THE MITRE

Lead in Appearance!
Sherbrooke's Finest Specialty Shop for Men can supply the most exacting and conservative.

See Our Prices.

REMEMBER A 10% DISCOUNT IS GRANTED TO STUDENTS

Fashion Craft Shop
Corner King and Wellington
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

WILSON'S

Furniture for the Home

Pianos, R.C.A. Victor Radios, Frigidaire, Victor and Bluebird Records, Music Easy Washing Machines, Gurney Stoves New Home Sewing Machines

H. C. Wilson & Sons Ltd.
37 Wellington St. N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

RENÉ'S

RESTAURANT

RENE BUSER, Prop.
MAIN STREET LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

SHERBROOKE AUTO ELECTRIC, INC.
Whole Sale Distributors and Specialized Service

N. T. HUNTER, Manager 82 Wellington South

Compliments of
NEW
Chateau Frontenac
FRED CONWAY, Prop.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

117 WELLINGTON SOUTH
Telephone 41

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES

N E W
The Mitre
VOL. 52 NO. 1
MICHAELMAS ISSUE 1944
What do YOU really know about Brand names?

Q. What is meant by "brand" or "brand name"?
   A. "Brand", or "brand name", indicates ownership. Branding cattle is the best known illustration whereby the owner's individual "brand" becomes his permanent identifying mark.

Q. Do "brand" and "trade mark" mean the same thing?
   A. No, a "trade mark" is the name, illustration or symbol created for the purpose of identifying a specific article.

Q. Why should I buy "brand name" merchandise?
   A. Because the "brand name" is the manufacturer's guarantee (to you) that the highest possible quality, workmanship, and value is maintained in each price range.

Q. How can I be sure quality, etc., will be maintained?
   A. "Brand name" manufacturers, like Kayser, who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising, could not survive unless their merchandise, in every respect, lived up to advertising claims.

Q. Is the advertising money added to the price of "brand" merchandise?
   A. No. Advertising creates a demand. The greater the demand, the larger the production. The larger the production, the lower the cost per unit. Lower costs mean lower prices and better values to you.

Kayser
The one Brand Name that's a Grand Name the world over in Hosiery, Gloves and Undies.
# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VARIOUS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreword</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll of Honour</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEATURE ARTICLE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson Carlile—Christ’s Dauntless Crusader</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTICLES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gothic Architecture</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lennoxville of Other Days</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did Someone Say Vitamins?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction Dance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Student Government</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radar Mchts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swoonology—Ancient and Modern</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A freshman’s Adventure</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The C. O. T. C. Medical</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dancing—Yesterday and Today</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking Ahead</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deep Sea Fishing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Soldier’s Letter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Like Newfoundland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POETRY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEPARTMENTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introducing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bishop Looks Down</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishop’s and the War</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes and Comments</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchange</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sports</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.*
Foreword

To the Editor, The Mitre.

Dear Sir:

I avail myself of the opportunity which your request for a foreword for the Mitre gives me to say to the students who were with us last year, how grateful my sister-in-law and I are for all the kindness they showed my dear wife during the illness from which she died on June 6 last. The flowers which were sent her, the calls from Mrs. Schoch, the Senior Lady, and from Mr. Patterson, the President of the Students' Council, the frequent inquiries from students which I reported to her, cheered her during her courageous fight. I wish I could tell you all how great is my appreciation of such kindness. I shall cherish the memory of it always.

Since her death have come letters from large numbers of former students, many of them from the battlefronts, all breathing the same spirit of devoted and loyal hearts. I send you my thanks, my good friends. I value your friendship as one of the greatest treasures life has brought me.

On another page you will read the names of men from this University who have made the supreme sacrifice in this war. Because they and others of like heroic stuff, were willing to die, we shall have victory and shall be free. We are grateful to and for such men. Gratitude is real, however, only when the recipient uses a gift for the purpose for which it was given. A great opportunity to serve our fellowmen in freedom is the gift of the fallen to us. Nothing could be more worthy of them or of us than a firm resolve and a sustained effort to fit ourselves for that service. I am confident that the men and women attending Bishop's to-day will make a worthy response to this challenge.

Yours sincerely,

A. H. McGreer,
Principal.
It is with pride that we dedicate this issue of "The Mitre" to the President of the Corporation, the Most Rev. Philip Harrington, DD, MA, Litt.D., His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Quebec, on his enthronement as Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada.

It gives me very great pleasure to fall in with the suggestion made by the President of the Mitre and write a few lines in this issue in acknowledgement of the honour you have done me in dedicating it to me.

I spent eight years at Bishop's University before I was made Bishop of Quebec. I made many friends there and formed many associations. I have of course an official connection with it as President of the Corporation, but I would like you to think that I have a deeper and more personal interest which comes from intimate association during so many years.

Bishop's University has a unique position among the universities of Canada, and an importance out of all proportion to its size. This is in line with the peculiar position of the English-speaking culture in this Province generally, of which it may be said that great responsibilities are laid upon a very few people.

It is most important that the tradition of the English-speaking nations should be presented in this old French-speaking society at its very best. It is perhaps the most important task laid on any group of people in Canada at this present moment and we must do it in truth and in charity, without fear and without favour.

The two institutions which we must maintain at the highest possible level are those connected with religion and education; the church and the school. The future of our people in this Province depends on these two things more than on any thing else.

They are the two great causes to which Bishop's University is dedicated; the two causes which are vitally strengthened by association with one another, each of them needing the other if it is to develop fully and fruitfully.

Our prayer must be that students graduating from Bishop's will go out to serve the community in their chosen profession, and also, as Christian citizens, to build up those institutions on which our tradition of law and liberty depends.

[Signature]

All Souls' Day, 1944.
The Mitre

November, 1944

Wilson Carlile - Christ's Dauntless Crusader

F. Goоч

Wilson Carlile, destined to achieve recognition from both Church and State before the close of a long, fruitful life, was born on January the fourteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty-age, in the village of Lille, in the department of Pas-de-Calais. After receiving his B.A. in 1927 he continued his studies at McGill when now a gaining an M.A. and afterwards at the University of Toronto, where he got his Ph.D. in Classics. During his student days he played rugby, and he was a member of the first Bishop's team that played intermediate rugby. He was also a keen debater, and on many occasions he upheld his Alma Mater against Loyola College and McMaster University. After lecturing at various schools and at Queen's University, he was appointed professor of Classics at Waterloo College, which is affiliated with the University of Western Ontario.

He generally dislikes music, with the exception of sacred pieces and Gilbert and Sullivan operas. His hobbies are collecting stamps and vegetable gardening, quite in contrast to Mrs. Jeffries, who prefers to raise flowers, and who has agreed to look after Prof. Call's garden behind the gymnasium. Although being an Englishman, he definitely dislikes drinking tea and playing bridge, which he considers a waste of time. While at Waterloo he organized a C.O.T.C. contingent at that university, and he is continuing his military career here, having been appointed Acting Adjutant.

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries will enjoy their stay at Bishop's.

Dr. Masters, who is taking Prof. Boothroyd's place as Professor of History is a graduate of Toronto and Oxford universities. He has been specializing in Canadian history, and you will address me as one able to shell out two-fifty which I have contributed to this magazine by submitting articles, and one-time President of Dramatics. After receiving his B.A. in 1927 he continued his studies at McGill and then at the University of Toronto, where he got his Ph.D. in Classics. During his student days he played rugby, and he was a member of the first Bishop's team that played intermediate rugby. He was also a keen debater, and on many occasions he upheld his Alma Mater against Loyola College and McMaster University. After lecturing at various schools and at Queen's University, he was appointed professor of Classics at Waterloo College, which is affiliated with the University of Western Ontario.

This week I received from your magazine an invitation to plunk down two-fifty. Your information as to my background which led you to think that I might do so is not very sound.

You addressed me as a B.Sc. whereas I have no such degree. You address me as a graduate of "dead old Bish," whereas I am a graduate of McGill and Michigan. Finally you address me as able to shell out two-fifty which I am not; I'm broke.

Best of luck with your publication.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Herbert Smith.

The letter which reached Mr. Herbert Smith, was meant for Hugh Smith, who in a B.Sc. and a graduate of "dead old Bish".

We would like to express our thanks to all those who have contributed to this magazine by submitting articles, drawings or suggestions to us. We have found many of the suggestions very helpful, and we hope that the interest the student body has shown will be kept up.

At the beginning of this term we noticed many new faces around the campus, and the froshettes and freshmen will be introduced to the readers of the Mitre on another page. However, 1944 marked not only the arrival of the largest class since the beginning of hostilities, but we are also able to welcome two new members to the faculty of this University, Dr. Jeffries and Dr. Masters.

Dr. Jeffries is no newcomer to Bishop's. Many graduates will no doubt remember his as Jeff, the great debater and one-time President of Dramatics. After receiving his B.A. in 1927 he continued his studies at McGill when now a gaining an M.A. and afterwards at the University of Toronto, where he got his Ph.D. in Classics. During his student days he played rugby, and he was a member of the first Bishop's team that played intermediate rugby. He was also a keen debater, and on many occasions he upheld his Alma Mater against Loyola College and McMaster University. After lecturing at various schools and at Queen's University, he was appointed professor of Classics at Waterloo College, which is affiliated with the University of Western Ontario.

He generally dislikes music, with the exception of sacred pieces and Gilbert and Sullivan operas. His hobbies are collecting stamps and vegetable gardening, quite in contrast to Mrs. Jeffries, who prefers to raise flowers, and who has agreed to look after Prof. Call's garden behind the gymnasium. Although being an Englishman, he definitely dislikes drinking tea and playing bridge, which he considers a waste of time. While at Waterloo he organized a C.O.T.C. contingent at that university, and he is continuing his military career here, having been appointed Acting Adjutant.

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries will enjoy their stay at Bishop's.

Dr. Masters, who is taking Prof. Boothroyd's place as Professor of History is a graduate of Toronto and Oxford universities. He has been specializing in Canadian history, and you will address me as one able to shell out two-fifty which I have contributed to this magazine by submitting articles, and one-time President of Dramatics. After receiving his B.A. in 1927 he continued his studies at McGill and then at the University of Toronto, where he got his Ph.D. in Classics. During his student days he played rugby, and he was a member of the first Bishop's team that played intermediate rugby. He was also a keen debater, and on many occasions he upheld his Alma Mater against Loyola College and McMaster University. After lecturing at various schools and at Queen's University, he was appointed professor of Classics at Waterloo College, which is affiliated with the University of Western Ontario.

This week I received from your magazine an invitation to plunk down two-fifty. Your information as to my background which led you to think that I might do so is not very sound.

You addressed me as a B.Sc. whereas I have no such degree. You address me as a graduate of "dead old Bish," whereas I am a graduate of McGill and Michigan. Finally you address me as able to shell out two-fifty which I am not; I'm broke.

Best of luck with your publication.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Herbert Smith.

The letter which reached Mr. Herbert Smith, was meant for Hugh Smith, who in a B.Sc. and a graduate of "dead old Bish".

We would like to express our thanks to all those who have contributed to this magazine by submitting articles, drawings or suggestions to us. We have found many of the suggestions very helpful, and we hope that the interest the student body has shown will be kept up.

At the beginning of this term we noticed many new faces around the campus, and the froshettes and freshmen will be introduced to the readers of the Mitre on another page. However, 1944 marked not only the arrival of the largest class since the beginning of hostilities, but we are also able to welcome two new members to the faculty of this University, Dr. Jeffries and Dr. Masters.
and at Edward Carlile's suggestion both Wilson Carlile and his wife became members of the Church of England being confirmed in eighteen hundred and seventy-six by the late Bishop Thorold. This step marked the beginning of another great forward step. He had long felt the inadvisability of part-time church work and after consultation with his friend Bishop Thorold, he took the necessary steps to answer what he now realized to be a Divine call — a vocation to the sacred ministry in the Church of God.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-eight he enrolled in St. John's College Highbury and on completion of his course was made a deacon in eighteen hundred and eighty and a priest in eighteen hundred and ninety. In eighteen hundred and seventy-nine Bishop Thorold, he took the necessary steps to answer what he now realized to be a Divine call — a vocation to the sacred ministry in the Church of God. The history of church architecture is so closely allied to that of the arts of sculpture, wall painting, stained glass, tapestry and so forth that it is difficult to separate the one from the other. Architecture is progressive, and must keep pace with the progress of civilization and the general history of countries that it is impossible to understand the one without some knowledge of the other. Every country develops its own art, literature, and architecture. English architecture was the result of climatic, material, and race—the combination of Celtic, Norman, and Saxon elements. Here the history of Gothic architecture begins with the coming of the Normans, and ends with the Reformation. During this period of about five hundred years it passed through a certain career of continual movement. There is nothing particular in this respect about architecture, for with all human enterprises that are worth anything there is nothing so never rest. In different localities the "mode" came to be carried on with considerable variety. Under special influences there arose certain corresponding schools of art. As a natural result the authentic Gothic of England is a thing of infinite variety. There are two ways of discovering a classification of Gothic architecture, we may go either by dates or by forms, for the progress of the style was in such close correspondence that either would answer the purpose. As regards also the classification by reign of sovereigns, most people will have heard of styles connected with various rulers that they will understand the allusion. The most widely used terms in England are Norman, Transitional, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. These were first made use of in the early part of the last century and form a very expressive classification.

The location, material, colour, and style adapted by the architects of the Middle Ages varied widely. We may ask, why all this variety? Men of mind were at work here, and their genius was not exhausted by a single effort. They united great originality with great patience and enduring labour, and a systematic education in their art. This extensive variety is not only seen in the difference of one building with another, but in profusion in the different parts of the same structure. Nor is it only in the cathedrals and great churches, but even the smallest and humblest have their share.

England's cathedrals are said to be proportionately nobler and more numerous than those of any nation in the world. They may have the greater number of sites, height, and length, or unity which belongs to some in Europe; but the richness of their detail, the picturesque settings of their parts, their miscellaneous assemblies of architectural styles, invent new things with individuality that is somehow lying in their greatest sisters.

English art is everywhere distinguished by love of, and carelessness of detail; by general reserve and sobriety of... (Continued on page 30)
Lennoxville Of Other Days

A visitor coming to Lennoxville now would see a great many changes from the Lennoxville they knew back in 1884. The first settlement was founded in 1804 by a family of Mallory, descendant of Mr. James Mallory, who was Mrs. Charles Herring's father. This settlement was known as Little Forks.

In January of 1871 the Village of Lennoxville held its first meeting with Charles Brooks as mayor. The village mayors and councillors were appointed every year. Probably the same mayor was in office for several years.

In February of 1920 the Town of Lennoxville held its first meeting with William W. Clarke as mayor. The town mayor and aldermen are appointed every two years. Since Lennoxville has been incorporated as a town there have been only three mayors: the late William W. Clarke, the late Dr. J. B. Winder and Mayor H. W. S. Downs, Sr.

In 1852 the Grand Trunk Railroad laid its lines through Lennoxville. The Passumpsic Railway, now the Quebec Central was extended to Lennoxville from Newport, Vt., about 1869. The terminus of the railways was here for a few years; the engine house was near the Massawippi street crossing. The Intercolonial Railway, now the Canadian Pacific, came a little later on. The trains at first ran at far east as Bury, then Scottstown, and finally to Lake Megantic.

The great fire of September 28, 1874, destroyed in all about 60 buildings. It started where the Canadian Bank of Commerce now stands and swept part of Belvidere street. The trains on both railways then went to Sherbrooke on the Grand Trunk tracks.

There are four bridges all within a mile's distance in the town, being built within a period of two years time; built to replace the old covered wooden bridges. The Comstock, near C. T. Herring's farm, on the Stanstead highway, is sometimes called the Mallory Bridge because it is now on the old Mallory property, but at the time it was built it was called after the family living where Mrs. James Stafford now lives, on the Flat, hence the name Comstock. The other three bridges are the College Bridge, the Long Bridge, over to Bishop's College School and Moulton Hill, and the bridge on Massawippi street.

The first skating rink was a small one in the hollow behind St. George's Hall. The unused railway car shed was used for a time later on then a rink built in the space behind E. B. Frost's shop was used for several years; it was burned later on. The rink situated on Speid street, which collapsed in the latter part of the winter of 1944, was the second to be built on that site, the original having fallen under a heavy load of snow.

The Lennoxville toboggan slide was famous in the days when tobogganing was popular. It was where the gravel pit is now, off Massawippi street. Its 1200 feet could be passed over in a few seconds. Rows of kerosene torches lighted the slide at night. A special train brought a crowd from Sherbrooke to the slide as one of the features of the winter carnival something over 50 years ago.
wards the end of the century the schools were combined in a graded school which met in the Town Hall, followed by the building of the present High School, on the site of the Warren farm, in 1913. The Roman Catholic school, on Church street, was built some 15 years ago. The Sisters of the Notre Dame teach the children of St. Anthony's school, as it is called.

Bishop's College School was started in 1837 by the Rev. Lucas Dolittle, a missionary, and was conducted in a primitive house in the town. In 1841 he transferred the school to Edward Chapman, M.A., who was an Englishman and a graduate of Cambridge. The new school, erected in 1841, was burnt in the great fire of 1874, however another school was built and dedicated in 1892. It was in 1922 that the present school was first used over on Moulton Hill road.

The University of Bishop's College, or the Oxford of Canada, as it sometimes called, was founded in 1854 as a theological school but it has opened its doors to arts and science courses. For a time there was a medical school in connection with the University, this was later moved back to McGill. The late Dr. Maude Abbott was one of the first medical graduates of Bishop's. Sports at Bishop's consist of tennis, badminton, golf, hockey, track, skiing and basketball. In the winter of '44 the College rock burnt to the ground.

In 1868 Jefferson Davis came to Lennoxville from Toronto where they had gone after the Confederate leader had taken his family after his release from Fortress Monroe. The boys attended Bishop's College School while the family had taken his family to St. Joseph d'Alma, where he spent a good many years.

Bishop's has settled down to another pleasant year and I guess it is about time we extended a most hearty welcome to the newcomers of the student body. This year sees the largest freshman class at the University since the beginning of the war, and it is with open arms that they are accepted into the fold by the older members of the student body.

Before introducing each freshman and freshette individually, due thanks must be accorded Miss T. Parker, Miss S. MacKay, Bob Cooling and Ted Bjerkeland, who so graciously consented to aid the editors of this column in preparing it.

Without further ado we wish to welcome to the traditional halls of Bishop's and introduce to the senior students our large class of freshmen.

Bishop's has outgrown the small post-war days of its infancy, and today it ranks as one of the largest university campuses in Canada. It is a place of learning, of growth, of development, and of happiness for those who choose to make it their home. In the words of the Alma Mater, "Thou Alma Mater dear, Where'er we roam."

Introducing . . . . .

Bishop's has settled down to another pleasant year and I guess it is about time we extended a most hearty welcome to the newcomers of the student body. This year sees the largest freshman class at the University since the beginning of the war, and it is with open arms that they are accepted into the fold by the older members of the student body.

Before introducing each freshman and freshette individually, due thanks must be accorded Miss T. Parker, Miss S. MacKay, Bob Cooling and Ted Bjerkeland, who so graciously consented to aid the editors of this column in preparing it.

Without further ado we wish to welcome to the traditional halls of Bishop's and introduce to the senior students our large class of freshmen.

Due to unfortunate circumstances we omitted last year to introduce one of the most illustrious members of the Class of '46 — "Zeka". We take, therefore, great pleasure at this time to introduce to you this famous member of Wilbryn quartette, Manager of Basketball, Sports Editor of the Mitre, and great friend of the freshmen (second only to C.S.M. George — Ed.) — H. Posman. We can't say much about his younger days, because the Mitre is not in the habit of sending reporters as far north as St. Joseph d'Alma, where he spent a good many years. After graduating from Strathcona Academy, he came — as you will probably have noticed by now — to this institution. In case you want to know more about him, we suggest that you consult the Notes and Comments Department of this magazine.

Grand'mère, Quebec, thought that it should have a representative at U. B. C., so Jolin Abooud volunteered to come. First seeing the light of day there on June 10, 1927, John attended Laurentide School where he engaged in many sports. He is taking his B.Sc. degree and then plans to enter McGill to study for an M.D. John is willing to take part in anything and everything — except debating. After obtaining his B.A. Judy hopes to take commercial art, probably in Boston. Intermittent past experiences with an examination mark, are left to the imagination.

In Montreal on February 12, 1927, was born Kenneth Baskell. Ken had an interesting life, for besides four trips to Brazil, he spent a year at the English school there. He also attended Guy Drummond Public School and Lower Canada College in Montreal. At L.C.C. he was head librarian as well as boarders' prefect and even then found time to take part in dramatics. While reading for his B.Sc. Ken plans to take part in dramatics and to work for the Mitre.

Robert William Barclay entered this interesting world of ours on March 12, 1927, at Shawinigan Falls. He attended Shawinigan High and took part in minor sports. His plan after completing his B.Sc. and Divinity courses is to enter the Ministry. Barclay won't commit himself on past experiences, but by now we have learned to expect anything from our fellow students of the Shed, so we'll leave up to your imagination. Hope it's good!

Grace Beaton was born in Sherbrooke, Que., on March 11, 1928, but received her education at Asson Consolidated and Lennoxville High. Although she played basketball in school she is not sure of her activities at Bishop's, outside of an Economics course, and Finally Education. Her first day of college, already in the past, she lists as an interesting experience.

Torkulf Bjerkeland, better known to us as Teddy, was born in Three Rivers on April 7, 1927. He attended East Angus High and here played hockey and softball and...
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
When the funds are low and the debts are high
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,

Success is failure turned inside out
Rest, if you must—but never quit
When you're hardest hit,
Success is failure turned inside out

It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit !
Don't allow an account of interesting past experiences.
It seems to be our youngest freshman, for according to his questionnaire he was born on January 29, 1944. From Quebec City, where he spent his early days, he went to Thetford, where he tried his best to settle. His main activities were in the social field and if it hadn't been for a negative reply of the question he would have come to Bish together with his brother-in-law (Bob Cooling, for your information). Besides hoping to study Chemistry and go in for research work, Chuck is also trying hard to win the favours of a certain young lady, and according to the latest reports (from the night watchman) he seems to be doing alright.

William Robert Cooling, born in Sherbrooke on November 14, 1926, attended Thetford Mines High and Andrew Stuart Johnson Memorial High School. There Bob played basketball, hockey, badminton, golf, tennis, swam and danced. He also worked on his school newspaper and was treasurer of the Athletic Association. Bob claims that he found enough time to study although he had so many extra-curricular activities. He intends to do the same here, and we wish him all the luck in the world, and hope he is successful in obtaining his science degree.

Sherbrooke, Quebec, is well represented this year at Bishop's and so we have with us Gerald Christian Cum- phrey. Born in Hull, Quebec, on June 1, 1921, Gerry studied at Ottawa Normal Model School, Glisan School and Sherbrooke High. Taking part in sports, he was also a lieutenant in the cadet corps. He intends to continue in sports while studying for his B.Sc. here, and plans after graduation to take up engineering.

Our next freshman, Norman Corrigan, was born at South Ham, Quebec, on the bright winter day of September 15, 1927. Norman attended South Ham and Dudswell schools, Bishopston Intermediate and Sawyerville High. He is here with us this year to study for his B.A., and securing this, plans to enter McGill for an M.D. Norman is rather vague about past experiences, but we do know however, that he is interested in books.

Catherine Marguerite Daintry, born in Boynton, Que., on May 29, 1927, attended Boynton, Fitch Bay and North Hatley Schools before coming to Bishop's. At school she was interested in hockey, softball and school openings. At Bishop's she will study for her B.A. degree, and plans also skating, skiing and bowling. After graduation she hopes to teach.

Ruth Elizabeth Evans has lived in the vicinity of

took part in skiing and track. At Bishop's he is studying to obtain a B.Sc. degree. His ambition is to become as good a chemist as his father. Teddy's biggest adventure was a trip to Norway.

Charles Leslie Binn was born in Stanbridge East and from there moved to Montreal. This, however, was not enough travelling for him as he soon grazed Sherbrooke High with his presence. He has played basketball, badminton, softball, bowling, and golf and hopes to continue them here at Bish as well as work for a B.Sc. Most notable of his past experiences is that as a member of the Reserve Army he attended camp at Picton, Ontario.

Sutton, Quebec, is the birthplace of William Mac-Entar Bradshaw, who was born on February 14, 1927. He attended school in Hemmingford, Ormstown, Sutton and Bedford, where he took part in track, tennis, and bowling. At Bish he is studying for a B.Sc. with hopes of going on to engineering. In the future he hopes to work for some concern such as General Electric.

Don Mackay Bryant was born in Sherbrooke on January 30, 1925. He attended both Lennoxville and Sherbrooke High where he was an active sportsman, business manager of the "Dumbell" and deeply in love (still is we hear—Ed.). He hopes to continue in sports here besides taking his B.Sc. degree. Don travelled to Niagara Falls to see whether it is as nice a place for honeymoons as it is supposed to be. Have you any ideas, Don?

Charles Bunning was born in Sherbrooke on August 15, 1921. At Sherbrooke High he played rugby, basketball, badminton, track, and softball. He was also an active Hu­man member. Charlie says that he came here primarily to study for his B.Sc., but from what we know of him we doubt it, even though he has good intentions of going on to Medicine. We know he has had many interesting experi­ences, but apparently he's keeping them a secret (we won­der why!).

Island Brook, Quebec, was the birthplace of Mary Ardelle Burns. She attended the school in Island Brook and later went to Cookshire High. She hopes to continue her sportactivities in college. After completion of her Arts course, she contemplates a career as a teacher. Space does not allow an account of interesting past experiences.

From Cookshire, Que., comes none other than Douglas Watson Burns. Born on June 10, 1927, Doug studied at Cookshire High. Taking part in hockey and debating there he intends to do the same here. Doug's course of study is the B.A. leading directly to dentistry at McGill. We only hope that when he has any former Bish students in the chair he'll at least be reasonably considerate. How about it, Doug?

Another future teacher is found in Olive Maye

THE MITRE

NOVEMBER, 1944

Phone 133

BECK PRESS REG'D
LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC
U.B.C. all her life. She arrived at the Sherbrooke Hospital on October 23, 1926, and received her schooling at Lennoxville High, taking part in basketball. Along with her B.A. course she plans to take the Librarian Course at McGill. We are left to suppose that starting college was her most interesting experience.

CHARLES WILLIAM FOUNTAIN was born in Three Rivers, Quebec, on December 14, 1926. He studied at Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High where he played rugby, hockey and softball. He was a member of the "Dumbell" and was also a member of the Cadet Corps. Charlie would like to be active in sports while he is with us to study for his B.Sc. pre-med.

GEORGE ALEXANDRA FULMER was born in Sherbrooke and attended school there. He took part in sports, dramatics, worked on the school magazine, was a member of the H.Y. club, and took Air Cadet training. He came to Bishop's to study for his B.Sc. so that he may go on to McGill to take Aeronautical Engineering as he wishes to be an aircraft designer.

THOMAS REES GIBSON was born in New Philadelphia, Ohio, on April 22, 1922. He attended Hamilton Central Collegiate and McMaster University. He was interested in the choir, the camera club, and minor sports. At Bish he wants to put all his time into studying Theology, and does not intend to take part in anything. After graduation he intends to attain priesthood in the Church of England in the Diocese of Niagara.

Sherbrooke, Marlborough, Bishopsop, Bury and Granby Schools have been honoured with the presence of Gwen GILBERT. Gwen started her career in Marlborough on June 7, 1926, and has been there ever since. Then, on September 10, Gwen appeared at Bishop's intent (?) on taking the B.A. course, along with basketball, bowling and Saturday nights.

Here's a man (?) who intends to go all out for Bish. He plans to work for the Mitre and the poster committee, to take part in sports, social activities, and dramas, and isn't he ambitious though, to study. He was added to the company of her celestial cherubim to appear in Quebec City on December 3, 1921. She was educated at La Tuque High School where she participated in sports and social activities. She will continue these at Bish, while taking her B.A. After graduation she hopes to become a teacher. To class her past experiences, namely, an encounter with a bear in the woods, and a wild horseback ride in the woods, is merely interesting as an understatement. Will Bishop's seem tame after this? We have our doubts.

CHARLES REGINALD HONEGOOD was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on May 10, 1927. After graduating from High School at King's Collegiate School in Windsor, N.S., he decided to continue his studies at Bish. Since he has base drummer's qualifications, he has entered the G.O.T.C.G. band and he is really going to town. He hopes to obtain a B.Sc. in Economics, but is not sure yet whether or not he will continue his studies for the ministry.

LLOYD HERBERT HUNTINGTON was born in Huntingville on May 28, 1928. He took part in all available sports at Huntingville, Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High Schools, and to continue doing so here while studying for his B.Sc. degree. His future plans are as yet unsettled.

HEZEY JOSEPHSON claims Montreal for her birthplace on November 2, 1926. She attended Thetford Mines High School where she played basketball and badminton. Studying for a B.A. degree and taking part in all sports will mainly occupy Joyce's time at Bish. After graduation she intends to qualify for an M.A. Joyce does not want to be a teacher, however, but, rather to study medicine or mechanical engineering. As for interesting past experiences Cliffs says he's had a few, but won't let us in on them. Can't you just guess, though?

THOMAS HARRI was born in Canton, Ohio, on June 15, 1926, attended school in Ottawa and St. Catharines, Ontario. His intention is to enter the Anglican ministry, and therefore he is with us to study Theology. He has had no interesting experiences, but somewhere in his past he has learned to play the bagpipes.

MARY ELIZABETH HALL was born in Hatley on September 14, 1927. Schools she attended include Hatley Intermediate, Compton Elementary, and Coalitook High. Mary was a member of both the Girls' Choir and the Magazine Board. While studying for a B.A. degree at Bishop's she plans to play basketball, try her luck at dramatics, and do her bit of Red Cross work. After graduation Mary hopes to teach, or, if she can't find it, to work as a nurse.

HELEN ILS HILLIER left the company of her celestial fellow-cherubim to appear in Quebec City on December 3, 1921. She was educated at La Tuque High School where she participated in sports and social activities. She will continue these at Bish, while taking her B.A. After graduation she hopes to become a teacher. To class her past experiences, namely, an encounter with a bear in the woods, and a wild horseback ride in the woods, is merely interesting as an understatement. Will Bishop's seem tame after this? We have our doubts.

DAVID STANLEY LIEWIN was born in New York X years ago—X being the unknown—for he is not certain of the date of his birth. His early years were spent in the United States, but when he was eight he decided, or rather his father did, to move to Canada. Equipped with snowshoes and other Arctic equipment the Liewins arrived on Montreal and settled there. At Guy Drummond, Alfred Joyce and St. Scholasica Academy he managed to gather enough knowledge to secure a matric and invite Bishop's Here Stan plans to enter the fields of sports, dramatics and debating, and he is already working for the Mitre as Assistant Editor (i.e., my personalbab:). After obtaining a B.Sc. he plans to study architecture and travel extensively. He also hopes to marry some day, that day being far off, but we know that if a certain Miss Somebody would say yes on that day things would be off.

Sherbrooke welcomed CONSTANCE A. LOVELAND on October 11, 1927. Life at Mitchell School so interested Connie that she went on to Sherbrooke High. At the latter she played basketball and was a member of the Tenenueleians Club, the Bishop's Council of Governors, and the S.C.C. When not busy in the lab at Bishop's where she is studying for the degree of Science in Arts, Connie intends to play basketball and tennis. After graduation, she plans to do research. Connie counts being Councilor at Quebec Lodge as an interesting past experience.

JOHN DOUGLAS STEWART Macdonald was born in Sherbrooke on September 2, 1927. He attended Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High School where he played hockey, football, basketball and badminton. John plans to continue participation in sports, but his main purpose in coming to U.B.C. is a B.A. pre-med course. He intends to get his med at McGill. Some of his interest's include woodworking and being a lake scanner. We all wish him the best of luck in his work here.

CLEDAY RAY MARTIN. Well, Ray, we sure hope you don't mind our saying so, but we had a hard time figuring out whether your surname was Cleland or Martin, but we hope we guessed right. Ray was born in Brooklyn on April 7, 1927. He attended Brookvill High where he took part in dramatics. And now he pursues a B.Sc. in Economics in hope of becoming a teacher.

ROBERT A. McCHIE was born in Le Haver, Nova Scotia, on August 28, 1920. He attended Le Haver Public School, Provincial Normal School at Truro, and Victoria School in Quebec City where he participated in minor sports. Right now he is studying Theology and plans to become a minister.

JOHN ABERT McCAMMON was born in Quebec City on February 19, 1926. He attended Thetford High where...
he was captain of the basketball team, class valedictorian and president of the Athletic Association. He is going all out for basketball and other sports at Bish, as well as studying for a B.Sc. degree. In the future he hopes to get married (we wonder to whom) and have a jolly life. Best of luck, Jack.

Want to know anything about Lennoxville? Well then, ask Gerald William McKinney. Though first seeing the light of day in Sherbrooke on March 21, 1927, Gerry attended Lennoxville High. Here he did his share in keeping up the name of the school’s sports record, and intends to do the same at Bishop’s. He’s studying science for he plans to enter McGill to study medicine. Like some of his fellow freshmen Gerry has had interesting experiences on canoe trips and bicycle rides, but exactly what kind we have not been told.

Margaret E. Morrell made her debut in Sherbrooke on February 14, 1927. At Lennoxville High when not solving maths problems she played basketball. Margaret is one of the eight members of her class now at Bishop’s. She has no activities planned but is busy with her Science course. Margaret would like to be a lab technician after graduation.

Ben A. Muhleide seems to be afraid to let us know his middle name but we shall forgive him (and try to find out what it is). He has the distinction of being one of our oldest freshmen as he is 26 years old. He seems to like sports as he has a long list of past activities in this field. He wants to be a minister and we know he will succeed. The most interesting of his past experiences is his position as a cook for all of eleven years and was secretary of the school Red Cross as well as secretary of his graduating class. His ambition after obtaining a B.Sc. is to become a chemical engineer and we wish him luck in this venture. By the way, Don, what is this we hear about you and the Mount Orford trip? You should be more careful in what you say.

Marguerite Mary Melmore was born in Knowlton, Quebec, on September 9, 1926. She attended St. Joseph’s Convent in Knowlton and Waterville High School. Her activities there and her activities at Bishop’s are not revealed, neither are her plans after graduation on her past experiences. However, we did glean the fact that she will study for her B.A. while at college.

Margaret Alice Mitchell was born in Danville, Que., on May 31, 1928. Her education shows that she has seen a great deal of the northeastern part of the country. She attended Mutton Bay, Grindstone, and Cap d’Espoir Elementary Schools, Perce and Chandler Intermediate Schools and finally, Stanstead College. At Bishop’s she plans a B.A. and eventually, a nursing career. Extra-curricular interest in basketball will endeear her to basketball-minded colleagues. Being nearly shipwrecked off the north shore does not seem to have daunted her.

Robert Alfred Nucet was born at Black Lake, Quebec, on February 14, 1927. He attended Sawyerville High School and there played hockey, softball, and ping-pong. At Bish he intends to add basketball to this list while studying for his B.A. When he graduates he is going to try to obtain a High School Teacher’s Diploma.

Jean Paul (Johnny) Ouellet hails originally from Rivière-du-Loup. Born there on May 4, 1924, he has attended Ecole St. Joseph in Arvida, Stanstead Wesleyan College and Arvida High. Johnny is going in for engineering so it’s the B.Sc. course for him. As for activities at Bish, he plans to take part in various sports. Incidentally, he’s a drummer in the C.O.T.C. but Johnny’s main pastime is fishing. Though we have heard no fish stories yet, there is still plenty of time.

Ronald Roy Owen was born on July 7, 1921, in East Hereford. Nothing seems to worry him as he arrived here a week late for lectures. The Seniors were interested in who he was, it seems, for they went around asking, “Does anybody know anything about this guy Owen?” We were as baffled as they were however. He’s here now anyway and hopes to enter dramatics as well as take a B.A. course. As for future plans, he says he would like to be a teacher.

A product of many schools is Elizabeth Jane Reid, who was born in Hamilton, Ontario, on January 26, 1928. She attended a number of Montreal schools, graduating from Westmount Senior High. While attending these schools Betty took part in sports and Hi-Y. She finally found herself on the way to Bishop’s, and here she is taking the course in Economics. Her plans after graduation are uncertain.

Sylvia Margaret Ross comes to us from Sherbrooke, where like a good Canadian, she was born on July 1, 1924. She attended the Mitchell School, and S.H.S. where her activities were badminton and basketball. Besides that at Bishop’s she is interested in skiing and bowling. She will study for her B.Sc. with the goal of Lab technician. Though Syl seems quite non-committal re her past experiences, we feel sure that maidenly modesty alone conceals an interest in the aeronautical branch of the Navy.

Allow us to introduce still another freshman from Sherbrooke. He is none other than Malcolm Sanders, Mac to everyone. Born in Sherbrooke on August 9, 1924, Mac studied at Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High. He was active in sports, in dramatics, and was sports editor of the “Dumbel”. We may add that Mac is an excellent athlete and plans to take part in track and skiing at Bish. He
is studying for a B.Sc. leading to electrical engineering. Concerning interesting past experiences, all ‘ll tell us is that he has worked in an newspaper office.

Well folks, I guess its about time you met Kenneth Royal Stewart. Royal first saw daybreak in Montreal on July 4, 1926, and from what we’ve heard, surprised his parents no end. Happy must have been the day when his mother first led him up the steps of Dunnet Gardens School in the Town of Mount Royal. From there he went to Mount Royal High, Mitchell School, and of all places Sherbrooke High. We hear that he was an active sportsman and intends to follow up skating, golf, and track at Bish. Hope it does not interfere with your B.Sc. course, Royal, especially since you intend to go on to study medicine at McGill.

And, oh yes, Royal has had some interesting experiences on hitch-hiking and canoeing trips, as well as trying to win since you intend to go on to study medicine at McGill.

Tend to do much at Bishop’s, except earn his B.Sc. After graduation Allan is going to study medicine. Andy is following a course of study leading to a science degree, and eventually tends to follow up skiing, golf and track at Bish. Hope it doesn’t interfere with your B.Sc. course, Allan, especially in their future life.

Bishop’s and every success in their present undertakings as after graduation are uncertain.

Our last freshman hails from Arvida. He came to Canada from a long way off, Honkilihlihi, Finland, to be exact, where he was born on August 24, 1926. Anson Oliver Wightman attended Arvida High School where he took part in hockey, baseball, and basketball. He’s going to play basketball and hockey at Bishop’s. Andy is following a course leading to a degree and, eventually to engineering.

Wells folks, that’s all of them. A grand crowd, don’t you think? Here’s to them, wishing them a happy time at Bishop’s and every success in their present undertakings as well as in their future life.

ODE

MARY HALL

When June came, shimmering on the lips of Spring, And lilacs scented their fragrance to the air And nights were full of some pale flying thing, Young summer stood, with bosom partly bare, Filling the world with soft unspoken things, And whispering wisdom to dull human throngs. Thus nature paved the way to human hearts, And woke such passion in young men and maidens, That April spent a querulous of darts And Venus ruled the sweet and silent glades, —Such stuff as made for dreams, and it endures About as long as lilacs hold their bloom, And all the love of mine that once was yours, Has faded with the waning orb of June.

Yet, who knows—I might love you to this hour, If you had left ere lilacs lost their flower.

VIRGINIA CORRINE WIGGOTT was abandoned by the proverbial stork in Montreal on November 8, 1927. With that start Corrine shed the dust of this continent and lived in England, France and Scotland. There she attendedBradbourne College, England, but ended up at good old S.H.S. at Bishop’s she participated in field hockey, tennis, badminton. At Bishop’s besides her B.A. course, she will try to find time for badminton, basketball and dramatics. Her plans after graduation are uncertain.

Our last freshman hails from Arvida. He came to Canada from a long way off, Honkilihlihi, Finland, to be exact, where he was born on August 24, 1926. Anson Oliver Wightman attended Arvida High School where he took part in hockey, baseball, and basketball. He’s going to play basketball and hockey at Bishop’s. Andy is following a course of study leading to a science degree, and eventually to engineering.

Well folks, that’s all of them. A grand crowd, don’t you think? Here’s to them, wishing them a happy time at Bishop’s and every success in their present undertakings as well as in their future life.

THE MITRE

K. BANFILL
OVERCOATS
styled to please
— as low as $24.50

For over 46 years you have been able to buy with confidence at ROSENBLOOM'S
THE STORE FOR MEN AND BOYS SHERBROOKE

The Bishop Looks Down
BLESSED ARE THE MEEK by Zofia Kossak

The story of St. Francis has been told many times from the point of view of biography, and of religion. The legends associated with his life are legion. Many no doubt are authentic accounts of the most popular, if not the greatest saint of western Europe. For sheer saintliness St. Francis of Assisi has few rivals.

But few books have been written which show as forcefully wherein lay the great power of the man who embraced poverty as the basic rule of life. And the reason is not far to seek. The western church had come, like the western states, to organize itself and its institutions on the feudal pattern, where possession of property and wealth to a large extent determined not only a man's power, but even his office, and his right to rule his fellowmen. The "divinely appointed" hierarchy in both church and state was accepted by most people, and could not be altered by the few who wished to reform abuses. Even Popes like Innocent III, who were broken-hearted over the wickedness of the times, seemed powerless to deal with the situation. The supreme power of wealth demanded absolute poverty as an antidote. And St. Francis was the first man in those days who was willing to make the experiment.

Zofia Kossak has succeeded in creating a fascinating story of the times of St. Francis in which a few outstanding characters portray for us both the colourful virtues and the glaring faults and blackest vices of a century full of contrasts. At first St. Francis comes into the story as a secondary character. In fact all through the book he seems to be playing a very minor part in the affairs of church and state. No doubt that is the way in which he thought of himself, and would always wish to appear. But one by one, as the leading people on the stage of history come into contact with him, his simple but implicit faith in the commands of His Lord, his unlimited humility, his boundless love for all men and all God's creatures from the best to the worst, from the highest to the lowest, all of which showed itself in his irrepressible joy and mirth — these unique qualities play irresistably on the hearts of those most in need of these most Christlike virtues.

The passionate lover-knight, the weary troubadour, the overburdened Pope, the proud cardinal, the traitor brother, the wealthy and beautiful heiress, the dissatisfied scholar, and above all, the countess who is willing to sell her soul to the devil for the illicit love of the one who became King of Jerusalem, these are the chief characters of the story, and all but the last fall under the spell of the man of meekness. Even the proud and powerful ruler of the Turks is moved to a unique act of mercy by meeting one meek man.

A very wide range of subjects is covered as the story proceeds, and the word pictures are always clear and colourful. The feelings of the age are impressed on the reader in every chapter. The yearning of youth for an ideal world; the superstitious fear of the unknown, the disgust of the poor at the injustices of the social system; the burning zeal to capture the Holy Land, which seems so foreign to us today; these and many other insights into the spirit of the twelfth century are vividly brought out.

If one wishes to delve into the lessons of history one might be tempted to prophesy that our own century, which shows similar contrasts of wealth and poverty where, "might is right" is openly embraced as the last word in political philosophy; and where pride of race, nation, and social class is threatening to destroy the very structure of our civilization; this century surely may be expected to produce a modern band of Franciscans who will do for our world what the Saint of Assisi did in his day. And indeed signs of this are not wanting.

"Blessed are the meek" may be read as a vivid historical novel, or as a study in the influence of simple Christian teaching on various types of human character. From either point of view it is well worth reading.
Before The Introduction Dance

D. MILLS

The death sentence was issued Friday at 1:30 p.m. by the presiding judge. "Every freshman must invite a fresh­ette before Monday noon." I took the sentence calmly and it was at Chapel that night that I began to wonder what species of female I would take. Monday noon - Monday noon: that was the theme of a rather violent dream I had that night. It sounded comforting, even although I had no idea as to what it meant? It was the last breakfast—the last morsel of toast and the last cup of coffee. Chapel was comforting, but my courage began to evaporate. The physics and French lectures passed quickly, and then we learned individuals gathered in Convocation Hall for English. I looked around —quite a few freshetees from which to choose. My eye wandered, and set upon one pretty little freshette in a white sweater. It was zero hour—the objective had been sighted. While Prof. Owen explained what barbarism and impro­priety meant, I plotted my course of action. The lecture ended—it was now or never. My heart beat faster and my blood rushed to my head.

In the milling mob outside the lecture hall we met. We were pushed into a dark corner by the rushing mob, with only a fire extinguisher for company. The ordeal was all over very quickly—I asked her and she graciously accepted. Since then my blood pressure has fallen 40 points to 117, and my heart beats easier. The action has been completed —I've got a freshette for the freshman dance!

Student Government

Today we hear cries for a new order. People grumble and clamour for change. They want some sort of revolu­tion. They want some sort of change in their own manner of living. The war is coming to a close and naturally people turn their efforts and thinking to post-war needs. Who is to decide what is right and wrong? Who is going to lead us into this new world—a world fit for decent-living peo­ple, a world where justice and freedom prevails. These are grave questions to be faced. We the people must decide. Who is going to decide what is right and who is going to lead us? They are not able to cope with such vast questions and find out where lies the right.

Maybe they have not a broad enough knowledge of world affairs to see the faults which are inevitably blocking our path to success. Yes, these things are very true, yet do you realize the importance of youngsters today in the political field of tomorrow? When the new era begins it lacks unity, stability and much-needed leadership. We, as students today, can work to give it these foundations. It is as students that we learn to take on responsibility, to become leaders, and to stand on our own feet.

You may wonder how students fit in this political world, into this new, ever-improving machine-democracy. Maybe they are not able to cope with such vast questions and maybe they have not a broad enough knowledge of world affairs to see the faults which are inevitably blocking our path to success. Yet, these things are very true, yet do you realize the importance of youngsters today in the political field of tomorrow? When the new era begins it lacks unity, stability and much-needed leadership. We, as students today, can work to give it these foundations. It is as students that we learn to take on responsibility, to become leaders, and to stand on our own feet.

There were many others who are students today, can work to give it these foundations. It is as students that we learn to take on responsibility, to become leaders, and to stand on our own feet.

Student government enables every boy and girl to ac­quire the qualities which will help them to become leaders in every trade. The students who accept positions on the various committees will reap more benefit. They are elected by the members because they are more capable, more effi­cient and have qualities which lend to their positions. But, they must remember that they are looked upon by every pupil to conduct, and maintain a thorough flawless govern­ment for the pupils, by the pupils and of the pupils. Those who do not accept leadership learn to unite in demanding a change in government. They learn to keep in touch with their affairs and see that their leaders carry on justice. Through their representatives they carry power which in later life is enjoyed by every free citizen of a democracy.

So, I say to all students be proud you are able to carry on such freedom and use it to the full extent. Attend student meetings, learn government procedure, help govern your school and thus yourself, but mainly learn to take on responsibility. If you endeavour to take interest in this when you are in school you stand on good ground to be­come leaders of a country well worth being proud of —Canada. In later life you will appreciate your school train­ing and will use this advantage to bring about permanent peace.

Remember we once talked of the day when our boys would be returning to finish their courses—that day is coming. The advance guard so to speak, is here already. It is encouraging to see these men back with us again—although some of us cannot re­member the time when they graced our corridors. This term we have Lieutenant Jack Visser who was overseas for a year and is now receiving his training here. Also Errol Duval (invalided home) is back for his educa­tion and has finished last January under the auspices of the Quebec Legion Educa­tional Services and for one week out of each month groups of thirty men came up to the university.

Naturally our war effort depends upon ourselves and what we put into it. Dean Jones spoke truly in his ad­dress to students and visiting airmen: "The word priority is one which the exigencies of war have brought be­fore us. Many of the luxuries of life have had to yield to precedence, they have had to be controlled. We have accepted priorities and the methods and regulations accompanying them, because weighed against the sacrifice of our men, they are very little." We should have this in mind when we consider our extra duties during wartime university life. We must not forget Bishop's war effort in the spiritual field. Prayers are offered daily in our chapel.

The following is an extract from a Bishop's graduate who is an officer with the Seaforth Highlanders and was in

(Continued on page 36)
TOO BUSY to Make a Will? ... Not to Busy to Die!

WHENEVER people are very busy, they have a way of putting off things which can be done, as one thinks, just as well next week as this week.

That is perhaps the reason more than any other why many people put off making Wills. Except when they are very ill, people don't consider writing a Will an immediate matter. It isn't like a toothache that has to be attended to right way. It can wait, in their opinion, until next week or next month or next year.

You probably don't appreciate the full how much trouble and anxiety your family would be spared if your Estate came to them by Will rather than if it had to be disposed of as provided by law. If you haven't already made a Will . . . consult your lawyer or notary while you are in good health — he will give you legal advice in drawing this important document.

Due to the complexity of administering Estates to-day, the constant changes in taxes and the problem of investing safely — more and more people are appointing a corporate Executor and Trustee to administer their affairs.

Sherbrooke Trust Company

Radar Mechs

Little is known, either in the air force or out of it, about the men who have been called by one or other of the above names at some stage of their service careers; still less has their work been appreciated. Little can yet be told of their work and deeds during this war, but, having been one of them for two and a half years, I shall try to tell something about them without offending defence regulations.

Early in the war, less was said about secret weapons than we hear now, but they existed, and perhaps radar was the most important — it was certainly the most successful — possessed by the British. The RDF Mech, as he was then called, was a very important man. He was working with machines so complex that only men with a wide radio experience were allowed to undertake the work, and, at the same time, so highly secret that his trade was not publicly designated; nor was he allowed a separate trade badge to distinguish him from his fellows. He wore the ordinary wireless badge of the WOP, WOG, WAG, and WEM.

In 1942, the need for absolute secrecy having abated, the Royal Air Force allowed the designation radio mech. to be given to these wizards — as many of them indeed were — and in October 1942, they were renamed RDF Mechs. The arrival of the Americans in England heralded another reclassification to Radar Mechs, thus adopting the American name for this secret weapon which the British practically gave to our neighbours to the south.

The whole story of Radar Mechs will not be known until after the war, and there are many things on which I cannot touch, but their story is something like this.

The call went out to Canada early in 1941, and by June there were twenty-five hundred men, all with at least junior matriculation, and many with university degrees covering the whole range of subjects studied at universities. I was in that first group, and took my initial training at McGill University with five hundred and forty-six others. How difficult the work was may be judged by the fact that almost one third of the original twenty-five hundred failed to attain the standard required before attempting the advanced course. Those who passed, proceeded to either England or Clinton, Ontario, to take the ten-week RDF course.

None of us knew just what we were really training for. Secrecy shrouded the whole effort; even the chief instructors at the universities did not know what parts of radio knowledge should be particularly stressed. Near the end of our course at McGill, we were privileged to have a visit from Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill at that time Air Officer Commanding R.A.F. Ferry Command. He was surprised to find that we did not know what work we were going to do. His own words were: "I have never seen so many men so completely ignorant of the purpose for which they have joined the Air Force." It was a well-kept secret!

This secrecy was maintained all through my stay in England, and to a large extent still continues. Some phases of the work, and the component parts of some of the later equipment are not even taught to the mechanics (whose duty it is to maintain them), so that secrecy may be certain. The Germans would be willing to pay a high price for some of these secrets so carefully kept by several thousand Canadian Radar Mechs now serving in every battle area.

The Radar Mech's work is not glorious; there is no glamour in it. He is stationed, for the most part, on the bluest caps and promontories in Britain. The malaria infested areas of West Africa; the dusty battlegrounds in Tunisia; battle-scarred Malta; even the jungles of Burma—all have seen the Radar Mech, and I have no doubt, the battle area on Germany's westwall has its complement also.

There were casualties, as might be expected. Some suf-
fered electrocution by the high power lines and valves with which they worked. Some of those who worked on the equipment carried in aircraft—a real saga of wonders itself—were killed during test flights. Commando raids were often accompanied by Radar volunteers, seeking information on Jerry's efforts in radio.

We had and have our heroes, too. The large majority were never cited; Neil, a little later, to India. He seldom mentioned his work, and, indeed, in his last letter, written in July, his chief item of news was his first bout with malaria; yet in August came the following story.

Neil, then a Corporal, was dropped by parachute with Wingate's raiders in the Burmese jungle. With his four men, he was attacked by Japs two hours later. He ordered to abandon his valuable radio and retire, but decided to recapture the radio under cover of darkness. With three men, he surprised and overpowered the Japs, recovered the radio, and beat off two counter-attacks before any help arrived.

That is the story of Sergeant Neil Turnbull, Radar Mech, of Leamington, Ontario, as told in Saturday Night under the title "Salute to a Canadian Hero." It is an example of what Radar Mechanics have been doing all through the war.

WILSON CARLILE (Continued)

at headquarters or in the training centres and so brought to bear the tremendous influence of his dauntless, courageous spirit, which in the service of Christ knew no defeat or failure. His great concern for the further expansion of the Church Army beyond the confines of the British Isles led to all. He saw the Society which he had laboured for so unselfishly, in the Church, become an accepted fact. This is the story of Sergeant Neil Turnbull, Radar Mech, of Leamington, Ontario, as told in Saturday Night under the title "Salute to a Canadian Hero." It is an example of what Radar Mechanics have been doing all through the war.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE (Continued)

spirit; by a tendency to perceptible harmony of parts. These come out clearly and we see the soul of the workman in the detail of his product which varies according to the temper of the man. Unlike the French, for example, in the English architect's greatest works there is a definite air of control. All his aims are set in the direction of harmony rather than the predominance of each several part. To some, the architecture of a country, a province, or even a single town, tells the story of religious and political

I remember how careful he was not to damage his hands. His great concern for the further expansion of the Church Army beyond the confines of the British Isles led to his first of all give ready answer to an appeal for workers to go to India in nineteen hundred and twenty-five years later to undertake a personal mission to the United States and Canada. These journeys led to the establishment of the Church Army in both these countries and in later years there was still further expansion to the distant dominions of Australia and New Zealand and also to East and South Africa, China and Japan. So over the years Wilson Carlile saw the realization of his fondest dreams, saw the Society which he had laboured for so unselfishly become an ever-increasingly vital part of the Church's work, saw the principles for which he had fought—the ministry of lay evangelists both in church buildings and in other spheres of work become an accepted fact. This is the story of Sergeant Neil Turnbull, Radar Mech, of Leamington, Ontario, as told in Saturday Night under the title "Salute to a Canadian Hero." It is an example of what Radar Mechanics have been doing all through the war.

Wilson Carlile was called to Higher Service after a life of service to God and his fellowmen which is all too rare in our history, at the age of ninety-five. There stands to his memory today a living memorial, a great society at work within the Church which can look even for inspiration to the record of a leader who at all times was Christ's dauntless crusader.

Swoonology - Ancient and Modern

It is nothing new or original, this business of mass feminine hysteria, of violent and publicly demonstrated adoration for some pretty-boy of the entertainment world. The phase most familiar to us started, I have discovered after intensive research into the complicated study of mass-swoonology, several years ago when the projection industry in its very infancy, and hardly aware of the potent propaganda possibilities it possessed. (You will pardon me O gentle student reader, for I must pause to point out that the preceding is a perfectly normal example of "alteration" as Prof. Owen would label, or more likely libel, (c.)

One of the first screen idols to knock them in the aisles, usually in a dead faint, was Rudolph Valentino.—The Great Lover, none other. Rudolph of the incomparable pan attained a success which even the much vaunted Casanova would not have dreamed of, in his wild out-wild-out dreams. But of course Casanova never wooed a full house of raving, love-maddened women—his limit was a paltry four or five at a time. The Great L. fully deserves his unique honor in the league of swoonologists to date, since he won it against such stiff opposition as "The Profile" of that late lamented Sw организм Prince, John Barrymore. The Great Profile's great mistake was in living long enough to become a clameur. A drunken, scandalized clown he is today, but still a funnyman. Once the Great P. replaced the rôle of laughmaker for that of llamover he was through as a contender for the title of Most High and Extended Chief Swooner. Incidentally, that word "vowen" , yes, the same that I am now using with such obvious indiscretion, it perfectly legitimates in this slightly balmy setting. A dictionary definition, the Concise Oxford Dictionary, third revised edition, to be painstakingly exact, defines the word as "to die languidly", and that is what publicity men of the early twenties would have us believe became of the ladies, who, at their favorite theatres, watched these great eccentrics strut their stuff. Personally, I have my doubts, but let us pass on to the next pass-out.

Following the hectic era of Valentino, Barrymore et al., we gallop through a period which has the world of the wild and woolly West predominating in the biased world of swoonology. Passing over to the hearing a drawl and swing in the general direction of fearless, two-gun, rootin', tootin' hams (prime western stock, of course) in whose ranks swagger such wiskawhiskaw characters as William S. Hart and the Farnham brothers, Duston and William, we move swiftly into the next phase of our exhausting study.

The last redman having been plugged, and the last bow-legged paleface hung or buried or both, if the occasion offered and scene time allowed, the cinema tucks away the saga of the golden west, now somewhat tarnished, in some dark corner, probably under a mouldy old sombrero. And there it gathered dust in patient wait for Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry and the Lone Ranger. However, let us not carry over the painful rebirth of the cowboy—Hollywood has juicier morsels in store for us.

Doddling a hike of flying bullets as we go, we skip the period of foreboding quiet between 1925 and 1933 when swoonology experienced a lapse in popularity due to the publicity-catching shenanigans of such playfull public pests (there I go again) as Al Capone and Dorch Schultz. When we glance at the impressive roster of gummets, racketeers and crooked politicians that these years brewed and dumped willy-nilly into the unresponsive lap of posterity, we can easily understand the horrible fascination for the escapade of simple adoration for the screen swooner in the fickle fancy of the feminine film-follower. (Once thatagravitating elation allumant usally one's just as well to give up any literary aspirations one may entertain — the reader has probably sensed that I am now using this type writer in sheer self-defense.)

To continue, and let this be a lesson in perseverance—or is it padding—to those freshmen who plaintively wail that "they can't write a thousand words on one subject". For a start while the entertainment world unscrupulously concerned itself with gangster gangsterism, the cowboy galloped through a period in which hairy he-men of the wild and woolly West perdominate in the biased world of swoonology. For a start while the entertainment world unscrupulously concerned itself with gangster gangsterism, the cowboy galloped through a period in which hairy he-men of the wild and woolly West perdominate in the biased world of swoonology. For a start while the entertainment world unscrupulously concerned itself with gangster gangsterism, the cowboy galloped through a period...
A Freshman's Adventure

The scene is the New Arts building. The time 6:00 p.m. and I am about to enter the portals of a great institution—Bishop's University. "Aha!" say I to myself, "Aha!" It grins spread about their faces, eyes gleaming with a cruel burden on the carpetless floor with a rather loud noise. No terrific lurch, I make my room and promptly deposit my cases, my face streaming with perspiration. Well, after a and I am about to enter the portals of a great institution.

Having carried the history of modern swoonology from its beginnings about twenty-five years ago, I am now tired of it. So I give it to you dear reader, in tribute to your patience. Do with it what you wish, I'm sick of it. If it wasn't that the Mitre is a college activity and that it is every student's duty to back college activities to the utmost, I never would have written this. But I'm glad I put you to the trouble of reading it. Didn't get much out of it, did you? Well, I'm glad, do you hear, glad, glad, GLAD!

Notes and Comments

Good morning, friends, welcome to Notes and Comments. Since Deacon Peerce lost the "Under new management" sign, I agreed, after overwhelming demands from both of my readers, to raise the carpets, and look for more dirt. My first words will be a hearty welcome to the class of '47; may your years here be as pleasant as I intend mine to be. To the freshmen who have returned for another year within these hallowed walls, welcome home, you fools.

As usual, the first few days were models of confusion, with seniors competing to sell all the most worthless books at the highest prices to the trusting freshmen. The year was officially opened with an address of welcome by the Prin, who spoke of the returning men of the armed services, and the increasing part they were to play in college life. In the midst of this impressive ceremony, at least one individual remained unaffected; he was first noticed by the faculty as he walked up the aisle on all four in a black coat. He was carried out soon after. It all goes to show what whiskey can do to break things up.

The Freshettes were given the usual once-over, and there was the usual collection of wishees and wails from the Seniors (the Freshmen are a little slow at that sort of thing).

The Introduction Dance was held in the gym, and Giz Gagnon and his "Pray-as-you-blow" orchestra were on hand to make music. The main event of the evening was a camaradage competition among the Freshettes to see who could hide their partner best under a layer of rouge, applied with the singular in rough estimation of the number of readers who are still with me) my last victim is Frankie-the-dream-boy-of-the-bobby-sock-brigade-Sinatra.

"The R.A.F. are coming to town." That blubbed dame rumor, and we believed the old hag this time. The middle floor of the Old Arts has been left vacant, and many of the students of that building are wondering what to do with the assorted pieces of luggage that will appear out of many of the dark nooks and corners which the lucky lads in blue will no doubt be rolling into. Their arrival is much speculated upon by the select group of rabbles who usually entertain them, and I carry on the spirit of their predecessors, or will—Oh well, never mind.

The O.T.C. contingent of the college got under way with its first parade some weeks ago. Major Church is still O.C., and is still ably assisted by C.S.M. George, the recruit's pal. The medical examination this year was conducted by Army M.O.s in the old assembly line manner. Future cadets went bouncing from room to room like so many pinballs, and always ended up the same way; some with some very able assistance, finally reached the highest point in the Eastern Townships.
THE MITRE

Looking forward to an active season—in the realm of sports. Some have been smitten by his darts so often, they might tune of the usual Two in Twenty Boogie. All members are usual congenial company. The club now consists of eight teams were dreamed up, and have had a couple of workouts. The morning was bright as the guard rolled out to a position by the flagpole; the bugler felt his way across the event was followed by a tea dance of the first-come-first-served variety, featuring snappy sayings by a group known to the cattle disturbed by its transit. The day of the first parade brought forth a concerted groan, "Gosh, did we look like that?" One of the first periods was open with the crash of falling chairs and a loud roar, "Point of Order". Two teams, from Second and Third years wrinkled over the resolution: "Resolved that the war has definitely increased Juvenile Delinquency." The debate rose in fury to a climax that recalled some of last year's Association meetings. In the end, the non-delinquents won by a narrow margin; if things continue, the Skinner debates will be held under Queen's rules. Under the heading of Sports we find such items as Footsocce, Badminton, Bowling, and Soccer (I bet you didn't know about that one). The footsocce game was a dream cooked up by some Machiavellian minds, for the sole purpose of showing the world the definite inferiority of non-residence students—a no other column can make this statement. The rules of the game can be found in part from "Michael's Mildewed Manual of Mayhem", and the rest from pure fantasy. The refs sat behind a copy of Esquire disguised as a role book, and shot crap all during the encounter. This event was followed by a tea dance of the first-come-first-served variety, featuring snappy sayings by a group known as the "Five Funny Bunnies", the only act in business that lays Easter eggs. Which brings us to the observation that the Women's basketball team will no doubt be well supported this year, and the coach may be quoted as saying that he liked the set-up. The men's team you can read about in the Sport section; I should swipe somebody else's useless material. Bowling has re-entered its noisy head in the Y. Eight teams were dreamed up, and have had a couple of workouts. The soccer game with the R.A.F. should prove interesting; it is proposed to join the Royal Canadian Air Force as a reserve. The two teams consisted of eight members, six of whom were also in the first team. The majority of the year books that I have had the pleasure of reading were from high schools and although some of them contain very good articles, some of them seem to enjoy printing very infantile material. The best, I thought, was an article published in the "Boukian Slogan". The article was a parody on "Mermaid Tavern" and its author, Patricia Rogers, certainly shows that she has a lot of wit. The dialogue is complete good enough to be put on the radio or turned into a play. We are getting many dailies from different universities and the two best in my opinion are "The McGill Daily" and "Dalhousie Gazette", both of which afford the reader a lot of entertainment in all spheres as they print current events as well as campus activities. The others also do this but (and this is but my opinion) not as well. The main need at Bish, as also is that of many colleges according to articles in different news sheets that we get from them, is little more co-operation between the students and the various activity heads. (I can hear my editor scream-

And now may I have a few words with those students interested in French. Le Mitre a reçu des périodiques des universités Laval et Ottawa qui sont en ma possession. Ces périodiques sont très intéressantes et devraient être lus par les étudiants qui désirent une meilleure formation française.

And now my readers. I will leave you till the next issue when I hope that I shall be able to give you more accurate details about the various periodicals that the Mitre receives.

The following is the list of exchanges we have received: Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa The Academician P.J. Beaudy

The Brunswickan Dalhousie Gazette
The College Times McGill Daily
Creifstonian Strathcona Oracle
The Croftonian Dalhousie Gazette
The Challenger The Queen's Review
King's College Record The Sundial
King's Hall Loyola College Review
The Record
The Silhouette
The Challenger
The Sundial
Loyola College Review
The Croftonian

Bishop's College School

Phone 3512
RES. 1127W

THE CAMPUS
THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF

Wishes all subscribers MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Fountain's Optical Inst.
EYES EXAMINED
GLASSES FITTED

77 Wellington N.
Shrewsbury, Que.

November, 1944

exchange

With shout of "get that mess out of here" we of the Exchange Department come to you this year. The Exchange Department has a new locale this year—the council office. I must admit the place does get cluttered up with all sorts of things, but there is one consolation, we are not the only ones messin the place.

I am sure that I will not mention some of the periodicals that we have received in the course of the summer some of them have disappeared and therefore we hope that no one will be offended if we forget them. The majority of the year books that I have had the pleasure of reading were from high schools and although most of them contain very good articles, some of them seem to enjoy printing very infantile material. The best, I thought, was an article published in the "Boukian Slogan". The article was a parody on "Mermaid Tavern" and its author, Patricia Rogers, certainly shows that she has a lot of wit. The dialogue is complete good enough to be put on the radio or turned into a play.

We are getting many dailies from different universities and the two best in my opinion are "The McGill Daily" and "Dalhousie Gazette", both of which afford the reader a lot of entertainment in all spheres as they print current events as well as campus activities. The others also do this but (and this is but my opinion) not as well. The main need at Bish, as also is that of many colleges according to articles in different news sheets that we get from them, is little more co-operation between the students and the various activity heads. (I can hear my editor scream-
THE MITRE

T. BJERREKULD

Page 36

Dancing - Yesterday and To-day

Standing in the first position, slide left foot back, pass right foot to second position, draw left foot up to right foot (counting three); then pass right foot forward, passing left foot to second position, drawing right foot to third position twice, repeating with left foot back as before. (This is the definition of "Newport" or one of the fancy dances of the eighteen hundreds.) To us today it sounds extremely complicated, but to those to whom it was addressed at the time, it sounded very exciting and all tried it or rather some tried it and gave up half an hour later. American dancing in the 19th century was really something. Today's dancing is best defined by the remark passed by an Englishman, who after watching some people dancing, said, "They married after this don't they?" In those days they thought that there was no greater earthly happiness or enjoyment than that to be found in a well-ordered and well-regulated ballroom. Of course some people were against dancing at the time but even those could see the good results of dancing.

Elias Howe in his preface of "American Dancing Master" says, "As a social amusement and a healthful exercise, dancing has much to recommend it. The chief drawbacks are the ill-ventilated and overheated rooms in which it is generally performed. By many it is unfavourably regarded in a moral point of view; but this seems a relic of that outbreak of Puritanism that characterized the 17th century, and which saw in every joyous excitement. Dancing is, double, liable to abuse, but not more so than most other forms of social intercourse." Here we have what we may take as the thought on dancing of the late eighteenth century. Howe is able to see all the good that can be got from dancing, such as amusement and exercise and at the same time see the bad that can be begun from it were it to be abused. Today we no longer think of dancing as form of exercise (those who do are in a minority I am sure), but rather we consider it mainly from the point of view of pleasure or exhibitionism.

But let us leave the present and return to the bygone days to see what the requirements of dancing were. In those days if a man was to go alone to a private ball, as soon as he entered the hall he had to pay his respects and then be introduced by the host, or hostess as the case might be, to the young maidens with whom he wished to dance. When a young woman was thus asked she could never refuse, but were she to refuse, it was the etiquette for the man to take no notice of it and let it pass. A refusal, if she were not already engaged, was considered as a breach in the law of good manners, as the comparator, who were in charge of the public dances, would not introduce to the hostess any gentleman that was not as fast in dancing.

As the ladies were not enticed to ask gentlemen to dance, it was the duty of the men to see to it that the ladies were not left vacant. Those men that stood around (or what we today call stags) had the appearance that they were presiding at a refusal, or too proud and contemptuous to dance with any but their favorites. Favoritism was suitable.

The young woman was expected to receive the gentleman in a ballroom, and make themselves disagreeable, and sometimes particularly offensive, by their exclusive devotion to one another. Also married couples did not dance with each other. There was, perhaps, no positive impertinency in it, but it was more polite, and more generous, for spouses to distribute their favors amongst the rest of the company present.

In those days a man was introduced for the first time to a young lady and danced with her, this did not give him the permission to bow her, to be met on her the street the following day. Today if this were to happen the young lady would think that he had "snooted"! The only exception to this rule was that if the young lady bowed first, it was considered the proper thing for the young man to bow back. When a set had ended, you presented your right arm to your partner and led her back to her seat; should it happen to be occupied, you would politely ask her to which part of the ball she would like to be conducted; you also bowed as she took her seat, but you not rise from your own seat "unless you were on terms of intimacy".

According to the rules of etiquette, the following was the right way to ask a maiden to dance: in requesting a lady to dance you stood at a proper distance, bent the body gracefully, accompanied by a slight right of the right hand in front; you looked at her with complaisance, and respectfully said, "will you do me the honor to dance with me?", or "shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" will you be pleased or will you favor me with your hand for this or the next dance? remaining in the position you had assumed until the lady signed her intention by saying, "With pleasure, sir", or "I regret I am engaged, sir." Can you imagine what would happen today, if at a dance a boy was to go up to a girl and bow and ask her for her hand, remaining in the bowed position till she answered? Well, either the girl would think that he was asking her to become his wife or being perfectly silly while trying to be "droll"!

was only a handful of officers and men there and we knelt under the clear, early morning sun to say the old familiar Church of England prayers and to pray especially for our loved ones from whom we are now separated. It was very quiet and peaceful. You all seemed very close. So did God.

the heavy fighting on the Gothic Line near Rimini when the letter was written: "I got up early this morning and went to Holy Communion. It was a lovely service. There was only a handful of officers and men there and we knelt under the clear, early morning sun to say the old familiar Church of England prayers and to pray especially for our loved ones from whom we are now separated. It was very quiet and peaceful. You all seemed very close. So did God."

BISHOPS AND THE WAR. (Continued)
An introduction at a public hall did not afford the man any claim to an intimacy with his partner afterwards. This today, sadly, is no longer the thing done, for a dance seems to bring about more intimacy than it is sometimes enjoyed by either one or the other of the partners. There was a definition of a dance that I came across that I am sure would interest you, my readers, it is the "passemezzeo," "The passemezzeo—passive, to walk; mezzo, half—was a slow dance in 4-4 time, little different to walking; it resembled the minuet in its movements, and was, about the year 1565, a favorite dance of Queen Elizabeth, who prided herself on the great skill and grace that she exhibited in its performance, and in elegance and splendor of her dresses. The Court dances of Henry VIII, her father, were similar to the above. A gentleman and lady joined hands or arms, at the close of the dance, and the gentleman was invariably rewarded with a kiss by his partner. This was the type of a dance that was considered as the best during those days as well as during the last part of the nineteenth century.

Today’s dances compared to those of bygone days are barbaric. One only has to watch a couple jitter-bugging to see to what a low level we finally have thrown ourselves as far as dancing is concerned. In those days dancing was a form of exercise and enjoyment, not a race to see who could hop about the floor faster or last the longest, as it is being done today. There is hardly any grace left in our modern dances, although we are trying our best to return to more normal ways of dancing. It seems as though dancing is trying to keep up with the fast passing way of time and while trying to do so it is destroying itself.

Looking Ahead

You have ever stopped to consider how many times you “look ahead”? But perhaps you are the kind that does not enjoy peering into the future. Looking ahead is such a pleasant occupation. It means building marvellous castles in the air, planning fantastic journeys to lands still unre­

Deep Sea Fishing

Have you ever gone fishing? Oh! I don’t mean fishing in a little brook waving your rod back and forth. The kind of fishing I mean is that which is done on the open sea and which takes plenty of courage and a good stomach.

There are two kinds of fishing—fresh water and salt water fishing. For the time being I shall talk only about salt water fishing. Let us suppose that we are going on a fishing trip to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. First of all we sign on as deck hands and then gather the necess­

Well! we have been sailing in this slight breeze for two days now and if you didn’t get sick then you never will. After a few days we reach the fishing grounds. Off in the distance we can see the form of another fishing schooner. As soon as the captain has chosen the right spot he gives the signal and the dories are lowered over the side. There are twelve dories on a ship with two men to a dory. The only men who do not leave the boat are the captain, cook, engineer and a deck hand. The fishermen spread out in all directions to set out their lines. As soon as their baited lines are out they return to the ship and wait for a few hours. They then return to their lines and prepare to haul in the fish. When all the lines are collected again the captain sets sail for home. On the way home the men divide into three groups to wash and salt down the fish.

One of the dangers of deep sea fishing on the New­

Page 39

NOVEMBER, 1944

R. BAILLY
A Soldier’s Letter

I could think of nothing more timely to submit to the MITRE than a letter which I received recently from my brother fighting in Italy. I quote:

* * *

Italy, September 26, 1944.

Dear Tom:

How are you this cold, frosty morning? Yes, believe it or not, it is cold here. At night we almost freeze, but in the daytime it warms up.

I suppose by this time you are settled down at university—my how lucky you are!

I am writing this letter, as usual, under very trying conditions—from my foxhole. We have been getting a few shells that keep dropping in.

No one back there can even begin to imagine the horror of all this—seeing your own men shot or killed, or hearing them in their pain crying for help—it is enough to make your blood run cold. So few of the branches of the service do the actual fighting—but I have the satisfaction of being an Infantryman.

I haven’t had any hot food for over two weeks and I shall probably get sick when I taste it again.

You should see me, unshaven for a week, dirty, uniform ripped, etc. I bet you would be glad to see me just the way I am.

I am feeling fit and fine—I am lean and hungry looking but still going strong. Love,

your brother Mat.

* * *

Lieutenant Matthew E. Gibson, of the United States Army, has been fighting in Italy for some months now. He is in an Infantry Regiment attached to a division of the American Fifth Army under General Clarke. Lt. Gibson was recently awarded the Silver Star decoration by the Under Secretary of War Patterson and General Clarke by command of the President of the United States for “most gallant action in battle”. His home is in Hamilton, Ont.

RUGBY

Shortly after we had returned this September, Mr. Poaps, the Manager of Football, started organizing a rugby team. Although there seemed to be considerable interest aroused at first this soon petered out. With the small handful of men that were left, it was thought wiser to drop the sport for this year.
performing unexpected antics and the players closely following. At the end of the game, after the referees and enraged players had finally disentangled themselves and final score was examined, it was discovered that the resident students had won with a 3-1 lead. McCredie and Scarth scored the three goals for the residents, while Waldman kept up the day students’ reputation with one tally. The players and spectators then gathered in the gym for a tea dance with music supplied on records.

BOWLING

Once again this year merry little groups of people periodically make their way down to the Y.W.C.A. in Sherbrooke to get a crack at some tenpins. Teams were arranged by Mr. Waldman and two strings are played by each team each night. When the schedule will have been completed, the scores will be added up to determine the winners. Up to the date that this column goes to press, too little bowling has taken place to set down results, but they will be published in the next issue of the Mitre. Bowling again this year proves to be an excellent form of relaxation, for not only is it a healthy form of exercise, but it also helps bring the students closer together.

TRACK

The annual Bishop’s track meet between Seniors and Frosh only partly took place due to adverse weather conditions on Saturday afternoon, October 21, with a promise that the remaining events would be run off the following week. This was carried as scheduled and the results are as follows:

Scoring—5 points for a win; 3 points for a second; 1 point for a third; 1 1/2 points for a tie.


High jump—1. Budning, 5; 2. Scarth, 2; 3. Fairbairn, 2. (4 feet 8 inches).

880 yard dash—1. Watt, 5; 2. Fairbairn, 3; 3. Bjerkeland, 1. (Time, 2 mins. 34.4 secs.)

220 yard dash—1. Sanders, 5; 2. Budning, 3; 3. Magee, 1. (Time, 24 1/10 secs.)

440 yard dash—1. Sanders, 5; 2. Watt, 3; 3. Bown, 1. (Time, 65 secs.)

One mile run—1. Watt, 5; 2. Fairbairn, 3; 3. McCredie, 3; 4. Waldman, 5/5. (Time, 7 mins. 7 secs.)


WOMEN’S BASKETBALL

Several practices have been held in the gym with Farky once again acting as coach this year. Some of the girls who played last year are again playing basketball and several new players were found among the Freshettes. The squad has some very promising players and it is hoped by all that they will have a very successful year.

(Basketball got off to a good start this year with many recruits coming in to replace the men who have left to join the armed services or to pursue their studies elsewhere. Up to the time of publication of this column, several practices have been held and in our ranks, we find the following men: McCredie, Pharo and Riese are back to play for another year. Thetford Mines send us two men, McCammon and Cooling. Coming from Lunenburg, N.S., we have Hopgood and Bailly. Charlie Budning and Les Blinn come to us from Sherbrooke High, and Johnny Ouellet from Stanstead College and Avrida High School. Recruits from the Alma Mater are Jim Kennedy, John MacNaughton and "Zeke" Poman. The squad in general shows promise of a very successful year and with Aubry Clarke once more taking the team over in capacity of coach, there are wonderful possibilities that the squad will bring home the championship.

BASKETBALL

Basketball got off to a good start this year with many recruits coming in to replace the men who have left to join the armed services or to pursue their studies elsewhere. Up to the time of publication of this column, several practices have been held and in our ranks, we find the following men: McCredie, Pharo and Riese are back to play for another year. Thetford Mines send us two men, McCammon and Cooling. Coming from Lunenburg, N.S., we have Hopgood and Bailly. Charlie Budning and Les Blinn come to us from Sherbrooke High, and Johnny Ouellet from Stanstead College and Avrida High School. Recruits from the Alma Mater are Jim Kennedy, John MacNaughton and "Zeke" Poman. The squad in general shows promise of a very successful year and with Aubry Clarke once more taking the team over in capacity of coach, there are wonderful possibilities that the squad will bring home the championship.

WOMEN’S BASKETBALL

Several practices have been held in the gym with Farky once again acting as coach this year. Some of the girls who played last year are again playing basketball and several new players were found among the Freshettes. The squad has some very promising players and it is hoped by all that they will have a very successful year.

(Ed. Note—All sports and events up to October 28 have been included in this write-up.)
I Like Newfoundland

J. G. HODDER

I like this Island of rugged beauty, with its rocky coasts and quiet little fishing villages nestled in sheltered coves. I like its immutability and spreading spruce trees, and the restless surrounding ocean.

I like to read about the past in Britain's oldest colony—Beothic Indians, John and Sebastian Cabot, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the Fishing Admirals, the Sealing Fleet, the French invaders, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the slow and often discouraging struggle to obtain constitutional freedom, civil rights, and the opening up of the country.

I like its quaint names—Lush's Bight, Joe Batt's Arm, Come by Chance, Comfort Cove, Little Head's Cove, Leadingleaf, St. Jones Within and St. Jones Without, Bay Bulls, Baccalieu, Step Aside, Butter Pot, Sugar Loaf, and the coast, broadcasts concerning necessary bait, warnings to sailors, marines and merchant navy men on Water Street, and naval vessels coming in through the Narrows of St. Bulls, Baccalieu, Step Aside, Butter Pot, Sugar Loaf, and Sugar Loaf (A delightful smell—the opposite of what the East wind brings to Bishop's from East Angus.)

I like to watch farming operations in this land—decided mixture of the primitive and scientific, where men and women struggle to bring small patches of land under cultivation—often with excellent results, where livestock crop the scanty grass in summer, and farmers with razor-sharp flippers (seal's fins) and cod tongues.

I like this land in which I was given my first opportunity to broadcast—to become a voice proclaiming: "Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the midst of the fires, even the Lord God of Israel, in the isles of the sea."

I like this land where I first took the wings of the thrills, and the comfort, and the speed of this modern method of travel.

And finally I like this land where I met and became engaged to "Daffy".

1902 1944

ECHENBURG BROS.

49 Wellington St. N. Sherbrooke, Que.

42 years of experience in supplying FURNITURE

For HOME, OFFICE or STUDY

Sherbrooke, Que. Telephone 50
THE MITRE

November, 1944

The announcement has recently been received by Mrs. E. L. Atto of Lennoxville, that her daughter Kathleen H. Atto, B.A. '17, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the nursing service of the United States Reserve Army, the second nurse to receive this rank. Lt.-Col. Atto is now stationed at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, N.Y. At the time of her enlistment in 1942 she was stewardess at MacLean Hospital, Waverly, Mass.

The Revd Canon F. Plasket, M.A. '05, was unanimously chosen to receive the 1944 Good Citizenship Award, presented by Post No. 4, Native Sons and Daughters of British Columbia in September. Canon Plasket retired after 32 years in the ministry on September 1. He was rural dean of the Diocese of New Westminster over 20 years and in recognition of his faithful service was appointed Canon of the Diocese by the Bishop.


* * *

Special

The reader of this column will be interested to hear about the unusual career of Gerald J. Cameron, B.A. '34, founder of the Little Theatre, who, after studying with different dramatic groups in Ottawa and New York City, directed a dramatic society at Riverside Church and was stage manager of the musical show "Pins and Needles" at Labor Stage, New York City. After the World's Fair he was appointed Director of the Gary Civic Theatre, Gary, Ind., where he produced a number of successful plays. In March 1941, Gerald enlisted as private in the U.S. Army and after having been posted to various army camps, he was granted his commission as 1st Lieutenant in spring 1943. That October he was selected to attend the School for Special Service at Washington Lee University, Lexington, Va., where he became production manager of the school show. Early in 1944 he left for overseas as qualified theatrical adviser and producer, arriving in Iran in April. Gerald's latest duties combine the offices of General Manager of a desert carnival and Theatrical Adviser of the Persian Gulf Command, in which capacity he conducted shows over the entire Persian Gulf Command.

In connection with the recent fighting in Normandy, reference is made by Ross Munro, Canadian Press War Correspondent, to S. V. R. Walters, M '40, as follows: "Every time there is a big battle on the tanks of the Sherbrooke Fossilers seem to be in it . . . Four majors have led squadrons through most of them . . S. V. (Woppy) Radley-Walters, of Shigawake, Que., and Quebec City, the leading Canadian ace with fourteen tanks now to the credit of himself and his crew, is one of these majors. Professor F. O. Call, B.A. '05, M.A. '08, D.C.L., has since his retirement taken up residence at Knowlton and has recently been elected Vice-President of the Canadian Authors' Association.

Mrs. E. C. G. Barrett, M '31, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Raymond, after having escaped Singapore just ahead of the Japanese invaders, has finally reached home safely after a long and frequently interrupted journey via South Africa and England.

Don't rely on rumors!

Get the latest college news by reading The Campus

This newspaper will be published fortnightly by the students of this University.

For information or subscriptions contact the business manager by mail or phone (315)

Ed. Note—The Mitre extends its thanks to the Principal, Dr. A. H. McGregor, Dr. W. O. Raymond, Miss Edgell, Miss Bigg and all other contributors who assisted greatly in the compilation of this column by supplying us with news from here, there and everywhere.

Alumni Notes is the Old Grads' column. Although it is of interest to all present members of the college, it is primarily concerned with the graduates and former members, who for this very reason have to be the main supporters (i.e., contributors) of this department. I am, therefore, renewing the appeal to all of you—graduates and members of this university—for more contributions, and would like to remind you that, although spectacular news attracts attention, not every interesting fact has to be spectacular. So, try to keep the alumni in touch with you by keeping in touch with the alumni.
Compliments of

Dominion Tar & Chemical Company, Limited

JOHN NICHOL & SONS
REGISTERED
MEAT MARKET
POULTRY OF BEST QUALITY
HAM, BACON, SAUSAGE, and FRESH and CURED MEAT
Always on hand at Reasonable Prices.
Try Our DRY CURED BACON
LENNOXVILLE, QUE. Telephone 310

Compliments of

"The House of Service"

PAGE-SANGSTER
PRINTING COMPANY LIMITED
ALBERT STREET - TELS. 467-8 - SHERBROOKE, P. Q.
CASTINGS

BRONZE • BRASS • ALUMINUM

FAST DELIVERY FROM OUR MODERN FOUNDRY

We make the patterns, too
Send us your blueprints. We can make the necessary patterns for your castings — in wood or metal.

UNION SCREEN PLATE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

PHONE LENNOXVILLE 12
FOR SPEEDY SERVICE

Expert workmanship and modern equipment guarantee high quality castings. Bronze and Brass castings up to 3,000 lbs — Aluminum castings up to 400 lbs.

McKindsey's Drug Store
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Ansell's Drug Store
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

BOOKS from All Publishers
GIFTS for All Occasions
CARDS for Everyone

Rosemary Gift Shop
2 DUFFERIN AVENUE — SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Christmas Wishes
J. A. GERVAIS
BARBER
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

J. A. ROBERT Limitee
FURS and EXCLUSIVE LINGERIES
Telephone 963
40 WELLINGTON ST. N. — SHERBROOKE, QUE.

RENE'S RESTAURANT
RENE BUSER, Prop.
MAIN STREET — LENNOXVILLE, QUE.
Foresight

is indispensable for security.
Never in history has it been so necessary to take care of tomorrow with the resources of today. And that is exactly what you do when you become a policyholder of the

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

P. D. AUTHIER
STATIONERY STORE
Call in. We will both appreciate it.
12 Wellington St. S. Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of

LEVESQUE LTÉE
20 Wellington South Sherbrooke, Que.

WILSON'S
Furniture for the Home
Pianos, R.C.A. Victor Radios, Frigidaire, Victor and Bluebird Records, Music
Easy Washing Machines, Gurney Stoves New Home Sewing Machines

H. C. Wilson & Sons Ltd.
37 Wellington St. N. Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of the
ROYAL HOTEL
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of
GRAND CAFE
Wellington St. N., Sherbrooke

THE NEW SHERBROOKE
Corner Depot and King Street
R. A. BADGER, Manager
Sherbrooke's Most Up-to-Date Hotel

Solid brick building—Thoroughly modern
165 rooms, 75 with bath attached
20 commercial sample rooms—Garage in connection
Elevator service—Long Distance Telephone in Every Room

ARNOLD'S LTD.
Sherbrooke's Most Up-to-Date Men's Store
Agents
COOKS CLOTHES FOR MEN

RENNERTS INC.
THE STYLE CENTER FOR THRIFTY WOMEN
6 Wellington N. Sherbrooke, Que.

H. J. McCONNELL
OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN
Phone 37 for Appointment
102 Wellington St. N. Sherbrooke, Que.

OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

WHARRAM BROS.
Main Street Lennoxville, Que.
C. C. CHADDOCK
GROCERIES, FRUITS
AND VEGETABLES

Our Motto Is:
Better Groceries, Better Service and Better
Satisfaction at a very reasonable price.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

CHALLENGER
Watches

EVERYBODY'S
WATCH
for
EVERYDAY
SERVICE

Practical round Watch, yellow
case, 17-jewel Challenger
movement $2.50
Tax extra

Stainless steel, shock and water
resistant, 17-jewel
Challenger movement $7.50
Tax extra

Serviced in our stores from coast to coast.

BIRKS JEWELLERS

Everyday Practical Round Watch, Yellow Case, 17-Jewel Challenger Movement $2.50
Tax Extra

Stainless Steel, Shock and Water Resistant, 17-Jewel Challenger Movement $7.50
Tax Extra

Serviced in Our Stores from Coast to Coast.
Lead in Appearance!

Sherbrooke's Finest Specialty Shop for Men can supply the most exacting and conservative.

See Our Prices.

REMEMBER A 10% DISCOUNT IS GRANTED TO STUDENTS

Fashion Craft Shop

Corner King and Wellington
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES

CLASSON KNITTING MILLS LIMITED
Manufacturers of
DISTINCTIVE KNITTED NOVELTIES
Mills at
44 Wellington St. S., SHERBROOKE, QUE.
Sales Office: 1405 Peel Street, Montreal

For Your Insurance Requirements
SEE—
SOUTHWOOD, CAMPBELL & HOWARD
AGENTS
4 Marquette Street SHERBROOKE, QUE.
Telephone 100