so queer that the old boy might want female companionship in his reclining years. I made up my min' that I would go and do my bes' to win him. He isn't much to look at, but he's thought to have oodles of money and is twenty years older than I am and that means that my chances of being a wealthy widow would be pretty good.

Abbergale's Dilemma

The heart is broke! I think I'll tell you about it, Mabel, after all yer my frien', and I simply must pour out my troubles to some one. You know old Cyrus Worth who lives in that big house up on Kensington Hill—well he is the cause of my misgivings! It was he who betrayed me!

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quite considerable. After dinner we set in the dim lit livin' room an' talked about love and sech. Finally he moved over an' put his arm aroun' me, I snuggled closer and then he actually proposed. He said he needed a wife to share his later years with him.

I said, "Oh, Cyrus, this is so sudden won't you give me time to think about it? A girl must have time to think about such an important step in her life." He agreed with me and said I should have time to think, and he made a date to learn my decision when we next met the follerin' Sattidy.

He lef' finally after bestowin' many kisses on my fav­ered brow, and whisperin' sweet nothins in my ear. I had decided to accept him before he changed his mind—a wom­an of fifty has to look out fer her future, don't she Mabel? The nex' day I told the whole story to Winnie Forsythe who runs the stampin' machine nex' to mine at the factory. She said I'm a damn fool to marry old Worth. I asts her why and she says that he used to court her thirty years ago and he was a reglar wolf and two-timed her. When he got a play at little Nina Clock. He had dropped her like a ton of hot rivets, and she was afraid I'd lose him to younger and more attractive wim­men. I indignantly told her I wus sure that Cyrus Worth had grown up to be an upright and God-fearin' man and would make a faithful husban'. If only I'd listened to Winnie, ail this sorrow would've been spared me.

When I got into bed that night I couldn' sleep. I began to think about what Winnie had said. She had warned me about him, but I hed a mind of my own and I began to think about his reason for wantin' to marry me. As I have only $3,333.33 in the bank, Cyrus wasn't marryin' me for my money as he wus known to be near a millionaire. To my mind he wusn't marryin' fer love either even though he told me he wus. To my way of thinkin' he was marryin' me because he wanted female companionship. I even ad­mitted to myself that I didn' love him deeply enough to lose much sleep if he wus to play around with other wim­men. After due thought I come to the conclusion that I hadn't nothin' to lose by marryin' him and a lot to gain so I decided to fergit Winnie's advice and go through with my plan.

I met Cyrus Sattidy night at Marge's Tea Room and I told him my decision over coffee and doughnuts. He seemed overjoyed an' assed him over to my place and we spent a few hours at what I reckon the young fry calls neckin'. We made arrangements to get married in exactly two weeks from that memoryable night. We planned to go on a train trip to Toronty, Detroit an' Chicago fer our honeymoon. Oh with what joy I looked forward to that day which never come!

Monday I give my notice at the factory and quit the next Sattidy afternoon. Cyrus went over to the bank with me at the beginnin' of the week when I went to bank a little of my pay. Milly told me that they had had to fire the new "employee" because he was so green. Why do they have to think up so fancy names for ledger keepers, do you know Mabel? It seems this new feller wus alias makin' mistakes, so he hed to go. Now Marge has to do all the work around the bank till a new "employee" can be got.

I shoved twenty-five dollars and my bank book acrost the counter to her. She took the money and opened my book. Then she shrieked and says to me she says, "Jest look here Abbegail, here's another mistake of his. He entered the balance of yer account in this new book over two spaces to the left makin' yer balance of $3,333.33 look as if it wus $333,333—ain't that funny?"

I started to laugh but looked at Cyrus (who wus lookin' over my shoulder at the bank book), and I quit laughin' right quick. He had come pale all over as if he was sick, then he turned and marched away from me and out of th' bank.

I walked sadly home wonderin' what had prodded Cyrus into bein' so unkind to his betrothed and walkin' away. I called him up thet night to ast him about it. He told me he wus sorry to have walked out on me, but that he had had quite a shock and hadn't really meant to be rude.

He confessed thet he had very little money havin' lost it by buyin' worthless stock in a gold mine and when he saw that I had what he thought was $333,333 in the bank he decided that my fortune would be a way of gettin' him back into the finanical swim agin. He had looked at my bank book, the sneak!

He finished up by tellin' me he couldn' support me in his present circumstands and coldn' marry me fer that rea­son. I cried all night and all the nex' day and I only re­cently have recovered enough not to bust out cryin' every once in a while. You see why I've been so sad lately don't you Mabel?—but please don't tell noone, dearie about how near I come to bein' a married wommin.
The Mitre Poll

Early last February there was distributed among the students of Bishop’s University a set of questions dealing with various oft-discussed problems of the day. The purpose of the poll was to determine the trend of thought among the students attending college in wartime, and to give each student the chance to determine just how his ideas on these varied subjects compared with those of his fellow students. The questions printed were selected by a group of third year students who, aided by Dr. W. O. Raymond, M.A., Ph.D., professor of English at this university, arranged for the selection, wording, and distribution, etc. Now to discuss each of the questions fully would be to devote a lengthy paragraph to each. This, moreover, would take an expert knowledge of the subject. Accordingly the editorial staff, claiming no special prowess as experts on any of the following questions have decided to print the results with a few brief remarks about each, and leave it to you as an individual to formulate your own conclusion.

In the following percentage results 57 people voted of which 21 were female and 36 male. (Percentages in some cases were rounded off.)

1. Do you feel that Canada should be less closely allied to England?
   - Yes, 8%; No, 82%; Undecided, 10%.
   (The main criticism of this question was that it is stated in the negative. We wish to point out, however, that the question does not imply that Canada should be more closely allied to England, although it probably would be interesting from the point of view of closer alliance should it at some future time be asked in the affirmative. Obviously, however, the next step in becoming less closely allied to England would mean complete independance, and the results indicate that this is not desired by the large majority.)

2. Do you think that women should court men during Leap year?
   - Male: Yes 14%, No 59%, Undecided 27%.
   - Female: Yes 0%, No 96%, Undecided 4%.
   (It is obvious from the results of this question that although some men are in favour of being courted by females, the majority are not. The few that are, however, will probably be sadly disappointed because the coeds are apparently almost unanimous in their belief that it is wrong to court men. Incidentally, the word “court”—it is defined as “to try to win the favour or love.” We wonder whether, if this question was submitted to the authors who stated the question as best they could, they would have used such various additions such as “in time” appeared on the results. The somewhat close vote, however, indicates a diverse opinion, although comments we received favored quite unanimously a union while at the same time they felt that these unions should be prevented somehow or other from striking. Recent developments in Montreal naturally came under consideration in answering the question.)

3. Do you think that municipal employees should be allowed to join labour unions?
   - Yes 32%, No 49%, Undecided 19%.
   (From the comments both heard and written the students found this a rather hard question to answer because they found it difficult to collect an adequate number of facts on the matter. The somewhat close vote, however, indicates a diversified opinion, although comments we received favored quite unanimously a union while at the same time they felt that these unions should be prevented somehow or other from striking. Recent developments in Montreal naturally came under consideration in answering the question.)

4. Do you think that generally speaking wartime marriages should be encouraged?
   - Yes 14%, No 78%, Undecided 8%.
   (There was some criticism of this question on the basis that it took in such a lot of factors that it was, accordingly, made very difficult to answer. This was quite obvious to the authors who stated the question as best they could to give the impression that in all cases of marriage under consideration one or other, or both of the partners be directly affected by wartime activities.)

5. Should India be given complete independance?
   - Yes 19%, No 79%, Undecided 2%.
   (It is with some hesitancy that we publish the results of this question. The question itself did not appear as the authors had wished it, and it must have been obvious to all who read it that some time limit such as “now” “during the duration” “sometime in the future”, etc., should have been added. Most people seemed to realize this and such various additions such as “in time” appeared on the various polls. Taking all this into account we do not hesitate to say that should the question have read “Should India be given independance now? the answer would have been almost unanimously negative.”)

6. Would you favour the C.C.F. in a forthcoming election?
   - Yes 28%, No 61%, Undecided 11%.
   (There is obviously no comment needed on this question.)

7. Do you think that there should be a Dominion election before the completion of the present war?
   - Yes 25%, No 71%, Undecided 4%.
   (We wonder if this question is representative of a confidence vote in the government—obviously the students feel that it would be more dangerous to change government than to continue as we now are.)

8. Do you consider the present generation more immoral than that of their fathers?
THE MITRE

Male: Yes 31%, No 61%, Undecided 8%.
Female: Yes 4%, No 80%, Undecided 16%.

This is a pretty hard question to come to a conclusion on because although the present generation may not be more immoral as indicated by the vote they might appear so or vice versa. One observation which might lead to some further thought is that the present generation only appear more immoral because they are more frank.

(9) Do you consider that the environment and atmosphere usually associated with the juke-box a contribution to juvenile delinquency?
Yes 34%, No 64%, Undecided 2%.

(Some claimed this question difficult to answer because they associated no special environment with the juke-box —and yet only 2% undecided)

(10) Do you consider that physical fit students should be allowed to continue their college studies?
Yes 94%, No 6%, Undecided 0%.

(The question was made interesting by the recent decisions of the educational boards which in Ottawa last January to decide the issue from the government point of view. It is a pity that the nature of the poll was not expanded enough to define the question more clearly for there are after all several sides of the question to consider, e.g., allowed to continue in special courses, etc. One voter added: "You're darn right! after all what are science students doing allowed to continue in special courses, etc."

(11) Do you consider the Frank Sinatra craze an ex-

I See A Dark Lady

I had never believed in spiritualism — perhaps I still don’t—but now I’m not so sure. It all started a few weeks ago, when a medium had come to the city to sell her weird wares. This Madame somebody—I have forgotten her name—was to conduct a seance at a friend’s house. Since he was a firm believer in spiritualism and Barry and I were frankly skeptical, he invited us, no doubt hoping to convert us to his beliefs. On the appointed night, we arrived at the house, and were ushered into a room which had been appropriately darkened and curtained. A few seconds later, Madame entered: she was a short, dark woman, dressed in a colorful gypsy costume. A silence fell over the room, and I began to wish with all my heart that I was in a well-lighted but instead of this dark, rustling closet. Suddenly my name was beckoned to me, and I rose to answer. "You are the man that was in that restaurant." I answered only by questioning looks. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. Several times she spoke; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a sound of breathing. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Fervently I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted.

F. DELANEY

Madame could not tell me who the lady was, but she described her fully.

The Midnight Hour

The night was still and silent as he sat in his den, drowsily pouring over the list of names before him, some of which must be signed and clear: names to be conferred with, some in that in future years might grace the Halls of Fame, some that bespoke of cunningness and guile, others appearing in the same order night after night with monotonous regularity.

Outside all was bright and still, peacefully calm after the storm that had raged incessantly for the past twenty-four hours. Nothing seemed to move over the great expanse of whiteness seen through the window, the sky overhead like a great jewel-bedded canopy so deep and clear in the absence of a moon.

Inside all was quiet the inmates apparently having retired, some to an extra hour or so of study, others to pay tribute to Bacchus, and others to enjoy a peaceful night in the thought of Morpheus, to rise fully refreshed to the beauties of a new day.

A night of absolute peace and quietness, hard to imagine in a war-torn world, a night such as poets, aye and lovers, wish for in the arms of Morpheus, to rise fully refreshed to the beauties of a new day.

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Don't - Quit--

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but never quit

Success is failure turned inside out,
Rest, if you must—but never quit

When things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

Henry's First Skunk

The first glimmer of morning light showed against the dark sky, and slowly black darkness turned to gray. It was dawn, and silence reigned everywhere.

Henry tossed, gave a little shiver, and cautiously opened one eye. Hearing nothing, he closed it once more, preparing to finish off his beautiful dream, in which he found that climbing trees was the easiest thing in the world to do, as he quickly covered the distance into the treetops where innumerable terrified cats awaited him. Slowly he approached the first one, licking his lips in anticipation. But that surprising creature dealt poor Henry a cutting blow on that worthy but most vulnerable spot, the nose, and Henry let out such a yelp that he woke himself up. This time he was not quite so anxious to return to his dream, but slowly rose to his feet and sniffed the cold morning air.

Lifting his head high he whispered softly to himself "The birds they sing and the squirrels they play, for there has come another day." You see, Henry was in his soul a poet, although unfortunately his talents did not include expressing those thoughts in equally beautiful verse. Nevertheless, he delighted in composing little ditties all his own.

As you have perhaps guessed by this time, Henry was a dog. At least, so the dealer had asserted when he sold him to the family. As a matter of fact, many people were inclined to differ in their opinions on this subject, but the notoriety of Henry's immortal cousin, Maggie and Jigg's Fish, strengthened the dealer's verdict, for that illustrious one also held the title of Dog.

From the tip of his puckered ear to the level of the floor on which he was standing, Henry boasted the outstanding height of eight inches of which his spindly legs made up the greater part. This size often proved very useful when there were only small openings in certain fences through which he wanted to go, but it constantly offended his dignity when people deliberated on the origin of his race.

But enough of the shortcomings of our hero. On this particular morning, as we have said, Henry stretched, quoth his little poem, and prepared to face a busy day, filled to the brim with fights. To tell the truth, Henry never could get into any fights, as the bigger dogs (and all were bigger) merely turned up their noses and walked right over our little friend. However, his imagination brought him many moments of joy, so we must not be too harsh on poor Henry.

"What a beautiful day," said Henry, "I must hurry and get out in the sunshine," and so, as Henry never did believe in losing any time after making a decision, he proceeded to inform the family of that decision in no uncertain terms.
joyous yaps changed to wails. He lifted his tiny paws and tried to claw away the blindness but it only hurt more. Blindly he stumbled away from the scene of disaster. He wanted to lie down and die, but somehow he found his way towards home. The family were expecting him, for they had smelled him coming. All the doors and windows of home were closed. Henry could have cried. No one loved him!

But the Master proved to have a heart of gold, despite his naughty words earlier in the morning, which he repeated with feeling now. For he opened the door and holding his breath, picked Henry up and dropped him in the lake. Then, after letting the dog swim around for a few minutes, he buried our Henry in the sand, all eight inches of him, except for the very tip of his little black nose.

There Henry stayed for several hours. Then he pushed his way up to the surface, shook himself, and started off once more in search of adventure. But a most unpleasant breath, picked Henry up and dropped him in the lake. The following is respectfully dedicated to the Coach of the Girls' Basketball team with our deepest sympathy. Any references to persons living, dead or exalted beyond recognition during practice is purely intentional.

Girls' Basketball Practice

The following is respectfully dedicated to the Coach of the Girls' Basketball team with our deepest sympathy. Any references to persons living, dead or exalted beyond recognition during practice is purely intentional.

Practice is scheduled for 4:00 p.m., so at 4:23 with only four of the twelve players missing or late it began. "Farky" blows the whistle shouting, "Line-up behind that line over there!" to which everyone simply turned his back and looked at the uninterested spectator, but any girl on the basketball team can initiate spectator, but any girl on the basketball team can

At one point in the game two girls meet in the middle of the floor, one clutches the ball grimly to her—she doesn't know which basket she is shooting at and the other seems to be trying to take the ball away from her. B, the aggressor, slaps at the ball. A stamps her left foot and hops on her right foot, out of breath as she goes (at the last practice and learned to piece). B advances, flailing out with both hands and inflicts a deep scratch across her arm. Both stop, look to pivot. A and B both retreat, exchanging acid shouts, "For heaven's sake don't stop to say you're sorry, the game goes on." A and B retch, exchanging acid smiles and "I'm so sorry" and "oh, it's quite all right," and the game goes on.

Standing during play to exchange amenities like "NICE basket, Lie", or "Did I hurt you?" or "Whose side are you on?" is frowned upon by the coach who has managed to suppress them to a great extent. But occasionally in the middle of the game some of the age-old problems of mankind once and for all.

Miss JEAN BOAST

After all, who can guarantee lasting peace? We can consider it as an act of divine power that in the present conflict the Allied Nations are led by a most outstanding group of broadly-minded men, who have made it their objective to settle some of the age-old problems of mankind once and for all. The foundation has been laid by the Atlantic Charter and other agreements and conferences between leaders of the Allied Nations, but that is no final assurance.

The great undertaking can only succeed if it is backed up by education! To a point where mob psychology has become a weapon of warfare and where some of the age-old problems of mankind once and for all.

Plan has been drawn up by Mr. Culbertson. His system, however, although it attempts to solve the problems universally, is not based on any economic or social basis and would prove to be politically most unstable. How other than Americans might look at the plan is perhaps best shown in Mr. Lin Yutang's words: "Big powers at least behave as if you were not scared!"

One of Mr. Culbertson's main features, an international police force, may be a very beneficial institution and will probably be necessary immediately after the conclusion of the war to restore and maintain order particularly in the Axis-controlled countries. The strength of this force will be tremendous and may have to remain so for a considerable period of time, nevertheless it should be periodically readjusted to a safe minimum. The reason is apparent: to be effective the force must be centralized, and once centralized it may develop into a source of danger. The advantages of power are altogether overemphasized; it is about time that the "might makes right" theories be replaced by goodwill and fair-play theories. Again it becomes clear how important the part is which education will have to play in stamping out anthromorphic and antinomial ideologies. It is the task of education to raise the intellectual level of the multitudes to a point where mobpsychology has become a weapon of the past, where a man is able and keen enough to form his own opinions and where he is recognized as a menace even by the one-time anarchist.

As far as the axis countries are concerned they should be treated as delinquents: watch them and educate them, change their outlook on life; it may take a long time in some cases, and we will always pay in the long run. If we refuse or neglect to educate them, we will continue to play their cat-and-mouse game. While we watch them closely they will be peaceful. They will remain so until we become tired of watching them, but once we are practically asleep they will start playing havoc. If we are lucky—and so far we have been lucky—we will wake up just in time and put them back on the chain . . . and then the game will start all over again. In practice these games are a little too costly: Millions of lives and tremendous resources are wasted, and all energy is spent for the sole purpose of destroying. It therefore should be self-evident that policing the countries
THE MITRE

concerned without spiritually guiding the people would be nothing but a waste of time.

On the other hand the danger of future aggression is commonly either overrated or the question is completely misunderstood. From a purely economic point of view none of our present enemies would have been able to prepare this war without outside help, in other words, without help from us. How much less will they be able to recover from this war, the end of which will find both Germany and Japan in a state of destruction and disruption never experienced before. It is almost certain that the greatest threat to security will come from a different direction. 1918 saw Italy and Japan in the Allied camp, in 1941 they were our enemies. Throughout history there have hardly been two countries which have not both joined forces as well as fought each other at one time or another. Who may intend to fight us in 1965? Under present conditions, for instance, the millions of Asia just rising from a state of poverty, illiteracy and suffering could easily be led into a holy war by some hotheaded politician. Only one thing will protect civilization from another disaster: provision for world-wide social and spiritual security.

A Freshette Writes Home

Dear Dad: Now that I'm here at Bishop's I like it very well. Before long I got acquainted and found the kids are swell. To do half what I'd like to do I just haven't got the time. As I said, Bishop's is wonderful College would be even better to me if I knew you were well rested, it is indeed an opportune time to start this column. Furthermore, the Editor has already been harasing us for over a week, and, by means of his two penmen known for political purposes as Assist-Editors, has conveyed threats of dire consequences should we fail to submit the required number of words on time. This "required number of words" is what has caused us to throw in at the start of the column a depraved version of Ogden Nash. However, we hope you will bear with us in this matter for it is indeed a difficult task to obtain variation from column to column. At the same time we wish to remind you that the use of the 2nd person plural in this department, is not a matter of editorial policy, but rather an admission of the fact that if you didn't make the news there would be none to write about, and, furthermore, if you didn't obliquely sit down to talk about one another so often, we would never have anything to put between the advertisements in this issue. At any rate enough said . . . you have shovelled vigorously: it but remains for us to spread evenly.

We hesitate to go away back to that gruesome time when exams were looming up in front of us, and we sat huddled in front of our heaters with a very boring text in front of us, and a supply of fuses nearby, but we feel that there are at least two things worthy of note at the end of last term. The first was a group of belated balladists who gathered that night at the college to go Christmas caroling. Having assembled, they then proceeded from one faculty house to the other spreading the weary professors. Sour notes were hit in the hope that some aggreaded pedagogue might throw the hateful book which contained a copy of the forthcoming exam, but no luck in this attempt was reported. Several shoes, however, were collected. The group even made a circuit of Mount Sinai and Lennoxville, where a vacant city hall clapped audibly, following which they accepted a generous invitation of professor Scott and his wife to enjoy a snack of cocoa and biscuits, and if by any chance the quantity consumed is a criterion of happiness, the feast was indeed a success. Somewhat later the party broke up, and theCarol music society of Lower College Street, under the able direction of Herr Konzertmeister Gabbrielo Schoffevitch, drifted home home laughing thus well known arias as "Silent Night", "Good King Wenceslai" and "Pistol Packing Mama". . . . The second event of note occurred just after examinations, and became known by all as the mass migration from the Old Arts. In order to make room for the R.A.F. it was decided that the Old Arts building should be cleared. Some of the more ambitious students took this literally, and several attempts were made by said students to smuggle favorite chairs, desks, bureaus, and, in some cases, mirrors to the new quarters. However, the sub-staff, acting on strict orders, was on hand to frustrate these attempts. Nevertheless, the moving of personal articles still went on—most of the trash being removed in handfuls. Finally, however, about three days after the exams were over, a majority of the fellows had succeeded in unplug their belongings from one room and piling them in an equally disorderly manner in their new bunks. All in all, only two complaints were at all prevalent; firstly that those in the New Arts were having trouble finding the ceiling, and secondly that some strong rope, or the near equivalent, to hold an adequate removal system to take away the enormous amount of plaster that seemed to be continually falling, bearded angels on the top floor, were sadly in need of (a) a vacant city hall clapped audibly, following which they accepted a generous invitation of professor Scott and his wife to enjoy a snack of cocoa and biscuits, and if by any chance the quantity consumed is a criterion of happiness, the feast was indeed a success. Somewhat later the party broke up, and the Carol music society of Lower College Street, under the able direction of Herr Konzertmeister Gab­ brielo Schoffevitch, drifted home home laughing thus well known arias as "Silent Night", "Good King Wenceslai" and "Pistol Packing Mama". . . . The second event of note occurred just after examinations, and became known by all as the mass migration from the Old Arts. In order to make room for the R.A.F. it was decided that the Old Arts building should be cleared. Some of the more ambitious students took this literally, and several attempts were made by said students to smuggle favorite chairs, desks, bureaus, and, in some cases, mirrors to the new quarters. However, the sub-staff, acting on strict orders, was on hand to frustrate these attempts. Nevertheless, the moving of personal articles still went on—most of the trash being removed in handfuls. Finally, however, about three days after the exams were over, a majority of the fellows had succeeded in unplug their belongings from one room and piling them in an equally disorderly manner in their new bunks. All in all, only two complaints were at all prevalent; firstly that those in the New Arts were having trouble finding the ceiling, and secondly that some strong rope, or the near equivalent, to hold an adequate removal system to take away the enormous amount of plaster that seemed to be continually falling, bearded angels on the top floor, were sadly in need of (a) an adequate removal system to take away the enormous amount of plaster that seemed to be continually falling, and (b) some strong rope, or the near equivalent, to hold together at least enough of the building to preserve its dignity. All of which played upon the emotions of one of our most sentimental balladists who wrote thus:

Oh Divinity House we love you so,
Though why in the world we do not know,
It's true that your structure is weak and frail,
But in spite of this we will not wail:
In the meantime, dear Shed, remember this,
That though it's a case of "hit" and "miss",
We can by jove!—We can hold our . . . cokes.

Notes and Comments

To "Notes and Comments!" we must turn.

Our undivided attention, that this is a highbrow column be we make no vain pretension. Instead we do sincerely hope in such successive paragraphs, you that will find no cause to mop. But come relax and let us laugh. We'll ramble now down "Gossip Lane" providing you will join with us, as we expose each Bishop's swain, and please dear reader make no fuss. Should you per chance amidst this relic find, your name in boldest type, and with some all too subtle phrase aligned. For all is writ without malignant thought, but merely with intent to make you blush, so at your ease read on and be ye not distraught.

This being Sunday morning just after chapel, and most of us being well rested, it is an opportune time to start this column. Furthermore, the Editor has already been harasing us for over a week, and, by means of his two penmen known for political purposes as Assist-Editors, has conveyed threats of dire consequences should we fail to submit the required number of words on time. This "required number of words" is what has caused us to throw in at the start of the column a depraved version of Ogden Nash. However, we hope you will bear with us in this matter for it is indeed a difficult task to obtain variation from column to column. At the same time we wish to remind you that the use of the 2nd person plural in this department, is not a matter of editorial policy, but rather an admission of the fact that if you didn't make the news there would be none to write about, and, furthermore, if you didn't obliquely sit down to talk about one another so often, we would never have anything to put between the advertisements in this issue. At any rate enough said . . . you have shovelled vigorously: it but remains for us to spread evenly.

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“Heaven” (in Divinity House) and “Hell” (in the Well) — . . . “you can then send him a wonderful education in one week” . . . Your roving reporter while wandering around underneath the tables in the Wellington one night observed many things (blush) . . . Most notable among them was Paul Beaudry taking a picture of “The Countess”—we steadfastly believe this could be blackmail, but one never knows! . . . one fact to consider is that Paul is a “2 week” man—which might also be spells “too weak” . . . Britton is his middle name, and Britton is a fortress, but although Bud claims to be unaffected we heard him running around the halls slightly inebriated one night proclaiming in a loud voice “I’ve lost her—I’m so unhappy” . . . the other side of the fence, however, things seem to be only possible, and a certain little dame is really stretching herself to get them . . . or is she? —before we ask another question, however, let us quote a lonely private who sitting mournfully one day on his “ipso facto” composed thus: There once was a sergeant named Pat. A remarkable Soldier at that. When he yelled “Stand at ease!” He created a breeze To quickly change the subject we pass on now to the visits we have had from the boys of the R.A.F. Welcomed by the weary warbling of the U.B.C. Corny Choral Club (which meets regularly every free night around any half-filled rum-cake from which they can get their key of C, and goes forth with “Mars eat—hics and does eat—hics!”) the R.A.F. immediately made themselves at home with the half-starved females of the college. Bits of conversation that our big ears picked up ran something like this “I haven’t had tea for ages” . . . “Oh yes, I was in Yorkshire once” . . . “Frankly I haven’t seen such a handsome man for ages” . . . “Has anybody seen a girl wearing my graduate pin—I think she was entertaining Rusty a few minutes ago” . . . “what’s that Elaine? Well Whitmore was left, and the students beat a hasty retreat to their beds gulps and a split label. Saturday, however, the airforce left, and the students beat a hasty retreat to their beds where one of our more excitable sleepers dreamed up the following, which he dedicated to one “Twitchet”: On Sunday afternoons the air force come, And over them each month we make a fuss, A hectic week goes by—and then they leave, Our girls come back to us . . . we hope? “Order!” . . . “Order!” . . . “Order in the Court” shouted the judge at the top of his last, forlorn, bedraggled, bong. Hereupon a long haired individual sadly in need of a bromo—one recognizably as Nick the killer—lifted a finger, caloused and worn from essay writing, and ordered a ham on rye. The judge rapped his gavel in an attempt to quell the disturbance, but only succeeded in waking our car thief, and his blood accomplice known only as the Vampire had been caught using two innocent girls as blinds while they robbed the bank. These two, the judge continued, were supposed to have a secret hideout on Becket Ave. which they had been using to blanket subversive activities. This was interrupted, however, by the arrival of Benny the Welcher’s moll, “Ironox Ida” (phone Fe2O3), who was chewing bubble gum which insisted on bursting loudly with the result that our correspondent, who had been sleeping lustily since his bout with the gavel, jumped loudly with the result that our correspondent, who had been sleeping lustily since his bout with the gavel, jumped
The case closed, our reporter recounted his pogo stick, and passing on his way out to give the cucking a drink from his portable decanter, he lit a blaze under the nearest fire engine and left still wondering if Benny the Welch was still telling the truth when he said that between the hours of 1 and 2 a.m. he was sitting on the door-step playing button who's got the button? To those of you who think that by now all the criminals of Bishop's on the Massawippi, sometimes known because of its pre-Arthurian towers as the "Creek on the Add", have been exposed we hasten to add that there are in our very midst two of the smoothest swindlers that the college has ever known. These two by means of a fantastic rogue which involved a false story of being from out of town, and, accordingly not able to get a ticket for a certain community concert succeeded in hooking a certain very famous violinist on such a long string that he escorted them in his entourage—Old Lodge members beware the blondest and the darkest are in your midst . . . we hear from various sources that a certain little bawl from Sherbrooke was to her disappointment not frostbitten . . . Lie certainly had a lot of going away parties last March or so . . . the first was a howling success . . . the others were egg-nogg festivals . . . who wants frostbitten . . . Liz certainly had a lot of going away parties last March or so . . . We noticed during the last R.A.F. visit that Betty finally got a cable from overseas.—The funniest sight of the night was a fellow named Gilling, who couldn't tear himself away from her . . . too late she realized that it was only because his tie was caught in her zipper . . . we wonder whether they cut the tie? . . . We wonder if Pinkey and Prunella have finally found their way to the Love Knots in Harley were a couple of our students oftentimes disappear come spring . . . There once was a coed named Edie, a cute little thing—Yes, indeedy! Said she, Life Pyedantic? Why no—It's Romantic . . . But why are the freshmen so weedy? . . . We noticed again over what I have already written. For in these February playing hockey underneath the bridge in Lennoxville . . . If you really want the answers to some of these questions drop into the girls' common room and hide yourself underneath any available sofas . . . there seems to be a varied opinions lately on the Air Force dances—in our opinion they revolve around three things . . . Dances for those who like it very famous violinists on such a long string that he escorted them in his entourage—Old Lodge members beware the blondest and the darkest are in your midst . . . we hear from various sources that a certain little bawl from Sherbrooke was to her disappointment not frostbitten . . . Lie certainly had a lot of going away parties last March or so . . . the first was a howling success . . . the others were egg-nogg festivals . . . who wants frostbitten . . . Liz certainly had a lot of going away parties last March or so . . . 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Who one moonlight night went too far,"—so he turned the auto around and drove to a farm and took back cursing himself for having wasted the gas . . . so saying we end our little slander section with a verse dedicated to one Pat who couldn't tear himself away from her . . . too late she realized that it was only because his tie was caught in her zipper . . . we wonder whether they cut the tie? . . . We wonder if Pinkey and Prunella have finally found their way to the Love Knots in Harley were a couple of our students oftentimes disappear come spring . . . There once was a coed named Edie, a cute little thing—Yes, indeedy! Said she, Life Pyedantic? Why no—It's Romantic . . . But why are the freshmen so weedy? . . . We noticed again over what I have already written. For in these February playing hockey underneath the bridge in Lennoxville . . . 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READ
LA TRIBUNE
DAILY
The Best Informed Newspaper of the Region

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The Bishop Looks Down
Edited by
Prof. A. V. RICHARDSON

CANADA—THE FOUNDATIONS
OF ITS FUTURE
by Stephen Leacock

The great and well-deserved reputation of Stephen Leacock as a humorous writer has inevitably, in the minds of many people, caused a forgetfulness of his equally deserved reputation as an economist and a historian. In such books as "My Discovery of the West" (1917) and "The British Empire" (1949), written with serious intent, the dual personality of McGill professor and humorist is very evident. Discussions of social credit and of the development of the Commonwealth idea are enlivened by characteristic and imitable touches of fun; statistical data and historical inference are but partial eclipses of his all-pervading sense of humour.

We find the same happy combination in "Canada—the Foundations of its Future", a magnificently produced volume, privately printed in Montreal in 1941 and sponsored by the well-known firm of the House of Seagram—a book which can be heartily recommended to anyone who is interested in the development of the Dominion, and in the part it seems destined to play in the future.

The keynote is struck in the dedication, "Of all the natural resources of Canada, the greatest is its people", and in the opening words of Mr. Samuel Bronfman's introduction, "The History of Canada is the sum-total of the biographies of all its citizens."

In an "Author's Foreword" Professor Leacock recalls the fact that when he came to the Lake Simcoe district, as a child of six years, in 1871, there existed there an isolation not known to-day even in the Arctic: "Newspapers we never saw. No one came and went. There was nowhere to go. There was nowhere to come and go." And what was true of Lake Simcoe seventy years since, was equally true, until a much later date, of many districts further west. What a change, what an enormous development, has taken place in the life-span of a single generation.

"But this relative shortness of the past serves to lengthen and enlarge our future. Canadians instinctively think more of what is still to come in their country than of what has happened in the past. People of olden lands typically and commonly look back..."

"There'll always be an England" sings the Englishman, and the Scot doesn't even have to sing. But Canadians would never sing that there will always be a Canada—like this one. This is just a beginning. We have hardly started. Wait a hundred years and see!"

But the relation of present conditions is a corollary of the past story. And so Professor Leacock commences with a chapter on "The Empty Continent"—perhaps the oldest country in the world, as we look at such an area as that covered by the great Laurentian shield, looked upon for centuries as mere barren rock, and now recognized as the storehouse of vast and precious mineral deposits, and again as we look at the amazing system of waterways, those chains of lakes and rivers which, generations ago, determined the main lines of settlement, and are to-day the genesis of hydro-electric power whose final development none can altogether foresee.

There follows a chapter on "The Colonial Era—1534-1713", commencing with Cartier's voyages, and ending with the Treaty of Utrecht. In spite of the long series of voyages to the American coast, from Cabot, through Cartier, to Gilbert and Ralgh, there had been hardly any permanent settlements up to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Visits to fishing grounds, which are still familiar to-day, attempts (for the most part disastrous and futile) at colonization—these are scattered over the years from 1510 to 1600. Then, just after the turn of the century, begins the new era of Samuel Champlain, of the Virginia Company, and of the Mayflower.

Professor Leacock brings out very clearly how vitally the successive waves of settlement, the pushing of exploration further and still further west, have affected the subsequent development not merely of Canada, but of all the continent. The French explorers, such as Radisson, La Verendrye, Lasalle, share with such men as Hearne and Alexander Mackenzie the honour of being the pathfinders in regions which, in our time, are the producers of untold wealth.

Astonishingly great as were the achievements of France in the New World, how was it come about that such achievements have remained without even more lasting results than those for which they have in fact been responsible? Professor Leacock provides an answer: "New France was misguided from the first. It was indeed so sturdy a plant that it clung somehow to the rocks of the St. Lawrence through all hardships. But it lacked settlers. The Huguenots, defeated and exiled, would gladly have come, but their entry was forbidden. Their energy and industry must seek another flag... by a strange irony of history, the inroads of the Iroquois, and their central position, kept empty and preserved for British colonization the best part of the claim of French Canada."

The story of the great struggles of the eighteenth century, the seven years war, the American Revolution, and the coming of the Loyalists, has been told by many. Suffice
those stirring and turbulent years — the expulsion of the Acadians, the foundation of what are now the Maritime Provinces, the struggles along the St. Lawrence, the influx in our country's history are more than adequately treated.

One natural aspect from Professor Leacock, no mat-
matter what he is discussing, that whimsical humour and witty turn of phrase which he has made so particularly his own. This book is full of such, and one cannot resist a few final quotations. The thumbnail sketches of personalities — "George Brown (John A. Macdonald's doughty opponent), as straight as a figure in Euclid and about as attractive"; "Goldwin Smith, "an Oxford scholar of such eminence that he could argue with no one but himself." The good-hum-
oured gibes at past conditions — in Toronto of a century ago "the tone of society was English at the top, but the barber shops Americans. There was profound peace and order and on Sunday all belles and Sunday-best. It seems, as most places do, a pleasant place in retrospect. At least it was cheap." Rural Ontario at Confederation — "then the village became a little town, with a drug store and a local paper... it was four churches and three taverns... on the map of Ontario Protestantism was everywhere, but Roman Catholicism ran in zig-zags. The three taverns were one Grit, and one Tory, and one Freeholder. Many things have changed since then, with the post office and the mail stage alternating as the prize of victory in elections."

Laurier's ministry in the prosperous days around 1900 — "without having also how much our own efforts have been aided by the good fortune of our history. The growth of the United States to a single vast power reaching from ocean, speaking all one language, and pursuing one demo-

"social credit" — "most of all the new doctrines swept through Alberta... the provinces were imported certain economic profundities of British fog, impossible for most people to understand, which in sunny Alberta by tone of prayer, turned into Alberta Social Credit. The theory is an expan-

dition of that idea of living by taking in one another's wash-
in... we cannot yet tell whether it was the end of something just ending, or is the beginning of something just beginning."

And who but Leacock would have noticed that the lounge of the University Club in Montreal is approximately on the site where, in Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier read the Gospel of St. John to the savages? Let us take our leave of him and his altogether fascinating account of Cana-
da's progress from an empty wilderness to a nation with its one of his best phrases — "We are all fascinated with our country. We'll build anything, remove it, dam it or damn it." Could the energy and freedom of opinion, inseparable from a young democracy, be better expressed?

Austria — Gateway to Germany

FRED K.

An Allied invasion of the Continent is near, and the speed of success will largely depend on the amount of co-

operation that will be offered by the people of Europe. Ever since the beginning of the war, and especially in the past few months, underground movements have been very ac-

tive in several parts of the continent. The deeds of the French, Polish, Czech, Greek, Dutch, and Belgian under-
ground are well known; so is the fight of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia. Little, however, has been heard so far by any organized anti-Nazi resistance in Austria. The main reason for this, is that there is no government in exile or any other recognized representative body in England or in the States.

Several attempts have been made by various Austrian groups to set up a representative body similarly to other exiled gov-

ernments. These attempts, however, have so far failed. This failure was largely due to the fact, that a very large percent-
age of Austrians living abroad have, like myself, become so attached to their new adopted country, that they have no interest whatsoever in Austrian affairs. However, since the Anglo-American-Canadian invasion of Italy, Austria has come into the news again. As the Allied armies more steadily forward, Austria is between them and Germany.

A year and a half before the beginning of World War II, Hitler invaded Austria. This was hardly done out of "sentimental desire to unite all German-speaking countries", as it was claimed, but for very obvious military reasons. Hitler needed Austria to begin the war and to strike at the Balkan countries. He needed her factories, and he needed her raw materials. Today, the main German supply of raw materials runs through Austria. Since the bombing of the Ploesti oilfields the Austrian oil district of Zistersdorf has become one of Hitler's main sources of oil. It has been estimated that Austria's share in German war production has been between 25 and 30%. With the beginning of the concentrated Al-

lied bombings of Germany, there has been a steady stream of Germans to Austria, "the Air Raid Shelter", as they call it.

In my opinion Austria should have been bombed long ago. It has been the Allied policy to spare Nazi-occupied countries as much as possible, but the Germans have made

great use of this reluctance; too great a use to make these countries immune from aerial assaults.

According to neutral correspondents, the anti-German elements in Austria are steadily growing. Several strikes have been reported, and it is said that executions take place daily. Those Austrians, who in 1938 welcomed the occupation, are now beginning to see the true facts. Germany did not come to help them, but to exploit them. There has for the last two centuries been a great antagonism between Aus-

trians and Germans, especially amongst workers and farm-

ers, who are the backbone of a nation. However, as long as the Germans left them alone they were content. But as soon as they began to replace Austrian foremen in factories, offices in the army, and policemen by Germans, the major-

ity of Austrians were restive.

At the very beginning of the war, Germany organized Austrian divisions to fight at their side. However today, after more than four years, these divisions are proving to be very costly to the Germans. They are deserting by the hundreds. They prefer to be prisoners in Allied hands, rather than to be the virtual "prisoners" of Germany. A story which was carried by most papers is very typical. In one of the American prisoner of war camps a group of Austrian soldiers requested the authorities to separate them from the Germans, since severe fights had developed. At another camp, an Austrian prisoner was so haunted by his German "compatriot" that he committed suicide.

These and other examples show that restlessness in oc-

cupied Europe is growing. It is like a charge of dynamite with an attached fuse. Someone has only to light the fuse to set the charge off. I think that concentrated allied bomb-

ings, which in the United States to a single vast power starting from ocean, speaking all one language, and pursu-
ing one democratic ideal, has produced a continent that knows nothing of the divisions of race, language and purpose which have brought down central Europe in ruins. ... Nor has there been wanting to us for nearly two centuries the sheltering protection of the mother country. No overseas aggression could reach us, and those who came must come in peace. ... But this protected infancy and sheltered youth are over now. The time has come when our country must make its final return for all that has been done for it in the past. For the present we can best do this in making every effort to aid in beating back from Great Britain the war by which we are now the Maritime Provinces, the struggles along the St. Lawrence, the influx in our country's history are more than adequately treated.

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Sports

Once again we welcome all sporting fans to a round-up of the sporting news at Bishop's. Sports will always be the best form of relaxation available to the college student. Often, perhaps, they take first place in college life. We all recognize that this should not be so, but since the sporting spirit of the college, although suffering from the effects of wartime, never seems to be dampened, the athletic activities still go on. As mentioned, however, there is not a sport here at the college which has not been affected. We have been forced, due to transportation difficulties, to withdraw from major leagues and revert to inter-mural activities. This perhaps may be a better thing for it gives more people the chance to play in the minor athletics of the college, and the more participation the better for the general well-being of every U.B.C. student.

But before starting, the column wishes to apologize to P. Wood for a printing mistake in the last issue which credited the word "badly" instead of "ably" to Mr. Wood's handling of an inter-building basketball game: Phil has been doing a great job with the senior squad this year, and the conscientious way in which he has carried on as team manager has earned him the gratitude of all his teammates.

It is regrettable at this time of year we are not able to give you complete results. However, we have included everything possible up to February 22. In the meantime all remaining results will be collected and published in the June issue. But enough said—on to the sports round-up.

BASKETBALL

We choose to start off this column with some mention of basketball because, technically speaking, it is the main college sport this year. By that we mean it is the only major sport in which Bishop's has entered an organized league. Both the girls and the boys have been pursuing the game vigorously since early in the year, the latter, however, having rather more success than the former.

The boys' squad, although small and composed largely of "frosh", is slowly making its name respected in the Eastern Townships. Entered in a league with Sherbrooke High School, the Rand, Stanstead, and the Air Force, Bishop's has earned him the gratitude of all his teammates. Both the girls and the boys have been pursuing the game vigorously since early in the year, the latter, however, having rather more success than the former.

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When the haltime whistle blew the score had been reversed 12-8 in favour of the Purple and White. The third quarter was now 17-14 in favour of Bishop's with ten minutes to play. The S.H.S. lads returned after a most enjoyable week-end the boys felt much better with this first game tucked under their belt. Bishop's at Thetford Mines by adequate margins. The Air Force, however, have defaulted one game to Bishop's which almost assures that U.B.C. will be in the playoffs. Nevertheless, the boys are agreed that the still undefeated lads in blue deserved this respect and for a few minutes they really had the U.B.C. team tightened up, and made the last ten minutes of play were within three points of the collegiate lads. The score was now 17-14 in favour of Bishop's with ten minutes to play. The S.H.S. lads returned after a most enjoyable week-end the boys felt much better with this first game tucked under their belt.
season for the college team. From beginning to end this game was entirely Bishop's. Early in the game the U.B.C. boys chalked up a comfortable lead, and through the whole season for the college team. From beginning to end this Lothrop and his teammate Hammond. This was more than the Bishop's boys was the deadly accurate longshots of one who teamed up with Farquharson to form a very formidable barrier to the Rand squad. At the same time, up for setting up plays for his teammates. Pharo took advantage him a valuable man during tight moments, and he more opportunity to fill any position with a certain steadiness that makes throughout the game Whalen was largely responsible for relieving the strain brought on by the fast pace Grower is one of these all-round players who has a latent ability to fill any position with a certain steadiness that makes him a valuable man during tight moments, and he more than proved this in the encounter. When the U.B.C. boys left the floor they had scored another victory by virtue of a 40-22 count, and were eagerly looking forward to their forthcoming tilt with Stanstead.

Bishop's vs Stanstead

This contest came on the tail end of a doubleheader at the Sherbrooke High School. Since it is impossible to arrange transportation to Stanstead, Bishop's had to play a 4-point, sudden death game with this team. On the opening whistle the game started circuitously with G. Dickson set feeling the other out. Bishop's already had the Butterfield stars spotted and were carefully guarding their men. As a result they did not get down to playing their usual brand of ball until close to the end of the first half. Then, however, it was almost too late, and when halftime came U.B.C. had only a one-point margin by virtue of a 9-8 score. The other two years in their former contests each had one victory and one defeat, it was decided to play off in a sudden death game. The final game saw the Third year cup with a 12-4 victory in which Beattie, Brown, Schofield, Roy and Brodour highlighted an inspired contest. Second year, although it has suffered constant defeats, has still been outstanding. Mac unfortunately had to drop out for its fine passing and deadly shooting, and a tough defence lines. Not having a tall player. All in all, win, lose or draw the girls' basketball team will undoubtedly be the cleanest and pluckiest squad in the league.

BADMINTON

This year, due to the shortage of birds, badminton has not been able to function on as large a scale as usual. In fact the college has been able to get so few birds that the badminton enthusiasts have been jeopardized in their attempts to get going in this sporting section. As yet there has been only one of the badminton teas which used to be a regular institution at the University during the last couple of years. Nevertheless, the picture is not so gloomy as it may appear at first glance. To begin with we still have a few keen enthusiasts who have been pursuing this sport in their spare time, and positions on the badminton ladder are still changing quite frequently. Moreover, there are several potential outside teams including organization at the Y.W. C.A., one at Sherbrooke High School, and Windsor Mills. At the time of writing Gill Goddard is working hard on this matter of forming a team and getting it into shape for some outside games, and before the season is over Bishop's will undoubtedly have again made a respected name for itself in this field.

SKING

Sking is another sport which has become popular in Bishop's during the last couple of years. The Bishop's Ski Club which has been functioning in connection with the Killine Club during the past several winters has really not gotten under way this year due to the fact that there

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been outstanding. Mac unfortunately had to drop out for its fine passing, and the position is by itself fully filled by Bud Walsh.

Out of this inter-year hockey it is hoped to find enough material to formulate a college hockey team to play exhibition games around the countryside. Indeed, as present plans definitely include games against Lennoxville and Bishop's, we are sure that the success of these tilts will prove that Bishop's is a great hockey university.

Standing -

Teams -

G. Parker -

K. Farquharson -

P. Carr 22 -

G. Dickson 25 -

Individual scorers -

H. Dickson 16 -

G. Pharma -

K. Farquharson 8 -

G. Whalen -

G. Dickson -

Scored -

Year Goals Assists Points

K. Farquharson -

J. Searb -

E. Curphy -

G. Whalen -

G. Buchanan -

M. Macdonald -

J. Scarb -

G. Kennedy -

L. Donaldson -

B. Brown -

L. Waldam -

R. Watt -

M. McCredie -

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Right after the Christmas vacation those of you who might have drifted around to the gym on Monday afternoon might have seen a group of girls engaged in rigorous task of pushing one another around the hardwood floor. This was the first basketball practice. At that time there were on the floor approximately 10 girls of which 10% had never before played basketball, and only one or two of the remainder with any real practical experience. Furthermore, these girls were in the process of learning how to play basketball.

Standing -

Year W L Dr. G.P. G.A. Points

1st Year 6 4 2 52 46 6

2nd Year 6 0 6 21 57 0

Final Scoring records -

Games -

Year Goals Assists Points

K. Farquharson -

J. Searb -

E. Curphy -

G. Whalen -

G. Buchanan -

M. Macdonald -

J. Scarb -

G. Kennedy -

L. Donaldson -

B. Brown -

L. Waldam -

R. Watt -

M. McCredie -

The Mitre

THE MITRE

Team -

P W L Def. Points

U. B. C. -

- 4 4 0 0 8

Windsor -

- 4 3 0 1 6

Stanstead -

- 4 1 1 0 2

S. H. S. -

- 4 1 1 0 2

Rand -

- 3 4 0 2

Clarke's men stretching an unbeaten streak to three with a

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are no outstanding skiers at the university. We have, however, a variety of mediocre skiers among both the boys and the girls, and these have been skiing fairly regularly for their own pleasure. At the time of writing nobody has yet set forth on the famous sugar-bush trail that leads to the Hillcrest schuss but in the near future parties will undoubtedly be found wending their way thither.

BOWLING

About the only sport winding up its season at this time of the year is bowling. The league was formed during the autumn and an active schedule was run until late in January. However, it was decided at this time that the other winter-time activities of the college were taking precedence over the bowling and the league was accordingly brought to a quick conclusion. In the meantime however, several better than average bowlers had been discovered and it was decided that the 8 best girls and the 8 best boys would bowl off some night to determine two teams of six which would then play off for top honours. This plan has not as yet been completed, but in the meantime here are the final standings of the teams throughout the year and the 16 most regular high scorers.

Players selected to play off—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Team 1</td>
<td>Miss L. George</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Team 2</td>
<td>Miss J. Lockwood</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Team 3</td>
<td>Miss K. Ewing</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Team 4</td>
<td>Miss J. Miller</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Team 5</td>
<td>Miss L. Aboud</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Team 6</td>
<td>Miss F. Ladd</td>
<td>Girls</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Team 7</td>
<td>Mr. Kennedy</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Team 8</td>
<td>Mr. Whalen</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Team 9</td>
<td>Mr. Farquharson</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Team 10</td>
<td>Mr. Schofield</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Team 11</td>
<td>Mr. Buchanan</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
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<td>12</td>
<td>Team 12</td>
<td>Mr. A. Roy</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Team 13</td>
<td>Mr. Beaudry</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Team 14</td>
<td>Mr. Brodeur</td>
<td>Boys</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Alumni Notes

Births

Groome—On November 11, 1943, to P. O. John F. Groome and Mrs. Groome (née Rosamond Staple, B.A. '19), a son.

Marriages

Bowes-Red—On Saturday, February 12, 1944, in Trinity Church, Ottawa, S.O. Olga Mary Reid, R.C.A.F., B.A. '39, was married to P/O Raymond Irving Bowes, B.C.A.F., of Buffalo, N.Y.

Bouch-Pullen—The marriage took place on November 27, 1943, at St. Mathias Church, Montreal, of Section Officer Mary J. Pullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Pullen of Alexo, Alberta, to Flying Officer J. V. Bough, B.A. '30, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bough, of Sherbrooke, Que.

Carpentuer Armstong—The marriage of Ann Fraser Armstrong, former member of Bishop's University, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Armstrong of Sherbrooke, to P.C.F., Robert John Carpenter, Jr., B.A. '43, of Philadelphia, Pa., was solemnized in Plymouth United Church, on December 22, 1943, the Rev'd F. A. C. Doxson officiating. Miss Jane A. Armstrong was her sister's only attendant. Warrant Officer G. Mitchell Armstrong, R.C.A.F., B.Sc. '41, was best man.

Edgell-Richardson—The marriage took place on November 27, 1943, at St. Andrew's United Church, Chateauguay Basin, of Surgeon-Lieutenant Peter Gordon Edgell, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. '39, to Miss Roberta Florence Richardson, B.A. '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Richardson, of Chateauguay Basin, formerly of Sherbrooke. Miss Jean Richardson, sister of the bride, was maid of honour, and Miss Margaret Wright was flower girl. Acting as best man was Surgeon-Lieutenant Bruce E. Cregg, R.C.A.M.C., B.A. '39. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd D. M. R. Rost, assisted by the Rev'd Dr. G. C. Waddsworth of Montreal West United Church. A largely attended reception was held at the bride's home, after which Surgeon Lieutenant and Mrs. Edgell left on a short honeymoon trip to the Laurentians. They are now living in Victoria, B.C., where Surgeon Lieutenant Edgell is on the staff of the Naval Hospital at Esquimalt Naval Base.

McFadden-Davey—The marriage took place on December 27, 1943, at the home of the bride's parents in Sherbrooke, of Miss Katherine Marion Davey, M'46, to Lieutenant Robert Lee McFadden, R.C.A.M.C. The Rev'd Alfred Bright officiated at the ceremony.

E. PATTISON

Masterson-Hall—The marriage of Kathleen Elizabeth Hall, B.A. '42, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Hall of Sherbrooke, to Sgt. Pilot Thomas G. Masterson of St. Johns, Quebec, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Masterson of Henderson, Texas, and Palm Beach, Florida, was solemnized recently in Trinity United Church, Sherbrooke, by the Rev'd Fred Williams officiating. Mrs. John H. Carroll, B.A. '41, as Matron of honour, was her sister's only attendant. Sgt. Pilot C. M. Newton, St. Johns, Que., acted as best man, and the ushers were Sgt. Pilot G. E. S. Leggett, M'41, and Sgt. Pilot D. C. Rogers, both of St. Johns.

Rothney-Ross—The marriage took place on July 31, 1943, of Miss Alice Russell Ross, younger daughter of the Rev'd and Mrs. Alex. R. Ross of Asbestos, to Prof. Esso Gordon. Oliver Rothney, B.A. '42, Ph.D., son of Professor and Mrs. W. O. Rothney.

Braths

Watson—The Mitre records with regret the death of Gordon Spencer Watson, on November 21, 1943. Gordon received his B.A. in 1942, and returned the following year to take up Theology. Due to his very successful work at Comeau Bay during the summer of 1943, he was ordained, and did not return to College, much to our regret and sorrow. His ordination was held in St. George's Church, Lennoxville, on October 15, and four days later his marriage took place in St. John's Church, Ottawa, to Miss Florence Acheson of that city. Shortly after his marriage he returned to Comeau Bay, accompanied by his wife, to resume his duties. His mission extended about one hundred miles further east, and it was while crossing the river between the two eastern points, Ste. Marguerite and Ste. Anne, that he fell through the ice and was drowned. The funeral was held in Lennoxville on St. Andrew's Day, and students from Bishop's University were pall bearers.

General

Baker—Dr. Bruce Baker, B.Sc. '40, has recently received the degree of Ph.D. from Laval University. After one year of post graduate study at McGill University, he became a demonstrator in Chemistry at Laval University, from which he obtained the doctor's degree after three years of research.

Basset—The promotion of Captain John Bassett, B.A.'46, has been announced recently by the National Defence Headquarters. He originally enlisted with the Black Watch in Montreal, and is now serving in Italy with the Canadian Infantry Corps.
Bishop's and The War

This year Bishop's co-eds have been giving up three hours a week to war work. Altogether eight hundred and seventy-five were spent at the I.O.D.E. canteen in Sherbrooke. A few of the girls have worked at the Blood Donors Clinic. In addition to this each girl buys a definite number of War Savings Stamps every month. The Women's Students Association also plans to invest fifty dollars in a war bond.

A new plan has been in the process of experiment here at Bishop's, namely, that of giving the members of the B. A.F.T.C. a course on the appreciation of Canada. Up to the present we have entertained three groups and from all reports the courses have proven a very great success. In a small way we are trying to return the hospitality that has been offered to our foreign officers. We trust that soon other Canadian universities will pick up our example.

It is now revealed that the following article sent to the Toronto Star by Douglas Amaron, on December 8, 1943, and published in the Star on December 11, refers to Captain T. Lem. Carter, B.A. '34. All Bishop's men will have pride in Captain Carter's heroic leadership.

* * *

**WOUNDED CANADIAN SAVED ALL MEN FIRST, THEN SELF**

By Douglas Amaron

With the Canadians in Italy, Dec. 8, 1943.—Bravery of a Canadian artillery officer who, although wounded and encircled by the Germans, evacuated his troops and then crawled 300 yards to safety, was cited tonight by men of his battery as one of the individual highlights of their campaign in Italy.

Because he is a casualty, the name of the officer cannot be disclosed until his next-of-kin is notified, but fellow-gunners said: "He had more guts than all the rest of the Canadian army put together."

Lance-Bombardier Ray Savage of Chatham, N.B., was with the captain, who was attached to an infantry forward observation unit. Two other gunners on the same job have not yet returned to their unit although they are believed safe.

"This was a two-day job," said Savage as he summarized in five minutes enough hair-raising experiences to last a lifetime. "We were dug in the first night with some Seaforths and when we woke up the next morning we found ourselves 150 yards from the Germans."

**Under Constant Fire**

"There was a steady advance during the day although we were under constant fire from shells and mortars. The Seaforths took 31 prisoners and killed seven Germans."

"We set up our observation post in a house that night and just got settled down when a guard told us the Jerries were coming. They made a perfect target in the moonlight. The guard told them to halt and they halted and closed up.

"All we had in the house was a Tommy-gun and I emptied the Tommy-gun right into them."

"The captain told me to round up some more men. The first attempt I made to leave the house I was lighted up by a flare. I couldn't find any men so tried to get back, but there were a couple of Jerries behind me and I went on."

"I heard someone running and got the thrill of my life when I found it was a Canadian. I joined up with some Seaforths and they told me the captain had been shot."

**Crawled 300 Yards**

"That man had more guts than all the rest of the Canadian army put together. Though wounded, he got all the men out before he got out himself."

"He crawled from the observation post to another house about 300 to 400 yards away and if he went the same way I did he must have had to cross open ground."

"From another captain's battery it was learned that when he found himself in the midst of the Germans he called for an artillery barrage, although he knew he would be right in the thick of the shelling."

The following is an extract from a letter written to the Principal by Captain the Rev. S. Davs, B.A. '37, who is serving as a chaplain in the 3rd Canadian Field Regiment in the Central Mediterranean forces.

**3rd Field Regiment, R.C.A., Canadian Army Overseas, Central Mediterranean Forces. December 10, 1943.**

Dear Sir,

This letter comes to you from a very muddy battlefield in Italy.

I thought you would like to hear something of the Bishop's men who are serving with the first Canadian Division. The following are those whom I have met from time to time among the Royal Canadian Artillery Regiment.
ruined a good gag. But I’ll bet you’re still wondering what the question of the century is, or have you quit reading this trash in disgust. I must admit I sure am murdering the English language as she is spoke (sorry spoken). If per chance you have read this far I’ll be forever indebted to you and to prove it here’s what I’ll do: if ever you write an article, let me know and I’ll read it no matter if it stinks more than this one.

Now with your help (you reading, me writing) I’ll direct the unpopular song “Night and Day” and comment on it.

Night and day, you are the one—he seems to be accusing her of something or other.

Read on and find out. I dare you.

Only you—of course, who does he think he’s singing this to? His mother-in-law up north?

Beware the moon and under the sun—Is he excited, he wants her at two places. Why can’t he be satisfied at having her with him and let it go at that.

Whether near to me or far—double talk again! It’s no matter darling where you are — of all things!

Now in the middle of his love song he tells her it doesn’t matter any more, kind of fickle ain’t he? Not only that but he doesn’t give a darn where she is.

I think of you night and day—He’s thinking of her! Holy smokes what else can he do, he’s got her in his arms hasn’t he?

Day and night why is it so—what a guy! He make’s love by asking stupid questions.

That this longing for you follows wherever I go—accusation of pursuit?

In the roaring traffic boom — where is the guy? First he’s making love to her under the moon, then the sun, now he’s in a traffic jam. Next he’ll be at Grand Central station.

In the silence of my lonely room—not Grand Central station, no traffic lane, no sun or moon, but in his room! Boy does that guy ever get around.

I think of you Night and Day—I quit.

By now, all of you reading this (boy am I an optimist) must feel like I do — slightly nuts. A little while ago I asked you the seven ages of womanhood, now I ask you what the six ages of manhood are? You don’t know?

6 months—all lungs; 5 years—all ears; 14 years—all hands; 21 years—all muscle; 45 years—all paunch; 60 years—all in.

Now may I bow out, hoping no one murders me in my sleep. Bye Now.
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