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LENNOXVILLE QUE.

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

We're very happy indeed to see that it's the same old Mitre. A few days ago when we agreed to write this editorial we were told "Oh no hurry—any time, any time at all before the end of this term." So while it was still in the embryonic stage we get a telephone call demanding said editorial and an article or two at once.

Yes, we're glad to see things haven't changed.

Mr. Cole Porter's latest musical success bears the name "Long ago and far away". It struck us that there was something peculiarly apt about this title, and later decided Practically every student we have ever met, who has come to find out for themselves. Never were we so filled with sensation either—that empty, lonely sensation in the pit of one's stomach. The reason of course is that one always remembers things as he knew them, and then, inevitably, one is disappointed. That's why we were glad to see that the Mitre has not changed.

Often we have found ourselves expressing the wish during the years which have passed since we left college that we had more fully appreciated what a wonderful time we were having. One lives so sheltered a life, so wonderfully free from responsibility, that a constant reminder of our good fortune would never be superfluous.

We would like to take this opportunity to mention two Canadian periodicals, published in English and very little known in this country. One is published in newspaper form and the other as a magazine. They are called the Canadian Press News and Canada's Weekly respectively. The former is distributed free to the troops, while the latter may be purchased at any newsstand for a tanner, pardon us we mean sixpence. Canada's Weekly is published by Thomas Skinner and Co. Ltd. whose Montreal office is at 437 St. James St. West. In each issue there is a large illustrated section, and it is seldom indeed that one cannot find a familiar face somewhere within its pages.

Lt. R. E. Duval '42.
(Editor '41-'42)

Reconstruction & Human Nature

The Rev'd G. Basil Jones

JUNE, 1944

At a time when large schemes of reconstruction have got to the stage of being worked out in detail, it is a matter of some interest and importance to consider their ethical implications or postulates, because on the validity of these will in large measure depend what may be expected and actually obtained from them. Presumably all such schemes aim at making the world in the post-war era in some respects and in some degree better than it was before, and will stand or fall by their success or failure in achieving this aim. But everything turns on what is meant by this word "better", and that in its turn depends on what is capable of being "bettered" in the conditions and characteristics of human society. In what directions and to what extent are human society and the individuals who make it up really amenable?

It is not likely that this question always presents itself to those immersed in the detailed tasks of planning, where there are enough proximate ends and to spare to absorb all the energy and technical skill that can be brought to bear on particular problems. So much obviously requires to be prepared for in such matters as demobilisation, the conversion of industry from war to peace, the establishment of effective international law, financial stabilisation, and the like, that questions of ultimate ends and the capacity or will of society to envisage and work towards them may seem a little remote and irrelevant. And yet the aftermath of the last war should convince us that this matter is not purely academic. The plans conceived, and in part executed, after the last war were, as plans, unexceptionable, many of them, but they could not be carried out, or they broke down, or they had to be modified out of all recognition. The world did not become a place fit for heroes to live in, but one which hatched a longer and yet more terrible conflict. Was that inevitable because we are in the grip of forces we cannot control or understand? Was it because the plans failed to do too much and made demands on human nature which human nature was incapable of meeting? Or did they pursue the right ideals by the wrong methods? Or is there something recalcitrant in the human makeup which refuses to be legislated or otherwise improved out of existence, and always provides the rock of shipwreck for the best laid plans? And, in the light of this, does anybody think that the world will be better in five, or ten, or twenty years' time than it is now, or than it was in the period between the wars, and if so, what does he mean by better?

Behind detailed schemes of reformation, of whatever character, as the background which will sooner or later show up their worth or futility, remains this permanent, potent, and yet largely mysterious entity we term "human nature".

Oh no subject are generalisations more common or less helpful. One would suppose that after many thousands of years of experience of itself some fairly definite conclusions about itself would by this time have been arrived at; actually most of the assertions which are made are in various degrees incomplete, contradictory, and precarious. "Human nature does not change", we say in one breath or context, and then in the next we may be saying, "But that was in the middle ages (or in the Victoria era), and we have moved a long way since then". Or again, in more pessimistic mood, we may feel that, so far from having advanced, in any acceptable sense of that word, we have in fact fallen back—that the brutality of this present war, for instance, are worse than the savagery of primitive combat, if only because of the increased skill, knowledge of human psychology, and scientific resourcefulness which have been put into them. No doubt all these statements are in a measure true, certainly things like them have been uttered throughout the length of recorded history; but how are they to be reconciled? Or should we perhaps give up trying to do so, and be content with adding our own mite of muddled thinking to the welter of confusions and contradic tions to which we are already heir?

Here, clearly, is no subject for dogmatism. What I seek to do now is simply to sort out some of the various questions which are involved in the larger general question of the progress of human nature. This sorting out process, if it could be carried through, might still not give us an answer to the main problem, but it would perhaps reduce the confusion which unnecessarily clutters up the approaches to it.

Many of these questions, it seems to me, are concerned with where precisely we are trying to discover improvement; with the tests or measurements to be applied; and with some of the results of the application of such criteria to the duly determined sphere.

Under the first head, we must be clear that true improvement is to be sought for in the moral sphere. It is not in the accumulation of knowledge, or the development of special skills, or even the insight that comes from experience, but in what has to do with conduct and character that true progress is to be looked for. Some people might, of course, deny this, and assert instead that the advancement of human nature is to be measured in terms of power or comfort or knowledge. Some would even go so far as to say that...
truly moral conduct, as distinct from reaction to the pressure of society in the form of custom and convention, is non-existent—in abstraction of the ethical philosopher or theologian. I am not concerned now to debate this issue, but merely to point out that this very difference of view, when brought out into the open, itself effects some measure of clarification. Such people, in talking about the progress of man, mean something different from what I mean in using the same phrase, and it is all to the good to have this realised.

But within the moral sphere itself there are distinctions to be made. For instance, it may be said, and has indeed often been said, that it does not matter greatly what our moral standards or ideals are. The important thing is that we should live up to them. Progress is to be looked for in an increased fulfillment of our ideals rather than in any improvement in the ideals themselves. It is better to be a convinced and devoted Shintoist than a lukewarm and ineffective Christian. This is, I think, an extremely vulnerable position. It bases itself on the gap between profession and practice; and judges moral progress by our success in closing it. But a gap can be lessened just as effectively by lowering the standard to conform with what is actually done as by elevating conduct to meet the requirements of the standard; and that would surely be a strange interpretation of progress which counselled us to abjure Christianity in favour of the profession ceases to be in any real sense moral. Thus the standard really is in given instances (a very large assumption in view of its variability even within a single community), we come to the matter of comparison and how it is to be carried out. And immediately we are confronted with a grave difficulty. Comparison can only be effected in the light of some higher criterion to which the items being compared can be referred. If we say that our civilisation today is more moral than that of the Roman Empire in its later stages, we can only do so on some such ground as that Christian moral ideals are more closely approximated to now than then. We have, that is, to assume the validity of the Christian or some other moral system, and make it the arbiter. But, as has already been suggested, any aspiration or ideal which is acknowledged already influences moral beliefs and conduct; that is to say, is part of the accepted moral standard which is being made the subject of comparison.

How are we to achieve a point of vantage where the judge is not also the advocate in his own behalf? If an opponent objects to our comparison and the results we get from it on the ground that the basis of it has been chosen in such a way as to beg the issue, how are we to answer him? Comparison, in a word, always implies a point of view, and the point of view here is already part of the moral convictions we are trying to evaluate.

I do not know that there is any completely satisfactory way out of this difficulty. We can only admit, or it may be, according to our standpoint, be pleased to insist, that moral convictions must from their very nature be in the long run self-justifying, if they are to be justified at all; that the proof of moral progress must be self-evident. The trouble is that the claim to self-evidence and self-justification can be advanced from such diverse quarters in support of such irreconcilable moral affirmations—apparently in all good faith. The Mohammedan might make it just as strongly on behalf of the Qur'an as the Christian on behalf of mono­nogamy. In any case, however, all we can do is to examine any given moral system from within, consider its internal consistency, the universal and depth of its scope, and the measure of order and stability and worth whileness it gives to the individual or community which embodies it. Think, for instance, of Kant's celebrated principle that human beings are always to be treated as ends in themselves, and never in means, which is but another way of asserting the fundamental Christian conviction that all men are equal in the sight of God. One might claim that this principle has actually become part of the accepted moral standard, in the sense that it does really influence the conduct of men and societies. Most of the great reforming movements of modern times—the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of women, factory and trade union laws, greater concern for the education and well-being of children—are practical.
expressions of this principle; and it is the motive force behind much that is proposed for the post-war world, for States and individuals alike, including the Atlantic Charter. If this is so, and if it can be shown that the principle did not enter effectively into the ideas and practices of other ages and peoples, then, there is real ground for saying that in this respect at least moral progress has been achieved. But the claim must be based on the principle itself—that it is reasonable and can be applied universally without self-contradiction, that in the measure in which it is translated into practice it does in fact produce, or tend to produce, a secure, healthy, and happy life for an ever greater number of human beings. But if a man takes the position that he fails to see why all human beings should be considered equal, why a primitive savage or a moral degenerate or a madman should, even theoretically, be regarded as of the same ultimate worth as a normal sound citizen, it is difficult to know how to answer him. What to us is a moral conviction is to him a highly problematical assumption, or even an untruth, and (he Hitler, for instance) can only be converted to a juster point of view, if he ever is, by the breaking down of their operation of his own regulative principles.

As to the results of an attempted evaluation of the moral progress of the human race, we cannot, it would seem, get very far, or make any dogmatic statement with confidence. But there are some things one can reasonably say. For example, to maintain the reality of moral progress, we certainly do not need to insist that that progress is continuous and that all changes are necessarily for the better. The significant fact is surely not that there should be reactions from time to time, lapses and retrocessions, but that when mankind climbed up out of it again. It would be easy to pick out the same thing would be true of the history of science, where intervening periods. But it would also prove nothing. The idea that Anaximenes’s ideas about the relationship of the earth to the sun more closely approximated to the truth than Ptolemy’s mean than mankind was losing what little grip of astronomy it had ever had. Why should the situation be any different in the moral sphere? Here, too, we have to count not time by single years or even generations, but by centuries and epochs, and be prepared withal to expect the tidal characteristics of any human development.

Then, again, we ought hardly to look for moral progress, even if, on the whole, it is a reality, in a uniform advance all along the line. It is more likely to be a thing of sudden thrusts and sallies, salients thrown out while the rest of the front remains stationary, or even caves in in places. We have to try to envisage the campaign as a whole, and consider whether in a broad view its purposes are being untraced. Certainly, a survey of history provides nothing to suggest that we have merely to sit still and improve automatically. There is nothing inevitable about moral or indeed any other kind of progress, if by that we mean a thing that is entirely independent of the will and striving of human beings. On the other hand, there would appear to be, on the whole, a natural tendency towards progress, in moral as well as physical things, in almost any favourable opportunity to manifest itself. The constituents of human personality act and react on another; and while knowledge may grow and wisdom linger, while some of the applications of modern science may well strike a chill to the soul, yet the moral life cannot be out of all relation to advances in other directions. We are perhaps beginning to understand in a new way that the moral personality cannot, humbly speaking, grow or work under all possible conditions, that it needs to be helped and fostered, materially as well as spiritually—to be given an environment that will aid it to grow (or at least not hinder it from growing). If so, then schemes of reconstruction, even those primarily concerned with the material conditions of life, will in the long view produce a moral harvest—provided always that we do not look for it in a hurry, or expect too much. It may be some time yet before Jerusalem is built in even England’s green and pleasant land.

ancient pre-Hellenic Cretans had a plumbing system superior to anything devised until quite recent times does not prove that mankind has been at a standstill in house-planning during all the intervening centuries; nor does the fact that Anaximenes’s ideas about the relationship of the earth to the sun more closely approximated to the truth than Ptolemy’s mean than mankind was losing what little grip of astronomy it had ever had. Why should the situation be any different in the moral sphere? Here, too, we have to count not time by single years or even generations, but by centuries and epochs, and be prepared withal to expect the tidal characteristics of any human development.

The Mitre

June, 1944

Motive for Murder

One Monday in June the weekly train laboured up the grade and stopped before the small, weather-beaten station of Wingrove Junction. It was a long time since the east-bound train had stopped to let off passengers, but to-day a string of Stephenson, with a small bag in hand. He was a well-dressed man with confident bearing and keen, flashing eyes that were already taking in the details of the station. Seeing no one behind the wicket he took his suit case and started down the narrow, dusty, main street in search of a place to eat. Although it was noon and there were few people on the street, he did not go unnoticed, for a way ahead, a tall, straight, elegant-looking stranger, such a one, was of interest. Tom Claxton, the young editor of the local paper saw him from his office and meant to find out more about him, for he might prove to feature in next week’s edition. The Reverend T. J. Martin passed him on his way home to lunch and wondered who he might be.

The stranger walked slowly down the street past the general store, the church, and the school, his eyes not missing a detail. At last he saw a small green and white sign hanging over a low, stone cottage. The sign read: Martha Billing’s Tea Room. Luncheons Served. He opened the door and stepped into a small room in which there were several tables, each covered with a white tablecloth. There was small, almost, seemed bright and airy, and he wondered who he might be.

The room, although small, seemed bright and airy, and he thought to himself. "How can you claim," he asked, "that progress is continuous and that all changes are necessarily for the better. The significant fact is surely not that there should be reactions from time to time, lapses and retrocessions, but that when mankind climbed up out of it again. It would be easy to pick out the same thing would be true of the history of science, where intervening periods. But it would also prove nothing. The idea that Anaximenes’s ideas about the relationship of the earth to the sun more closely approximated to the truth than Ptolemy’s mean than mankind was losing what little grip of astronomy it had ever had. Why should the situation be any different in the moral sphere? Here, too, we have to count not time by single years or even generations, but by centuries and epochs, and be prepared withal to expect the tidal characteristics of any human development.

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They have burned my office, but my press is still good," he cried. "I know what they are after, but it's all in my head and they can't destroy that. I'll print the truth. They can't stop me, and they won't!"

The minister took Tom's arm in a strong grip. "Steady, Tom," he said, "you have run into trouble, but don't do anything unwise. I don't know what it is you are speaking of, but think before you act, or you will find yourself in trouble."

"Don't worry about me, sir, I can take care of myself all right."

The minister shook his head sadly as he was told.

On the side was engraved the name of the owner.

"Martha Billings' husband, before he died, was involved unknowingly in one of the largest rackets in the city. John Austin, pretending to be a friend of both, was really the leader of the racket. Tom Claxton had this information and intended to print it. Mrs. Billings did not want it to go to press, because the news would ruin her life here. She asked Mr. Hawkins to come over to look at it and try to give it as he himself had reasons for it being kept a secret. He did not want his name revealed as the leader of the racket and also if he could obtain the papers from Claxton he could blackmail Mrs. Billings. He told her to try to get the papers. When her attempt failed, she sent for him in desperation. The papers were destroyed in the fire. The only course left to Austin to keep the information out of the papers was to kill Claxton."

"You are clear, Mrs. Billings, and may rest assured that you can live here happily as before."

"I am sorry, Mr. Martin, that I had to cause you so much trouble and that I could not reveal my true identity, but you see, it often takes underhand methods to catch underhanded men."

**Library Duty**

It is an honourable pastime, but often too boring for the roustabout individuals who grapple the forty acres of this ancient establishment. The student assistant librarian is a policeman for a night, protecting the things of the past from the hands of those who are present. Perhaps the most obvious reason against library duty lies in the fact that the atmosphere is apparently quiet and conducive to work. The circumstances surrounding the unfortunate are of little importance, the fact is that I was locked in with Caesar and his contemporaries for one night a week.

When I entered the Library for the first time, I fell flat on my back and it was not until a few moments later that I got up and began to hunt for the light. The flow of invective that followed was foreign even to Webster. I picked myself up off the hard cold floor, and after finding the light I staggered over to the desk. Glancing over the cards I noticed that Helen was finished with Elinor Glyn and had now begun that epic of the past, "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Esky, 37 A.D."

As I sat down to learn the verb "hoben", anticipate for three hours of silence, my reverie was rudely interrupted by a heavy thud outside the door. I looked up and beheld a man patting dust out of his baggy britches. "I could have sworn there were seventeen steps there yesterday. Oh yes, I wanted a book to read. What kind of books have you?" "We have all kinds of books. What would interest you, biology, history, philosophy, or pornography?" "Ah yes, the Decameron would suit me fine. Thank you." He signed the card and walked out.

I settled down again and was priding myself on how much German I knew, when I was a hammering on the door. "Who's there," I said. "I'm going to two days' absence," I said, to a disinterested Bishop's men. "Oh my, Wright's on dirty tonight," and a meek merrily approached me. "Good evening, you suppose you gentlemen have come over to study your Greek?" The two students made their way to opposite corners and then the second, after reaching for a book, sat down, took off his shoes, put his feet up on the table, and looked almost interested. "Take your odious feet off that table," this from the quiet mannered individual. "I won't, and why don't you lance that boil you call a face." This fight ended five minutes later as I lay on the floor yelling for help.

Silence reigned once more and I was all set for some work, when the door opened and there appeared in the dim light, the figure of an elderly woman. She came over to the desk and greeting me with a smile said, "Good-night, I came over to get my husband's book." "Perhaps it's in this pile," as I opened one or two of the books on the table, "what was the name of the book and who was it by."

"I don't know the name of the book in fact I have never seen it, but if you come to think of it, it was a green book he left here three months ago." "I think the best thing you can do is to return in the morning, and the librarian will kind it for you." "Well anyway," she said, "I shall ask John if it was a big book or a little book."

"You might ask him the name of the book as well you know, it might help."
**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 have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you must cry;
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh;
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh;
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And you want to smile but you have to sigh;
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh;
prison? Yes, he was suspicious, but of one thing he was certain—tonight he would go through with his plans whatever happened, even if it was necessary to kill this Zidkev. The boy's story was, interrupted by the noise of doors being opened and banged shut in the corridor. Finally the door to their cell was thrown open and a large, well-fed oberleutenant stepped into the room.

"On your feet, scum," he roared. Yamushai felt a sharp pain tear through his left arm as a stink was lashed across his back. The brutal officer spoke to a guard in German and pointed to Markov, Pushkin and Yamushai then moved down the hall to the next cell. The three men indicated were ordered to gather what they owned and join the moving line of prisoners who filed out into the cold, now almost dark yard. Most of the men had nothing to take with them but the clothes on their backs. Yamushai noticed that not all the prisoners were moving down the hall. Some, the very old like Shlovo and those who were too weak even to stand up, like Sidkev, remained behind. What could this mean, he wondered. Was his attempt to break away to be frustrated at the last moment?

Two great-coated soldiers stood a little way from Yamushai. He stood as if stricken. He could see nothing, his head spinning and a feeling akin to pain swept through his body. The guard stumbled, Yamushai kicked him hard in the face. The guard fell to the ground with his body riddled by a score bullet holes. A ring of soldiers advanced upon the still body. Several of them shot more bullets into it. Two advanced and kicked the corpse over on its back. The officer said in a hoarse whisper. They started at the bloody face. It was twisted into a grim smile.

Yes, Yamushai was smiling—smiling because his plan had succeeded. Yamushai had escaped.

The Mitre

Miss JEAN CARR

Mending, mending, mending,
Will it never end?
Darning, darning, darning,
Always socks to mend.
Mending, mending, mending,
Why do runs go fast?
Sewing, sewing, sewing,
Time is going fast.

Mending, mending, mending,
"Druther go to sleep.
Darning, darning, darning,
See the needle split.
Mending, mending, mending,
O, how tired I am!
Sewing, sewing, sewing,
Socks don't give a damn.

The prisoner was being cleared of all those men who could possibly do any work. Sidkev was only the first of many new ones who would be packed into this building. So the Nazis knew nothing of his plans for escape, they were not concerned with one ragged, half dead prisoner.

Conditions in the labour camps were even worse than those in the prisons, if that could be imagined. Yamushai made up his mind in a moment. He would go through with his attempt to escape anyway. A new light came into his eyes. He regained some of his lost confidence. In a few minutes he would be free.

Yamushai stood in the second row of men. Carefully and with as little movement as possible he pulled the heel of his left foot out of the shoe. He lifted his foot slowly. Now he had the shoe in his hand. He clutched it by the toe. Yamushai moved quickly now. Two steps and he was in front of guard closest to him. With a strength born of panic he grabbed for the rifle with his right hand and with the other he smashed the heel of his shoe into the Nazi's face. The guard stumbled, Yamushai kicked him hard, and tearing the rifle from his grasp ran, not towards the gate but straight to the centre of the enclosure, away from the lines of prisoners. The sharp cracking noise of the light automatics filled the air and bullets whirled and a feeling akin to pain swept through his body.

The guard fell to the ground with his body riddled by a score bullet holes. A ring of soldiers advanced upon the still body. Several of them shot more bullets into it. Two advanced and kicked the corpse over on its back. The officer said in a hoarse whisper. They started at the bloody face. It was twisted into a grim smile.

Yes, Yamushai was smiling—smiling because his plan had succeeded. Yamushai had escaped.

Grandfather

I shall always remember him as an old man. When we were first things together I had yet to see my first birthday, and he had counted seventy; since then we have lived together most of the time. His figure was then still large and upright, and his age was betrayed only by his brown, wrinkled face and his crisp white hair. He always wore a white mustache, and when I was still quite young I used to wonder with my mother about the probable position of his mouth. At that time he still worked in the mill at home, and he was seen striding down to work at a quarter to seven every morning except Sunday, when he set out for the Presbyterian Church (in which he was an elder) with equal promptness at a quarter to eleven. He was greeted by almost everyone he met on the street, and most respected him, all accepted him, as a member of the community. I came gradually to know of his history about that town.

Murdock John MacDonald was born on the fifteenth of December, 1814, in the community of Dell on the Island of Lewis. His father was a fisherman, as was his grandfather, and as far as he knew his family had lived on Lewis for generations. He was tightly schooled in Dell, and when he was about fourteen he was made community shepherd. Then John MacDonald, his elder, decided to leave the Old Land with his family for a better living in Canada. When Murdoo Macdonald was nineteen he made the crossing in a sailing vessel with his two younger brothers, his sister, and his parents. Each man had been promised a hundred acres of land with a house on it. The hundred acres proved all to be heavily wooded, and the house was a fifteen by twenty-foot log building. These lots were fairly isolated from settled parts for these folk were among the first to settle in the Scotttown area. It was no inconsiderable change for a man of Lewis, who knew no natural forests on his native Isle, suddenly to become master of an axe and a hundred acres of wooded land out of which to make his living. But the men were deft in the use of tools, and the trees gradually gave way, and new houses were built. Before the sawmills came the planks for floors had to be hewn from beams with a score bullet holes. They started at the bloodied face. It was twisted into a grim smile.

Yes, Yamushai was smiling—smiling because his plan had succeeded. Yamushai had escaped.

Mending, mending, mending,
Druther go to sleep.
Darning, darning, darning,
See the needle split.
Mending, mending, mending,
O, how tired I am!
Sewing, sewing, sewing,
Socks don't give a damn.
and he tut-tutted at Mother all winter as she fussed with the potted plants). One of the things about him that im­pressed me was the largeness of his hands. They were square and powerful, even when he was quite old, and great blue veins stood out on their backs. The nails were thick and wrinkled, as if they had not had room to grow. When the March weather kept me indoors he used to play a game with me. I would let a length of twine and then watch him trying to get loose. How he escaped those strands was always a source of amaze­ment to me—he seemed almost a Houdini. At other times he used to draw boats for me, with great, thick lines. He

**Styles In Modern Music**

Each of the most prominent orchestras of today can be distinguished from one another, mainly by their radically different styles. If we tune in on a radio programme and are just a little late for the announcing of the name of the band, we can more often than not, immediately recognize the band, by the style in which it presents its music.

The non-clinical music world includes hundreds of swing bands. Many are really very corny combinations of so-called musicians who might have made good had they been given an opportunity, but are now in a rut instead of the groove. Many are just a little late for the announcing of the name of the band, which on many occasions gives the required kick to the final bars of his music. Drummer Freddy Noble

"In this sketch I have used the past tense in speaking of Grandfather. Actually he is still alive, but his age has now worn down his rugged constitution, enfeebled his hearing and sight. But I shall always remember him as the rough and somewhat stern old man whom I knew as a boy, with his great hands, his deep voice, and his solid personality."

**DAVID BLOOMBERG**

"In taking over the "Notes and Comments" column over from Farfy, I feel that I can hardly fill his shoes adequately —who could? I feel this for many reasons; first, I have not my predecessor's talent for expanding to any length the most minute particular; second, I have not his morbid sense of humor which enables me to scan its columns in search of their own names, or looking for a good piece of dirt that they might have overlooked in the course of the term. Second, I have neither his constant flow of original humour nor his joke book (which would be a pretty good substitute for the former). However, I do have at hand a sort of amazing tripe as to, namely you, my fellow-students. This year, the task of looking for these nuggets of nothing was considerably assisted by the boys in blue who came to visit us periodically. They not only furnished a new source of supply, but were considered enough to bring to light much undiscov­ered talent along the lines of Anglo-Canadian relationship.

The latest and last group was the largest yet, consisting of some thirty-two refugees. The day that this list of pros­pects for the Willbyren was published, there was a mad rush to get bedding. Many freshmen thought that someone had revived the ancient custom of dumping, but it was only Jackie Spritz getting beds the hard way. This group, how­ever, proved to be a far more popular reform than the last group. They were down at breakfast punctually at eight-thirty trying to make the English language legible, while the English language, in its labour of love, made a careful study of each of them. The last group put each listener into a world of his own. It has been said by critics that James' control over his audience is uncanny and is a fact which has never been equalled by any other trumpeter. Not only James' own, but his orchestra's style is quite different. When he first organized his band he had no strings but as he began to learn about bands and the business of the audience in the studio. This in itself is nearly certain to go over big with the audience. Whether it is his antics or his music that makes him a favourite is questionable, but it is probably a combination of the two. He has also a flair for novelty numbers as may be verified by listening to his recordings of "The Big Hyman Man", which is only one of many.

"Notes and Comments"

The high spot of their visit was the dance, which proceeded according to the best Bishop's traditions. Pat, the girls' residence. Tickets were sold at the dance for $2 each; Pat, the proposed women's residence has caused no little comment. The collection of old clothes for the rummage sale brought in the English language. The English language, in its labour of love, made a careful study of each of them. The last group put each listener into a world of his own. It has been said by critics that James' control over his audience is uncanny and is a fact which has never been equalled by any other trumpeter. Not only James' own, but his orchestra's style is quite different. When he first organized his band he had no strings but as he began to learn about bands and the business of the audience in the studio. This in itself is nearly certain to go over big with the audience. Whether it is his antics or his music that makes him a favourite is questionable, but it is probably a combination of the two. He has also a flair for novelty numbers as may be verified by listening to his recordings of "The Big Hyman Man", which is only one of many.

"Notes and Comments"

probably one of the most original bands at present is the new Shep Fields* band which is regarded as a novelty combo. It is probably a combination of the two. He has also a flair for novelty numbers as may be verified by listening to his recordings of "The Big Hyman Man", which is only one of many.

"Notes and Comments"

"JUNE, 1944"

"Notes and Comments"

"Notes and Comments"

"Notes and Comments"

"Notes and Comments"

"Notes and Comments"

"Notes and Comments"
We were also issued with our summer uniforms so that we can get cracking as soon as camp starts; the way some of the stuff fits, things will get cracking as soon as we put them on. In general, they fit like a glove, a first baseman's; but then there's the other kind.

There are no end of rumors about camp which will be coming soon; some say that no new officers are coming to train us, others that there will be only one platoon, and still others that insist that the whole unit will be on fire duty every night. However, live and learn, and we'll probably all survive.

I hesitate to mention the coming exams, but the infallible signs point to a busy season ahead. The Oak sign is appearing more frequently, with an appendix, "Study, please make me at 5:30." The number of students joining up indicates that some are too anxious to wait for the results to come out; best of luck to them all anyhow.

Speaking of Bishop's lads in the service, we find that the Great Gagnon has rejoined the regulars, and is now receiving a letter a day. We also heard that Pete Schoch is now a full Lieutenant; congratulations.

In a recent interview with the President of the Frosh Blowers many interesting facts were revealed: First, the institution has had a highly successful year, in other fields as well as sports. Second, at least one member has been adopted into the Sanctum Sanctorum; that is he is now a qualified Booze Hound. (There will be a two-minute pause in hooch consumption during this first achievement, and the one who gained it.) The president also stated that it was hoped that a rousing farewell banquet will be given to the Class of '44 as they pass out... of this, the Aloysus Materae.

Comments about The Mitre. The following was heard after the distribution of the above:

"Pres, please tell me."  
"No." (evasively)  
"Please Pres, I want to know."  
"No." (firmly)  
"Please Pres."  
"Well... No."  
"Pres... " (slap) —and so on into the night.

Which brings us to the observation that George's taste is deteriorating; first it was violonists, but now he has stooped to a rodeo. Ah well, amusement is rare heretofore, and we can never have too many good poster hangers.

Spring is here! The birds are moulting, animals are losing their winter fur, and even some of the Sherbrooke belles have been shedding.

The recent Year Book poll results (secret, naturally) were of the greatest interest. Among the labels of voices asking "Who is the most sympathetic?" or "Who has done the most for Bishop's?" was one raised in un.

Who's the most versatile? —Mac?  
Who's the most likely to succeed? — 
In the results, at least two things were to be noted, first, the difference of opinion that exists, and second, the amount of spontaneous rumour involved. O.K. Nick, I'll just stop swiping the Year Book's stuff, but I've got to fill this column up somehow.

In the meantime, there is little to be said. Now that the course is clear, golf balls are appearing as quickly as skis are disappearing. First year topped the inter-year basketball title after a hard fought etc. etc. With a six-foot-four centre, they suffered no setbacks in the jumps. Our regular basketball team had a good season, but at the end, Gale Pharo decided he'd topped the scoring list long enough, and retired the hard way.

Speaking of sports, we should not forget Mac, who hunts birds in his pyjamas—O.K. wise guys, I set it up. Among the most recent bits of excitement was the Victory Loan parade in Sherbrooke. After many trials and tribulations, we finally found our parade marker, who had been waiting so long that three aldermen had offered him a job as a fireplug. We froze cheerfully for the first half hour, but not so cheerfully for the next two. At last we got going, and stepped out smartly with a 6-inch pace, thoroughly enjoyed by at least three members, who, after a full evening or vice versa awoke the New Arts with alternate cries of "Fire!" and "Good God!"

Comments heard along the parade route: "Mommy, why are they just standing there?" "Look, there's Cliff." "Where's Alf?" "Why did the inter-U. debating flop?" —Where are the exchanges? —What of the rink? —Where are the exchanges? —What happened to the major cross-country? —What happened to the midget basketball? —Who's the most likely to succeed? — 
Who's the most versatile? —Mac? —Mac?

Who's the best-dressed? —Mac?  
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JUNE, 1944

Miss Abigail's Mystery

Miss Abigail always arose as soon as it was light. This morning, when she awakened, she had a vague disturbed feeling, but as she could not account for it, she turned over the alarm clock which would not run except on its face, and slipped out of bed. As she put on her robe and laid a fore she petted Tobias, her cat, who was already purring at her feet for his breakfast. It was just as she was pouring the milk that she remembered the man. To Miss Abigail a man was just that—a man. It was an unqualified word, standing in her vocabulary for everything that was huge and terrifying. This was undoubtedly the reason for her spinsterhood. This particular man had knocked on her door just as she was gathering up her knitting to prepare for bed the night before. The knock had come with no warning. At first she had resolved not to answer, but it had persisted, and the incessant rain outside forbade her to ignore it. She had not seen the man very clearly as he stood silhouetted against the porch light. He had been dressed in a shapeless raincoat, and a hat was pulled low over his eyes. His features she had not noticed at all, but a large suitcase which he carried had immediately caught her eye. If it had been an ordinary suitcase she might have overlooked it, but it was bigger than most, and of an odd shape. Miss Abigail could not quite say what that suitcase reminded her of. The stranger had asked her whether the house across the road was the Hawthorne house. When Miss Abigail had answered that it was, he stood there for a few moments, as if he were waiting to be invited in—side, but she was old and alone, and afraid of men. As soon as she courteously could, she turned over the knob. The door opened with no result. She walked quickly up the steps, put a key in the lock of the door, which she opened after a brief struggle. There was no movement, no sign of life. She walked quickly up the steps, put a key in the lock of the door, which she opened after a brief struggle.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, when she was sure that she could bear her suspense no longer, she heard a car drive up. It was a small grey coupe, driven by a very well-dressed young woman. She stopped in front of the Hawthorne house. Miss Abigail craned to see her face with no result. She walked quickly up the steps, put a key in the lock of the door, which she opened after a brief struggle. Then she entered and closed it behind her. "Now," said Miss Abigail tensely to Tobias, "now we'll see something happening over there."

But nothing did happen. Miss Abigail waited for half an hour and still could see no sign of any living person in the deserted house. When at last her impatience overcame her, she murmured a few words of self-encouragement; and keeping the memory of Benjamin fixed uppermost in her mind, she put on her bonnet, took a jar of plum jam from the shelf as an excuse for her intrusion and trotted bravely across the road. Tobias, not to be neglected, followed at her heels. At the bottom of the steps, her courage almost deserted her, but clasping the jar a little tighter, she mounted them. The knocker on the door refused to budge, so she tapped timidly with her knuckles. There was no response. As gently as she could she turned the knob. The door opened easily enough, and she slipped inside. For a moment Miss Abigail could see nothing in the dim light. Then the obs­cure figures became pieces of shrouded furniture, with
God help the sinners when they pray From midnight to the break of day; I wonder if their love's sincere, Oh, do they pray because they fear That 'ere they lie beneath the sod They shall incur the wrath of God: A stoker's job way down below, Piling the fires when they are low, And hear the devil's haunting chant, And listen to his heaving laugh. I wonder if I'll ever sob When I have that unpleasant job.

Just A Poem

Miss MARY HARRINGTON

Our Opinion

R-Note: This is our personal opinion and we don't give a damn, whether you like it or not. You can, if you want (and we dare you to) write to us and tell why you differ from our views. We will take them into consideration and maybe next issue we'll fight it out with you.—End of R-Note.

Q—What is your opinion of an opinion?
O—We think so too.
Q—Are coeds here for an education?
O—(a) It all depends what one means by education.
(b) Why of course.
(c) Naturally.
(d) From a sexual point of view—Yes.
Q—Do you think the little college boys should go out more with the little coeds?
O—The little coeds would have more of a chance if they kept their "diary" to themselves. (Here we mean diary and not dairy.)
Q—What has Bishop's done to you, morally speaking?
O—No. Not being girls we can't give a girl's views, but being he-men we know enough to keep quiet.
Q—Is drinking [not H2O (chemistry for aqua (Latin for water)] educational?
O—Taking into consideration the average age of the students we dare say "ce serait une proposition risquee." 
Q—What does the (*) above mean?
O—As this call for an answer and not an opinion, we refuse.
Q—Are there more women getting married these days than men?
O—Is this question stupid? Look at it again more closely, put your nose up to it, go ahead, it won't hurt, now then there you are, what did we tell you, simple isn't it.
Q—What is your opinion of an opinion?
O—Honestly speaking: Due to a lack of "esprit de corps", sports at Bishop's have dwindled down to practically nothing, thus Bishop's has lost some of its old glamour. Should Bishop's have a special course on marriage and what it involves?
Q—Taking into consideration the average age of the students we dare say "ce serait une proposition risquee."

The Bloc Populaire

We of this province are certainly interested in its post-war progress and the policies it adopts. At the present time the programme of the Bloc Populaire is presenting a rather sinister problem in Quebec politics. Many people are of the opinion that the existence of such a party threatens the stability of the Godbout Government. Instances have been noted where they are justified in believing this.

The party started as a result of the famous plebiscite of 1942 and the almost unanimous "No" vote in Quebec. Maxime Raymond, former Liberal member for the Beauharnois-Laprairie constituency, formed the party in September 1942. Since then it has gained four members in the House of Commons and with the majority of the French-

P. BEAUDRY and C. BRODEUR

C. T. MANNING
### The Bishop Looks Down

It is, I think, the late Lord Birkenhead, the eminent statesman and barrister, who declared that his greatest en-
joyment after a hard day's work was to sit in his library in
an easy chair with a fragrant cigar and read the best detec-
tive story of the moment. I, and many others, agree with
him. It was also Lord Birkenhead who stated that the best
detective story he had ever read was *The Middle Temple
Muder* by J. S. Fletcher. The memory of this exceedingly
fascinating thriller is almost obscured by now with the flood
of eminently sound and fascinating detective stories.

It is not necessary for a detective story to pose as good
literature, but as a matter of fact, many of them are to be
classed as such. For instance, Edgar Allan Poe's Tales
of Mystery and Imagination are certainly to be classified
as literature. I remember reading *The Gold-Bag* by this author
when a lad of thirteen or fourteen, and then looking for
more reading material of the same sort. Then Sir Conan
Doyle's tales gathering about the personality of Sherlock
Holmes, and the over-modest and meritorious Watson loudly
call for recognition as possessing a literary character. There
is humour there, too. The habits and temperament of the
great master of detection are full of not only interest, but
amusement. This, contrasted with the superficially dull and
commonplace character of Doctor Watson appeals to one's
sense of humour. In spite of the power and genius of Edgar
Allan Poe, whose versatility expended itself in other fields
besides that of detection, I should say that Conan Doyle's
stands easily first among the writers of detective fiction in
the nineteenth century.

But Conan Doyle was more than that. He rounded
and stimulated, one might almost say, created this type of fic-
tion, and it has become immensely popular. Among the
earlier leaders of this kind of writing, one may mention
Edgar Wallace and J. S. Fletcher. In spite of the suggestion
of speed and hurry which are obvious in Edgar Wallace's
lucubrations, there is an inventiveness and verve in all his
work which is very attractive. The touches of humour that
are rendered in many of her fictions, notably
*Taylors.*

**Min L. George**

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They must succeed in their "Quebec for Quebecers" policy. They want racial equality for both French and English.

If this party could carry out its social and eco-
nomic policies and leave out its ideas of independence —
severing relations with the British Empire, etc., and non-
participation in the present war, it would probably find
support from many English-speaking citizens throughout
the Dominion. However, since this party is
supported by the French, who are jealous and resent the
fact that the minority rules, and by no means are all the
French-Canadians in favour of this policy, it is believed
that Canadian unity and an all-out war effort will be in
order until victory is ours.

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**Between You and Me**

College is one of those places where things like this can happen—"I went into my room at midnight, pulled down
the blind, sneezed gently into a Kleenex, and somebody
asked me next morning how my cold was.' End of hashed
story about what happens to people who tear themselves
best to give them a well-worn appearance. There is also the
best to give them a well-worn appearance. There is also the
old books themselves wheeze out dusty bits of choice news.

Gossip is a gremlin who does all sorts of delving into
espionage and sabotage. (Ref. Petrusia for pronunciation.)
There is no way of telling when it has seized upon your
friends. Secrets have a way of slipping out but this can
sometimes be used to advantage. Propaganda gets off to a
good start with a private hess-senion, a note scribbled in
lecture or a whispered word behind the corner of a tattered
old book whose pages have never even been cut, and try their
best to give them a well-worn appearance. There is also the
story about what happens to people who tear themselves
away from too many lectures to see their dentist. The
effect is usually startling but short-lived.

If you really want to hear some grapevine thrillers, ask
Dewhurst, or facsimile, about college antics in the good old
days and you may wonder how the buildings still stand on
their foundations.

The saving grace of this complicated network is that it
runs on a curiously track leading in one ear and out the
other, and its chief aim is for am Democrat
boredom. At the same, don't forget—anything you say
may be used.

**JUNE, 1944**

**The Bishop Looks Down**

*Edited By Dr. F. G. VIAL*
YOUR WILL...

It is easy enough to make a Will but regrettably impossible for the Testator to see that his wishes are carried out punctiliously and precisely as he intended.

The one certain way of avoiding the difficulties which may well beset the amateur Executor is to employ the Sherbrooke Trust Company in this capacity. The Testator can be certain that his affairs will be conducted confidentially, efficiently and sympathetically, and that the Company will act as a strictly impartial referee unaffected by any personal consideration.

A booklet giving particulars of this service may be obtained by calling at our office or writing for a copy.

Sherbrooke Trust Company

San Reminiscence

Across the field and over the road the trees were beginning to show green. In a few days, he realized, the house with the blue roof and shutters wouldn't seem so glaringly out of place. Although the green was still only a fuzz on the almost bare branches, it was already nearly impossible to see through to the river. He stared long and hard at what little water he could see, and soon he wasn't seeing a river at all—but a brook. Naturally it was a brook—for this was England, and there aren't any rivers in England—not any that Canadians would admit were rivers anyway.

He had his helmet off and was enjoying a final smoke when, from across the brook and about one hundred yards downstream, he heard one of his signallers shouting to him. He leaped the rivulet and ran down to where his carrier was parked in what his driver fondly hoped was the shade of a huge oak. The fact that the earth was constantly revolving on its axis thereby continually changing the position of all shadows, never seemed to bother that worthy individual. Making a mental note to deliver a small blast on this subject he took a pair of earphones and acknowledged the message. He shook his driver awake and a few moments later the Bren was moving off under the latter's sleepy guidance.

Avoiding crests and sneaking up long, shallow valleys, they came, at last, to the battery rendezvous.

These tasks were soon completed and having identified the target on his map he again spoke briefly into the microphone. The maid put his supper on the tray in front of him and turned to go out.

Joe's muttered approval sounded sweet in his ears. It was some type of you, he thought. Yes, it was a great life. The door being pushed open brought him sharply back to the present. The maid put his supper on the tray in front of him and turned to go out.

The door slammed shut.

Bishop's Co-eds

After two years of note-taking, eavesdropping, and personal snooping around I now have the honour of presenting my unabashed views on the co-eds of Bishop's.

Some of these so-called women are rationally speaking (and we often do) so endowed with what may be termed as "tricks of the trade" as to drive any student here straight to "Hades". Most women (even girls I'm told) try to attract the male sex by using different ruses such as a hunter would, to trap his prey. After a girl tries ways or ruses a few times, she is typed. Some types are all right but others, well we're coming to that. Because even though we hate to stare the truth in the face we must!

First, we have the girl who, for some unknown reason, treats you as though she were your mother. She takes possession of you and I mean this literally. She's the kind that insists that you wear rubbers when it is raining, although you don't even own a pair, also that you be in early because stretched uncomfortably flat on his stomach trying to find the weak spots in the position he had chosen for his observation post. Not finding any serious ones he turned and gave the signal to the driver, who also acted as his O.P. assistant, to bring the radio's remote control up. When Joe, the driver, reached him, slightly red in the face from his long crawl, he took the "mike" from him and spoke briefly into it. He then turned to his front and set about drawing a panorama while Joe was drafting a target record form. These tasks were soon completed and having identified the target on his map he again spoke briefly into the microphone. Less than a minute later he heard the "blump" of a twenty-five pounder from about a mile behind him. Starting out over the downs he saw the shell land about two hundred yards to the right of the target. He gave a correction and, this time through his glasses, observed the shell-burst pleasingly close to where he had thought it would be.

He went on to establish his short bracket and then blew the target to kingdom come with his first round of gunfire.

Yes, it was a great life. The door being pushed open brought him sharply back to the present. The maid put his supper on the tray in front of him and turned to go out.

The door slammed shut.

P. J. BEAUDRY

Have you ever taken a perishable or cosmetics queen out? Boy is she ever a mess! She is very young and to give herself a more mature aspect plasters her puss with lipstick, mascara, powder, etc., only to present to the naked eye a view of a "head-huntress" in war-paint. This is very annoying and even embarrassing at times, because it never fails that when you take "cosmetics" out, you always come back with stuff all over your collar and the such. Also "cosmo" usually happens to be a split personality and be at the same time a "cuddle-bunny". This means that if you
dance with her, she'll always have a half-nelson on you. Or, if you are in a car she's always trying to push you out by her unshakable or unmovable nearness.

From here we move on to the juvenile. What a problem this one presents! Nearly every co-ed and dirty, thieving, rough girl is a human weapon of attack. Pig-tails also play an important place in her advances or rude. She hopes to present the perfect picture of innocence to us, but what she actually does is anything but that. She may even go so far as to adopt such ideas and act about expressing tidy and empty thoughts. Do these camouflaged infants really believe that they are helping themselves in any way by acting thus? If they do, all I can suggest to them is that they give it up as a bad hope. Mostly all of them ruin their carefully planned propaganda by walking around with a half-smoked cigarette drooping from the corner of their semi-sulky mouths; while the red colored nerves of their eyeballs show signs of past-night dissipation.

Here in my notes I come upon the "desperate" co-ed. All her brain can tell her is to get a "man" no matter who or how! This leads to unhappiness on her part as well as on the part of the sucker she hooks. They both, when finally out together, wonder what the heck they saw in each other, and soon theywend separate ways, bitter enemies. They could have been friends but she wanted a "man" no matter what the cost.

One of the commonest type is (and I may go so far as to rashly say all the co-eds are a bit of this) the "fibbertigibbet". This is what leads to the most interesting and amusing type, the "the mannering type". You take her out to a dance, say, and she meanders all over the floor flirting with anyone she can lay eyes on but you. Also she usually has a bit of the "hooker" complex and grasps any available male she can lay hands on.

There are many other types too numerous to pursue here such as the bratty type, she always knows more than the boy she's with; and if there's one thing that grates a boy more than this, well, the co-eds offer material galore for us to study and criticize. We may even (after deep pondering) say that the average co-ed is really not so bad.

Leap Year

This is a warning to all unattached males; if a fair damsel (also unattached) approaches you, beware. If there is a peculiar glint in her eye and a ring of determination in her tone, the odds are ten to one that she has divided 1944 by four, found out that it goes evenly and that this, there­fore, is Leap Year.

"There is a peculiar glint in her eye and a ring of determination in her tone, the odds are ten to one that she has divided 1944 by four, found out that it goes evenly and that this, therefore, is Leap Year.

"For each year known as Leap Year, any maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have the liberty to engage a man, and she intends to do something about her state of unattachedness.

And, just in case there are a few non-believers among the male crowd about the women's right to do the wooing during Leap Year, let it be known that the custom is more than a custom—it is a law.

Back in 1288 some far-sighted queen saw to it that a law was enacted saying that during her reign it was ordained that "for each year known as Leap Year, any maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have the liberty to bespeak the man she likes." In order to see that the maiden ladies' hopes were not lightly dashed, the law provided that any triborn male refusing to accept the offer made him should be docked the sum of one pound or less. (What true Scot would part with one pound or less, when he could save it by blushingly whispering "yes"?) Of course, there was always one way out—by law: he could make it appear that he was already engaged to some other woman; thereby lay the path to questionable freedom.

Not to be outdone in such progressive steps, France passed a similar law a few years later. In the fifteenth century the practice was legalized in Genoa and Florence.

So there you have it, gentlemen, instead of saying "there ought to be a law", the lady may remind you of the fact that "there is a law". What does it matter that the Encyclopedia Britannica says "of the custom for women to woo during Leap Year no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered." Who cares about the explanation of a custom, a law is something to be reckoned with. (And with the scarcity of men these days, the women will probably have a chance to reckon with the law, even though it is an ancient one.)

Just to make this on the up and up, and before I leave the subject, I probably should remind you that the technical term for the year with 366 days is "bissextile" and that the English name for the bissextile year is, to quote again from the Encyclopedia Britannica, "an allusion to a day of the week which is not a leap day."

For in previous games, Pharo readily outwitted his opponents with his ability to receive a pass with his back to the hoop, his ability to dish out passes, and his ability to dish out passes, and his ability to dish out passes. As usual, Gallo's Thetford shooting was not especially good, their snappy passing and their use of a zone-defense kept the U.B.C. boys around in circles. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford boys were required to bring them back to earth.

G. B. MOFFAT

JUNE, 1944

Sports

Well gang, let's gather around and see what has been happening in college sports since the last issue of the Mitre. Again we find basketball heading the list followed by some inter-year basketball and skiing. Interest in sports this term has dropped as due naturally to the unsuitable weather. The war has continued to have its effect on curtaining down inter-collegiate sport meets by making transportation next to impossible. Good spirit and sportsmanship has been shown throughout the season in all sports that were undertaken, and it may be said that this year especially, the individual student has had a greater opportunity to take part in athletics than ever before.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate both Phil Wood and Coach Aubrey Clarke for the splendid way they have handled the senior basketball team this year and in having brought in so far an undefeated team. Although there are still two play-off games left against the R.C.A.F. team from Windsor Mills, the team shows wonderful possibilities in winning the championship without losing a game all season.

Basketball

Basketball will again head the Bishop's sports parade this term, since it is by far the most outstanding sport in our participation in the Sherbrooke league, but because this term it has been the chief inter-university activity.

Bishop's vs. Sherbrooke High

For the first time this season, the Bishop's team broke the fifty-point mark in defeating the Sherbrooke High School lads 51-36. The game was clean and fast throughout with both teams playing wide-open basketball and not relying on their defense as much as usual. This undoubtedly accounted for the high scoring on both teams. As usual, the S.H.S. squad began the game rather slowly, allowing the Bishop's to take an early lead and by the half-time whistle blow, the Sherbrooke boys 10-5. When the half-time whistle blew, the Bishop's had a 30 to 15 lead. Play slowed up considerably in the last two frames and although shooting on the High School squad improved a great deal, the game ended with Bishop's in the lead by fifteen points.

Bishop's vs. Rand

For the third time this season, the Bishop's hoopsters met the Rand team on the Y.W.C.A. floor and handed them a 30-16 trouncing. The game was not as clean as previous ones this year and the Rand boys kept the Purple and White lads well supplied with free shots through their continual fouling. Gale Pharo led the U.B.C. tallies, outshining all his previous scoring sprees when he sank 25 points. The rest of the college forwards kept Pharo well supplied with passes and depended on his accurate shooting to clinch the game for them. The system of feeding passes to the best shots on the team has worked extremely well for our boys all season. Pres. Carr sank ten points for the college team and Whalen added six more to their total. McCrude played good basketball for the winners as did the two Dickson brothers. The lack of passing on the Rand team which has hindered them all year, again proved detrimental in this game. The match started slowly but Bishop's took the lead in the first quarter and set the pace in the next three to increase it by a wide margin. At half time the score was 21-12 in favour of our boys and although the Rand aggregation showed signs of better shooting in the last two frames, the college lads had outpointed their rivals by 22 points when the final whistle blew.

Bishop's vs. Thetford High

In one of the best basketball games seen in Sherbrooke this season, the U.B.C. boys met the Thetford High team in their second exhibition game. The visiting team played extremely good basketball and came nearer to sending the purple and white squad down to their first defeat than any team in the current league. The college team managed to eke out a 49-40 victory before the final whistle blew. The undefeated Bishop's lads had been a little over-confident in their past few games and this encounter was evidently what was required to bring them back to earth. Although the Thetford shooting was not especially good, their nappy passing and their use of a zone-defense kept the U.B.C. boys guessing and literally had them running around in circles. Carr and Farky were in their best form in this game and led the scoring parade with 16 and 14 points respectively. Farky's long accurate shots were decisive in winning the game for the home team. Gale Pharo played his usual steady game ably supported by Whalen and McCrude. As in previous matches the college boys took an early lead and by
the half their cool steady playing had given them a twelve-point lead. The Thetford team came back after their half-time rest feeling a little more confident and set a terrific pace for the Bishop’s team. In the last frame the visitors had the ball in our zone most of the time and chalked up 14 points to our ten. Coach Clarke’s men ended the game with a nine-point lead.

**Bishop’s vs. R.C.A.F.**

On Friday evening, March 17, the Bishop’s squad met the R.C.A.F. team on the Y.W.C.A. floor in Sherbrooke. This was the first game in which the purple and white team met the strongly rated air force squad and the game proved to be the most exciting one of the season. The game opened rapidly with our boys gaining possession of the ball and sinking severalingers in the first few minutes of the game. The opposing team quickly rallied and the first quarter ended with the Bishop team in the lead by the small margin of one point. Both teams came back on the floor feeling a little more confident and although the second quarter was fast, very few baskets were scored on either side. Strong guarding by G. Dickson and Farquharson prevented the Air Force team from acquiring a large lead. The whistle blew with the R.C.A.F. leading the purple and white boys by one point. The second half opened up without any evidence of either team slowing up. The shooting improved and the game continued at the same speed as in the first half. Carr led the scoring with Pharo and G. Dickson sharing equal honours. With only five seconds left in the game and the Bishop’s team leading by one basket, Spiers on the second year team and although this team was at a disadvantage due to a shortage of men, they played hard and showed good fighting spirit in all games. One of their best players, L. Waldman, sprained an ankle a few days before the playoffs and this proved detrimental to the team.

**SHORT-UNITED BASKETBALL**

On the Freshmen team, forwards Burton, Posman and Riese played well together using snappy passing and shooting at close range, much to their advantage. They were well backed up by guards McEwen, Banfill and Fairbairn who kept them well supplied with passes which was decisive in bringing in a winning team.

Andy Rey and Homer Beattie led the scoring on the third year team with Schofield and Goddard playing steady and fast basketball which kept the opposing team on the run most of the time. The inability to sink long shots was the setback to the senior team but at close range the shots were very accurate.

Wood, Waldman, Buchanan and Scarth were the shining lights on the second year team and although this team was a disadvantage due to a shortage of men, they played hard and showed good fighting spirit in all games. One of their best players, L. Waldman, sprained an ankle a few days before the playoffs and this proved detrimental to the team.

**SKIING**

Although there seemed to be a very little interest aroused in skiing this year at the college, a few weeks before the Orford ski meet, Mr. Macdonald got a group of boys together who were especially keen on skiing, and ran a cross-country race to determine the best skiers and pick a team to represent Bishop’s at Orford. The race was run on a Friday afternoon and the following took part: Macdonald, Beattie, McCredie, Waldman, Geggie and Posman. Fairbairn came in first, closely followed by McCredie. A good team was hard to find due to the lack of experience in competitive skiing among the men. The meet turned out to be an inter-zone affair and our team, consisting of Macdonald, Schofield, McCredie, Waldman and Fairbairn, ran up against a group of well-trained skiers and as a result were able to make very little progress. Among the Bishop’s team, best skiing was done by Waldman and McCredie. A few weeks before the playoffs and this proved detrimental to the team.

**BADMINTON**

Although a badminton ladder was set up soon after Christmas, very few matches were played due to the lack of birds. Attempts were made to acquire a supply with very little success. With exams so near, it is doubtful whether any competitive badminton will be played.
Alumni Notes

Marriages

TOMLINSON-Powell.—On April 15 at Wolverhampton, England, took place the marriage of Lieut. Charles Lester Tomlinson, B.A. ‘41, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Herbert Tomlinson of Montreal, and Patricia Olive, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Powell of Blackfalds, Wolverhampton, England.

ROBINSON-Jones.—On Dec. 29, at St. George’s Church, Lennoxville, the marriage between Joan Christine, daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. A. Jones of that town, and the Rev’d Morse Robinson, B.A. ‘43, of Winfield, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Robinson of Dundas, Ont., was solemnized. The father of the bride performed the ceremony. The Rev’d F. W. Mitchell, uncle of the bride, and Mr. Wm. Blackstock, formerly Divinity Student of Bishop’s University, as assistants.

The bride was given in marriage by the Rev’d Canon Gilbert Oliver, Westmount, and wore a floor-length gown of white bridal satin. Miss Margaret Mitchell, cousin of the bride, was maid-of-honor and Miss Marjorie White was the bridesmaid.

The Rev’d Robert Mackie, B.A. ‘41, was best man, acting proxy for the bride’s brother, F/O A. W. Jones, former science student at U.B.C. and now serving in the far East with the R.A.F. The ushers were graduates or members of Bishop’s and were the Rev’d C. Ward of Dixville, the Rev’d J. Ford of Sherbrooke, and Mr. G. Bown of Lennoxville now member of the University.

Deaths

The late Doctor Winder was a graduate of this University, his wife and two sons. It was with deep regret that the University learned last March of the death of Dr. W. O. Rathney, a former student of this university and for many years a member of the staff as professor of Education. The funeral which was held in Sherbrooke was attended by many of the late Professor’s students as well as friends that he made throughout his long faithful service at the University. He is survived by his wife and four children.

BRADFORD.—The Mitre records with regret the death of Lieut. Ross Bradford, B.A. ‘42. Ross was in a motorcycle accident when he was in the west, and died soon after from a fractured skull. His funeral was held in Sherbrooke, Que.

MILNE.—Our sympathies go out to the relatives of P/O John Milne of Sherbrooke, former member of Bishop’s University, who was killed in a plane crash outside of Baguette, Quebec. He has been in the R.C.A.F. for two years, enlisting at the end of his second academic year. Many of his friends are still at Bishop’s, whilst others, like himself, have joined the Active Forces. At College John took a very active part in all activities, especially rugby and hockey. His only sister, Joan, is at the present time a student at his alma mater.

General

BELL.—The Rev’d C. Ritchie Bell has been nominated to the principaship of Knox College by the Presbytery of Brandon, Manitoba. He is graduate in arts of Bishop’s University and the University of New Brunswick, and is a Bachelor of Divinity of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

WOOD.—The Rev’d Hubert S. Wood, B.A. ‘13, formerly rector of St. George’s Church, Long Island, New York, has been appointed Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, Long Island.

LIEUT. J. V. VYSS, B.A. ‘42, recently returned to Canada from overseas. Jack joined the army in the spring of his graduation; in fact he was so eager to get into the army that he left us before he had taken his exams. He had been in England about one year.

We are sorry to hear that Lieut. R. E. Duval, B.A. ‘42, is now in Sherbrooke Hospital. Errol joined the army in the spring of ‘42 and like Jack, was in the army before he had written his exams. He had been stationed at different posts in Canada and was overseas for sometime before he was taken ill. We all wish Errol a speedy recovery.

We have been honored by several visits from former students of the University. The following are a few: P/O Hugh Smith, Sub/Lieut. Leslie Davis, LAC Bruce Fairbairn, LAC Dick McMaster, O/S Fred Anderson. ALA Bob Sproule now in Fleet Air Arm; Mr. Edward Goodhue now in the navy; Rev’d and Mrs. Guy Marston, the Rev’d Colin Cuthell and the Rev’d Cecil Royle. Many others have called and we would be pleased to see others visiting their Alma Mater.

Before our next issue the number of the Alumni will be increased, and we ask all that are graduating to send an account of their whereabouts to the Alumni Editor from time to time. Remember that your fellow graduates contact you frequently through the Mitre.
Bishop's and The War

The last issue of the Mitre for another academic year is again in print and although at college our war efforts are drawing to a close, yet we must all endeavour to carry them with us wherever we may go. Some will be entering the armed services, others war industries, and still many will be taking up various other duties. Still we must, each in his own way, help to pave the road to victory. With the invasion of Europe so near at hand it will be necessary that we all make even greater sacrifices, but let us do it with a willing heart.

The C.O.T.C. has once more finished its training until the opening of camp which, I am sure, many are looking forward to with keen interest. Although lacking numbers and an unwelcomed beginning at the first of the year, the Company, with the aid of very capable officers, has shown a very definite improvement over former years. The lectures, drilling, and manoeuvres have certainly not lacked the military spirit which is so necessary on the training field. On May the twenty-fourth the contingent took part in a Victory Loan parade held in Sherbrooke. The smartness and alertness of all the men present aided in upholding the fine tradition which the Bishop's Corps has gained from its institution. May it be maintained in the future.

Since the last issue of the Mitre another group of R.A.F.T.C. has spent a week at Bishop's. All those who attended the courses again repeated the favourable opinion of the previous groups to the lectures, which not only proved interesting but also extremely helpful. Apparently there was only one criticism offered and that was the shortness of the time spent with us. I cannot pass on without making some comment on the attitude of the students as a whole, which was one of giving these men the best possible time while they were here. Much individual time was given up, but not without a whole-hearted appreciation on the side of the airmen. Not only was the association beneficial to the visitors, but also to those who claim Bishop's as their home. We learned a great deal about the British Isles, as well as much about our own country of which I am afraid many of us were sadly ignorant. It seems we can only begin to appreciate the land of our birth when we look at it from the outside with the aid of a stranger's point of view. We look forward with anticipation to the return of the members of the R.A.F.T.C.

Two other branches of our war effort worthy of mention are the good attendance at the Blood Clinic and the buying of War Savings Stamps. Many of the students have made one or more trips to the Clinic in Sherbrooke and the reward buttons are at the present quite common around the college. Again this year we have undertaken the sale of War Savings Stamps and we trust that by the end of the term our objective will have been reached. To obtain this end we will need a fuller interest taken by every one. We cannot make too small an effort to help in the destruction of an evil menace which has confronted our nation and all those who love peace and justice.
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