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# The Mitre

VOL. 52 NO. 1

MICHAELMAS ISSUE  
1944



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*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.

# Roll of Honour

†

- AMES, E. J., M '41, Pilot Officer . . . . . R.C.A.F.
- BENNETT, D. W., B.Sc. '39, Flight Sergeant . . . . . R.C.A.F.
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- BOOTHROYD, E. F. H., B.A. '36, Lieut. . . . . R. M. Reg't
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- CARROL, J. M., B.A. '30, Lieut. . . . . C.A.C.
- CHUTE, D. W., B.Sc., '42, Lieut. . . . . R.C.A.
- DOAK, G. W., B.A. '32, Staff Sergeant . . . . . Forestry Corps
- DUVAL, P. H., M '44, P/O . . . . . R.C.A.F.
- ETHIER, P., M '40, B.A., P/O . . . . . R.C.A.F.
- GALL, H. W., B.A. '34, Lieut. . . . . C.A.
- GRAY, H. T., M '40, W/Air Gunner . . . . . R.C.A.F.
- JACK, D. L., M '44, P/O . . . . . R.C.A.F.
- KING, W. H., . . . . . Priest
- LYNN, B. F., M '45, Lieut. . . . . Can. Army
- LYSTER, F. N., B.A. '38, Lieut. . . . . Royal Rifles
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- STAIRS, G. B.A. '41, Capt. . . . . C.A.C.
- STEVENS, T. C., M '40, Lieut. . . . . Sherbrooke Fus. Reg't C.A.C.
- TRENHOLME, W. H., B.A. '37, 2/Lt. . . . . C.A.C.
- TULK, A. R., B.A. '41, Lieut. . . . . R.C.E.

"He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause"



It is with pride that we dedicate this issue of "The Mitre" to the President of the Corporation, a past Dean of Divinity, the Most Rev. Philip Carrington, M.A., Litt.D., S.T.D., D.C.L., D.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 those 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.

*Philip Puel*

All Souls' Day, 1944.

## Editorial

Proudly we present to you the first number of the Fifty-second Volume of the Mitre. As we enter another year of this publication we intend to make it what its founders wanted it to be—a literary magazine, worthy of the traditions of the College. Several new features will be added this year, among them the "Grad Letter" department. We herewith invite all graduates to write to the Editor about interesting experiences they have had, and we will print as much as space will permit. We believe that this will be of great interest to many former students.

We are also trying to increase our circulation, but unfortunately the rationing of newsprint prevents us from doing so on a large scale. However, more than one hundred letters were sent out by the Circulation Department and the reply was quite generous. Among the many answers received was the following letter, which was written by Mr. Herbert Smith, M.A., principal of the Coaticook High School:

The Managing Editor, "The Mitre",  
University of Bishop's College.

Dear Sir:

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 "dear old Bish", whereas I am a graduate of McGill and Michigan. Finally you address me as one 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 is a B.Sc. and a graduate of "dear 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 freshettes 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. Jefferies and Dr. Masters.

Dr. Jefferies 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, obtaining 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. Jefferies, 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. Jefferies 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 he has become a great authority on the subject. In 1937 he published a book entitled *The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854*, which necessitated a great deal of research in England and at Washington, D.C. He is also the author of several articles on Canadian History in the *Canadian Historical Review*. After obtaining his Ph.D. in History at Oxford in 1935 he taught at the University of Manitoba where he was Honorary President of Debating. Prof. Masters is an ardent reader of detective stories and his arrival has introduced a new character to the Campus—Peter, his pet spaniel. If time allows, Dr. Masters intends to take up golf and tennis. To Dr. and Mrs. Masters and their baby daughter, Margaret, we would like to extend a hearty welcome, and we hope that they will like Bishop's as much as Prof. Masters' predecessor.

And so friends we leave you now, and we hope that you will enjoy reading the *Mitre* as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you. On behalf of the Mitre Board we wish you all a merry Christmas and a very happy, prosperous, and victorious new year.

## Wilson Carlile - Christ's Dauntless Crusader

F. GOOCH

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 forty-seven, in Brixton, then a suburb now a part of the metropolis of London. He was the son of William Carlile and Margaret Wilson, and in him were united two great Scottish families. His father, a shrewd and successful merchant, was a distant relation of Thomas Carlyle, a contemporary literary figure, while his mother was a direct descendant of a famous family of the Cheviot Hills in the days of border warfare between England and Scotland. Their son, the eldest of a family of ten, inherited liberally of the best qualities and characteristics of both parents.

In his early childhood Wilson Carlile was sickly and for some time this prevented attendance at school and also any participation in the usual rough and tumble sports of boyhood. This malady, chiefly centred in the spine, was overcome by constant care, by persistent exercise, so that, when he was twelve years of age, he enjoyed the normal healthy activities of the average schoolboy. It had been the sole intention of both his grandfather and father that Wilson should at the earliest date enter their wholesale cloth business in Cheapside and eventually succeed to the ownership.

After leaving school in eighteen hundred and sixty-three, Wilson Carlile actually began his business career but only a mere beginning was made, for after six months in the business world, and in the humblest positions it offered, his grandfather advocated a further period in school. Accordingly young Carlile journeyed to France and at the city of Lille was enrolled in a small French-English school, much patronized in those years by English as well as French families, desirous of completing their sons' education in an international, bilingual setting.

After three years in France, Wilson Carlile returned to London and re-entered his chosen profession in the business circles of Cheapside. This time success attended his industrious efforts from the very outset. In a comparatively short time he succeeded on his grandfather's retirement to partnership in the business, and still later on his father's withdrawal to form other business associations, to the full ownership of the long established firm founded by the senior Carlile. He set himself the personal objective of amassing a fortune of half-a-million pounds before his twenty-fifth birthday. He more than achieved this goal. In eighteen hundred and seventy-one with a personal fortune much in excess of the original objective, he married and settled down to what he expected then was to be a long and successful career in the business world. He enjoyed a keen

natural insight into business and political affairs—an asset which led to both European buying trips even during the Franco-Prussian War, and establishment of branches in several provincial English cities. This picture of success was rudely and completely shattered in the early spring of eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

On Good Friday of that year there occurred one of the most disastrous crashes of all financial history. In the resultant turmoil Wilson Carlile lost his entire personal fortune and managed to salvage but an infinitely small part of his vast business assets. The mental and physical shock caused by such a tragedy brought about a recurrence of his old boyhood malady. For some weeks he was confined to bed under a doctor's care. In later years he described this time as, "his Damascus road, when God threw him on his back, that he might the better look up into the face of the Almighty." This period of serious illness and the following time of convalescence was a time when the prayers of a favourite aunt were definitely answered. She had long tried to interest Wilson Carlile in more than merely formal and perfunctory membership in a Methodist Chapel. While convalescent, at her insistence he read Mackay's *Grace and Truth*, a book which provoked him to seriously reflect upon his past life in all its phases and even more particularly consider his plans for the future. The final upshot of the whole long-drawnout experience was simply his conversion. A turning away from what was wrong and past with definite steps in a new direction toward God.

Upon recovery of health Wilson Carlile set himself to work with characteristic energy to reconstruct his business and make further necessary provision for supporting his wife and family. Now, however, this work was done with a most marked difference. No longer was every waking moment devoted to self-betterment but time was found for outside interests and activities which would primarily benefit others. At first he found a channel for such service through membership in a chapel of the Plymouth Brethren assembling near Blackfriars Bridge. Here, both he and his devoted wife laboured tirelessly until the early autumn of eighteen hundred and seventy-five, when for a seemingly innocent episode, he was solemnly suspended from the membership in the Brethren as an "unworthy brother". His offence had been, to attend at his father's invitation, a celebration of the Holy Communion in Holy Trinity Parish Church, Richmond.

This severance of relationship with the Plymouth Brethren cast him loose to find a spiritual home elsewhere. Most fortunately his father's influence was still strong in his life

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 an entirely new phase in the lives of not only Wilson Carlile and his wife but also in his brothers and sisters for now in some capacity or another the entire family became workers in Holy Trinity parish. For Wilson Carlile these next two years brought countless opportunities for good work amongst boys and young men especially—he was always given charge of the most difficult and unmanageable youths who attended the Sunday School. This work and other volunteer assistance given to such projects as the London Evangelistic Society, the great Moody and Sanky Mission either as choir leader or organist or more rarely as a speaker, gave Wilson Carlile both an experience of such activities which he never forgot and also a clearer reason for taking another great forward step. He had long felt the inadequacy of part-time church work and after consultation with his friend Bishop Thorold, he took the necessary steps to answer what he now came to realize was 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 ordained a year later to the priesthood.

After ordination he was appointed to the parish of St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, where as the junior member of a staff of ten clergy he served under the Rev. Carr Glynn, later to become the Bishop of Peterborough. The rector very quickly realized that the new fledgling curate was no run-of-the-mill college graduate but had very unusual ideas and what was equally necessary, a sufficiently forceful personality to carry the ideas to a successful conclusion. The Reverend Wilson Carlile found his chief avenue of service in work amongst young men and boys, the parish hooligans and those who for one reason or another never entered the doors of their parish church although claiming membership in the same. Through the medium of lantern services in the parish hall, outdoor services of witness, street processions complete to a vested choir, visitation amongst those who gathered in the local pubs, Wilson Carlile did two things of vast importance. He took the church to the unchurched and in his own mind at least, established firmly, the then novel principle of the use of lay teachers and lay preachers, devoted, consecrated men and women who would carry a layman's message to laymen.

As a result of all his self-sacrificing work through two years in that Kensington parish, the great society of which he was to be the beloved chief for sixty years came to birth in the slum parish of Westminster. Here, under the guiding genius of Wilson Carlile, ably and loyally assisted by

several close friends, supported by two or three influential English clergymen and by the Home Missions Society, the Church Army began its work. From this year onward the stories of the life of Wilson Carlile and of the Church Army are so closely interwoven, for all that the Society planned and did was under his personal guidance or at his suggestion, that it is quite impossible to tell the one without relating the other.

During the first two tumultuous years of its history the Church Army under Wilson Carlile made tremendous strides. He soon realized the necessity of adequate training in the evangelistic work for which purpose he founded the society. Accordingly in eighteen hundred and eighty-five and again respectively two and four years later, training centres were opened in Oxford then in London for both men and women workers. In this training of his workers the founder was loyally assisted by Miss Marie Carlile, a younger sister. These years up to the turn of the century passed quickly for Wilson Carlile for they were so filled with activities dear to himself and those he gathered about him that little time was available for other less important activities. In the closing decade of the nineteenth century Wilson Carlile saw the Church Army personnel increase to over three hundred workers in many busy centres besides London and the beginning of two new and then untried means of work. The first of these was the introduction of itinerating mission vans in eighteen hundred and ninety-five for work in England's rural and resort districts but this was preceded by the admission of Church Army workers to Britain's penal institutions by permission of the Home Office, an hitherto unheard of procedure in such places.

Throughout the course of the first quarter of the twentieth century, as the Church Army grew in importance and in popularity, Wilson Carlile's personal direction of the work became less evident as organization necessarily became more complex but his connection with the Society remained as strong as in early days and it was to his guiding genius that subordinate workers still fondly and hopefully looked. The various new developments in social service, prison welfare, evangelistic and parochial mission works owed something small or great to the influence and interest of the Chief of the Church Army. Yet with all the work incumbent upon him as founder and chief secretary he found time for work outside that of the Church Army itself. From eighteen hundred and ninety-one until nineteen hundred and twenty-six he served as the vicar of St. Mary-at-Hill, an old established London city parish.

His chief interest was always the work of the Society. Through daily attendance in his office—which in even his declining years was only equipped with a straight chair, a tall stool and a desk—he effected personal contact with all

(Continued on page 30)

## An Introduction To Gothic Architecture

Rev'd R. W. PEIRCE

Architecture has been called "The Mother of the Arts" and as man must have shelter she can at least claim precedence in regard to time. While painting can bring out existing and imaginary effects, architecture can create them. A picture or a statue, no matter how famous, occupies but a small place, whereas architecture has grandeur, proportions and associations. If painting can give variety and contrast of form and colour, so can architecture; if sculpture claims refinement and an exquisite balance of parts as its own, architecture is able to provide all these charms.

Architecture is progressive, and must keep pace with the development of the wants, faculties, and sentiments of man. The decorative arts arise from and should properly be attendant on architecture. Ecclesiology is one of the phases of architectural study and it devotes its energies to the reverent serving and adorning of churches in the best possible manner. Decoration embraces all the arts of design.

It is the office of architecture to illustrate the forces by which construction is maintained, and as a master of fine arts it presses into its services all others which can aid towards its purpose. Architecture gives form and feature to them as things of vitality; and thus a building rises into being, a creature of living art, a thing of beauty. Seeing the question in this light the arts of sculpture, wall painting, stained glass, tapestry and so forth cluster around it with all their music of form and colours. It is thus that the arts of design step in. Then comes colour to add riches to what the other arts have begun, and to perfect those signs of life and thought and movement which they draw out.

The treatment of sacred subjects upon the walls and in the windows of churches demands the most careful thought. The highest art is unsatisfactory when it is not in perfect relation to the place it fills. A painting may be beautiful, but its beauty is marred by the fact that its conditions have not been fulfilled. For instance, it is the painter's object to get rid of surface and to realise open space. It is the architect's object to maintain surface, and to realise solidity. The beauties of architecture are referable to the beauties of utility, of regularity, of delicacy, of association.

The study of church architecture may be approached from so many sides, and possess so many and varied sources of attraction, that we can easily see why persons of the greatest possible varieties of tastes and temperments take such a lively interest in it at the present time. No one in whom there lingers any feeling of association with the past—of delight in what is beautiful—of awe at what is lofty and sublime—can really be indifferent to the claims of ecclesiastical architecture.

The history of church architecture is so closely allied

with the progress of civilisation and the general history of countries that it is impossible to understand the one without some knowledge of the other. Every country develops in the course of time its own art, literature, and architecture. English architecture was the result of climate, 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 peculiar in this respect about architecture, for with all human enterprises that are worth anything there is never rest. In different localities the "mode" came to be carried out 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.

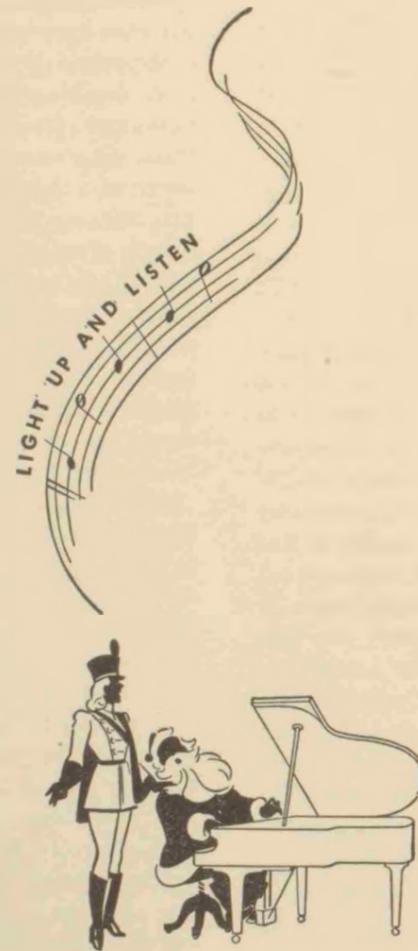
There are two ways of discovering a classification of Gothic architecture, we may go either by dates or by forms, for the progress of the style went in such close correspondence that either would answer the purpose. As regards also the classification by reigns of sovereigns, most people will have heard 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 locality, 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 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 building, 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 not have the grandeur of size, 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 assemblings of architectural styles, invest them with an individuality that is somehow lacking in their greatest sisters.

English art is everywhere distinguished by love of, and carefulness of detail; by general reserve and sobriety of

(Continued on page 30)



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## Lennoxville Of Other Days

MARGARET MERRILL

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 Passimptic 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 as far east as Bury, then Scotstown, and finally to Lake Megantic. The trains on both railways then went to Sherbrooke on the Grand Trunk tracks.

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, Main street on the west side as far as R. C. McFadden's store, on the east side from opposite Church street to George Bolduc's store. It was a hot windy day with the water very low. Sherbrooke's one fire engine pumped one stream from the river. They also used pails of water, the only other means of fighting the flames.

A good-sized hotel, the Clarke Hotel, stood where the Post Office now is; another hotel, the Albion, together with a store on the opposite corner, was burned a year or two later. The College House, now the Roman Catholic church, and what is now Mr. Andrews home are now on the sites of these hotels.

Copper smelting works once stood where the W. A. Bown mill now stands; the ore being hauled from Capelton. Following the building of the railroad the smelting was done at Capelton. These unused buildings were destroyed in the great fire of 1874.

St. George's Anglican church, in the olden days was further back from the street, with a tall steeple in front, a

gallery around three sides of the church, an arched gateway over the entrance to walk directly into the building. When the church was extended in front unfortunately some fine elm trees had to be cut down. The Methodist church, a small wooden building with the vestry at the rear, was on Belvidere street where Mr. A. A. Perrault's home now stands. The present United church was built about 1875 and dedicated in February of 1876. The Catholic church stood where Mrs. Atto's house now stands on Park Avenue and when it was built a lane from Main street was extended and widened to form Church street. The church, after being enlarged and provided with a new steeple, was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

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 Flats, 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 sight, 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. When tobogganing is spoken of the Spring Road slide should be included. It was a natural slide on the George McCurdy farm and ended on the St. Francis River. Snowshoe parties roamed the fields and woods about Lennoxville before skiing replaced snowshoeing in winter sports.

The school system consisted of two red district schools—one on Warren Street, which was a lane reaching only to the school. The building is now Mr. E. B. Dundin's residence. The other school was at the top of the hill opposite the Stacey home, now belonging to Charles Parkin. To-

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 sight 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. Lucius 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 1861, 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 is sometimes called, was founded in 1845 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 rink 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

lived at the Clarke Hotel. The Cummings family who lived in what we know as the Hubert Ames property, was then known as Rock Grove, became great friends with the Davis family while they were in Lennoxville. They were so kind to the Southerners that when they were leaving Mr. Davis asked his wife, "Varina, what is the most valuable thing I have left in the world?" Mrs. Davis replied, "Why, Jeff, your Bible." Shortly afterwards he sent his Bible to Miss Jennie Cummings with this inscription on the fly leaf, "To Miss Cummings as a token of sincere regard and esteem of her friend Jeff Davis, Lennoxville, 17th July, 1868." We are told that after Miss Cummings' death, she was the eldest of the family, the Bible became the property of Stephen Cummings' a descendant; he passed the Bible on to the Confederate museum in Richmond, Va., as "a precious relic of a great and good man I was fortunate enough to know in my youth."

The Dominion Experimental Station was opened in 1914 with the late Mr. John A. McClary as superintendent. Mr. McClary belonged to a notable family. In historical records we find that the McClary family have the right of membership in the Society of Cincinnati, an old society which would rank with the Daughters of the Revolution because they are descendants of General Michael and Major Andrew McClary of military fame. Mr. J. A. Ste-Marie is the present superintendent of the station.

No street lights, people carrying lanterns when they went out after dark; no water supply or sewer, no sidewalks except gravel, a few narrow plank-walks, muddy streets—that was Lennoxville 50 years ago.



## Alma Mater

Bishop's we pledge to thee  
Our faith and loyalty  
For thou wilt ever be  
Our College home.  
As year rolls after year,  
Thou Alma Mater dear  
Wilt be forever near  
Where'er we roam.

Nestling among thy hills,  
Vibrant thy spirit fills  
Our striving hearts and wills  
With courage strong.  
When we must leave to go  
Into life's fuller flow,  
May "Duo Potimo"  
Still bear us on.

## 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 — "Zeke". 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.)—Z. 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.—F.K.

Grand'mère, Quebec, thought that it should have a representative at U. B. C., so JOHN ABOUD 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 here so long as he can keep his studies up to date. One of his interesting experiences was a harvester's trip out West, which he apparently enjoyed very much.

MARJORIE IDA ALLPORT arrived in Smith's Falls, Ontario on September 24, 1926. She secured her early education at Smith's Falls public schools, and later attended the Collegiate Institute. Her activities there consisted of basketball and the Glee Club. She hopes to play basketball at Bishop's, as well as studying for her B.A. Her plans after graduation remain a dark secret.

Edited by

Miss F. McFADDEN  
D. S. LITWIN

Coming from the Bluenose port of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, we have ROBERT WILLIAM BAILLY. His eventful life began on August 14, 1927, and at the tender age of five Bob began attending Lunenburg Academy. Active and interested in sports, he hopes to take part in them at U. B. C. Bob's intention is to enter McGill for mechanical engineering after completing his B.Sc. course. He has had several thrills in deep-sea fishing on the Newfoundland Banks and in flying with the Air Cadets.

JUDITH ANN BAKER first appeared in Lennoxville on March 13, 1927. She attended Lennoxville High School, and later King's Hall, Compton. Besides studying at Compton, Judy sang, danced, acted and took part in several sports. Activities at Bishop's include "anything and everything—except debating". After obtaining her B.A. Judy hopes to take commercial art, probably in Boston. Interesting past experiences with an exclamation mark, are left to the imagination.

In Montreal on February 12, 1927, was born MAXWELL KENNETH BANFILL. 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 Ascot 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.

TORALF 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.  
 Success is failure turned inside out,  
 The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,  
 And you never can feel how close you are;  
 It may be near when it seems afar,  
 So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,  
 It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

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 LENNOXVILLE QUEBEC

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 BLINN was born in Stanbridge East and from there moved to Montreal. This, however, was not enough travelling for him as he soon graced 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 MACINTYRE 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 "Dumbel" 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 BUDNING was born in Sherbrooke on August 15, 1925. At Sherbrooke High he played rugby, basketball, badminton, track, and softball. He was also an active Hi-Y 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 sports activities 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 MAVIS

CLARKE, who was landed by the stork in the city of Montreal on May 7, 1927. She was active in dramatics and badminton at St. Lambert. Now that she has arrived at Bishop's she hopes to continue with dramatics. Like most of the freshettes, she refuses to tell of any interesting experiences.

CHARLES JAMES AUSTIN CONNERY 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 CURPHEY. Born in Hull, Quebec, on June 1, 1925, Gerry studied at Ottawa Normal Model School, Glashan 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 CURRIER, was born at South Ham, Quebec, on the bright winter day of September 30, 1927. Norm attended South Ham and Dudswell schools, Bishopton 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. Norm 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 20, 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

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 worked for the "Dumbel" 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 ALEXANDER FULLER was born in Sherbrooke and attended school there. He took part in sports, dramatics, worked on the school magazine, was a member of the Hi-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 REESE 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, Marbleton, Bishopton, Bury and Granby Schools have been honoured with the presence of GWEN GILBERT. Gwen started her career in Marbleton on June 7, 1927, and has been on the go ever since. Then, this September, 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 dramatics, and isn't he ambitious though, to study. He was added to the human fold on September 29, 1927, and is known by name as IRWIN GLISERMAN. Irwin took his preliminary studies at the Royal Arthur Public School and at the High School of Montreal, where he did some very good art work for the school magazine, took part in sports and social activities. He's studying for his B.A. here and plans to be a quack (pardon us—we mean doctor) when he graduates.

FRANCIS NELSON GOOCH, who was born in Toronto on November 16, 1919, attended Harbord Collegiate and Jarvis Collegiate, where he took part in inter-form sports, played minor parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and was interested in the camera club activities. At Bish to

study Theology, he plans to take part in dramatics and debating. After ordination he is planning parochial work in the diocese of Ottawa, as well as marriage. (His fiancée resides in Ottawa.) We know that he has had an interesting past, having spent five years with the Church Army and having done parochial, police court and Juvenile Family Court Welfare work.

Well, look who's here! None other than CLIFFORD STANLEY GUNDESEN. Cliff was born in far-off Wetaskiwin, Alberta, in 1926, and attended Lennoxville High. There he was interested in sports and held the position of Students' Council treasurer. Cliff's studying for a B.Sc. at Bishop's and plans to take part in sports and social activities. After leaving the happy atmosphere here he's planning to study medicine or mechanical engineering. As for interesting past experiences Cliff says he's had a few, but won't let us in on them. Can't you just guess, though?

THOMAS HARDY, who 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 time 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 Coaticook 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, and then obtain newspaper work.

HELEN IRIS HILLIER left the company of her celestial fellow-cherubim to appear in Quebec City on December 3, 1925. She was educated at La Tuque High School where she participated in badminton, tennis, skiing, bowling and softball. 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 as merely interesting, is an understatement. Will Bishop's seem tame after this? We have our doubts.

CHARLES REGINALD HOPGOOD was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on May 30, 1925. 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 C.O.T.C. 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 HUNTING 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.

HAZEL JOYCE JOHNSON 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 Bishop's. After graduation she intends to qualify for an M.A. Joyce does not want to reveal her interesting past experiences. (We know what we are talking about when we say interesting—Ed.)

ETHEL ELIZABETH JOHNSTON, one of our numerous Thetfordites, was born on June 12, 1927. At Bishop's she is interested in basketball, badminton, golf, bowling, and Glee Club. (Or maybe just plain glee, if we are to judge by that infectious giggle.) Her course of study will be B. A. and after graduation she plans to take up nursing. In her past, she lists a fishing trip up north, and also being run away with by a horse, and a pony. Betty was elected senior freshette and we feel that she will do a good job.

ELSIE LILLIAN KEZAR was born at North Hatley on November 10, 1926. At North Hatley Consolidated High School Elsie took part in basketball, hockey and other games. She has no activities planned for Bishop's but will undoubtedly find much to keep her busy. Elsie is taking an Arts Course, and intends to teach after graduation.

MONIQUE LAFONTAINE was born in Thetford Mines on November 2. As she seems afraid of giving the year, we must form our own conclusions. She attended the convents of Thetford and Stanstead and also Thetford High School. At Bishop's she will participate in basketball, tennis and skiing, while studying for her B.Sc. degree.

DAVID STANLEY LITWIN 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 Litwins arrived in Montreal and settled there. At Guy Drummond, Alfred Joyce and Strathcona Academy he managed to gather enough knowledge to secure a matric and invade 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 personal slave—Editor). 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, that day would not be too far in the offing.

Sherbrooke welcomed CONSTANCE A. LOVELAND on October 15, 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 Tenzelevenz Club, Students' Council, and Dumbel staff. 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 wants to do research. Connie counts being Councillor at Quebec Lodge as an interesting past experience.

JOHN DOUGLAS STEWART MACDONALD was born in Sherbrooke on September 2, 1927. He attended Mitchell School, Sherbrooke High and Lennoxville High. Always active in sports he intends to beat past records here while working for a B.Sc. In the future he hopes to be a doctor.

SHIRLEY MARY MACKAY names as her birthplace that solidly Scotch settlement of Gould, Que., The date of her birth was January 19, 1928. She attended Gould Intermediate School and Cowansville High. There, as secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association and Editor of the C. H.S. magazine, she obtained experience which recommended her for the position of junior associate on our *Mitre*. At Bish will study for her degree of B.Sc. in Economics.

GLEN ANDERSON MAGEE was born in Montreal on July 31, 1926. He attended Roslyn, Westmount Junior High and Westmount High schools, where he played hockey, football, and basketball and entered into track and field sports all of which he wants to continue here. Glen is working hard to obtain a degree in Arts in hopes of some day becoming a doctor. By the way, Glen, what is this we hear about you and a certain pub up north?

It was in Aylmer, Quebec, on October 23, 1924, that JEAN ALBERT MARTIAL was born. John studied at Verdun, St. Lambert, Montreal and St. Pat's before coming here. He 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 John's interesting experiences include working as a helmsman on a lake steamer. We all wish him the best of luck in his work here.

CLELAND 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 Brookbury on April 7, 1927. He attended Brookbury High where he took part in dramatics. And is now pursuing a B.Sc. in Economics in hope of becoming a teacher.

ROBERT A. K. MASCHKE was born in Le Have, Nova Scotia, on August 28, 1920. He attended Le Have 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 ALBERT MCCAMMON was born in Quebec City on February 19, 1926. He attended Thetford High where



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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 MCKINDSEY. 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 hikes, but exactly what kind we have not been told.

MARGARET E. MERRILL 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. MIDLIDGE 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 at the Anglican Boys Camp at Leeds this past summer.

DONALD HAGUE MILLS was born in Three Rivers on August 29, 1927. He attended Three Rivers High School 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 MILTMORE 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, although surely she must have one or two. However, we did glean the fact that she will study for her B.A. while at college.

MAGARET 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 endear her to basketball-minded colleagues. Being nearly shipwrecked off the north shore does not seem to have daunted her.

ROBERT ALFRED NUGENT 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 its 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, 1925, 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 RIDDELL, 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, 1926. 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, 1926, 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 he'll tell us is that he has worked in a 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 Dunrae 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 skiing, 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 the favour of a certain young lady.

ALLAN SUTHERLAND is an old timer to Lennoxville; he was born on June 29, 1928, and went to Lennoxville High School, where he took part in sports. He doesn't intend to do much at Bishop's, except earn his B.Sc. After graduation Allan is going to study medicine.

VIRINIA CORRINE WIGGETT 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 attended Bradbourne College, England, but ended up at good old S.H.S. At school 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, Honkilahti, Finland, to be exact, where he was born on August 24, 1926. ANDY OLAVI WIRTANEN 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.

## ODE

MARY HALL

When June came, shimmering on the lips of Spring,  
And lilacs fanned 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 giving her a host of wordless songs,  
Dotting the night with wondrous insect wings,  
And whispering wisdom to dull human throngs.  
Thus nature paved the way to human hearts,  
And woke such passion in young men and maids,  
That April spent a quiverful of darts  
And Venus ruled the sweet and silent glades,  
—Such stuff is 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.

## Did Someone Say Vitamins ?

K. BANFILL

Ah, vitamins! Those minute scientific eccentricities that have been discovered just so that someone can ask us: "Have you had your vitamins today?" That someone probably doesn't care much about it but as it is rapidly becoming an accepted topic of conversation even in the best of families. We must discuss it so that we, too, may be one of the best of families. For all we know our questioner might be a salesman of the obnoxious type that wants us to take a daily dozen of Zilch's A-Z Complex 12-a-Day Brand Sooper-Dooper Vitamins, but who wouldn't take one in a million years, even if paid to do so.

We walk into a drug store and are greeted with colourful placards loudly announcing what will happen to our out-of-the-way corners if we don't take our daily dose of Someone's Q Complex Pills. We turn around and are affronted with sickening sketches that ought only to be in a restricted edition of a medical text-book, showing the extremely decomposed state of the internal organs belonging to Mrs. Hepzibah Finkleheimer (a purely fictitious character created by the ad-men), who didn't take the necessary amount of Fuggmeister's Vitamin Pillie-Willies (which probably give us the Heebie-Jeebies) to keep her in good health. Then we are told to "meet Mr. X . . . the man next door who didn't—" and so on, ad infinitum. How often we wish that the perpetrators of these infamies would take some of their own potent poisons and find out good won't be done to them!

To promote sales of the obnoxious items the radios blare raucously forth into the unoffending ears of the offended public, little tales of how Vitaman K (which has an unpronounceable technical name) was discovered and what it does cure (which seems to be everything under the sun) and never what it doesn't. Our patience is further infringed upon by badly written melodramas in the "soap-opera" style that hold "poor, little Susie Q . . ." up to the disgusted listener's eye (or ear, if you prefer) for a minute while the announcer's smooth, oiling voice tells all about her "listless, rundown condition" and then asks in sepulchral tones like the crack of doom "Do you see dark spots before your eyes? If so, take Dr. Quack's Vitie-Wities and see them in glorious technicolour!" We regularly hear "Now take the case of Mrs. B. V. D. (name submitted on request) who . . ." and the verbal atrocity that follows

ends up with "it might have been your liver" (or what ever it was that ailed Mrs. B. V. D. whose name will be submitted on request). One of these days we shall hear "Did you know that Henrietta Dogbody was a criminal? Listen in five and one-half weeks from now, same time, same station, and learn how she murdered her digestion by not chewing P. D. Q.'s Vitamized Chewing Gum. It's good for you!" and we are left with a mental image of the announcer pointing a long, bony, accusing finger at the mike.

If we don't take Vitamin A, something horrible will happen to us, but the advertisers never tell of the effects of an overdose of it, probably a disease equally terrible. And, of course, we cannot take Vitamin A without Vitamin B or our diet will become unbalanced; with them we must also take Vitamin B1 and C and D and . . . all the way down the alphabet to X, Y and Z. Incidentally, these last have not been discovered yet but their manufacturers would have us think so and that more lettered AA, Ab, etc. to ZY, ZZ will soon be flooding the market. Oh, no wonder the insane asylums are filled to overflowing!

We are told to take our vitamins in many varied forms: pills, capsules, liquids and even added to our food. Madly we are expected to swallow evil-tasting and smelling liquids which, if we believed the ad-men, are "pleasant-tasting and loved by the children". We are wanted to devour avidly pills and capsules to the extent that we absorb a large amount of gelatinous casing which is probably not the best thing for the digestion; why, with luck the human race may be able to stave off the prospect of eventually looking like jelly fish. But to cap it all off, manufacturers are continually adding improvers to food to replace the good qualities, lost because they didn't have the sense to process it correctly in the first place. Why, it has even reached the stage where we are bidden from all directions to use certain brands of hair tonic or hand lotion because they contain vitamins. Perhaps, some awful day, we shall have vitamins woven into our clothes so that we can take them "easily and simply".

"Little drops of hooley,  
Little grains of bunk,  
Make the silly public  
Buy a lot of junk."





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SHERBROOKE

## The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by Rev'd E. SCOTT

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 lowliest, all of which showed itself in his irrepressible joy and mirth — these unique qualities play irresistibly 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 Friday night and early Saturday morning. Was she to be short, tall, stout, dark, redhead or brunette? Or was she to be one of those "one in a million"? I was being driven slowly mad by that beating of women against my brain!

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear—the great decision had to be reached. At breakfast the Benedictus 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 freshettes 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

G. CURPHEY

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. We must do some really deep thinking. We must get down and find out where lies the right.

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. 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.

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.

## Bishop's And The War

J. G. HODDER

Great Britain and her allies have entered another year of war. Fortunately we now have great hopes of final victory and the freeing of Europe from struggle and starvation. However, the great victories in Russia, in countries bordering the Mediterranean, and in the Pacific should in no wise slacken our individual efforts on the home front.

Of prime importance is the Bishop's University C.O.T.C. The contingent's strength is greater this year. The universities' immediate task in the C.O.T.C. is to train all male students in the art of war. But the universities' real effort lies not in the immediate work but in the past and in the future. Bishop's men who have trained here in the past have acquitted themselves like men in all branches of the services in the British, Canadian, and American forces. We are proud of those men who received their basic training here. Furthermore, our war effort lies in the future. Men now attending the university are being trained to keep our armies supplied with good material in the future. Our government requires scientists — we produce them. Our government requires teachers — we produce them.

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 retired. Jack is reading for the education course. Also Errol Duval (invalided home) is back for his M.A. Good luck, Lieutenant. P/O Bill McVean who enlisted in '41 after his first year is back with us again. He was overseas for two years, returned to Canada and remus-

tered to aircrew. After he was "winged" he instructed in navigation at Dorval. Now retired, he returns to train for Holy Orders.

Our ladies are contributing also—they have their organization of wartime activities, including Red Cross work (three hours per week per girl), magazines for soldiers, and newspapers for salvage. This year they are selling War Stamps (who can resist them) and they intend to buy a \$50.00 war bond from the girls' funds. We must remember also that our boys and girls contribute greatly to the Blood Clinic.

This term Bishop's University welcomes another group of R.A. F. Transport Command officers and men for a one week special cultural course. The course was inaugurated 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.

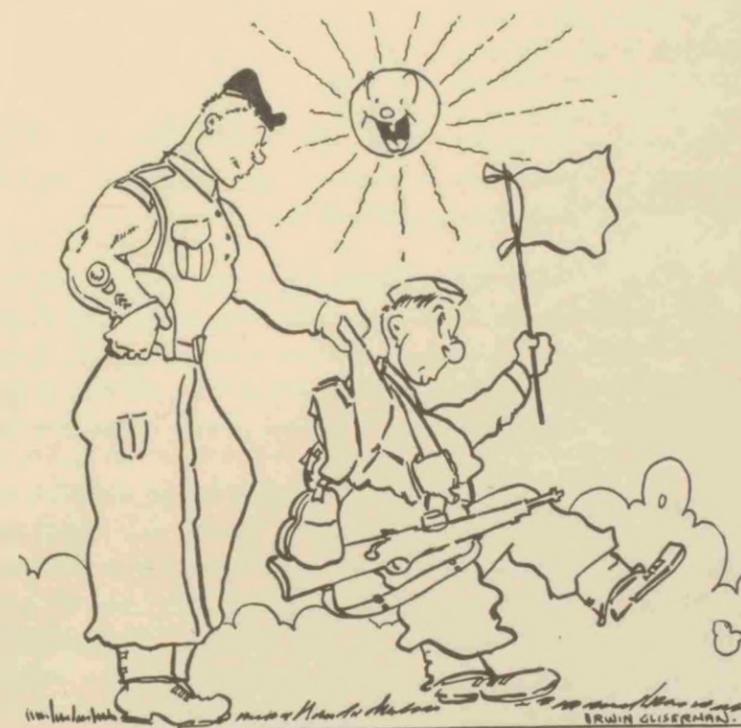
Naturally our war effort depends upon ourselves and what we put into it. Dean Jones spoke truly in his address to students and visiting airmen: "The word priority is one which the exigencies of war have brought before us. Many of the

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)



SERGEANT-MAJOR :  
COME, COME, MY LAD, WE'VE ONLY STARTED.

PTE. GOOF :

Y...YEAH. BUT I'M ABOUT FINISHED !!!

# TOO BUSY to Make a Will?

## . . . Not to Busy to Die!

**W**Henever 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 to 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.

*We shall be glad of the opportunity of discussing the matter with you — no obligation, of course, will be incurred.*

## Sherbrooke Trust Company

## Radar Mechs

P/O W. M. McVEAN

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.

In the summer of 1940, when France had been reduced to vassalage, it was obvious that the attack on Britain could not be long delayed. It was also apparent that the attack would, in its initial stages, be aerial. The British government realized that a vast expansion in radar defences was necessary, but the problem was to find men with the technical knowledge necessary to maintain highly scientific machines. That the supply of civil radio engineers, and repair mechanics in wireless shops was wholly inadequate was only too obvious; so the real problem was how to devise a course of instruction which would supply the necessary trained personnel in the required time. It was a problem which had to be solved, for on its solution to a very large extent depended the successful defeat of Hitler's aerial attack.

The course was planned, but another problem arose. To secure trained men quickly required that the radio part of a university course of five years in electrical engineering had to be condensed into a course of twenty-four weeks.

Only men with a fairly high standard of education could attempt such a course with any hope of success. The problem was further complicated by the fact that Britain's manpower reserves were rapidly diminishing. Her educated men were needed to fill key posts in her expanding industries, and to supply officers for her Imperial forces. Where then were these trained men to be procured? Why, from Canada, of course!

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 those 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 bleakest capes 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-

ferred 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; some were. I will close with the story of one of my friends as it was told in an August issue of *The Toronto Saturday Night*. It is an example not only of a Radar Mech, but of many young Canadians fighting everywhere.

Neil hails from Leamington, Ontario. He was, like so many Canadians, at first unable to get into the forces: his eyes were not good enough. He had the education, however, to allow him to attempt the course for Radar Mech, and eyesight was not important.

In October 1941, we went overseas, and took our Radar course in England. Neil was an excellent pianist, an Associate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and how well

#### 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 him to first of all give ready answer to an appeal for workers to go to India in nineteen hundred and twenty-five and two years later to undertake a personal mission to the United States and Canada. These journeyings 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 unceasingly 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

#### 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.

Our ways separated after our training. I was posted to the Orkney Islands, to the defence of Scapa Flow, and 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 was 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 Mechs have been doing all through the war.

and in other spheres of work become an accepted fact. This it might be thought would have satisfied any person in such position but not Wilson Carlile. Now having resigned his parochial charge after the death of Mrs. Carlile in nineteen hundred and twenty-six he had more time to devote to the Church Army. This he did year in, year out with only occasional interruptions due to failing health for a further fifteen years. He was invested by His Majesty King George V with the Insignia of a Companion of Honour, a rarely bestowed royal recognition, in appreciation of his great work in and for England and her peoples.

On September twenty-first, nineteen hundred and forty-two, 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 now for inspiration to the record of a leader who at all times was Christ's dauntless crusader.

history, of alien invasion, of foreign influence, of the character of the builders. To others it is a mere record of technicalities, a commentary on art, not on human endeavor and aspiration. It must have been the English medieval cathedrals that Cardinal Newman had in mind when he wrote: "For myself, certainly I think that that which, whatever its origin, is called Gothic, is endowed with a profound and a commanding beauty such as no other style possesses with which we are acquainted, and which probably the Church will not see surpassed till it attain to the Celestial City."

## Swoonology - Ancient and Modern

L. WALDMAN

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 mob swoonology, several years ago when the projection industry was in its very infancy, and hardly aware of the potent propaganda possibilities it possessed. (You will pardon me O gentle student reader, while I pause to point out that the preceding is a perfect example of "alliteration" as Prof. Owen would label, or more likely libel, it.)

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 wildest wild-oat-sowing 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 position as the foremost swoonologist to date, since he won it against such stiff opposition as "The Profile" of that late lamented Sweet Prince, John Barrymore. The Great Profile's great mistake was in living long enough to become a clown. A drunken, scandalous, loveable clown it is true, but still a funnyman. Once the Great P. replaced the rôle of laughmaker for that of lovmaker he was through as a contender for the title of Most High and Esteemed Chief Swooner. Incidentally, that word "swoon", yes, the same that I am now using with such obvious indiscretion, is perfectly legitimate 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 etceteras 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 in which hairy he-men of the wild and woolly West predominate in the biased world of swoonology. Pausing only to heave a drawnout sigh in the general direction of fearless, two-gun, rootin', tootin' hams (prime western stock, of course) in whose ranks swagger such swashbuckling 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 screen time allowed, the cinema tucked 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 tarry over the painful rebirth of the cowboy—Hollywood has juicier morsels in store for us.

Dodging a hail 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 playful public pests (there I go again) as Al Capone and Dutch Schultz. When we glance at the impressive roster of gunmen, 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 desperado overcoming simple adoration for the screen swooner in the fickle fancy of the feminine film-follower. (Once that aggravating alliteration ailment assails one it's just as well to give up any literary aspirations one may entertain—the reader has probably sensed that I am now beating this type-writer in sheer self-defence.)

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 short while the entertainment world unsuccessfully competed for prominence in the public eye with gangsters like John Dillinger, whose widespread underworld fame was only recently eclipsed by that of Chester Gould's ghoul-like creation descriptively labelled "Flat-top", and with others like Baby-face Nelson and Pretty-boy Floyd,<sup>1</sup> whose homicidal inclinations gave the lie to their angelic facial contours. In the end, would-be screen idols had to let nature run its unnatural course. When all the publicity-hogging criminals had come to their just and violent end, a good many at the hands of brother criminals merely to satisfy a whim of poetic justice I suppose, swoonology again came into its own. Rather than weakened by the prolonged period of inactivity the ranks of the swooners were fortified by new and appealing specimens of masculinity.

We must remember that with the invention of radio and the introduction of a sound track to the motion picture industry the speech of an actor was now of the utmost importance, from a box-office point of view. Perhaps this accounts for the immediate popularity of the sleek, syrupy-voiced lover of the projection world. The screen now breaks out with a rash of heavily accented men of foreign appear-

<sup>1</sup> Note the close relationship between the pet names of these menaces to society and those of eminent swooners I have already mentioned—must be indicative of something.

ance. Foremost in the field stands Charles Boyer, whose passionate love scenes have made married women desert their husbands and have driven young, unmarried ladies to insanity. Boyer may well be partly responsible for the recent rise in the divorce rate in the United States.

And now at long last I come to 1944 and the latest rage in swoonology. There will be a short pause while I hunch over my typewriter in tense and eager anticipation, flex my accusing fingers (both of them) and wrack my brain for epithets scathing enough for this long-awaited attack on . . . "The Voice". Yes, dear reader (here I use 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.

Aside from the fact that this Sinatra person is of an outward appearance entirely unappetizing and disagreeable to me, as well as to any other virile, red-blooded, healthy young man, aside from the fact that his sallow puniness is appalling, that he is not possessed of an exceptionally superior singing voice, that the favorable publicity afforded him is hardly warranted, that the reaction said publicity brings about in the younger generation may make them so lightheaded as to spoil any chance they may have of establishing future national and international stability,<sup>2</sup> and

that I don't like the way he parts his hair, I have nothing to say against this fugitive from a hospital ward. Actually the blame for his degenerate influence lies with a lunatic public which gullibly, even eagerly, swallowed his promoters' ballyhoo and raised "Walking Death" to the height of crooner and swooner fame. Which reminds me, this is not a libelous harangue against the present swoon-goon of them all. (Do you dig me brethren and cistern?) Give me leave only to point a moral and I'll continue along the original line of my story, which line has meandered considerably, I admit. The moral—The young man who becomes a crooner . . . will probably be a howling success. (No, that isn't one of Delaney's, although I'll modestly admit that it's on about the same level as his puns.)

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!

<sup>2</sup> I don't know how politics got into this but while I'm on the subject I may as well plug my party—"Vive le Bloc".

## 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 seems I am too tired to say more, as I am agonizingly crawling the wooden stairs to my room, arms laden with suitcases, my face streaming with perspiration. Well, after a terrific lurch, I make my room and promptly deposit my burden on the carpetless floor with a rather loud noise. No sooner was this done, than I decided to meet my roommates—bless their poor souls—and as I stepped from my room I chanced to meet Messrs. Posman and Litwin, leering grins spread about their faces, eyes gleaming with a cruel satisfaction. Well, the "Flash" has nothing on me! I regained my room and shut the door so fast, I had to run to the radiators to catch my breath. But after 15 minutes, the two managed to convince me that they did not step out of the horror picture playing at the Granada, and so I let them in. Of course, as is natural since Zeke was a Senior and I a measly freshman, I dusted Zeke's shoes and shook

hands with him. Nice fellow, I thought—if he'd only keep his shoes clean.

No sooner had I shut my eyes, when Mr. Burton and two accomplices came dancing gracefully into my room. At least I thought they were dancing. They came in so fast, I now think they were flying! I am going to remember this day. It is the first time I have ever ascended into the stratosphere! When at last I came to my senses, the bed seemed in the wrong place, or maybe it was I. After throwing the floor-dust off my pyjamas I picked my miserable body off the ground and set about straightening the room, and after this task was completed the noble Messrs. Moffat and Poaps helped me along. In fact after they had left, I proceeded to straighten the room once more. But at last I settled down to sleep. And as I entered into the beautiful garden of dreams, my last mortal thoughts were with Bishop's. Yes, I thought, a freshman's life is a great one, but boy! oh boy!—just wait until I become a senior.

I. GLISERMAN

## Notes and Comments

F. G. DELANEY

Good morning, friends, welcome to Notes and Comments. Since Deacon Peirce 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 fortunate few 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 whistles and screams 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 camouflage competition among the Freshettes to see who could hide their partner best under a layer of rouge, applied with something more than a lavish hand. Upon entering the hall, each couple was presented with a fascinating variation on the three-cornered hat idea, the winner of the above competition, however, received a lovely bleached sarong, with a 47 strategically located. During the intermission, three volunteers were conscripted into the rendition of two old favorites, simultaneously. However, all too soon, etc., and most of the residents were in early (it says here).

Among the other semi-social activities was the annual walk up Mt. Orford. The event started off with a bang in the shape of a flat tire, and worked to a climax best expressed in the words, "Let's stop off in Magog, fellows". The group was under the guidance of Prof. Langford, who, with some very able assistance, finally reached the highest point in the Eastern Townships.

In this same category, we have the initiation of the new members of the Parcheesi Club; it could be only the merest coincidence that this was the same night that:

(a) A prominent member of the above mentioned club climbed halfway up the Town Hall fire escape before he



realized he was not home yet.

(b) Another ran from the bus stop to the Dog Cart, jumping up and clicking his heels at each third step.

(c) A new member insisted upon reminding all those present that "You're not Fairbairn, You're not Fairbairn, etc."

It may here be said that though many of the Seniors are somewhat rusty in their studies, they are showing commendable spirit in getting oiled as frequently and quickly as possible.

"The R.A.F. are coming to town." Thus blabbed 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 crannies which the lucky lads in blue will no doubt be rolling into. Their arrival is much speculated upon by the select group of rabble who usually entertained them . . . will they 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 swore that all the medicos did was touch them to see if they were still warm before pronouncing them IA; this is, of course, pure exaggeration; mine even asked if I heard thunder and saw lightning before slapping on the Dominion label. Next on the list was the issue of uniforms to recruits. There was a distinct shortage of clothing, but the N.C.O.s did their best to make the recruits happy and one even issued

the Quartermaster's greatcoat. The day of the first parade brought forth a concerted groan, "Gosh, did we look like that?" One of the first periods was a route march, in which the Bish Bagpiper was unveiled in all his raucous glory. The net effect was a 100% turnout of the citizens of Lennoxville, and a mild stampede of cows somewhere near Waterville. After a full meal of G.I. ghoulish, excuse me, goulash, the unit returned home by a devious route, known only to the cattle disturbed by its transit.

The debating season was opened with the crash of falling chairs and a loud roar, "Point of Order". Two teams, from Second and Third years wrangled 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 Queensbury rules.

Under the heading of Sports we find such items as Footsocc, Badminton, Bowling, and Soccer (I bet you didn't know about that one). The footsocc 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 — no other column can make this statement. The rules were drawn 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 rule 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-reared 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; if we can't ruin them on skis, we'll maim 'em with our bare hands. Because I can't think of anywhere else for this choice bit, I might as well report on the activities of the Froth Blowers. The initiation for this venerable institution was held in the usual luxurious surroundings, and amid the usual congenial company. The club now consists of eight members, four of which were introduced this year to the tune of the usual Two in Twenty Boogie. All members are looking forward to an active season—in the realm of sports.

Going from major to minor sports, we find that Dan Cupid is as busy as limited time and facilities will permit; some have been smitten by his darts so often, they might

be said to be *riddled*. Besides the usual old faithfuls, we have that redhead from the Lodge who crosses the bridge so often; he probably has a bone to pick with someone.

And now to famous remarks heard about the College. Shay, are you trying to get me drunk? . . . Looks nice out . . . Where does the smoke go? . . . And when I woke up he was gone! . . . You've got a kind face . . . I'll get you too, Deacon Peirce.

The approaching plays are lending an air of desperation and haste to the present term; again the Bishop's players are to hurl themselves at a stunned and stupefied audience while Tchekoff spins in his grave. The Little Theatre sign is being dusted off, and each year it seems the evil-looking character on it grows more malevolent; he probably knows what is coming.

It seems one Old Lodge character enjoyed his stay in the Sherbrooke General so much that he passed the word along to one of a very famous quartette, who took immediate action. This was, however, not quite as immediate as that of the doctors who went after a small but troublesome portion of his digestive tract. While on the subject, we may mention the fact that the Red Cross Blood Bank is doing a dripping good business, but nothing like that of last year; how about it fellows?

Surely no *Mitre* would be complete without some mention of last year's O.T.C. camp; that happy period immediately following the June exams. Long will its many happy events linger in our minds. The first few days of confusion, to be followed by many lesser messes. There were those fortunate few who had a priority on guard duty, or fire picket; the happy buglers who woke the professors at sunrise, while the cadets, hardened to such trivialities, slumbered on. There was that night scheme where one platoon waded silently(?) through a bog to light a flare, too moist to ignite when the mission was accomplished. And, an event to linger long in the memories of some, the dive bomber strafing attack on the Old Arts.

The Convocation Dance was held during this period, and the following day presented a picture of great interest. The morning was bright as the guard rolled out to a position by the flagpole; the bugler felt his way across the quad, leading the Orderly Sergeant by the hand. The Orderly Officer felt tenderly for his right eyebrow to salute. Reveille sounded: the guard swayed gently in the breeze, the officer saluted, and the flag was raised, upside down. Then, half the group was marched to the assault course, while the rest went to the ranges. We sure had a hard time convincing Zeke that he wasn't shooting at a moving target.

Well, that's about all for now, if these don't make sense to you, just send a stamped, self-addressed fifty dollar bill care of this department: if you get an answer, you'll be lucky as the dickens.

## Exchange

With shouts 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 messing 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 "Brookian Slogan". The article was a parody on "Merimad Tavern" and its author, Patricia Rogers, certainly shows that she has a lot of wit. The dialogue it comprises is 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 these 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-

ing and I quote: "Why the heck don't you practise what you preach?") Some are doing their best and I am sure that if the remainder of the student body would try to do the same, things around here would be different.

And now may I have a few moments with those students interested in French. *Le Mitre* a reçu des periodiques des universités Laval et Ottawa qui sont en ma possession. Ces periodiques sont très intéressantes et devraient être lues 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 different periodicals that the *Mitre* receives.

The following is the list of exchanges we have received:

Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa	The Acadia Athenaeum
The Branksome Slogan	Xaverian Weekly
College Times	Dalhousie Gazette
Croftonian	Le Carabin - Laval
Strathcona Oracle	The Brunswickan
The Challenger	The Silhouette
King's College Record	McGill Daily
King's Hall	The Manatobian
The Record	The Argosy Weekly
The Queen's Review	Queen's Journal
The Sundial	The Georgian
Loyola College Review	Loyola News
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HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## The C. O. T. C. Medical

Scene: The quad. Time: Approximately two o'clock, pardon me! 1400 hours. The Seniors are drawn up smartly (?) and we freshmen are in three more or less haphazard lines or ranks, or whatever they're called.

A car drives in and several brass hats climb out. H-mm! you wonder, those birds must be the medical officers. They enter the New Arts (Hurrah, New Arts—1891!) and we soon troop in after them.

Again assembling, this time in Convocation Hall, we are given cards on which P. Wood bravely attempts to print correctly our sometimes practically unprintable names. This having at last been successfully accomplished to Phil's great credit, we each wait our turn to be examined. After what seems hours, your name is at last called. Thankfully entering the corridor, you are surprised to see several fellow-freshmen in birthday suits wandering thoroughly confused from room to room.

This seems a bit queer, but you enter the first room without misgivings. Here the sergeant kindly asks you if you would please undress so that the medical examination may be carried out. After a few muttered curses as regarding the bother of it all, you are at last ready and proceed to the next room. There you are asked your age, where you were born and why and when, who your parents are, where they live, etc. The next set of questions deal with your health up to this point: have you ever nearly died or been killed and why not, can you see, eat, talk, listen, smell, whistle (a necessity nowadays), chew, hear, swallow, yell, and so on.

Having answered all these questions faithfully and to the best of your knowledge, you leave the room with still a fairly clear picture as to how the situation stands. Finding yourself in the corridor, you are told to proceed to another room. Knocking respectfully you enter, wondering what's in store for you here.

The medical officer, a doctor I suppose, cordially greets you and promptly pokes a stick down your throat, tickling your tonsils and nearly ridding you of your dinner. Next, walking into a corner, he starts shouting numbers. What

### BISHOP'S AND THE WAR (Continued)

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

the heck? Oh yes, you're supposed to repeat them. This you seem to have a little difficulty in doing. However, the doctor next asks you to read some letters on a chart. This gives you a hopeless feeling, for you know perfectly well that you are practically blind without your glasses. Anyway, first one eye and then the other is covered and you make valiant attempts to guess the correct letters. The M.O. frowns, jots down a few notes on your precious card, and tells you that that is all.

(With some misgivings) this time you apprehensively enter the next room. Here the officer tells you to climb on the table! Huh! what's this, you wonder. Nevertheless, you manage to do so, even if your knee is acting up again. Curl your toes over the end of the table, is the next command.

A pause.

"Come, come, my boy, curl them."

"But sir, it hurts too much."

"H-mm! Well, jump off."

When asked to bend over and touch the floor, you explain a stabbing pain in the small of your back, at the same time wondering if perhaps you should have listened to those Charles Atlas' advertisements after all. And so at last, having also been generally poked and jabbed, all these difficult and painful exertions are over. Thankfully you leave that room.

By this time however, you are getting quite worried as to your physical condition, or rather, what's left of it. The sergeant then cheerfully informs you that there is only one more room to go, so you decide that you might as well go through with the rest of it like a man. Defiantly you enter the last room, determined to see it finished. The doctor listens to your heart to see if it's ticking properly, and to your breathing to see if perhaps one lung might be collapsed. Your height and weight is then marked down and the medical is over.

So you're finished, but what a wreck you must be; you wonder if you can find enough courage to take a look at your classification. At last taking hold of yourself, you fearfully glance down the report. Holy smoke! — A1!

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."

T. BJERKELUND

## Dancing - Yesterday and To-day

P. J. BEAUDRY

Standing in the first position, slide left foot back, pass right foot to second position, draw left foot up to right foot (counting two), right foot to second position again (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 the "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 made an attempt at it.

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 get 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 things about it.

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 unfavorably regarded in a moral point of view; but this seems a relic of that outburst of Puritanism that characterized the 17th century, and which saw sin in every joyous excitement. Dancing is, doubtless, 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 begot from it were it to be abused. Today we no longer think of dancing as form of exercise (those that 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 dances and dancing were. In those days if a man were 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 exigence 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 committee, who were in charge of the public dances, would not introduce to a young lady any gentleman that was not *au fait* in dancing.

As the ladies were not entitled to ask gentlemen to dance, it was the duty of the men to see to it that the ladies were not left seated. Those men that stood around (or what we today call stags) had the appearance that they were peevish at a refusal, or too proud and contemptuous to dance with any but their favorites. Favoritism was suitable only for private life. Lovers were apt to forget this 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 impropriety 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 if 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 to her, were he to meet her on the street the following day. Today if this were to happen the young lady would think that he was "snooty"! 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 to her seat; should it happen to be occupied, you would politely ask her to which part of the hall she would like to be conducted; you also bowed as she took her seat, but you were not at liberty to sit by her side "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 motion 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 signified 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 were to go up to a girl and bow to her and ask 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 crudely "droll".

To engage a young lady for more than four dances was not considered cricket for you would be depriving her of the pleasure of dancing with those of her friends that might have arrived late; besides, much familiarity was out of place in a ballroom—my, my how times have changed, today if you do not practically dance the whole evening with the fair damsel that you accompany, you are considered a "wolf" and that is the last time that the young girl will ever accept an invitation to a dance from you. Also the moment that a young lady felt fatigued (those dances were really gruelling work) or had any difficulty in breathing (this may be attributed to her foundation garment) she was to desist from dancing, as it no longer afforded either charm or pleasure, the steps and attitude lost elegance, that natural grace, which bestowed upon the dancers the most enchanting appearance. Today the dances are still hard work and as far as the foundation garments are concerned—well!

At every ball there was a supper-room where you had to escort your partner and see that she were properly taken care of. When partaking wine with a lady the thing to do if she consented to have some with you was to hold the glass in your right hand and while politely bowing drain the contents of the glass. This I can assure you is not an easy thing to do. Have you ever tried bowing from the waist and at the same time drink a glass of something or other, if not try sometime and see the difficulty that you have. At the table it was not considered proper for a gentleman to eat with his gloves on, though a lady was at liberty to do so without acting contrary to etiquette.

## Looking Ahead

Have you 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 unrecorded and imagining strange thrilling adventures that never come to pass. Or, to an ambitious person who dreams of doing famous things, it may mean that he sees his ambition realized, his goal reached, his hopes fulfilled. He bathes in the joys and glories of fame and popularity. Strangely, or perhaps naturally, the sorrows, hardships, and disappointments of the future never molest these enchanting moments.

An introduction at a public ball 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 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 *passemeezzo*. "The *passemeezzo*—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 fastest 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 away of time and while trying to do so it is destroying itself.

G. B. MOFFAT

On the other hand, there are people who spend their entire life in trying to glimpse into the future. They continually look ahead, dream fanciful dreams, form alluring plans, and imagine enticing adventures. And then! Before they have realized it they have grown old and come to no conclusion about their dreams and ambitions. Disappointment and indignation surge within them, and wearing the expression of a very martyr they inform the world that they "never got a chance" to make their dreams come true. In nine cases out of ten, they did get the chance, but they were so busy imagining what they would be doing with it that the opportunity slipped out of their grasps.

Take heed, then enjoy looking ahead but remember that it is never too early to start getting ahead.

## Deep Sea Fishing

R. BAILLY

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 necessary equipment and clothing for the trip. It is a bright sunny morning as we leave our home port and the wind is blowing in a favorable direction. For anyone who has never been deep sea fishing there is plenty of fun and it is a wonderful experience. As we sail out thirty miles from shore the wind changes and huge waves begin to appear and pound against the sides of the ship. The schooner rocks and rolls, twists and turns, with water splattering all over the deck. As we look down the deck line we can see one or two people leaning over the rail. We think, "Oh those softies, they can't take it." No sooner have we finished saying this than a funny feeling comes over us. Our stomachs seem to be moving around in all directions. Next thing we know we too are leaning over the rail. By the way they aren't looking for fish. One important factor which every fisherman must consider is not to become afraid or panicky. In a storm your life rests in your own hands.

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 Newfoundland Banks is a wind storm. Sometimes it arrives be-

fore the fishermen can return with their dories to the ship. Many lives are lost this way as the waves are too big to permit the schooner picking them up and if the boat overturns the helpless men are left to the mercy of the waves. One must have a strange feeling when he is washed overboard and sees the ship continue on its way leaving him there to rest.

As we return home we see, off in the horizon, trails of smoke. This can mean only one thing—a convoy. It is a very beautiful sight to watch as the fishing boat passed along side these large cargo vessels and speeding destroyers. These convoys can also be a danger to fishermen. I remembered vividly of one fishing vessel leaving port with its full crew never to return again to their homes. As this ship was returning home one foggy night she became entangled in a convoy. As the lookouts strained their eyes to try and see through the fog, a merchant appeared about twenty feet off the starboard bow. Before anybody could do anything, the two ships met with a thundering crash. The sharp prow of the merchant ship cut through the little fishing boat like a sword cutting a match. Four men out of the whole crew were saved, as they were on watch at the time. The rest were down below and didn't have a chance to escape. For those few men who did manage to escape it was useless to cry for help as the fog was too thick to see them. It was only a miracle which saved these men who were on duty at the time. Incidentally the captain went down with his ship.

Another threat to fishermen was that of Nazi submarines lurking in the waters between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Another incident happened of which not very many people heard about. One of the fishing vessels was on its way to the Banks of Newfoundland when it was attacked by a submarine. The sub surfaced and shelled the helpless boat. About three-quarters of the crew was saved the rest were killed, either by drowning or by the shells. These are the horrors of war which every fisherman never forgets but which they must suffer.

Let us get back to the story. After passing the convoy we returned home and landed our catch. This was perhaps a very uneventful trip to most fishermen but to those of us who have never been on the sea before it proved very exciting and extremely helpful.

## 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 at us. These foxholes are certainly a lifesaver—I have dug them in ground I thought impossible to dig in, but I got down there, believe me!

Are you getting any news of the Italian front? Or is it still the forgotten war? It is tough enough being here, let alone fight. Some of the mountains we climb would make your head spin, but there is always one ahead higher than ever—that is Jerries' advantage, he can look down at us all the time.

My platoon captured twenty yesterday, they didn't give up like they are doing in France. They fought a bitter battle, but we routed them out of their pill box with a smoke grenade. The first Jerry out fired a pistol point blank and then threw a genade, but they couldn't see well with all the smoke.

I have a wonderful German P38 pistol which I am hoping to bring home. These Germans have everything in their dugouts. They loot all the homes and take the craziest things, sheets, bathing suits, silk underwear—in fact everything that they can take back to Germany.

We are so far up in these mountains that our rations, etc., have to come up by pack mule. This saves us a lot of work—it is tough lugging rations up these mountains! Last night they brought up a blanket per man. Before this, all we had was our field jackets—and that isn't enough! When

T. R. GIBSON

we wake up, we creep away with sore limbs, for besides the cold, it usually rains. We get warmed up, however, by the shells that keep dropping in.

By the tone of my letter you will think I don't like Italy—that is exactly correct. I hate the place—everything about it. It is much worse than I can describe.

Our division has done a wonderful job in the big push and I hope that you see something about us.

The Lord has surely pulled me through some tight places and I am more of a believer than ever before. The other night all my equipment was riddled by shrapnel, but I wasn't even scratched. Last night I read several chapters of St. Matthew—I often read aloud to some of my men.

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 same. I understand there are some packages on the way. I wish they would hurry up, I am getting very sick of "K" rations—morning, noon and night.

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.

# LUXOR GRILL



## SPORTS

edited by Z.H. Posman

This column once more invites all sporting fans to a round-up of Bishop's sporting news. As another college year begins, sports once again take their prominent place among the college activities. It is apparent that with the influx of so many new students, athletics will rise to greater heights this year than it has in the past war years. We indeed welcome all Frosh and hope that they will do their best to help Bish attain once more, the good name she had acquired in the past in connection with athletics.

After Easter of last year, little was done where sports were concerned for obvious reasons. The intermediate basketball team met the R.C.A.F. team from Windsor Mills in two games to determine the champions of the Sherbrooke league and although we had expected an easy victory, it was with great disappointment that we met defeat. The opposing aggregation took both games by a very large margin and won the cup. There has been some controversy as to whether or not they won legally but little can be said here on that point. Again we would like to thank P. Wood and coach Aubry Clarke for their efforts in running the team and it may be said that they both did a truly great job.

### 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.

### GOLF

Under the able guidance of Mr. Waldman, President of Minor Athletics, the Lady Meredith Golf Trophy tournament was organized and the first eighteen holes were played off on Saturday afternoon, October 14, with the following men taking part: McCredie, Poaps, Scarth, E. Curphey, Cooling, Budning, Bryant, and G. Curphey. Top swatter was Eddy Curphey who knocked the pellet around the course in 92 strokes, while Poaps followed closely with 102. Although 36 holes were to be played, due to faulty weather conditions, etc., only nine more holes were played the following Sunday with several of the competitors dropping out. Poaps took the lead this time, going around the course with a 52 tally while Curph closely followed with 56. The final score was Curphey 148 and Poaps 154 thus giving the trophy to the former.

### "FOOTSOC"

Saturday afternoon, October 7, the Bishop's sports fans witnessed an enticing new game appropriately named "Footsoc". The game is a "no holds barred" soccer game played with a rugby ball. Refereeing this spectacle were Paul "Maurice Evans" Beaudry and John "the-residents-paid-me-to-do-it" Poaps. The two teams lined up in various forms of attire and the ball was kicked off. The game continued at a furious pace for one hour with the pigsaw

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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; ½ point for a tie.

100 yard dash—1. Budning, 5 points; 2. Magee, 3 points; 3. McCammon, 1 point. (Time, 11 seconds).

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

880 yard dash—1. Watt, 5; 2. Fairbairn, 3; 3. Bjerke-lund, 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, ½, Waldman, ½. (Time, 7 mins. 7 secs.)

Broad jump—1. Magee, 5; 2. Buchanan, 3; 3. Watt, 1. (17 feet 4 inches).

Shot put—1. Sanders, 5; 2. Bailly, 3; 3. Scarth, 1. (33 feet).

Javelin throw—1. Scarth, 5; 2. Magee, 3; 3. McCredie, 1. (108 feet 7 inches).

880 relay—1. Buchanan, Watt, Bown, McCredie, 6; 2. Budning, Ouellet, Gundesen, Sanders, 3.

Total points—Frosh 48, Seniors 42.

Aggregate winners—1. Sanders, 15; 2. Watt, 14; 3. Budning, 13; 4. Magee, 12.

### 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 Arvida High School. Recruits from the Alma Mater are Jim Kennedy, John MacNaughton and "Zeke" Posman. 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.)

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## I Like Newfoundland

I like this Island of rugged beauty, with its rocky coasts and quiet little fishing villages nestling in sheltered coves. I like its innumerable ponds 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 Heart's Case, Leading Tickle, St. Jones Within and St. Jones Without, Bay Bulls, Baccalieu, Step Aside, Butter Pot, Sugar Loaf, and countless others.

I like this land with its flavour of the sea—steamers and naval vessels coming in through the Narrows of St. John's, sailors, marines and merchant navy men on Water Street, cod traps, fishing stages and fish flakes along the coast, broadcasts concerning necessary bait, warnings to lighthouse keepers of approaching storms, and messages to men who have gone down north to the Labrador for the summer.

I like this land with its growing points of progress in better housing and the social services, in education, in improved living and working conditions, in closer co-operation with Canada and the United States, and a deepening sense of her importance in the world of to-morrow.

I like the pronounced British background here, showing that the tradition of the Old Land has found its roots in the New—a colony in the highest meaning of the word, with the same respect for law and order, desire to travel on the lefthand side of the road, diverse accents on the King's English, and passionate loyalty to the Crown.

I like this land where the representative of the Church is universally respected, and where religion has a place in every walk of life, where each religious group has the opportunity of showing how its particular emphasis, intergrated into the educational system, enriches personality and prepares citizens for this life and the life to come.

I like the breath-taking blue of Conception Bay between Topsail and Bell Island on balmy, sunny days of summer. I like the sunsets across the Bay from Beachy Cove, causing one to meditate upon the vastness and glory of Creation and to worship the Creator of it all.

I like the strong smell of spruce pulp logs and sulphur at Corner Brook, Grand Falls and other company towns. (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 scythes shave the face of the earth to gather sufficient hay for the winter months.

I like watching visitors to our Island learning to eat and admitting they like boiled dinners, fish and brewis, peas pudding, home-made bread, cold packed salmon and rabbit, dandelion greens, damsons, bake-apple (not baked apples), whorts and partridge—in fact everything but Arctic steak, 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 morning in a flight by air, and learned something of the thrill, 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".

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## Alumni Notes

### Births

EDGELL—On August 27, 1944, at Grace Hospital, Windsor, Ontario, to Surgeon-Lieut. Peter G. Edgell, B.A. '39, R.C.N.V.R. and Mrs. Edgell (née Roberta Richardson, B.A. '39), a son, John Robinson.

DAVIS—A baby daughter, Margaret Audrey, was born in Quebec City on October 18, 1944, to Rev. W. W. Davis, B.A. '31, B.D. '34, and Mrs. Davis (Audrey Acheson, B.A. '29).

SHAUGHNESSY—At the Princess Christian Nursing Home, Windsor, England, on Monday, October 23, 1944, to Mary, wife of Capt. the Right Hon. Lord Shaughnessy, B.A. '41, Canadian Grenadier Guards, a son.

### Marriages

BOWEN-DINGLE—The marriage of Helen Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dingle, of Toronto, to Maj. Cecil Lloyd Hallowell Bowen, M '27, of Ottawa, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bowen of Sherbrooke, Que., took place in Toronto on Saturday afternoon, July 8, 1944, in St. James' Bond United Church, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Todd officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father was attended by Mrs. W. Donald Black, matron of honour, and Mrs. H. D. Dingle. Little Judith Ann Dingle, niece of the bride, was the flower girl. Capt. Harold E. Saunders, M '27, of Ottawa, acted as best man for Major Bowen, and Capt. H. D. Dingle was usher. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 165 Colin Avenue, Toronto. Later Major and Mrs. Bowen left on their wedding trip.

NEILSON-MORRISON—The marriage of Marjorie Ethel Morrison, B.A. '40, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Morrison, 17 College Street, Lennoxville, to Lieut. Walter Ivan Neilson, B.Sc. '40, R.C.N.V.R., son of Mrs. Neilson and the late H. Ivan Neilson, Grande Allee, Quebec City, was solemnized by the Venerable Archdeacon Jones on July 22, 1944, in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a lovely gown of ivory slipper satin. Leading Wren Catherine Bancroft, B.A. '40, of Knowlton, was the bride's only attendant. The best man was Lieut.-Surgeon P. G. Edgell, B.A. '39, of Kingston, Ont., whereas PO. Peter Kingston, of Quebec, and Mr. H. Ellwood, of Richelieu, acted as ushers. After the reception the couple left for Montreal whence they took a boat trip to Tadoussac. Lieut. and Mrs. Walter Ivan Neilson are now residing in Ottawa.

BARRETT-GIROUX—On Saturday afternoon, July 29, 1944, the marriage took place in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, of Nursing Sister Mary Elizabeth Giroux, R.C.A.F., No. 1, Y Depot, Lachine, daughter of Mrs. Dillon and the late T. Dillon, of Montreal, to Ronald Newell Barrett, B.A. '38, son of Mrs. Maude Barrett and the late Victor Barrett of Lennoxville.

WILLIS-LAYTON—The marriage of Miss Vera Audrey Layton, daughter of H. W. Layton, formerly of Sydney, N. S., to Kenneth Richard Willis, B.Sc. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Willis, also of Sydney, N.S., took place in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, on August 23, 1944. Miss Layton is a graduate of the Provincial Normal College, Nova Scotia, and has been teaching in Montreal during the past year. Kenneth, after receiving his High School Certificate, taught three years in Granby and is now principal of Cowansville High School.

WOOD-DRAYTON—The old parish church of St. Melyd, Meliden, with its picturesque surroundings, formed the setting for a wedding recently in Wales, when the marriage was solemnized between Miss Audrey Sybil Drayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Drayton, of Saxondale, Prestatyn, and Cpl. Walter Donald Wood, B.Sc. '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood of Thetford Mines, Que. Cpl. Wood is attached to the Special Signals R.C.A.F., and his wife is a motor transport driver in the W. A.A.F. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by the bridesmaid, Miss Betty Jeffries, and Flight-Sergeant C. E. Bowen, R.A.F., acted as best man. At Saxondale the couple received congratulations from numerous friends, but appreciated more than anything a beautifully decorated three-tier wedding cake sent from Canada by the bridegroom's mother. Cpl. and Mrs. Wood spent their honeymoon touring the English lakes after which both returned to their respective units.

### Deaths

BECKETT—The *Mitre* records with regret the recent death of Albert Edward Beckett, K.C., at the Ross Memorial Hospital, Montreal. Born in Sherbrooke Mr. Beckett received his LL.B. at Bishop's in 1884 and was to become a high-ranking member of the legal profession. In 1889, four years after joining its legal staff, Mr. Beckett became solicitor of the Grand Trunk Railway for the province of Quebec. Shortly before his retirement some 42 years ago, he represented the Canadian National Railways in an important case before the Privy Council in London. Mr. Beckett is survived by his wife, the former Gertrude Lyford, and by one son, Merrill E. Beckett, also of Montreal.

## General

The Rev'd LEON B. G. ADAMS, B.A. '43, for the past three years assistant priest at St. John's Church, Smith's Falls, Ontario, has been appointed Incumbent of the Missions of Combermere and Madawaska in the Diocese of Ottawa. He took up his new duties in October.

Dr. J. D. JEFFRIES, B.A. '27, is the newly appointed professor of education at this university.

Lieut. G. BLAKE KNOX, B.A. '38, who was wounded in France last August and recuperated in a hospital in England, is listed again as having been wounded in Belgium.

The Reverend A. R. MERRIX, '18, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Oakland, California, has been appointed National Council Field Officer for the 8th Province of the American Church. In addition to occupying a number of important positions in the Diocese of California, Mr. Merrix was appointed by the mayor of Oakland as chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Social Welfare and Recreation for the City of Oakland.

Lieut. A. V. L. MILLS, B.A. '38, of the 1st Battalion Black Watch (R.H.R.) of Canada, has been wounded in action in Holland.

The Rev'd HUGH A. MORTIMER, B.A. '40, L.Th., has been appointed mission priest for the Fellowship of the West. He will take charge of five churches in the Fort St. John, B.C., district on the Alaska Highway.

Lieut. J. B. NEWTON, M '43, C.A.C., has been invalided home from England following two years' active service overseas and has recently arrived in Sherbrooke.

Capt. WILDER-PENFIELD, B.A. '42, has recently been promoted to this rank while serving with No. 1 Canadian Wireless section in Italy.

Mr. RONALD SMITH, B.Sc. '44, is on the teaching staff of Ashbury College, Ottawa.

Lt. ROBERT ANDREW LINDSAY was erroneously reported as having died of wounds, and is now known to have been wounded only, is at present in a Canadian convalescent hospital in France. Lt. Lindsay, who is 22, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Lindsay, 3438 McTavish street, Montreal. He was born in Montreal, attended Selwyn House School and Bishop's College School and is a graduate of Bishop's University. He was commissioned in the Black Watch, in November, 1941, proceeded overseas in January, 1944, and has been serving in France with the 1st Battalion of his regiment. One brother, FO. Jeffrey Lindsay is in the R.C.A.F. overseas.

The Rev'd ROBINS H. THATCHER, L.S.T. '32, Rector of Eganville, in the Diocese of Ottawa, has resigned and is leaving for Goldsboro, North Carolina, U.S.A., where he has been appointed Rector of St. Stephen's Church.

Recent visitors of the college included: His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec; Lt. Yarril, R. C. N. V. R.; the Rev'd E. Patterson; PO R. Westman; Cdt. D. A. MacDonald and Cdt. L. E. B. Walsh, C.O.T.C.; F/S R. McMaster, LAC R. Shnier, LAC B. Fairbairn, O/S C. T. Manning, O/S P. Gagnon, O/S D. Bloomberg, Messrs. S. C. Narri-zano, H. Beatty, H. Brown, R. Smith and the Misses Jean McCallum and A. L. Fraser.

\* \* \*

## 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 Fusiliers 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.

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 superintendent at MacLean Hospital, Waverley, Mass.

The Rev'd 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 Deanery of New Westminster for over 20 years and in recognition of his faithful service was appointed Canon of the Diocese by the Bishop.

Ed. Note—The *Mitre* extends its thanks to the Principal, Dr. A. H. McGreer, 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.

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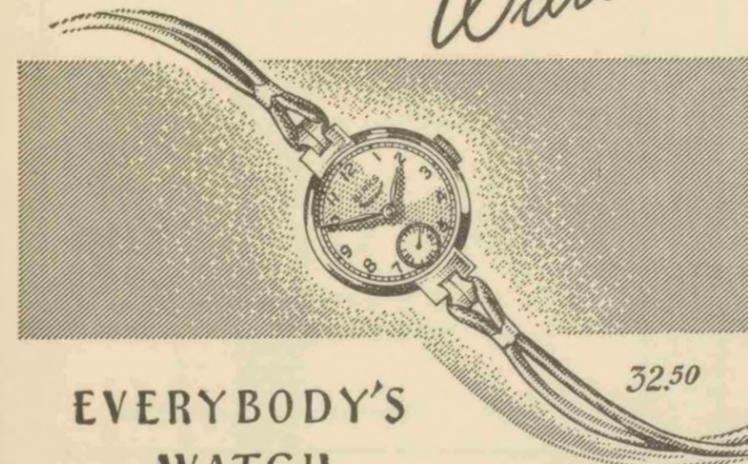
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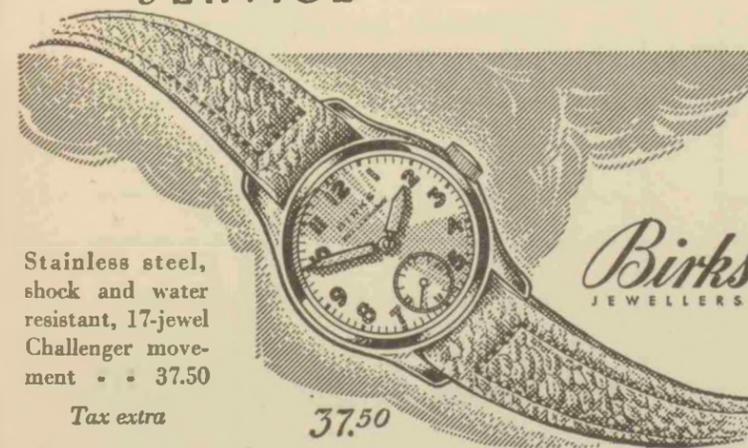


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