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# The Mitre

VOL. 51 NO. 2

LENTEN ISSUE  
1944

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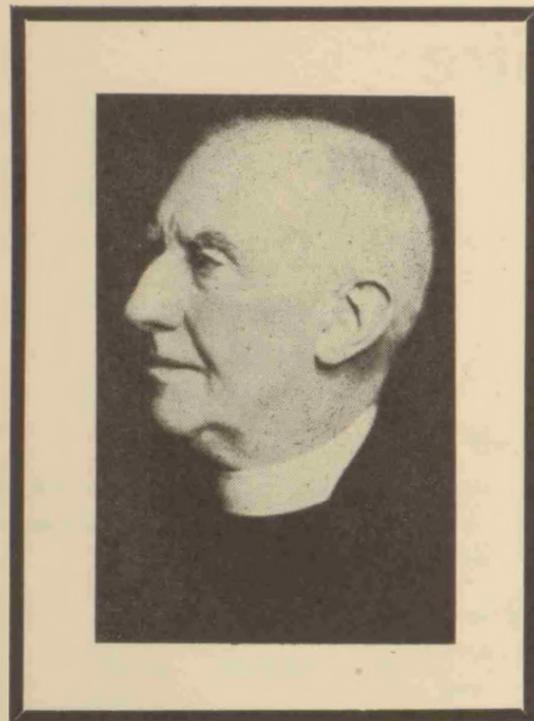
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Due to Government paper restrictions the Mitre Board regrets that many contributions had to be held back. We shall endeavour to print them in the forthcoming Trinity issue of the MITRE.

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



## 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 station and occupation united to honour a good and great man.

It is fitting that Bishop's University, Archdeacon Scott's Alma Mater, should voice its appreciation of his endearing personality, his fine accomplishment and his varied gifts. He received his B.A. at Bishop's in 1881, his M.A. in 1884, and was awarded a D.C.L. in 1901. His ties with the University were intimate. He was a member of the College Council and a regular attendant at our annual convocations. A poet and a lover of poetry, he endowed a prize for English and was keenly interested in fostering a love of literature amongst undergraduates.

Archdeacon Scott's frequent visits to the University were anything but perfunctory. Revealing that winning affection and wise understanding of his fellow men which he exhibited in wider spheres, he was customarily to be found in students' rooms chatting and laughing with them, yet in some intangible way making them feel the impress of his personality and character. Even in casual conversa-

tion he rarely failed to say something that gave food for reflection and was helpful and inspiring. He never preached at students; the influence he exerted was almost unconscious yet pervasive. In a perfectly natural and informal way 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 warmth and genuineness 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 recording angel, "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 one veteran put it, when writing an article on Canon Scott in Maclean's Magazine, he knew soldiers not as enlisted men but as Tom, Dick, and Harry. 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 free-lance proclivities of the poet; and a poet let loose in the midst of a great war is a

(Continued on Page 8)

## Scientific Research and Human Progress

Dr. A. N. LANGFORD

"*Hasanu, Thyme*, a drug for the lungs, to be chewed.

A drug for the dyspnoea, to be drunk alone in oil and beer. Its smell revives an epileptic. 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*: An initial dose of 15,000 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, its 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 twentieth 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 spring 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 in-

\* In this article the expression "scientific research" is used in its narrow sense, referring to research in the natural sciences.

heritance, 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, 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 Nineveh 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.

Looking forward again the mind may course from these early days of civilization through the Greek and Roman civilizations, with their great contributions in the fields of education, philosophy, literature, government and law; through the dark ages to the period of intellectual reawakening which was characterized by ever more rapid and far reaching changes in the physical aspects of civilization, changes which have continued unabated to the present.

Great advances in the physical aspects of civilization are not necessarily positively correlated 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 peoples have used 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 assign 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 reserve 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 continue for many years, through applications from this unexpended fund of knowledge. This desirable progress embraces all factors which make man permanently more happy and healthier, factors which foster the development of intellectual independence and associated freedom of speech, factors which promote a sound development of mind and spirit and factors which enable a man to live at peace with those about him, to mention but a few.

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 in nearly all these cases the contribution 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 would do well as a nation or as members of a university to inquire into the fundamental reasons for the delay until 1940 in the trial in 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. Gudakunst, 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 pain 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 backs, 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-therapy technician in applying the Kenny method. Only skill, based on intimate 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 who 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).

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 great delay in the recognition of the treatment, but there are other factors. Hot water, 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 disfavour on ideas which originate far from us. 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, reviewing the results 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 elucidated by Belgian scientists, whose studies 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 augmented international co-operation in dealing with such problems as this, with the universal struggle against disease, and with problems in numerous other fields. Financed organizations for the unrestricted investigation of medical and other sociological problems are 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 the reader in other instances. It is equally important, however, that such organization be staffed by

## PENSIVE

The lingering sun has sunk into the west,  
The night draws nigh, the stars high overhead  
Look down and smile, the world is at its best;  
The moon is full, and on the earth is shed  
A dancing light, which glances 'cross the snow  
O'er field and hill, and mighty mountain peak

co-operative men and women who can recognize a good idea, regardless of its origin, and adopt it without feeling that they are losing face.

Wherein lies the role of the universities and of university students in connection with this desirable progress of civilization? Are the universities to provide large numbers of the leaders who will give effective help in the solution of the problems of the immediate future, in co-operation, administration and government? Shall only the pure phases of the humanities be taught in the universities or shall they move further into the applied fields? The teaching of medical anatomy apart from the concurrent observation of the structure of the human body is a thing of the past. Insofar as a university aspires to influence, through its graduates, the course of the future, it would seem that, while retaining emphasis on the pure phases of each subject, it should also strive to make more intimate contact with the world, the stage on which the changes of the future will occur. Above all, the function of the university is first to teach students to think independently and then to provide a meeting place and working ground where its members may become acquainted with the problems of the day and consider seriously their individual roles for the future. If university students, regardless of their intended professions, devote themselves seriously to contributing to the solutions of the problems of the future, even though their individual contributions may be small, one of the important obligations of the university will be ably discharged and its future strength enhanced. The abilities of humanitarian and scientist alike will be required, but, leaving out of consideration the wartime needs of the nation, there is much evidence that the greatest contributions to the future must come from the humanitarian. The student who has chosen the natural sciences as a field of endeavour may reflect with pride upon the contribution to civilization, direct and indirect, made by the scientists of the past, but looking forward, should do so with humility, realizing that he does not hold the master key to the future, and, while treasuring natural science, should look to the humanities for the hope of the future and study their teaching with a view to adopting the best that it offers.

The Misses MARIE TULK  
and ELAINE KNUTSON

Down into the dale, where far away below  
It shines upon a gurgling ice-bound creek,  
Which wends its weary way out to the sea,  
Where stately ships move slowly o'er the deep  
Braving each crested wave. The wind blows free  
'Tis getting late and I must go to sleep.

(Continued from page 4)

fascinating study. His intuitions are inspiring and refreshing, but 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 baffled 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 whenever a high-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 quickening his pace 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 1916, 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 amongst the major poets of Canada such as Duncan Campbell Scott, Lampman, Pratt, Carman, and Marjorie Pickthall, his poetry will win him a permanent place in Canadian literature. In a number of his poems the moral and religious sentiment overshadows and occasionally vitiates their aesthetic qualities. At his best, however, his poems

have a compression and resonance that is reminiscent of the spirit of Latin Odes, and the ethical thrust is sincere and lofty. His earlier work embraces some fine nature lyrics characterized by a sensitive response to Canadian landscapes, 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 delicacy and quickness of perception which, combined with inimitable humour, was captivating and no small part of his attraction and influence.

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, unctiousness, and pietism was abhorrent to him. Of him it might have been as truly said as of Chaucer's country Parson:

And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
He was to sinful man nat despitous,  
Ne of his speche daungerous ne ligne,  
But in his teching discreet and benigne.  
To drawen folk to hevener by fairnesse  
By good ensample, was his bisnesse.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

I recall on one occasion, at a Bishop's College School closing, hearing Archdeacon Scott paraphrase St. Paul's beautiful passage on charity in the first epistle to the Corinthians. Throughout his exposition he substituted the word gentleman for charity. He made his hearers feel that no better definition of the qualities embodied in a gentleman could be given than in St. Paul's summing up of the attributes of charity. And as we listened I think we sub-consciously felt that the man who was speaking was a living illustration of what he was enunciating. In the spheres of religion and poetry and in his outlook on human nature he was an idealist. But he was never a visionary idealist. His humour, kindness, and sincerity kept him in constant touch with reality. His courage was of the highest order both physical and spiritual. It was this indomitable courage combined with faith and love for men that was accountable for his fortitude and inspiring leadership in the dark years of the great war of 1914-18, enabling him to carry on sustained by that Charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

## Abbergale's Dilemma

GEORGE HURLEY

My heart is broke! I think I'll tell you about it, Mabel, after all yer my frien' and I simply must pour out my sorrows to someone or I'll bust. Mind you don't tell a soul though—my secret mus' perish with me!

You know old Cyrus Worth who lives in that big house up on Kensington Hill—well he is the cause of my mournin'! It was he who betrayed me!

It all started this away—I was depositin' a little of my month's war factory earnin's at the bank one day about a month ago (I had a holiday that day), and got to talkin' with Cyrus Worth casual like about the weather while we was waitin' for the ledger keeper to figure up our bank books. They had a new ledger keeper down to the bank—he looked awful young. Willie, the teller told me he was just fresh out of school and had started work that very mornin'.

Old Cyrus was very formal with me as usual—I thought him an old snob. I had made my deposit first so I naturally took the first book that was tossed onto the counter and noddin' to Worth I sailed out of the bank and come home to make dinner. I dropped the bank book into the vase on the mantle piece where I allus keeps it, and started to mix a cake.

Pretty soon the doorbell rings, I wipes my hands on my apron and goes into the hall to see who's there. It was Cyrus Worth's chauffeur and he tells me that through some mistake made by the new feller at the bank that Worth and me had got our bank books exchanged. The chauffeur had been sent down with mine and he asked if I would send back Mr. Worth's book by him. I went and got the bank book, and gave it to the chauffeur. Just as he was leavin' he gives me a note from old Worth.

I went inside all a-flutter wonderin' what was in the note. I opened it up right away and was I surprised? Wal, I guess! It seems that he had really noticed me for the first time when he looked at me in the bank that mornin'. He assed why we shouldn' be friends an' as a climax to everythin' he assed me up to his house for dinner the next Sunday night.

I could've fainted with surprise, but beggers 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 reclinin' 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 chancets of being a wealthy widow would be purty good.

Right after lunch Sunday afternoon I took a bath and scented myself all up purty, and set in front of the mirror for an hour trying to make my face look nice. I put on rouge and lipstick, but it looked terrible so I wiped it off, dabbed on a little face powder, and let it go at that. I put on my rose velveteen dress with the belt set with artificial diamonds. I clipped on the pearl earrings mother left me. I put on my last pair of nylons and my new black shoes. I had got a new sweep-up hairdo on Sattidy night so I was all set.

Of course everything wasn't exactly perfect 'cause my face looks like one that has gone through a train wreck. My figure is skinny and I have bow legs, but as beauty is only skin-deep and my pussonality is swell I thought I'd git by.

About five o'clock the chauffeur calls fer me and drives me up to the mansion on Kensington Hill. Old Cyrus hisself meets me at the door. He kisses my hand and tells me I looks like a princess.

We had a very nice dinner and after we hed hed our coffee we went into the big living room and there we had a drink called creamy the manth or somethin' like thet. I protested at first because you know I don't drink alcohol, but it looked such a purty green color that he finally coaxed me into drinkin' a glass of it. It sure tasted nice like peppermint candy, ony stronger. I don't see no harm in a little snort now an' then so long as a pusson don't overdu it.

Then we talked for a long time. He tol' me that he was a lonely old man who would like to have married some woman, but he had never found one that quite suited him. I wondered if he wus goin' to propose, but he didn'. I decided to give him another chance so I asked if he'd like to come down to my place to dinner on Tuesday night. He said he'd like very much to come.

I spent a lot of time making cakes, cookies and the like fer my dinner. Everything went accordin' to my plans and Cyrus complimented me no end on my cookin'. I told him I did all my own cookin' an' this seemed to interest him

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 fevered 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 was 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, all 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' I 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, Deetroit an' Chicargo 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 nex' Sattidy afternoon. Cyrus went over to the bank with me at the beginnin' of the week when I went to bank a litle 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 allas 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.

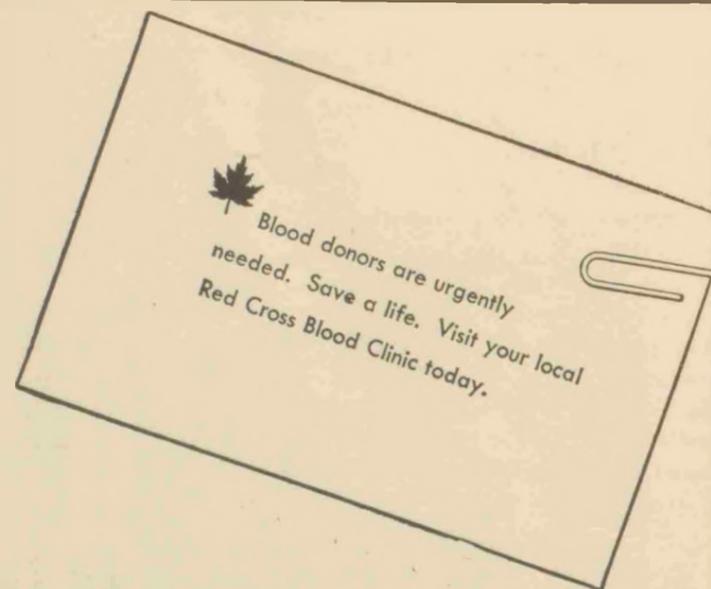
He confessed that he had very little money havin' lost it by buyin' worthless stock in a gold mine and when he saw that I had what he thought was \$333,333 in the bank he decided that my fortune would be a way of gettin' him back into the finanical swim agin. He had looked at my bank book, the sneak!

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 oncet 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.



### INAUGURATION CEREMONIES OF THE R. A. F. T. C. COURSE AT BISHOP'S





"Joe, this plasma comes from a millionaire blood donor."

"Gee, I ought to be able to make pots of money after the war!"

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

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



## 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 25 were female and 32 male. (Percentages in some cases were rounded off.)

(1) Do you feel that Canada should be less closely allied to England?

Yes, 8%; No, 88%; Undecided, 4%.

(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 would probably 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 independence, 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 34%, No 59%, Undecided 7%.

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" is rather important in this question—it is defined as "to try to win the favour or love." We wonder if an accurate definition of the word was obtained by even a quarter of the voters before answering this question.)

(3) Do you think that municipal employees should be

allowed to join labour unions?

Yes 37%, No 49%, Undecided 14%.

(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 favoured 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 independence?

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" or "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 independence 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 23%, No 71%, Undecided 6%.

(We wonder if this 71% 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?

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 visca versa. One observation which might lead to some further thought was 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 arts students should be allowed to continue their college studies?

Yes 77%, No 17%, Undecided 6%.

(This question was made interesting by the recent decisions of the educational boards which met 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 expansive enough to define the question more clearly for there are after all several sides of the question to consider, eg., allowed to continue in special courses, etc. One voter added "You're darn right! after all what are science students doing to win the war?")

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

pression worthy of the modern generation?

Yes 14%, No 80%, Undecided 6%.

(We hope that the voters noticed that the question was such as not to be a mere "favour" vote for Frank.)

(12) Do you think that social contacts can be as successful over a coke as over a beer?

Yes 75%, No 16%, Undecided 9%.

(One voter wrote that one should never say can't but on looking around him he wondered if a few people hadn't forgotten this.)

(13) As opposed to socialism should present day clergy revert more closely to monasticism?

Yes 4%, No 84%, Undecided 12%.

(This would bear out the truth of a cartoon which recently appeared in the New Yorker picturing an older minister and his student standing at the door of a party hall—the elder says "Just walk around and mingle. Don't drink more than two—just enough to show that you are a good sport. Don't show that you are shocked by anything the ladies say. Stay around about half an hour and then go home.")

(14) Would you choose an impoverished life of freedom rather than a substantial life under complete dictatorship?

Yes 58%, No 28%, Undecided 16%.

(Obviously a very difficult question to answer and one that calls on the voters imagination to realize either or both such lives.)

F. DELANEY

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

Now, here was the restaurant, beyond all doubt this was it. There was the dark lady; how shall I describe her? Fascinating? Magnetic? No, all these fall far short of her attractions. Now was my chance to disprove all that the old gypsy had said; I was finally to find out the identity of the dark lady and banish all doubts about the fallacy of spiritualism from my mind. Impetuously, I strode to the door—wrenched it open, and started across the threshold. Suddenly I faltered, stepped back, and darkness closed about me. I recovered a few seconds later, and looked around; the dark lady had disappeared. Feverishly I clutched the arm of the man next to me. "Where is she?" I shouted. I was answered only by questioning looks. "Where is the woman that was in that restaurant?"

"You must be mistaken m'sieur," exclaimed a tall man dressed as a waiter, "I was the only person there."

Then, I understood why Madame had not been able to tell me the dark lady's name—Death is nameless.

## 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 skeptics, 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 bar instead of this dark, rustling closet. Suddenly my name was spoken; unconsciously I hunched forwards; there was a message for me. Stripped of its ornamental hocus-pocus, the message was this: I would soon see a restaurant, which was described in minute detail; a dark lady inside would beckon to me, but under no circumstances was I to enter.

## The Midnight Hour

The PORTER

The night was still and silent as he sat in his den, drowsily pouring over the list of names before him, some of which stood out bold and clear; names to be conjured with, some 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-bedecked 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 arms 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, dream of; dreams of worlds beyond, where angels dwell in peace and harmony and everlasting bliss. A night to fill the human heart and mind with peace and goodwill.

Lazily he glances at the clock on the wall, measuring out life's span with incessant monotony (the only sound to disturb the great peacefulness within and without), noting the approach to the midnight hour when he too will be able to relinquish his post and retire to rest and slumber, thus ending another day. Leisurely he puts away his papers, his mind being at peace and in full keeping with the quiet atmosphere of the night.

Suddenly he sits erect, he become alert as a slight sound assails his ears, quite indefinable, very slight indeed, yet sufficient to arouse his drowsy senses.

What could it be? A mouse or rat perhaps or a restless sleeper in one of the rooms above. Yet it sounded like a boot rasping on the rungs of a fire-escape—perish the thought no one would demean himself by using such means of entry.

Nevertheless to satisfy his sense of duty, he traverses the length of the corridor to a window which commands a view of a well-known fire-escape, but seeing nothing of an alarming nature, returns to his den to settle down once more. Presently that sound again! faint but more distinct

and apparently coming from outside. He listens intently and again hears it.

Could it be possible? Surely that sound is the howling of a wolf, but that cannot be. There it is again, closer and more distinct like two sounds blending into one. He becomes very tense as he hears it again, gradually drawing nearer, but now unmistakably the howl of a wolf. Approaching the window he sees nothing but the whiteness of the snow, streaked by the shadows of the trees which criss-cross the whiteness to confuse the vision, a strain on his tired eyes.

Again and again that dismal howl, coming nearer and nearer. Definitely there are two, each pitching a different note of discord to break the stillness of the night. A glimpse at the clock told him there were but ten minutes more. Rising to again look through the window he saw two dark sinister forms moving in the shadows.

Or was it imagination? Now the howling again, as if to confirm what he saw, and approaching nearer still. Perspiration begins to dampen his brow he turns away, thankful that he is inside the locked door. Five minutes to go and again that weird sound, but this time so close that it seems to be right under the window.

What should he do? Open the window and attempt to frighten them off? No! That would be to expose himself to an unnecessary danger. Beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead, as he again looks at the clock; there are but two minutes left.

Cautiously he approaches the glass panelled door to assure himself of its security. Again that terrible blood-curdling howl. Two dark forms can be seen within the radius of light at the very foot of the steps.

With a feeling akin to fear he looks again, very intently but only for a moment. Surprise suddenly lights up his whole countenance.

With a great sigh of relief and fumbling hands he hastily unlocks the door, throwing it wide open as if to admit some high and mighty personage.

Wonder of wonders! Truly we live in an age of miracles, for there standing before him are "Farky" and God-dard.

Thank heavens! For once they have made it before midnight.

## Don't - Quit - - -

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

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## Henry's First Skunk

Miss ADA SUTTON

The first glimmer of morning light showed against the dark sky, and slowly bleak 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 our 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 Fifi, strengthened the dealer's verdict, for that illustrious one also held the title of Dog.

From the tip of his perked up 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.

His yaps awakened everyone in the house, and the master came down to let Henry out, mumbling, I am afraid to say, some very naughty words which certainly should not have been directed at that little dog's sensitive ears. However, Henry never permitted anything to disturb him for long, but frisked out into the fresh air, murmuring alternately bits of poetry and thoughts about the silliness of people, who stayed up half the night and consequently expected to sleep half the day. My goodness, it was seven o'clock on a beautiful Sunday morning in the country, so what were they waiting for?

"Now first," thought Henry, "I will explore those nice-smelling woods back there." So he did. Through the nice-smelling trees and the nice-smelling flowers he wended his happy way, giving little yaps of pleasure. Throughout his course he also chased a few squirrels. Henry loved squirrels, for they actually ran away from him, instead of just standing still and staring impolitely as most animals did.

Suddenly Henry stopped short, forgot all his manners, and stared, much as many often stared at him. For in the little clearing ahead was a creature utterly unlike any he had ever seen before, in the whole year in which Henry had graced the world with his presence. It sat on its tiny hind haunches, behind which sprang up the thickest, longest tail Henry had ever seen. To top all this, a tiny white stripe stretched all the way from its tiny head to the tip of its big tail. Now, all of us know that this little creature was what is commonly known as a skunk, but not so with Henry. Alas, experience is the best teacher, and that little dog had had none of that experience. To him, here was adventure, and Henry loved adventure.

When Henry saw this little creature, whose name was Clarence, lift his feet and start shuffling off in the other direction, he sprang to life with a start. Yapping joyfully, he cut off the little creature's retreat, and began to run in circles around poor bewildered little Clarence, yapping all the while. Clarence let off his little bag of scent as his mother had instructed him, but as he was very little as yet, he had very little of that above-mentioned scent, and so Henry failed to grasp the idea. By this time Clarence was not only very bewildered but also very frightened.

Suddenly Mrs. Skunk, attracted by the noise, appeared on the scene, very angry. Henry should have known better, but, as we have said, did not, and only considered her as an addition to the fun. Then came the revelation! Poor little Henry! His eyes hurt terribly and the heavy smell overpowered him. He forgot all the poetry in his soul, and his

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 smelt 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 smell seemed to be near, and to follow him wherever he

went. Henry could not understand where it was coming from. But, as I have said, Henry's good spirits far exceeded his size and so the brave little dog lifted his head once more and quoth gamely, "By all the brooks, in all the dells, there's something that most peculiar smells."

Seeing members of the family before him, Henry ran towards them with joy, for by that time he was a very lonely little dog. But, most surprisingly, they bounded out of their chairs and before Henry could reach them, were in the house with the doors shut once more.

Henry had never been more miserable. It was to be a long time before any of the family would come near to him again, but now he knew why. And the next time Henry came face to face with that beautiful creature, the skunk, do you know what he did? He turned and ran away as swiftly as his skinny little legs could carry him (even more so, in fact, for he tripped before he had gone far). I wonder why?

## 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 mutilated 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 begins. "Farky" blows the whistle shouting, "Line-up behind that line over there." Now lining-up may seem very simple to the uninitiated spectator, but any girl on the basketball team can tell you how complicated it is. For over there, there are four lines—a white one and three black ones, so we mill aimlessly around, arguing about which line he meant. The whites win after a stiff battle and everyone straggles into order.

For purposes of practice the girls are divided into teams and the question most asked is "What side am I on?" Someone always asks this after we have been playing for ten minutes. And then comes "Which way am I going?" It is always vital to know which side you're on because then you can tell whom to scratch, elbow or kick. We would not have you think our practices are rough, though. Why as many as four girls have gone home from one without a scratch or a bruise! The coach seems to attach a great deal of importance to knowing which basket you're shooting at and I suppose on the whole it is quite important.

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 (showing she was at the last practice and learned to pivot). B advances, flailing out with both hands and inflicts a deep scratch across her arm. Both stop, look stricken and mutter, "Sorry". The whistle blows. Someone shouts, "For heavens sake don't stop to say you're sorry, play basketball!" A and B both retreat, exchanging acid smiles and "I'm so sorry" and "oh, it's quite all right." and the game goes on.

Stopping during play to exchange amenities like "Nice basket, Liz", 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 a game two girls will become absorbde in a conversation while Farq. tears his hair and mutters "women", in a very exasperated tone. Orders most given probably are:

- (1) Don't run with the ball.
- (2) Spread out—go over into a corner and come out of it at the same time.
- (3) Play basketball! This is given often and feelingly.
- (4) Stop Shoeface.
- (5) Look around.
- (6) Don't stop to say "I'm sorry."

Miss JEAN BOAST

## What Are We Heading For?

WALTER RIESE

Four and a half years of war have passed. To some it may seem a long time, to others life is going as fast as ever. It is already a common belief—based, of course, on statements from qualified authorities—that this year will see the end of hostilities in Europe, an hypothesis which may or may not become actual fact.

Whatever the order of events may be, all of us are hoping for a speedy defeat of the enemy. No matter how long the struggle will last, however, the day of victory will take millions by surprise. We will hear shouts like: Now what? or What next? But very soon these shouts will die down. It is human nature to forget quickly—a fact which, no doubt, has its advantages—and so the war with all its miseries will once more be forgotten. Millions will be busy rebuilding their homes or establishing new ones, and security will be taken for granted as if nothing had happened.

Hundreds of thousands are fighting today "So that their sons won't have to fight again." Yes, the phrase is not a new one, but will it take on its real meaning this time? 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 broadminded 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 every individual citizen of this world—and not only accepted but actively supported. It is the great idea of democracy to make the will of the people law; but there is a tendency common in all classes of the people which is very dangerous to democracy: to leave control and responsibility with a few, to be content with watching—or not even watching—others struggle with the problems of the human race.

Quite a few of the "few" have made plans in one field or another for the post-war world. Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Marsh, for instance, have worked out very detailed systems of social security for their respective countries. Although both projects have great merits, it is a quite obvious and even admitted fact that international economic stability is primarily needed for the success of the two localized systems. Is it not against all basic principles to start building the second and third stories of a house without having first

laid a thorough foundation? It is apparent then that world-wide security should be aimed at first.

A post-war blueprint known as the World Federation 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 others 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 overemphasised; 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 antihuman and antisocial 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 judgments and where anarchy 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, but it 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

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

Miss L. J. HAMILTON

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  
But just in case you're worrying  
Everything's going fine.

They've nicknames for the lecturers  
As in dear old Shawville High,  
In the mornings to get there on time  
I almost have to fly  
And if you know your daughter  
You know how slow she is,  
Scoldings for being late for school  
Just never seemed to fiz.

We girls have a club—Petunia Pig,  
Don't laugh! It's not that bad,  
We've had several gatherings now  
And what nice times we had!  
Oh yes, and there's a restaurant here  
Almost like the ones at home,  
But now we have toast and coffee  
Instead of an ice cream cone.

I go to all the hockey games,  
Believe me they are swell,  
So good that they almost compare  
With your great N. H. L.  
When evening comes at Lennoxville  
We all forget our work  
And with such good times we find it  
An easy thing to shirk.

I told you about the Mitre  
Now I'm in a terrible plight,  
Freshettes have to write an article—  
Please tell me what to write.  
Besides this there are essays.  
For Gren and Daddy too  
College would be even better  
If we had no work to do.

I almost forgot to ask you  
How are you all today,  
It seems a little strange to think  
That you're so far away.  
As I said, Bishop's is wonderful  
And life here full of zest,  
But old-time chums are missing  
And I still like home the best.

Reading my terrible scribbling  
Will make your eyes quite sore,  
So I'll close and when I go  
Back home I'll tell you a lot more.  
Oh, what's the weather like at home;  
Here it is quite mild,  
Well, I'll be saying, "Bye for now",  
Your spoiled but loving child.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you Dad,  
Money goes so quickly here  
That half the time I'm broke, and so  
Since you're such a dear  
Can't you increase my allowance  
Just a teeny little bit—  
This is quite a lengthy letter,  
So now I'll really quit.

## Notes and Comments

K. L. FARQUHARSON

To "Notes and Comments" we must turn  
Our undivided attention,  
That this a highbrow column be  
We make no vain pretension,  
Instead we do sincerely hope  
In each successive paragraph,  
That you will find no cause to mope,  
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 perchance 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 indeed an opportune time to start this column. Furthermore, the Editor has already been harassing us for over a week, and, by means of his two henchmen 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 obligingly 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 shoveled 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 one night at the college to go Christmas caroling. Having assembled, they then proceeded from one faculty house to the other serenading the weary professors. Sour

notes were hit in the hope that some aggravated pedagogue might throw the fateful 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 gracious 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 Gabriello Schofieldavitch, drifted home humming such well known arias as "Silent Night", "Good King Wencelet" 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 unpiling their belongings from one room and piling them in an equally disorderly manner in their new barns. 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 those in Divinity House, especially the 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 their 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",  
If you can't stay plastered while were here,  
We can by jove!—We can hold our . . . cokes.

Ahem!—pardon us if we slipped up on the rhyme but

editorial compulsion sometimes forces us to be what is known among prudes as "discreet" . . . At this time, however, we feel it is opportune to remark on a few of the minor incidents that have occurred anywhere between "Heaven" (in Divinity House) and "Hell" (in the Wellington). To begin with let us ask ourselves why we are coming to college anyway? . . . as one industrious student was heard to report, "You can send a man to Yale for three years and he'll learn nothing," . . . "you can then send him to Bishop's for another couple of years and he'll learn little more" . . . but, "send him to Compton, and he'll get 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 scarcely 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 spelt "too weak" . . . Britton is his middle name, and Britain 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 . . . on the other side of the fence, however, things seem to be only passable, 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  
That destroyed four recruits and his hat.

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-coke from which they can get their key of C, and gives forth with "Mares 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 graduation pin—I think she was entertaining Rusty a few minutes ago" . . . what's that Elaine? Well Whitmore was around there somewhere" . . . "Frankly old boy, that one over there looks like she could last the week out" . . . "Personally I prefer mine spiked", . . . "You will? well of course tomorrow night at the 'G' then" . . . and "I say

there old man—I mean could you tell me—Oh dash it all this is embarrassing but where can I—well you know," . . . and so on till tea broke up and the group passed on to the various professors' houses, and, in some few cases, a more elevated level of conversation. During the rest of the week the English lads were entertained in the daytime by lectures, movies, and trips around the countryside during which the French Canadian culture was emphasized. This program was carried on so strenuously that several of our more unsteady college characters were persuaded to abandon their former beliefs, and could be heard here and there on the campus yelling "Vive la France"—"Hurrah for De Gaulle"—"Let Mayor Houde out" and "Three cheers for New France". Latest reports, in fact, show that a large majority of U.B.C. students are seriously considering joining the Bloc Populaire, although some are still sticking strongly to the C.C.F. A vote on the matter showed one Zombie in favour of Mackenzie King. On free afternoons the R.A.F. usually split into two parties. One wending its way to the skating rink and the other doning those perilous descendants of the barrel stave. The former group reported hockey to be a hard fast game in which nobody seemed to be able to keep control of a little rubber thing which everybody batted in all directions until some fool put a red light on, and everybody took a rest. Also the British boys wanted to know why the Canadians wore padding, and they referred in this matter to one board like character who continually stood in front of the rubber missile . . . The skiing was on the same basis except that three points were used instead of two. Perilous hills 25 feet long were attempted by the brave novices who started off at the top with a mighty push, succeeded in holding themselves erect most of the way down only to find themselves looking like blue ostriches at the bottom. Having dug their heads out of the snow, however, they tried other slopes, and by the end of the week were deemed by their instructors efficient in the art of falling down without getting hurt. A poll of the most favorite question showed "How do you go on both sides of a tree at the same time" leading by a large majority. The evenings, however, were infinitely more interesting. Early enquiry informed the boys that there were two main attractions in Sherbrooke: "The Cinema," and "the Pub." The show they had seen. Carefully balancing himself on the end of a streamline "pogo stick," specially built to hold a medium-size decanter and some aprons, the reporter we assigned to cover the parties in Sherbrooke roamed around from table to table carefully jotting down any news of interest, as well as any prospective phone numbers. It is needless for us to go into the sordid details of the wonderful evenings had by all. We will report only that in a certain contest the "Frothers" came out on top having won by two

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 lung. Hereupon a long haired individual sadly in need of a bromo—once recognizable 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



Bridge at the Sports Party

N & C reporter who having recovered his pogo stick was vainly trying to attract the attention of Nick the killer's moll, "Peg Leg". In the process, however, he observed the following—Standing before the judge was a tall good-looking chap who identified himself as L.E.B.—better known as Benny the welcher. At this stage Benny was denying vehemently that he had broken a certain safe in the dark at the "Hic and Burb Incorporated" purveyors of alcoholic luxuries. "And furthermore," Benny was saying "should I have, as you said, broken into 'Hic and Burb Incorporated' I certainly would never have gone so far as to break the safe, but would rather have abducted a well loaded case. All in all it is obnoxious" . . . the defendant was saying, but by now the court was in an uproar so that it was impossible for our correspondent, on whose head the judge was rapping his gavel, to determine just how the statement ended. Finally, however, quiet was restored and the judge after a good snort reopened his English-French dictionary and spoke as follows. "Monsieur Benny—I wish for to remind you that you are nose to nose with un charge terrible.

C'est à dire that one of our fameux detectives followed your footsteps in de neige for ho-ver tree miles." Just at this moment the cuckoo came out of his clock, hic-uped three times and staggered back in. At the same time a door at the back of the courtroom opened and a former hockey player with a battered upper lip, entered covered with an amazing amount of snow. Rushing to the judge he pleaded vainly to have Mr. Benny clamped solidly in irons he was fingerprinted and led off. Hereupon Nick the killer, having finished his ham on rye took a drink of Sherbrooke water and was carried out gibbering insanely. Ignoring this the Duplessis henchman, other-let out on bail but his efforts were in vain, and having been wise known as the judge, related to the defendant an incident of two weeks earlier when Clem the Clam, a notorious

car thief, and his blond accomplice known only as the Vamper 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 up and yelled that the defendant should protect himself by pleading "Syncopation". This caused no end of disturbance in the court until the word was looked up and found to mean "too many beats to the bar". The defendant, who was at this time writing his life history to put under a cut in the *Mitre*, protested that he had been insulted, and meant to stand on his democratic rights. Hereupon the judge ordered the clerk to prepare a writ of habeus octopus. In the meantime, however, Benny's story had been verified and he was released bearing a copy of his finger prints as a sou-

venir. The case closed our reporter remounted his pogo stick, and pausing on his way out to give the cuckoo a drink from his portable decanter, he lit a blaze under the nearest fire engine and left still wondering if Benny the Welcher was still telling the truth when he said that between the hours of 1 and 2 a.m. he was sitting on the doorstep playing button 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-Arthuristic towers as the "Creak on the Creek", 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 rouse 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 with his entourage—Old Lodge members beware the blondest and the darkest are in your midst . . . we hear from various sources that a certain little babe from Sherbrooke was to her disappointment not frostbitten . . . Liz certainly had a lot of going away parties last March or so . . . the first was a howling success and the others were egg-nogg festivals . . . who wants Alberta anyway? . . . what little blonde with an ambition for almost any male could be found sometime in the middle of 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 sofa . . . there seems to be varied opinions lately on the Air Force dances—in our opinion they revolve around three things . . . Dances for those who like dancing . . . Singing for those who like singing . . . and food for those who like fooding . . . P. S. You're kidding yourself if you don't think anything else goes on—we refer in this case to the odd hostess who tears off to Sherbrooke for a morale builder in the middle of the dance . . .

Have you heard of a fellow named Gilling,  
Who found single life none too thrilling,  
Said he if I'm married,  
I know I'll be harried,  
But still I'm young ready and willing.

. . . to outside readers, if any, "We want you to know that B. B. Eyes and Flattop" have absolutely nothing on "Dream Face" and "Lotus Blossom" . . . incidentally the former has proved less of a dream and more of a nightmare since he moved over to the New Arts . . . A. A. reports "Nothing new! Darn it! . . . We hate to cast aspersions on the Parchesi but we hear reliably that Messrs. Herley and Manning were initiated in a flop session . . . a new song from

Oklahoma is "Surry with the Fringe on Top" which one of our ex-officers tries to make us sing as "Hurry now that frizz is on the top" . . . Flo Flo I love you so . . . (the rest is much to flighty) . . . We notice that John-P. has a new slogan posted in his room which reads something like this "Bishop's has its Betty Hutton, and much more in Ada Sutton" . . . we hear that the girls were hollering not so long ago for a semi-formal dance . . . in fact they hollered so loud that fully three boys heard about it and they said, sitting in the Wellington with a multitude of long green bottles, that they didn't have the money . . . Oh well, it would have been fun to have a semi-formal dance . . . that's when the boys go formal and cut one tail off . . . after the last dance Elaine reported she had found a man 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 Nests in Hatley 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 Pédantic?  
Why no—It's Romantic,  
But why are the freshmen so weedy?

. . . We noticed during the last R.A.F. visit that Betty finally got a cable from pverseas.—The funniest sight of the year was a certain Frother, just before their all too-famous hockey game, battering on the door of the blood clinic demanding the return of his inebriated blood corpusle . . . of late we notice that a few odd coeds have developed a habit of dancing behind their boy friends . . . sometimes this is done to the accompaniment of that famous aria from the Smoocher Suite with a motive in "Pash"—commonly referred to as "They Call Me The Mauler" . . . the late book shows that Mac is still spending a lot of nights with Heath on the Hearth . . .

"There once was a fellow named Carr  
Who one moonlight night went too far,"  
—so he turned the auto around and went back cursing himself for having wasted the gas . . . so saying we end our little slander section with a verse dedicated to one Pat the Lotus Petal, who travels to Bishopton every Sunday morning after a full hour's sleep to spread the good word:  
To Pat—

We must repent! we must repent!  
The fervent preacher said,  
And then he bowed a saintly face  
To soothe a splitting head.

And so—having placed a bromo in the pulpit we pass gaily on our way—au revoir—we'll be slandering you.

## Funeral Oration Of An Undying Genius

L. E. B. WALSH

As I write this memorable article to the students of the University of Bishop's College, I want you to realize my sterling qualities. I am the only one to give you such an outstanding masterpiece. Consider yourselves honoured, gentle readers, to pass your eyes ever so slowly over my works. I will enter with due consideration into the spirit of my lasting thoughts. I, the Great Walsh, am about to write.

I will now give you a glimpse into the great future. I am going to talk about a true genius, myself. But no, let us write a poem:



*Our Hearts Were Young Gay*

"Roses are red, violets are blue  
Honey is sweet, so am I."

Now I have lost the theme. Note the metre! Note the rhyme! Note my admirable qualities as a poet! These two lines will undoubtedly go down in the annals of poetical history as a sparkling gem of scyntallating rhythm. While I am writing about myself, you might as well stop and glance again over what I have already written. For in these lines burns the torch of my undying devotion to literature. I wanted to write, and now that I am writing, this will earn a position in your memories as one of those sensational masterpieces of Canadian literature.



It is written in the stars that I shall attain great heights in the eyes of all men. I shall be the lord, they shall be my slaves. But now I am losing that admirable quality which I have cherished so highly, my modesty. I see now that I should not have disclosed to you these mysterious facts as you insignificant millions have not the mental capacity to digest these fantastic revelations.

My greatness lies in the fact that I have realized my one failing. I, the Great Walsh; but no, stop.

"Drink to me only with Thine eyes,  
For there is not a wine or liquor  
That can do my personality justice."

These petite gems which seem to flow spontaneously from my soul have interrupted my work. I was about to reveal my one and only. But in revealing this to you, I want you to realize fully how great I am. I am shackled with the suppressed and pent-up passions of the common masses. These passions, surging and boiling in my soul rise uncontrollably and effervesce, making me the greatest lover of all times. I know now that no woman can resist me. One glance and they are lost. One smile of appreciation and they are at my feet. One gesture, and they are in my bed. But no, I will not trouble you with my loves, for I have learned to master this weakness. I will not marry, for there is no woman great enough for me.

"Mares eat oats and does eat oats  
And little lambs eat ivy;  
A kid'll eat ivy too,  
I wouldn't, it's not good enough for me."

Again you have been graced by an excruciating bit of hexameter poetry. But as I sit back and dictate this to my lowly secretary, I see no reason why I should give this-this this dynamic work to the insignificant populace. Why should I waste my time giving a few words of wisdom to a multitude of fools. No, I will not write more of my undying and symbolical words. I will end my great work with a theme which I know has raised me to the heights which I have now attained, and will raise me still further in the ensuing years to come. Let me give you this theme:

"Beer, beer that fills you full of cheer  
Fills me full of greatness—"

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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" (1937) and "The British Empire" (1940), 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 inimitable 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 1875, 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 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 Raleigh, 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 1550 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 Vérendrye, 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? Prof. 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

it to say here that the chapters dealing with this period, in the book here reviewed, provide a clear and vivid picture of 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 of Loyalist settlement into the infant Upper Canada and into New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—all these landmarks in our country's history are more than adequately treated.

There follows an extremely interesting relation of the events of the "Middle Period" and the "New Dominion"—a period covering the many and fierce political struggles for representative government, the rebellions of '37 and '38, and the various currents of opinion which, in the end, became sufficiently merged to admit of the coming of Confederation, the project of a trans-continental railway, and the turning into literal fact the proud motto of "A mari usque ad mare."

A united Dominion shewed the way to the great western boom at the end of the nineteenth century—like every boom, it had its alternations of depression, it has, at least in part, converted Canada from a nation of English and French-speaking Canadians into a minon melting-pot of varied races, but it has equally resulted in the vast production, both agricultural and industrial, which has played so large a part in making Canada a nation.

And so we reach the final remarkable chapter of Professor Leacock's book—"Canada as a future world Power." He has an abiding faith in the future, "No one can read the record of the making of Canada without realizing that a great work has been done. Nor can any Canadian read it without realizing 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 democratic ideal, has produced a continent that knows nothing of the divisions of race, language and purpose which have brought down central Europe in ruin. . . . 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 full 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 a brutal and degenerate nation tries to overwhelm it. When that is over we must look to the future . . . from its very situation Canada must be reorganized as the central but-tress of imperial power."

Such is Professor Leacock's basis for the years to come, a thesis which is worked out in some detail in his final chapter.

One cannot pass over in silence the many admirable illustrations scattered throughout the book. Those in colour are uniformly good, even if of varied style. One in particular—a view of the Peace River Valley—is a sheer delight—and how strangely similar does this Northern Alberta region appear to be to some of the scenic beauties of our own Eastern Townships.

One naturally expects from Professor Leacock, no 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 agree with no one but himself." The good-humoured gibes at past conditions—in Toronto of a century ago "the tone of society was English at the top, but the barber shops spoke American. 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 . . . in it were 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 neither. Many things in Ontario ran like that in threes, 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—"the government had become a legend. A hush fell upon the electorate as if the ministry had been protected by a sort of highway sign—men at work; do not disturb." Social Credit—"Most of all did the new doctrines sweep Alberta. To this province 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 expansion of the idea of living by taking in one another's washing . . . 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 of the spot 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 Canada's progress from an empty wilderness to a nation with 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 active in several parts of the continent. The deeds of the French, Polish, Czech, Greek, Dutch, and Belgian underground are well known; so is the fight of Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia. Little, however, has been heard so far of 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 governments. These attempts, however, have so far failed. This failure was largely due to the fact, that a very large percentage 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 move 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 lines run through Austria. Since the bombing of the Ploesti oil-fields 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 Allied bombings of Germany, there has also 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 element in Austria is 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 Austrians and Germans, especially amongst workers and farmers, 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, officers in the army, and policemen by Germans, the majority of Austrians were resentful.

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 Germans. 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 "comrades", that he committed suicide.

These and other examples show that restlessness in occupied 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 bombing together with an invasion could do the trick, and one part of Germany starts to crack, others will soon follow.

It is my strong belief, that if the Allies use not only the right strategy, but also the right psychology, Austria could become a greater help to our cause than it has ever been to the Germans—it can become the Gateway to Germany.

(This article was written on February 15, Allied planes raided Vienna for the first time on March 17.—Asst. Ed.)



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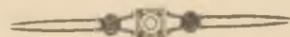
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## Sports

K. L. FARQUHARSON

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 it has, at the time of writing, defeated all but the R.C.A.F. of Windsor Mills 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 are the team to beat but they are equally determined that the purple and white will do it.

### *Bishop's at Thetford*

Just before the Christmas exams the team took a trip

down to Thetford Mines to play a strong squad from the Thetford High School. This was the first game of the season for both teams, and the best basketball was not in evidence. Thetford, suffering at this time from the loss of their star defenceman, was slightly disorganized while the Bishop's boys made their nervousness obvious by the number of passes they dropped. The home team used a zone defence which was new to the Bishop's lads who resorted to popping them from inside centre. Unfortunately this only eked them out a 35-30 victory in which guards G. Dickson and K. Farquharson shared the honours by virtue of their shooting, but some valuable lessons were learned and returning after a most enjoyable week-end the boys felt much better with this first game tucked under their belt.

### *Bishop's at Sherbrooke High School*

The first league game of the season took place at the Y.W.C.A. when the college lads took on the strongly rated Sherbrooke High School aggregation. The game opened up fast with the S.H.S. boys taking possession of the ball, and with tricky passing and snappy shooting made the Bishop's squad, apparently still suffering from an overdose of sloppiness, look rather foolish. Cathart for S. H. S. found the basket quite easily and the quarter ended with Bishop's trailing on a 7-5 count. In the second quarter, however, the U.B.C. team tightened up, and made the last ten minutes of the half entirely theirs. Carr and H. Dickson put in some snappy passing, with Whalen and Pharo setting up the plays. When the halftime whistle blew the score had been reversed 12-8 in favour of the Purple and White. The third quarter again saw the game start off fast with the S.H.S. boys taking advantage of their rest, and after ten minutes of play they were within three points of the college lads. The score was now 17-14 in favour of Bishop's with ten minutes to play. The S.H.S. lads resorted in the last quarter to a variety of long shots. Budning and Pye proved very accurate in this respect and for a few minutes they really had the U. B. C. boys jumping. Finally, however, Bishop's settled down, and outpointing their rivals 12-11 in this last stanza gained a 29-25 victory. Truthfully speaking it cannot be said that this was one of the best games to watch. The S.H.S. five played their own peculiar style of ball into which the smooth Bishop's squad some times slipped only to find that they were thus defeating themselves. With added strength, experience and polish, U.B.C. looked to its next contest.

### *Bishop's at Rand*

It was a smooth-working, highly confident Bishop's squad that took on the Rand hoopsters in the second tilt of the

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 encounter were scarcely threatened. The greatest danger to the Bishop's boys was the deadly accurate longshots of one Lothrop and his teammate Hammond. This was more than offset, however, by some excellent guarding by G. Dickson who teamed up with Farquharson to form a very formidable barrier to the Rand squad. At the same time, up forward, Pharo, Dickson, McCredie and Whalen were continually snapping the ball through the Rand hoop. McCredie, just getting into form after an ankle injury, was continually setting up plays for his teammates. Pharo took advantage of this to drop eleven points through the ring. At the same time, Carr and Dickson were threatening from both flanks with difficult shots that netted them 8 and 5 points respectively. Throughout the game Whalen was largely responsible for relieving the strain brought on by the fast pace. Grover 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 off slowly with each team 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 second half, however, saw the Bishop's squad break into their own style which completely baffled the Stanstead aggregation. In perfect co-ordination G. Dickson set up his brother Herbie, while Pharo used the famous old bucket play so accurately that he had a field day score of 19 points. Carr was in there as usual and played a steady passing game which netted him four points. Other scores were G. Dickson with 10 points by virtue of his accurate shooting from just inside centre zone, Herb Dickson with four points, using his dangerous overhand shooting, and Farquharson with three tallies. The game ended with coach Aubry Clarke's men stretching an unbeaten streak to three with a 40-21 triumph.

Standing as per February 21, 1944:

Team	P	W	L	Def.	Points
U. B. C.	- - - - 4	4	0	0	8
Windsor	- - - - 4	3	0	1	6
Stanstead	- - - - 2	1	1	0	4
S. H. S.	- - - - 4	1	3	0	2
Rand	- - - - 5	1	4	0	2

#### Individual scorers—

G. Pharo, 40	K. Farquharson 8
P. Carr 22	G. Whalen 4
G. Dickson 25	M. McCredie 4

H. Dickson 16

#### HOCKEY

Due to the fact that the long-famed Bishop's hockey rink suddenly took it upon itself to disintegrate to the accompaniment of the crackling of large flames, the hockey career of Bishop's University was dangerously imperiled. Suffering from this blow the Athletic Committee of the college, who had planned to have a university team entered in the local Sherbrooke league, found it impossible to carry through their plans. Accordingly, they turned their attentions to inter-year hockey. Permission to use the rink at B.C.S. was obtained, and a schedule was drawn up. This schedule called for three games between each year and play-offs should they be necessary. Well the college has followed through on this plan very successfully with the result that hockey is probably still the most popular sport at U.B.C.

The league was completed on Wednesday, February 23. As Second year had not won a game all season, and 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 Brodeur highlighted an inspired contest.

Second year, although it has suffered constant defeats, should be given just recognition for its fine fighting spirit. This year being the smallest in the college has nevertheless fielded an excellent team which was at all times a threat. Sparked by Beaudry, Bown, Manning, McCredie, and Baird, Second year has on occasion really baffled Third year and had First year with its back against the wall. The First year team, in turn, has some fine players in the persons of McKewan, who has been playing stirring games between the posts, a front line of Whalen, Pharo, and Curphey is noted for its fine passing and deadly shooting, and a tough defence backed up mainly by McDonough. The Third year team, and we hesitate to call its 7 men a team, has really been playing outstanding hockey. In the nets Beattie and Patterson have been alternating in their stirring efforts to keep the score down. They in turn had in front of them a very tight, hard to crack defence, consisting of Roy and Schofield. Up forward Brodeur, Macdonald and Brown have

been outstanding. Mac unfortunately had to drop out for the playoffs, but his place was ably 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, at present plans definitely include games against Lennoxville and B. C.S., and we are sure that the results of these tilts will prove that Bishop's is still a great hockey university.

#### Standing—

Teams	Gm.	W	L	Dr.	G.F.	G.A.	Points
3rd Year	6	5	1	0	60	30	10
1st Year	6	4	2	0	52	46	8
2nd Year	6	0	6	0	21	57	0

#### Final Scoring Records—

Names	Year	Goals	Assists	Points
K. Farquharson	3rd	27	12	39
C. Brodeur	3rd	16	21	37
G. Pharo	1st	18	8	26
E. Curphy	1st	16	7	23
G. Whalen	1st	15	7	22
P. Schofield	3rd	8	9	17
P. Beaudry	2nd	6	6	12
G. Bown	2nd	5	4	9
A. Roy	3rd	5	2	7
G. Buchanan	2nd	2	5	7
M. Macdonald	3rd	1	6	7
J. Scarth	1st	3	3	6
G. Roy	1st	2	3	5
L. McDonough	1st	1	2	3
B. Brwon	3rd	2	1	3
L. Waldman	2nd	1	1	2
B. Watt	1st	1	1	2
M. McCredie	2nd	2	0	2

#### 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 females 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 50% 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 according to boys' rules. As the weeks went by the girls practiced hard and constantly. Under the able management of Captain Lila Pharo, who was unfortunately forced to retire early in the season, and a rather gruff but nonetheless enthusiastic coach, the team has progressed very rapidly, and, at the time of writing, is only really getting into shape. Unfortunately the girls were forced to play two games rather early in the season, and although the typical

Bishop's spirit was apparent as they played, their fighting enthusiasm was not enough to bring them victory. Up to now, however, these are the only two defeats the girls have suffered, and all those who have lately watched them working out feel that they will be in the winning bracket in the near future. A small but smart forward line has been developed in the persons of Mary Harrington, Libby Macdonald, and Muriel Ghetty. These three, although lacking in height, have been deadly when close in, and after a little practice should prove a threatening combination. Backing them up is Liz Bryant, whose height and ability to set up plays should prove beneficial in keeping the ball out of the danger zone. On left guard we have Peggy Graham who has been suffering somewhat from an ankle twisted in one of the earlier games, and Flo' McFadden who is a newcomer stepping into the breach left when Lila Pharo was forced to retire. Marie Tulk, Francis Ladd, and Jean Boast round out the squad. Both Marie and Francis can be counted on to give all they have in any tilt, and Jean, although very inexperienced at the beginning of the year, has proven herself a threat on the floor, and may soon develop into a first class 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 in 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.

#### SKIING

Skiing 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 Hillcrest Club during the past several winters has really not get under way this year due to the fact that there

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 Hill-crest 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 wintertime 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.

Team	No. Strg.	Won	Lost	Points	Team	No. Strg.	Won	Lost	Points
6	6	6	0	1.000	4	6	2	4	.333
1	6	5	1	.833	3	6	1	5	.166
7	6	5	1	.833	5	6	1	5	.166
2	6	4	2	.666	8	6	0	6	.000
9	6	3	3	.500					

Players selected to play off—

Girls	Boys
Miss Lila Pharo	Mr. Kennedy
Miss Lucille George	Mr. Beaudry
Miss Liz Bryant	Mr. Whalen
Miss J. Lockwood	Mr. Farquharson
Miss K. Ewing	Mr. Schofield
Miss J. Milne	Mr. Buchanan
Miss L. Aboud	Mr. A. Roy
Miss F. Ladd	Mr. Brodeur

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**Alumni Notes**

**Births**

**GROOME**—On November 11, 1943, to P. O. John F. Groome and Mrs. Groome (née Rosamond Staples, B.A. '39), a son.

**Marriages**

**BOWES-REID**—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, R.C.A.F., of Buffalo, N.Y.

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

**CARPENTER-ARMSTRONG**—The marriage of Ann Fraser Armstrong, former member of Bishop's University, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Armstrong of Sherbrooke, to P.F.C. 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. Doxsee 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. R. Richardson, of Chateauguay Basin, formerly of Sherbrooke. Miss Jean Richardson, sister of the bride, was maid of honour, and Miss Margot Wright was flower girl. Acting as best man was Surgeon-Lieutenant Bruce E. Cragg, R.C.A.M.C., B.A. '39. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd D. McK. Rose, assisted by the Rev'd Dr. G. C. Wadsworth 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 '40, to Lieut. Robert Lee McFadden, R.C.A.M.C. The Rev'd Alfred Bright officiated at the ceremony.

E. PATTERSON

**MASTERTON-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, 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 Professor Gordon Oliver Rothney, B.A. '32, Ph.D., son of Professor and Mrs. W. O. Rothney.

**Deaths**

**WATSON**—The *Mitre* records with regret the death of Gordon Spencer Watson, on November 25, 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 Clarke City, 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.

**BASSETT**—The promotion of Captain John Bassett, B.A. '36, 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 fifty-five hours of work were done from the beginning of the college year until the middle of February. Of these seven hundred and seventy-nine were spent in the local Red Cross rooms sewing and making surgical dressings, 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 R. 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 own forces overseas. 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 Sea-forths 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 35 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 were a Bren and a tommy-gun and I emptied the tommy-gun right into them.

"The captain told me to roundup 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'd E. S. Davis, 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 30, 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 Regi-

ROY PIERCE

ments. Don McQuat '37, Bill Campbell '39, and Tom Carter '35.

Tom Carter's name will not soon be forgotten in this division. . . .

We are somewhat understrength in Padres in this Division, and some of us have to look after two regiments. It makes life busy, but most interesting.

I have a lorry fitted out as an office and also as sleeping quarters. In this way I can move freely spending one day or so with each battery. It is a sort of gypsy existence, but not too uncomfortable compared to "tent life".

On Christmas Day I celebrated Holy Communion at three different places, twice in the open where we had to stand in several inches of mud, and once in a stable. (Stables in this country are preferable to most of the houses.) The battle never halted for an instant on Christmas Day and some of the gunners had to take extra duties, so that others might attend the Communion Services. We were shelled during one service and between this and the noise and blast of our own guns I had to hold the sacred vessels all the time to keep them from toppling over. The altars were made by stacking empty ammunition boxes together. The communicants knelt on a row of empties which had been pushed down into the mud. It was a strange setting.

No praise is too great for the men of our Infantry regiments. They have just broken a German defensive line

## Nonsense

Let me begin by letting you in on my secret, that is who me is, because ego is Latin for me? That ain't English is me is? Then it isn't English. No. That still ain't right. Let me see how could I word it? Talking about words, have you heard the story about the chap who got kicked out of Latin class because he didn't know his words? You have! Oh, well. I'll tell you anyway. You see he translated "homo sapiens" as a "man making maple syrup." How did I get that in here! Ain't all this nonsensical? You may go so far as to call it unmeaning or absurd. To get back to finding out if me is is English. Why any fool will tell you (and I'm one) that me is is not English, as a matter of fact me is French (subtle hint as to who is writing this mess). I'll let you in on more. My initials are S. J. J. T. B., no relation to T. S. M. F. S. Have you guessed? No! Well, isn't that too bad. While we're on the subject do most of you know what are the seven ages of women? Yes! My God you're smart. No matter here they are: baby, infant,

which was believed (by them) to be impregnable. The gunners have also done a very good job. In a week of steady firing they sent over what may prove to have been the biggest artillery concentration in the history of warfare.

German prisoners taken during and after this shelling, were dazed. Some wandered about like zombies, their minds temporarily crushed by the terrific bombardment. One N. C.O. who had fought on the Russian front said this was the most colossal concentration he ever witnessed—surpassing anything he had seen, even on the Russian front. The toll of German lives was appalling. The cost of war is very, very great.

Somewhere I heard that Mrs. McGreer had been ill lately. Please convey to her my very best wishes for a speedy recovery. Give my love to Father Vial and all those I knew at Bishop's.

We ask for your prayers at God's Holy Altar — they mean a very great deal to us out here. The work is far from easy—so often I wish I had someone whose advice I might ask on difficult problems.

Thank you Sir, for all the many things you have done for me. All of us here who attended Bishop's remember it with pride, and whenever we meet, our conversation drifts back to the very happy days within its old halls.

Sincerely your friend,  
(Signed) Eldon Davis.

P. BEAUDRY

little girl, young lady, young lady, young lady, young lady. My assistant had just handed me the question of the century along with its answer, so no wishing to keep you in suspense any longer than I am naturally obliged to, I myself alone will write it down for you my dear little readers (my English prof. will murder me for the preceding sentence—so full of clichés). By the way have you ever noticed how many foreign words have sneaked into our (pardon me) "your" English language. For instance, every time you go to a restaurant, you always glance at the menu which lists the food à la carte and then "comme pièce de résistance", you have to struggle through a foreign order such as this: hors d'oeuvres, pottage St. Germain, bift'ck rare, pommes de terre sautés, and so on to the demi-tasse. We can only hope that that which we order will be eatable. Talking of food have you heard "Why do you call this enthusiastic stew?" — "The cook put everything he had into it."

Have you guessed who me is? You have! Hell you've

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 dissect 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?

Beneath 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 all 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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VOL. 51 NO. 3

TRINITY ISSUE  
1944