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The Mitre

VOL. 52 NO. 2

LENTEN ISSUE
1945



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Q. What is meant by "brand" or "brand name"?

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

Q. Do "brand" and "trade mark" mean the same thing?

A. No, a "trade mark" is the name, illustration or symbol created for the purpose of identifying a specific article.

Q. Why should I buy "brand name" merchandise?

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

Q. How can I be sure quality, etc., will be maintained?

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Q. Is the advertising money added to the price of "brand" merchandise?

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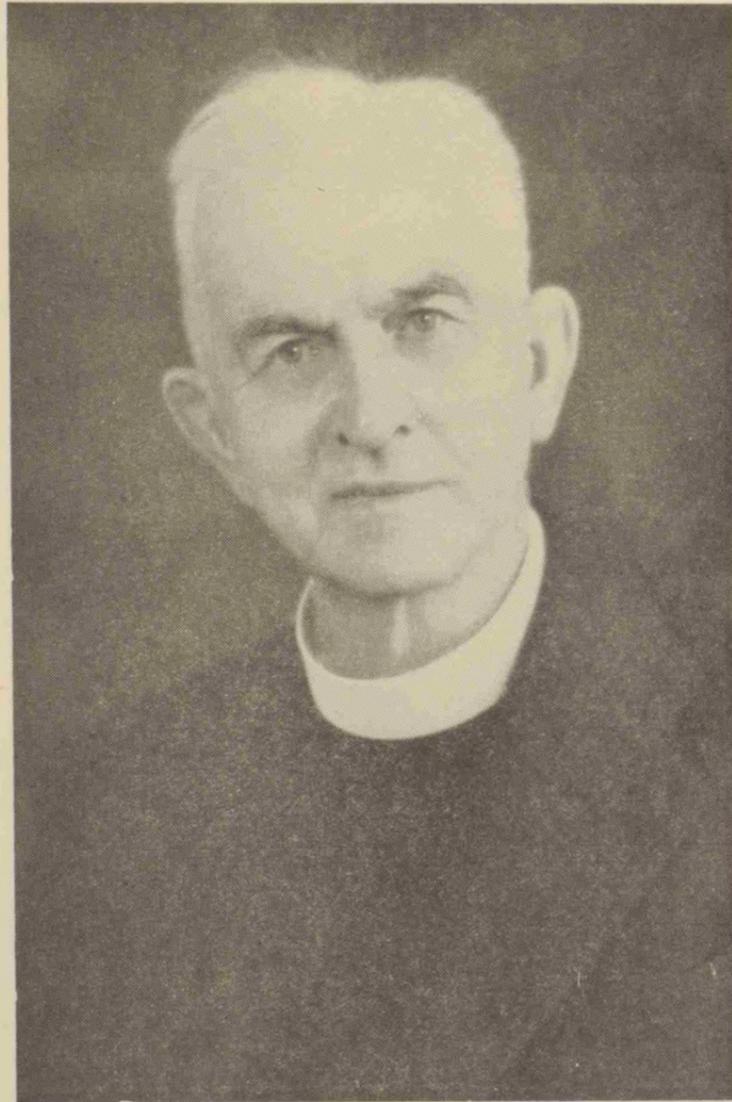
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The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.



Rev. B. Watson, M. A., co-founder and first Editor-in-chief of 'The Mitre', to whom this issue of 'The Mitre' is respectfully dedicated.

Foreword

I have been asked, and have, perhaps rashly, consented to provide a "Foreword" for this issue of the *Mitre*. I confess that I should do this with greater confidence if I understood more clearly what a "Foreword" should aim at being. However, I must try to do my best.

My starting point is the fact that your editor has been so kind as to dedicate this issue to my unworthy self. While I appreciate this honour, however little it may be deserved, I feel the necessity of guarding against the temptation which arises from it, and is particularly dangerous to aged persons, to inflict upon your readers a series of rather pointless reminiscences, quite foreign to the true spirit of a "Foreword" as I understand that spirit. It seems to me obvious that a "Foreword" should look forward and not backward. Its key-note should not be laudation of the past but inspiration and aspiration for the future.

And yet how can one look forward, without first looking backward? A real forward movement must surely proceed from a just estimate of the past to a clearer vision of the possibilities of the future. If the Eternal Command is "go forward" the power to obey this command is that of a faith based upon the experience of the past. It is only when we have learned to say "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" that we are ready to go forward "in the Name of the Lord."

Without spending my time needlessly and running the risk of wearying my readers by comparing the place which our university filled in the life of Canada fifty-two years ago, when the *Mitre* came to its birth, with that which it occupies to-day, I venture to say that no one having any acquaintance with the facts will deny that, during this long period, Bishop's University has grown steadily not only in outward things, such as the number and size of its buildings, the number of its students and of its professional staff, but in its contribution to the life of our country as a whole and its influence upon the formation of Canadian ideals. I am confident that every true son and daughter of Bishop's will echo with me the Psalmist's words, "the lot is fallen unto me in a goodly heritage." What then?

Surely it is for us all, especially at such a time as this, to prove ourselves worthy successors of those who have gone before us. They were in a true sense pioneers. They

broke ground. They built foundations. It is no need for me to enlarge upon the tremendous problems which you of this generation are called upon to face. Neither need I spend time in setting before you at any length the ideals for which many of the sons of Bishop's are now offering their lives. You all know that the issue for which they are, and we ought all to be striving, is not merely the security of our country from invasion, and the maintenance of our pre-war standards, but the gaining of an opportunity for the people of Canada to play their God-intended part in the establishment of a new world order, in which justice and liberty and unselfish service to humanity shall take the place of selfishness and injustice and cruelty and hatred.

It is for the present generation of the sons and daughters of Bishop's to see that the sacrifices of this present war shall not have been offered in vain. It is for you to consecrate your lives to the furtherance of these ideals with the same wholehearted devotion as that of those who have fought and died on the field of battle. You can only do this by faith in, and by the help of, God.

In closing, as its first editor, I wish the *Mitre* all success in its effort to inculcate and stimulate those ideals. Fifty-two years ago we, somewhat boastfully, adopted as the motto of the *Mitre* the words "Hic est aut nusquam quod querimus". "Here or nowhere is what we seek." I believe that a better motto for us to-day is to be found in the Divine Command given to Moses at the Red Sea, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." The way in front leads through the wilderness, but it leads to the Promised Land.

With grateful appreciation of the honour done by this dedication to one who only claims to be one of the least among the sons of our Alma Mater, I now bring this "Foreword" to a close.

B. Watson

St. John's, Que.,
February 8, 1945.

Editorial

Recently every university publication in Canada has been hammering away at the deplorable spirit found around their own institution. Campus leaders have blamed this on anything and everything and have never given any real constructive criticism on the matter. They upbraid students and demand more immediate action and then let the subject ride feeling in many cases that their actions are worthless.

Fortunately for Bishop's campus spirit has been reasonably good. We find that almost every one of our 125 students is doing his or her share by taking part in at least one activity. On a percentage basis Bishop's has accomplished more than most universities with enrolments of several thousands.

But it is for lack of interest that some activities fall down. They simply do not appeal to the majority. We have seen this happen repeatedly in athletics. A good percentage of the students have only a superficial interest in this field. If they do not play on the teams they do not turn out to cheer the college, providing they can find a more interesting occupation. This is most certainly not due to inefficient leadership, for the leaders of the Athletic Society have been particularly hardworking. They are to be congratulated since they have given the student access to almost every sport. They have tried their best to make athletics appealing. But what happened? Bowling and football had to take back seats because the students would not rally to the cry, "We need more players!" Hockey, too, has taken a beating. Here the need was not so much for players as for spectators. Can you really expect your team to win if you are not there to cheer them on to victory? Were you at the last game? If not, why not? "I have work," is a rather poor excuse. So have the players. Remember, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Get your work done early and turn out.

This has not been particularly in evidence with debating. The Debating Society has been very fortunate in this respect. There is usually a good turnout at debates, and the university has a large number of active debaters. If you haven't as yet debated, why don't you try your hand at the game?

A sore spot in college activities has been the response to the call for articles for this issue of the *Mitre*. No literary magazine can go to press with only a dozen articles on hand. And here again it is not the fault of the committee. The *Mitre* is your magazine, it needs your support. Surely every university student has enough intelligence to write something. The publication is open for the expression of your ideas, it only remains for you to write them and sub-

mit them. And please remember that if what you wrote is not published, we don't want you to be discouraged. Try again. It's good practice!

As for dances, can anyone give a good excuse for the old faces being in evidence all the time with nary a new one to brighten the atmosphere. This is the lighter side of university life. Do you take part in it? The Dance Committee works feverishly for weeks to make arrangements; but disappointment results when so few students turn out to make the effort at all worth while. The Decoration Committee racks its brains trying to think up new ideas to dress up the old gym, and then spends many long days at work only to find the same small crowd tripping the light fantastic. These hardworking students want more than just a few to enjoy their untiring efforts. So the next time we have a dance we'll be expecting the whole college out in force. The social graces are extremely important in life and they simply cannot be learned from a book.

The Dramatic Society has now undertaken to produce a major play. A call went out for actors and actresses. Did you turn up? So few people did give up precious moments to attend reading circles that the society had little choice in choosing a cast. Acting is a real experience, interesting, invigorating, pleasing. So, you say you can't act! Have you ever tried? You may have hidden talents. You may never become a professional, but what you learn from college dramatics will always be of use to you. The next time you have a chance to act do not turn it down, take part.

There are many other activities open to you. Have you attended a meeting of the Music Appreciation Club? Don't say you don't enjoy music without giving yourself a chance to learn how. Appreciation of music, like most other worthwhile talents, must be cultivated. Or have you attended the soirees of the Cercle Français? You would be most welcome, and one of the best ways to learn French is to use it.

Don't say you haven't heard about all these things. The Poster Committee has been functioning most efficiently this year. Even though it is terribly shorthanded it has been turning out poster after poster, day after day, to acquaint you with what is going on around Bishop's. Take the time to notice these announcements and you will be well aware of where you could put your particular talents to their best advantage.

Get into the swing of things! Extra-curricular activities are the only way to learn how to be a better all-around person and thus a better citizen. It is your duty as a Canadian to learn how to express yourself amicably, peaceably. If you take an active part in college life you cannot fail to do so. Keep in mind the old maxim, "We learn by doing."

Canadian History Comes Of Age

Prof. D. C. MASTERS, M.A., D.Phil.

Canadian History has long enjoyed the questionable honour of being regarded as about the dullest course on the curriculum. Students who could be persuaded to take any amount of English or European History have to be lured, commanded and besought to study the history of their own country. The idea dies hard that the histories of other countries are somehow more important and interesting than that of Canada.

Of course the student should not be unduly censured for his attitude. Canadian history as it has been taught in many of our secondary schools was the dullest course on the curriculum. Behind the teachers in secondary schools were the universities which taught the teachers and supplied the texts. The real villains were Canadian historians themselves and the universities in which they functioned. The secondary school teachers should not therefore be unduly censured either. They were simply reflecting a tradition which they derived from others.

Just why the old presentation of Canadian history proved so dull is not easy to explain. Certainly every effort was made to emphasize "the romance" of Canada. Students were asked to go into ecstasies about the great deeds of early explorers and pioneers. References to our great mountains, broad plains, flowing rivers and so forth did not occur only in the efforts of political orators. The historians raved about them too. Nor did the older historians fail to glorify the achievements of Canada. They glorified them all over the place and particularly "the achievement of responsible government."

The real trouble was not that the historians did not try to be interesting. It was that they failed to be convincing. Spinsterish ecstasies over the glorious explorers and the magnificence of Canadian scenery entranced no one, not even the teachers. Furthermore too much emphasis was laid upon abstract technicalities in the field of political science. Students in grade eight were asked to appreciate the intricacies of Canadian constitutional development. Of course they were not up to it. As a result they simply memorized the terms of the Quebec Act, the Constitutional Act, Durham's Report, etc., passed the exam and resolved never to take Canadian history again.

However, a new day has dawned. Canadian history in the last thirty years has almost been revolutionized. Solid and convincing work has been done by a modern school of Canadian historians: H. A. Innis, D. G. Creighton, A. R. M. Lower, Chester Martin and a number of others. This means that it is now possible to present a balanced account of our history in a manner which would not have been

possible before the work of the modern school. For one thing the influence of geography and economic development on our history has now been thoroughly explored. Innis' *Fur Trade in Canada*, published in 1930, was the pioneer work in this field. Under his careful and exhaustive treatment the dominant importance of the fur trade in early Canadian history was brilliantly expounded. As a result the whole early course of our history, particularly the French period, assumed a meaning which no one has brought out before. Innis has had a number of disciples and among them they have demonstrated the importance of lumber, wheat, and other staple products upon modern Canadian development.

Other aspects of our history have also been revealed for the first time or re-examined. Of the latter, perhaps the most important is the great basic problem of English-French relations. Of course no one could ever study Canadian history and entirely ignore this problem. The older historians certainly did not ignore it but they did tend to gloss it over. Controversial issues were either touched upon lightly or completely ignored. The modern school have shown more courage in meeting the problem. Their attitudes vary of course from the frankly anti-French criticisms of D. G. Creighton to the much greater tolerance of A. R. M. Lower. But at least an honest attempt has been made to probe and analyse the problem and the results are certainly not dull.

However all this specialized research might have been wasted on the general reader unless the results had been included in general histories of Canada. It has long been a complaint of lecturers in Canadian history that there was no satisfactory general history of Canada at the university level. Joint works such as *Canada and Its Provinces* in twenty-three volumes we have had for some time; but there was no satisfactory single-volume history of the proportions of, say, Trevelyan's *History of England*. That deficiency has now been remedied. D. G. Creighton's *Dominion of the North*, published in 1944, includes the results of modern research. It is a sound general account of Canadian history, brilliantly and urbanely written. M. H. Long's *History of the Canadian People*, a three volume work of which the first volume has already been published, will provide a sound and interesting account of Canadian history at rather greater length than Professor Creighton's volume. Other general histories of Canada are already being written and will shortly appear.

The principal thesis of this article is, therefore, that the basic deficiency of Canadian history, the work of Canadian historians themselves, has to a considerable extent been rem-

edied. This has already reflected itself in the teaching of Canadian history in the universities. No longer do most students, once they are prevailed upon to study the subject, complain that it is dull. Once the new crop of teachers in the secondary schools becomes effective the dullness will disappear from Canadian history in the schools as well. In fact the work of such able young teachers as D. C. Munroe at Ormstown, Quebec, demonstrates that this has already begun to occur.

The renaissance of Canadian history will have a number of fortunate results. It will lead to a proper appreciation, from our point of view, of other fields of history as well. English history, from an Englishman's point of view, has not quite the same slant as it has from that of a Canadian. If a real effort is made to emphasize those features of Eng-

lish history which had some subsequent effect on Canada, the teaching of English history will assume an added importance for Canadians. The same method may be applied to American history, a field all too frequently neglected in Canada, particularly in Ontario and Quebec.

Finally the study of Canadian history will help to give Canadians a proper understanding of their own country: its failures, its achievements, the development of its basic problems, its hopes for the future. Macaulay once said that a people who do not study the deeds of their ancestors will achieve nothing which their posterity can glorify. That dictum applies with particular appropriateness to Canada, achieving the status of nationhood and struggling to realize her own soul.



Bishop's Students At Red Cross Blood Clinic



Pictured above are a group of students at the Sherbrooke Blood Clinic. They are (L. to R.): Andy Wirtanen (2 donations), A. Barclay (standing, 2), Hugh Banfill (13), Fred Kaufman (7), Walter Riese (4), and Fred Delaney (5). According to Blood Clinic officials, Bishop's students are the most regular and reliable donors.

— Photo La Tribune.

Hold The Press

F. KAUFMAN
News Editor, *The Campus*

So we are publishing a newspaper! You buy it, read it, and throw it away. But did you ever stop to think of what it takes to publish it? Have you any idea of how this is done? Do you know what the various people on the staff of *The Campus* do? Some of you will, no doubt, know a lot about work of this nature, others will have a vague idea, but chances are that the majority of students know nothing whatever about the subject, and it is for the benefit of those that this article is being written.

There are two main divisions of printed material: news and advertising. The news is more interesting, but the advertising is just as important. And here is the first thing that many people usually don't know: It is not the circulation that pays for a newspaper or a magazine—with a few exceptions like *The Reader's Digest*—but it is advertising that provides the bulk of the money. *The Mitre*, for instance, sells copies for 35 cents each, but the actual cost of each copy is approximately 55 cents. Advertising pays for the balance. It is therefore not surprising that many magazines are *not* anxious to increase their circulation, but, on the contrary, are trying to keep it down. Don't, however, apply this rule to *The Mitre*.

From this division of the printed material it becomes apparent that the staff of a newspaper will have to be split into two parts: The News Department and the Business Department. Each of these departments has its own boss, namely, the News Editor and the Business Manager. To co-ordinate the efforts of the two departments, and to decide on the editorial policy of the paper, a Managing Editor is chosen. He writes the editorials, and argumentative matters are submitted to him by the two departments. In case he feels that he can't decide the matter by himself, he will consult the President, whose decision will be final.

Let us now examine the two departments at greater detail. The business manager has to find ways and means of providing enough money to print what the news department provides. This is no easy matter. A six-page issue of *The Campus* with a circulation of about two hundred copies costs forty dollars. This is for printing alone, and all other expenses such as stamps, stationery, etc. have to be added to this amount. We can therefore see, that during one academic year, the business manager will have to raise about \$700, in order to publish a six-page issue every fortnight. To assist him in this task, he appoints a Circulation Manager and an Advertising Manager.

It is in our interest, that we have as large a circulation as possible. This is for two reasons: the larger the circulation, the greater our publicity, and the easier to secure advertising; secondly, we make a net profit of 33¢ cents

on each copy we sell. At the present time, we can proudly say that our circulation is from coast to coast, since we have subscribers (I can't disclose their number) both in Vancouver and in Halifax. Several copies are going overseas, and a few to the United States. This is a good start, and I am confident that within the next few years our circulation will have at least doubled.

To assist the Advertising Manager he has an assistant and a staff of about five freshettes and freshmen. First of all prospective advertisers have to be convinced of the necessity of advertising. This isn't always easy. From my own experience, the best method is to set up a model advertisement, making it as original as possible. When this is done, approach your victim tactfully, and respectfully ask him to look at your suggested advertisement. This method has never failed yet. The most desirable kind of advertising are permanent ads, and a discount of 20% is allowed for such advertising. Large ads (full pages) are accepted, but four quarter page ads are preferable to one full page ad. At the present rate a whole page is sold for approximately \$20, but nine three-inch ads, which go on one page, will net us about \$32.

Having provided the money, we will now turn to the News Department to see if they are ready to go to press. They haven't been idle during the two-week period which had to be "covered". The News Editor, having been informed by his spies (if you object to the word, substitute stooges) of memorable events, assigns the jobs to his staff of reporters. They then proceed to make write-ups which are generally about twice as long as what is printed. These write-ups are then handed in to the News Editor who opens his desk drawer, pulls out a big pair of scissors, a red pencil, and an eraser and the operation of cutting out parts and adding others gets under way.

In the meantime, it is now getting close to the deadline, permanent features begin pouring into the News office. Assisted by two nurses 99-year-old (she'll hate me for this) Miss Hattie Heartburn comes to read and answer her fan mail. The Social News Editor occupies the desk with the phone from sunrise till sunset, trying to pick up news of interest. The Sports Editor brings his contribution (he froze his hands while making notes at the last hockey game) and invariably complains that we don't allow enough space for sports. The Quotes and Comments editor makes a list of persons to whom he is going to "pop" the question, and the *Campus* personalities are selected. This is the situation on Monday morning (the Monday preceding publication) and everybody is rushing to meet the deadline (12 o'clock noon). While all this goes on, the Managing Editor reads

over the material, and together with the News Editor he decides what goes "down". A freshman is summoned, given a sealed envelope, and told to deliver it to Beck Press. And now the trouble starts. (This is no reflection on Beck Press Reg'd.)

Twenty-six hours after the goods were delivered, on Tuesday at 4 p.m., the Managing Editor, News Editor, and a proofreader proceed to the printer's dwellings. All items have been set up in print, and rough copies are available.

Most of the setting is done by a \$5000 device known as a linotype machine. This machine is operated by one man, and he can set up about 30 inches of print per hour. He has a typewriter-like device, on which he types out what he wants in print. A complicated mechanism casts the various letters in molten lead and they are automatically spaced to make a 2½-inch line. The proofs are then made.

The proofreader proceeds to look over the proofs, correcting the mistakes (provided he or she finds them), and sometimes making slight alterations. When this is done the two editors make what is known as the "dummy" or the layout. This takes about two hours. Then the headlines have to be found. This is not as easy as it may sound. They can't be too long, and they shouldn't be too short. They must sound interesting, and they have to suggest the subject matter of the article. This takes an-

Escape

It was eight o'clock on the third night of my captivity. I paced the floor of my room as though I was a caged animal. How long would this go on? Already I was feeling the effects of my imprisonment. The walls seemed to be closing in on me, and my soul cried out for freedom. Why should I be made to suffer like this! Then I remembered the rashness that had been the cause of my confinement. Had I not brought this predicament on myself? I remembered the first day when I had sworn never to yield. I remembered the second day, which seemed never to end. The third day was worse. What lay in the future? What would I gain by more stubbornness? I could no longer save my pride. Each extra day of obstinacy was only adding to the black cloud hanging over my head. Would it not be better to give in now and attempt a fresh start in life? Yes, that would be the best way out, in fact, the only way out. Per-

other hour. Empty space is left for the advertisements, which, because they are set up by hand, are generally not ready on Tuesday. On Wednesday the pages are set up, and page proofs are made. These are very important, because it happens occasionally that headlines are mixed up or other mishaps may occur. These proofs are ready for inspection on Thursday morning, and the two editors again proceed to Beck's.

To complicate matters, important things generally happen on Thursday morning, and this means that quick action is required. First a hurried phone call to the printer to stop all proceedings. Then a quick check-up on the facts after which they are put into as few words as possible. A freshman "volunteers", and half an hour later the stuff is down at Beck's. An article of minor importance is scrapped, the "scoop" is set up and put in its place, and the "go ahead" signal is given. On Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock sharp, the wheels start rolling, and half an hour later *The Campus* is printed. By four o'clock the ink has dried and a machine folds them.

At 4.59 p.m., guarded by our secret agents, W. Beck, Esq., steps on the starter of his car, and turns his wheels towards U.B.C. The next morning you pay a nickel and you get your copy. You look it over, it takes you ten minutes to read it, and the first thing you say is, "When do we get the next one?"

Pte. N. J. FAIRBAIRN, M'46

haps I could appease the wrath of my captor. Quickly I turned around, and surveyed for several moments the opposite corner of my room. A table stood there with a pen, ink and paper, instruments with which I might gain my freedom. The decision was made. I crossed the room and sat down at the table. After a few moments' thought I picked up the pen and began writing feverishly. An hour later it was finished. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and collected the scattered sheets. I stared vacantly at them for a few seconds, scarcely realizing what I had written. Then I picked them up, and made my way down the long dim corridors, up a flight of stairs. Before me stood a closed door. I hesitated—only a single act was needed to give me my freedom. I could not turn back now. I bent down and quickly shoved the papers under the door. It was done! I had handed in my first novel report and was gated no longer.

Reminiscing

There I was a moronic, pedantic, unanimated, characterless, insipient-looking "jerk". I, was a FRESHMAN!

I stood in front of the Old Arts doors and I really cannot say, even today, which one of us was most shocked—the doors or me? The doors on looking at me could see the following (prepare yourselves for a ghastly sight): at first glance it looked like a young maple, but on closer examination from the bottom up they could see; first a pair of feet, or rather shoes, which lustered in the sunlight. Then a short technicolor pause (we are still going up) which were supposed to be stockings (my first new pair). After that no cuffs! (It was a victory suit.) Ensuite, for a while legs . . . till they came to a coat, but still no change in appearance (slim wasn't I?). Après, a curious looking knob that turned out to be my Adam's apple. Finally, a long jutting thing—my chin; from there the doors were stabbed by my nose.

Those big round eyes of mine were jutting out of their sockets at the sight which they were viewing. To top it all this specimen (still me) had hair. To say the least (and I am) this was a ghastly sight for anyone and I must admit that at the time I still would not look at myself in a mirror, I was too scared, you see I had done it once but never again!

Anyway, gathering up my courage (this took less than a second) I joined the people (I was too shy to call them fellow students) and proceeded to the lawn where tea was being served. Tea turned out to be a curious looking clear brown liquid which was ginger ale (so they told me when I dared to ask). Bravely I took a glass of the potent stuff and drank it in one gulp. It tickled my nose, made me sneeze, and made my head swim, for before this I was a milk drinker exclusively. This elixir of the gods gave me courage, so I dashed up to what I thought to be a senior and said: "Euh . . . euh . . . hello!" Then I ran home.

The next day as I was walking aimlessly in the halls of the New Arts in search of the French lecture room, I met a senior and bowing in front of him (in the meantime spitting on his shoes and giving him a quick shine) I asked him where the French lecture room was. He, with a sneer on his face, silently pointed to a door. I walked in and saw—GIRLS—my blood pressure went up so fast I fainted. Coming to, I cringed to the back row and sat through the whole lecture with my mouth wide open and my tongue hanging out. But this day proved to be my downfall. You see a GIRL smiled at me. THIS was the beginning. I knew then that I was destined to become conceited. I rushed home and looked at myself in the mirror. I began to have hallucinations. I read up all the books I could about the different ways to smile, the various ways of combing my hair, etcetera, etcetero, etceteri . . . From that time on I was planning

my campaign like a general. I went about smiling all the time, till I became known as "the leering fool."

I spent my whole first year learning to talk to people. It wasn't that I couldn't speak, it was just that I had forgotten to learn *English!* (and by the looks of this article, I haven't learnt yet!) By the end of my first year I had finally mastered all the one syllable words, such as a, I, me, O (in its exclamatory sense), and of course the two basic English words: yes and no. Thusly armed I was ready for my second year.

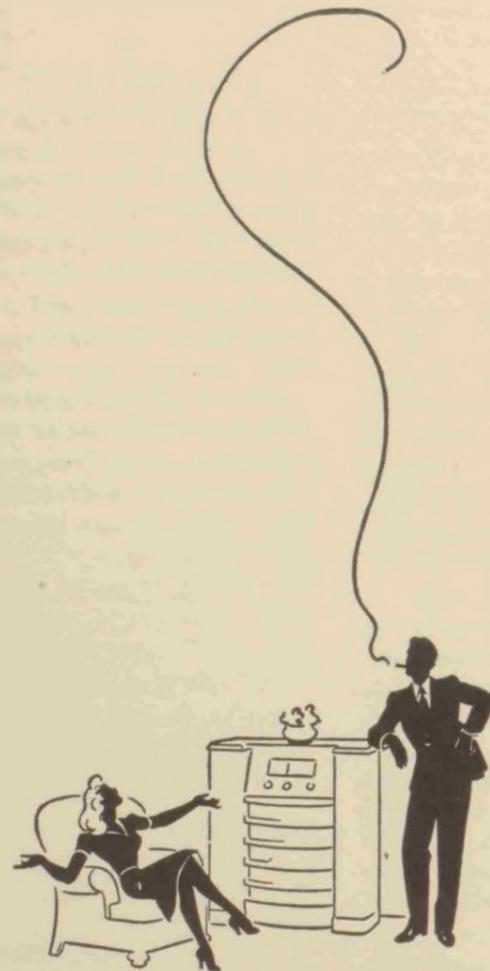
How I remember my second year at Bish. I was a Junior-Senior. That meant that I had certain privileges (so I thought!). Again I was present for the tea, but by now I was rugged and could drink ginger ale without any after effects. With a brazen look on my puss—er pan—I walked up to one of those of which I no longer was, viz, a fresh—and told him to go and get me a glass of the liquid. He opened his 'elongated' mouth and these words poured forth: "But why?" I was stumped. I was flabbergasted. I was further convinced that I was a failure. I wasn't the authoritative type. In other words I was not considered conceited.

In my second term (I really mean year) girls no longer troubled me. In fact, it was now me who troubled them. I dated every one of them that would have me—and to my extreme surprise some of them did take me up. Not only did they take me up, but they also threw me over their shoulders because I was not a perfect gentleman . . . I was a *cad!*

One day I noticed that an anaemic individual kept staring at me all the time. For a while I thought that he was admiring my last year's Christmas tie that I had held over; but one day when my back was turned, he sneaked up and tapped me on the shoulder and said: "You're IT." At that I thought he was merely playing tag and told him he was in the wrong place and that this was not a kindergarten. On closer examination I perceived that he was our beloved dramatics president!

Two days later I found out that I had been chosen for a role in a one-act play. This play was what led to my final conceit. This was it! I threw myself into my role as well as all over the stage. I let my hair grow long thus saving some money and getting h— from my Lieutenant on parades who did not believe that I had to have long hair to be a good actor! (But I knew better than he. I had to hide that face somehow.) I went around the halls yelling "fleas, bedbugs" and calling on Doc Gurney. I practised facial expressions till the college presented me with a one-way ticket to the nearest asylum. I practised leering, smiling, frowning, laughing for no reason at all, bawling for the same reason, staggering (this was not difficult being a char-

(Continued on page 28)



"Doesn't his voice just 'send' you?"

"Not as much as a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



The Skier

L. WALDMAN

Late autumn and the first hint of approaching winter is carried to us on the wings of a chilling fall breeze. Wind-blown walks and bare gardens advertise as plainly as a glaring billboard: winter is coming. The naked trees stand with bare, uplifted arms and fingers pointing heavenward and seem to whisper, "Look up, from there will come the first snowfall." The city streets are cleared of their leafy covering, the country fields are stripped and expectant, awaiting the day when the sun will rise and see them resplendent in their white winter finery. And then that day arrives.

Conrad awoke in the morning to find his room flooded with bright sunlight. Sitting up in the bed he stared through the window and his wondering eyes were greeted by a dazzling whiteness. Overnight the drab, dull-brown hills had been miraculously transformed into a great, sparkling fairyland. White magic had made the ugly duckling of an Italian countryside into a swan whose downy, brilliant plumage was as blinding, in its brightness, as the sun's own rays. Of all the seasons of the year Conrad loved the winter best. He remembered those past winters he had spent in his own Canadian hills. Looking out of the window now, he thought how much the hills of Italy were like those of his native Quebec. He half expected to see a gay, laughing crowd of skiers appear over that first rise. A happy group setting out, just as he had so often set out, on a cross-country jaunt.

Conrad had learned to ski when he was very young. Ever since he could remember, his favourite sport had been skiing. Now he recalled the happy times they used to have during the winter at home. Especially the week-ends were wonderful; always, in the winter, there were the festive week-ends and holidays to look forward to. On such a morning as this he would rise early and before the sun was very high in the eastern sky he would have his skis on his shoulder and his pack strapped to his back and he would be swinging through the gate and down the village street. Then would come a clear, ringing 'allo from across the road and Pierre, also dressed in his ski togs, would come around from the back of the Mathieu house and fall in step with him. Ah, but it felt good in the early morning. Their step was firm and steady and the big, comfortable ski boots felt secure and their bodies were young and strong.

Just outside the village they would turn off the road and climb over the low fence into Cote's pasture. There they would stop and strap on their skis and immediately they would start off at a steady, smooth pace up the trail, one leading and the other following in his tracks. If it had snowed the night before they would leave a fresh, thin trail

in the snow behind them. After they had climbed the first half mile to the ridge Conrad and Pierre would rest a little while. Conrad liked to look at the precise pattern their skis had traced out. First a straight black thread of a trail stretching across the pasture, its line broken here and there where the land formed a hollow, and then the geometrical patterns of the herring bone made by their skis where they had climbed over the hump, just below the ridge. On the ridge one could already smell the familiar odor of evergreens. Now they were climbing up through the timber. The big, snow-laden firs seemed to muffle all noise and as they strained upwards even the whispering whoosh of skis pushing through new snow was absorbed into the immense quiet of the shadowed timberland. And then, at last, they would emerge from the protecting forest into the sparkling light of the clearing below the lodge and cutting their herring-boned scar on the soft, white slope the two youths would ascend the last few hundred feet.

Once inside they would build a crackling fire in the red brick hearth and then prepare to wax their skis before the others arrived. He and Pierre were always the first to reach the lodge and they had usually finished their lunch of cold sandwiches and coffee from a thermos bottle by the time the crowd arrived. Soon they would pack the hill and then, all afternoon, they would ski with the others. When the descending sun slanted long shadows across the white expanses and the hard-packed surfaces began to get icy they would all retire to the lodge to get their packsacks and discarded sweaters and prepare for the long run back to the village.

Conrad remembered how he used to enjoy that last run of the day. With a push of his poles he would start down the trail, a smooth turn and he was in the wooded land flashing down past retreating trees. Twisting, turning, his legs sure and steady, his weight shifting freely as he swivelled safely around the curves; crouching lower as his body gained momentum and the rush of air tore at his cap and brought tears to his eyes; checking speed a little with a series of swinging Christianas from one side of the trail to the other. A sharp hairpin turn, over the ridge and straight down the long schuss he would plummet, and as he approached Cote's pasture his speed would slacken and he would pole the short distance to the fence. Then he would remove his skis, and, suddenly tired, heave them to his shoulder and trudge off towards home talking to Pierre about the day's skiing. He could see the two of them walking slowly through the lamp-lit streets in the dim twilight of a winter evening.

(Continued on page 24)

All Is Not Gold That Glitters

Miss T. PARKER

While I was looking at the snow one morning as it sparkled in the sunlight, the old adage, "All is not gold that glitters", came into my mind, and I realized how true it was. Many of the things that glitter are worth far more than gold, although the original purpose of the saying was to point out that looks may be deceiving, and bright things often worthless. But if we consider the pleasure we obtain from natural objects and scenes that are bright and glittering we are glad that "all is not gold that glitters."

The sun shining on an expanse of snow is as bright and dazzling as millions of diamonds, and far more beautiful. Whereas the diamonds sparkle diabolically, the snow diamonds are alive and sparkle with joy. The glistening snow seems to reflect winter in her brightest mood, when she is stimulating, vivid, and beautiful.

The glitter of water in the moonlight is no less appealing. The light is really more of a glimmer, and reflects an altogether different mood. In the darkness the sudden glimmer of a pond or stream in the moonlight, as it reflects the surrounding trees and sky, gives one a feeling both of pleasure and pain by its breathtaking beauty. Or one may gain the same feeling by standing under the open sky and gazing at the myriads of scintillating stars above. Nothing makes one more contemplative, or reminds one more forcibly of the immensity of everything compared to man, and the immensity of man's soul compared to all this grandeur.

The time-honoured beacon light is always shining,

whether from a cabin window, the porch of a mansion, or the lighthouse on a cliff. From a distance the light is wan, then it becomes a faint glimmer, and finally it is a bright glitter which tells that a human is nearby who anxiously awaits, joyfully anticipates, or carefully warns. Of how much more worth than gold is the glittering beacon to the careworn traveller, the eager guest, or the worried navigator!

More than inanimate nature sparkles and glitters. As a pool of water drenched with moonlight reflects the objects about it, so do a person's eyes reflect the mood and personality of their owner. Nothing is more indicative of vital life than flashing black eyes which are both electric and magnetic. Brown eyes may be electric too, or soft, with an occasional flash of light like the momentary smiling of the sun into a quiet pool. Blue eyes can show all the shades of light from wanness to brilliancy without displaying a single cloud. Gray eyes are like pools which reflect the moon's steady glow with an occasional flash from a bright star.

All of these lights, whether of the moon's rays on silent water, a flashing meteor, or the happy sparkling of a person's eyes show "all is not gold that glitters." Light and brightness are a part of life and their value cannot be estimated. Their purpose is to give us pleasure, to help us reason, and to make us understand some of the underlying qualities of life. As long as the world exists the sun will make snow diamonds, and a person's eyes will tell their own story.



Nineteen

Miss F. McFADDEN

What is our youth? Can it be judged by years?
Does not our living now—in time of war
Of slaughter, sacrifice and pain and tears—
Attest that we of life have realized more?
'Tis true that you and I have suffered not,
But still we know of those who have and will;
And we believe in that for which they fought,
Although we ourselves cannot wound or kill
And yet we are considered children both,
"Nineteen is young," they say. "You're immature;
How can you know your minds!" And they are loath
To see that truth of which we are so sure—
Time has lost its meaning. What is before
We know not. But we love. Can there be more?

Heil To The Conquering Hero

I. GLISERMAN

It was in the little village of Mainz, in the heart of Germany that the old, grey house stood with its long, green vines caressing the moss covered boards of the former home of Major Herman von Tufen. Any woman or child could have told you that the old house had not been inhabited since the month of June, 1936, and they would look up with an arrogant countenance and tell you to your face that their "beloved" major was "die Englaender zerstoenen."

But tonight it was different in Mainz for the townspeople were to be seen walking rather hurriedly about the cobblestones whispering to each other in strained tones. And little wonder too, because for the first time in eight, long years, the light was on in the Tufen home, a light that threw long shadows on the flaky, white snow, which gave away the presence of many men inside—armed men.

The scene inside the old house was a scene of laughter and revelry. The best French wine and bubbling champagne flowed freely about a large oaken table where a large number of high-ranking German officers sat eating of the rich, plentiful food that lay on the huge, white tablecloth. A sorry looking group of musicians were sitting at one end of the room, noisily beating out the strains of an Austrian waltz when suddenly all noise in the room ceased and the German officers slowly rose to their feet, and with their arms raised in the Nazi salute, they shouted together a word which resounded through the room: "Heil . . . Heil." A door on the opposite side of the chamber slowly opened and through a small archway walked a little man, a frail man, his bluish, grey uniform resplendent with the colourful decorations of the German Reich. The great Von Tufen himself, now no longer a major but a full general, and now no longer an insignificant nobody but second-in-command of the German army that had stopped rather successfully the great British offensive in Europe. Herman was now a national hero, and he knew it, for as he walked over to the table and told the officers to sit, in his small but powerful voice, his little chest bulged with the Aryan pride.

Sitting down at the table Herman ate his dinner in quiet, yet with his small, beady eyes he slowly appraised the men round about. To his extreme right was a dark, heavy man, Hans Shiller, one of the most important figures in the Gestapo and a man any British officer would gladly give his life to kill or capture. Next to him sat Von Boren, one of the heads of the huge espionage system in Germany and in rotation sat the most important personages in the great and glorious war Germany was waging against the world.

When Herman finished his meal, the revelry continued once again and toasts and praises were passed frequently about the table. The faces of the men around the table

showed satisfaction and glee. The atmosphere of joyousness surrounded everyone except one man. That man was Kurt Mueller, Herman's faithful and devoted servant. A tall, thin man, he hardly ever spoke, only listened to the talk and obeyed orders with a calm thoroughness.

As night drew near, Herman ordered Kurt to bring an enormous map of Europe into the room and then he stood up before the men, and with a rather proud and haughty voice, began to talk about the great spy system that Germany operated. "How dumb these Britishers are," he cried out in a shrieking tone, "not to know of the large number of espionage agents we injected into the British Isles so many years ago, men whom even the Scotland Yard could not lay their hands on. Oh, vat fools they are, those people," he yelled in guttural tones, "Vile they know nothing about our plans and strategy, ve know all about theirs."

Soon the little man became hysterical. "Ach, but they are dumb," he cried, "Our glorious fuehrer with the help of men like me will conquer them. The trouble is that they have no system, the fools. No system, do you hear, Kurt, no system."

Kurt Mueller only shook his head, for he hardly ever spoke, only listened.

"Should der British only know that the plans containing the strategy for our next great counter-offensive lie in this small, grey house—" Von Tufen continued, "Hah, but they are dumb, too dumb, and so, in the end, Germany shall own the world. Heil."

The Germans jumped to their feet and saluted the man before them.

"Heil," they shouted, "Heil to the conquering hero."

Kurt Mueller slowly picked up the private phone sitting in the spacious den, and dialed a number. "J-210", he said, "This is J-400 speaking. It is the little grey house standing on the corner of—"

On January 3 the following news bulletin came over the network of the British Broadcasting System:

"It was just reported that the little town of Mainz in Germany was raided by British bombers last night who dropped many tons of bombs and caused such complete devastation to the town that not a single building remains standing. It is also reported that many of Germany's great leaders were killed in this raid, including the famous German General, Herman Von Tufen. This important information was relayed to us by one of our most efficient secret agents in Germany whose name we are, of course, not at liberty to relate—"

". . . that not a single building remains standing. Not even a little grey house."

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F. G. DELANEY

Good evening, dear reader, and welcome to another edition of Notes and Comments, the featured article of every *Mitre*. Brushing aside for the moment such trivia as English assignments, we plunge once more into the realm of the passed term to revive as far as possible its many highlights.

First on my list, and vivid in the memory of all are the plays. These writhings of the muses at Bish provide plenty of material to work on, but being limited by the censors to decent language only, I am unable to reproduce verbatim many of the more interesting comments that were made. All that the stage manager would (or could) say when interviewed was, "I believe that the stage crew did an excellent job with the limited facilities on hand." O.K., Zeke, you've been misquoted, but I couldn't print *that!* The setting up of the stage was marked by the crash of falling hopes, bars and certain members of the stage crew. Besides these minor interruptions there were such details as actors,

or should I say performers, trying to make a new door in the process of effecting a hasty exit, or the footboard that grew eight inches at every change of scene, or the job that they had in holding down one of the leading figures who was doing his best to wreak vengeance on an offending backdrop.

But besides all these little-known by-plays, the plays themselves succeeded in bringing to light at least two characters, Gliss and Mavis Clarke, who blandly stole any scenes that they appeared in. "Verry naice" is a phrase some will remember for quite a long time. But leave us leave this griping, I mean gripping subject with the hopeful note that there will be a major play, and there, anything can, and probably will happen.

But next to the plays, the next greatest thing of import that the Beaudry brain has produced is a rag called *The Campus*. This campus character than whom no other, and a cohort from the Old Lodge decided to fill a gap in their

TOO BUSY to Make a Will? ... Not too Busy to Die!

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

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

You probably don't appreciate 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

spare time by knocking (and I use the word in its strictest sense) out a fortnightly digest of past and future happenings behind these creaking doors. Having rounded up the Literary Board, and beaten them into silence, these two went underground and came up three weeks later with four gophers, three white mice, and a college paper that bids fair to become a permanent fixture. The first issue drew no spoken criticism, but it is significant that most students obliterated the print as far as possible with autographs before sending the precious document home. However, all joking aside, *The Campus* has filled a long-felt want in the college by furnishing an up-to-date record of activities in the University. The latest innovation is a Vox Pop column, whose name was obviously taken from a famous source, and whose main novelty lies in quoting the exact words of the victim. This has led, to some amusing results, with more in store.

Much of the attraction that this term holds lies in the variety of dances. Possibly the best dance that has taken place in two years was the masquerade held recently in the gym. This bit of rampant surrealism saw the fulfillment of many a D. T. as colours and sound ran wild. There was the Sultan Mustpha Drink, and Hangover Harriet, his Dolly with a Hole in her Stocking (sloppy dresser isn't she?). The confusion of the scene was duplicated only by the later assembly at the Dog Cart where your reporter, hidden under the counter because he didn't dast show his face outside, heard a voice persistently squealing, "But I'm not tired." One humorous incident occurred when one member of a well-known quartette was asked if he was a doctor. The combinations on the dance floor were startling, such as the Senorita jitterbugging with the bartender. If your interest or curiosity extends any further, consult the *Campus* (plug plug).

Long ago, not so many weeks before Christmas there dwelt a band of adventurers who wanted to sing more than anything else; even the fact that they were music lovers could not deter them from their purpose. So, in the midst of the exams, they went to the professors' houses, armed with stave and carol (you remember Stave and Carol, they used to have a mind reading act). The privileged half of the group wended their way to Prof. Scott's at the end of the recital, while the remaining rabble descended upon the residence of Prof. Kuehner to take advantage of a very kind offer of refreshments which had been made earlier in the evening. I strongly suspect that it was in the nature of a bribe to get us off the premises.

Inter-year hockey has claimed the sport spotlight in the past weeks with skiing running a close second. Third year has, by a series of scrapes and squeezes, succeeded in gaining a narrow lead, breaking their long losing streak started early last year. Second year, after a slight check at the beginning

of the season, came back with force, nearly shutting First year residents by a score of 16-1, the breaker being scored as the last sands trickled out of the timekeeper's watch. But enough, if you insist on pursuing this subject, see Sports, Z. H. Posman's sensational column. (Now he's got to give me a good writeup.)

O. T. C. has suffered a slight loss in the new order that lets Third year students out of training. The inactivity was lightened by a very recent ski scheme, in fact at the time of writing there are still many sore students, here and there. The minor features of this were the disappearing section, and a daring one man sally into enemy lines to ascertain whether the Sergeant had any instructions.

The boys in blue are at it again; yes, the R.A.F. are back again, "as any fool kin plainly" see by the sitzmarks on the Golf Club hill. The trip to Windsor Mills continues to be a source of wonder to all the lads who want to know how to extract beer from wood pulp.



The Sultan and His Slave

The spotlight is trained at this point upon the debating world, and interest in the subject seems to have revived with the approach of an inter-university clash, due some time in February. One of the interesting features in the tryout harangue was the contestants who were busily engaged in reading the results of the tilt in the *Campus*. One notable exception to this rule was a Divine who seemed to prefer a hymnal; I guess he wanted to see how the story came out. Reminds one of the fellow who ploughed through "Who's Who" and remarked that the plot stank, "But what a cast of characters."

For the benefit of all those avid readers of last year's Year Book, we wish to present to all who are interested, the one query that was omitted from the questionnaire:

Q.: What is your favorite approach?

A.: Direct, indirect, with a line, moonlight and Giz Gagnon, mashie shot, naturally, loud ties.

Turning from this effort to another branch in the line of sports, we arrive at the door of the Council office just in time to tie the Chief Gargler in a chair and shoot a few questions at him. Between bromos, we learned several interesting facts. First, that the A.O.F.B. has lost one member in Roy Peirce, and will probably lose another soon when "Maggie" Magee goes all out for Navy rum. These Knights of the Tankard have been reinforced by the return of old members from the forces, and are ready for the coming hockey and basketball season. The Parchesi Club, that famous group that goes in optimistically and comes out misty optically, also have a good roster of faithful members, including some of the better athletes of the college. They too are looking forward with no little degree of anticipation to such sports as are planned, as well as the traditional sleigh ride. Some members were seen getting into practice for this, but to the casual observer it would seem that they had forgotten the sleigh.

But leave us now turn to the Famous Sayings department (flourish). High on the list of immortal words are these: "Something's wrong, I've only got fourteen fingers—gosh am I stuck; I don't even know the equation for the expansion of Greece—I can't help it if I'm bowlegged—Verry naice, now kiss me in English—Hmmm, Coke bottles—Can I show you how Marg kissed me goodnight?"

It can only be the merest coincidence, of course, that the Co-Operative fire, starring the Bish Ski Club, took place while a well-known pyromaniac was visiting the college.

Speaking of hockey (who was?—I wasn't) the following was heard all too often in the halls.

"Say, have you got a pair of skates?"

"Nope."

"Ever played hockey?"

"Nope."

"Well, can you skate?"

"Never tried."

"Hey fellas, we got a forward."

So we now turn to that shadowy corner where we find the names of all those who belong to that great Bishop's institution of the steady couple. Besides the old faithfuls, like Hank and Cathy or Johnny and Ada, we have such illustrious names as Buck and Rusty, Hugh and Jeanie, Gilles and Rusty, J. C. and Joyce, Len and Rusty, Zeke and Edie, Mac and Rusty, etc.

Another interesting feature of the past term was the joint campaign for the presidency of Second Year. Since Norm Fairbairn left, the post was vacant, and the two rival candidates amused themselves by making each other's speeches, and by acting as campaign managers for the opposing side. Kaufman demonstrated his ability in this capacity when Hugh Banfill copped the position, bringing another Council office key to the Old Arts.

Several of the latecomers at supper one night were somewhat jarred when they found the day students' table occupied by a bevy of winsome co-eds. The presence of this rather disturbing influence had a noticeable effect on the conversation at table, and raised the question of having a women's table in the dining hall. I bet they wouldn't last more than a month, but that's only one opinion.

However, even the best of columns has a deadline, and this one has already stretched the editor's patience too far. With regrets and baggy eyes I sign off again till next *Mitre* time.



LUXOR GRILL

Devil Sent

"God sends meat and the devil sends cooks."

Thomas Deloney, "Work" (1600)

If you or anyone else had the chance to see me in the process of cooking a meal, never again would you be able to look at a dish of food without splitting your sides in memory of me. My first serious attempts at the art took place a few months ago: my mother had just come out of the hospital and, for a little while, was unable to do much in the way of housekeeping; so I was given the job of buying the food and cooking the meals.

Of course, the first job is to take in a tray with breakfast in the morning. After a few bad starts and long delays I have managed to perfect a system which cuts down many of the little circles that I used to run in and eliminates many of the useless motions. Whereas I used to rush madly about in all directions getting the tray set, preparing grapefruit and trying to keep the toast from burning or the milk from boiling over the stove and leaving a mess that had to be cleaned up; I now put everything out the night before, unfortunately nearly always forgetting to do the same with the milk bottle and the cat. This only means less of a mad rush in the morning but I still experience that same helpless feeling when I turn around to find the hot milk all over the stove while the toast goes up in a cloud of smoke. After that comes the boring task of washing dishes, while trying not to chip any more than absolutely unavoidable.

But breakfast is not the worst part of the day. That comes with the call "You'd better get the shopping done before the store fills up or you won't have enough time to get the meal cooked before one o'clock!" So I leave the house, trying to remember a long list of items: a beef roast, potatoes, vegetables ("Now don't get anything fancy 'cause you have to cook it yourself."), tinned goods, sugar, butter, and almost enough other stuff to open a store of our own. Once in the store with everything ready for me to stagger away with, I realize that they won't let me have it without paying for it. Of course, this is not an unreasonable thought but it becomes all the more embarrassing with the sudden recollection that I have forgotten to bring any money with me! So, considerably subdued, I make my apologies and rush home to get the wherewithal to pay for my purchases. Eventually they are paid for, and I trudge home only to reach the front door and find that my key is in an inaccessible pocket. Frustrated, I unload everything on the steps and am about to put the key in the lock when out walks my brother to fall all over the packages and down the stairs; now that the door is open I wearily drag myself up the stairs dropping parcels on each step, eventually dumping everything with a loud crash on the kitchen table.

K. BANFILL

Now, let's see; we want lunch at about one o'clock, which means that at twenty minutes per pound and twenty minutes for luck the roast will need two hours; so it has to go in at eleven. And, ye gods and little fishes! the scalloped potatoes and carrots will have to be put in with it, and I've only got twenty minutes to get it ready! So I fly about hunting for carrots, potatoes, milk, pots, pans and everything else under the sun. While the milk and water are on the stove, I get busy paring and cleaning the vegetables. Of course, I don't fail to cut with the knife pointing towards me, so I end up with a nasty gash in my left hand; and while it's being fixed up the inevitable has to happen—I smell something burning and realize that the milk has again overflowed. But, just after I've managed somehow or other to get the roast and the potatoes into the oven on time, I remember I forgot to light the gas! Well, that little thing is done, and I go back to the shelling of peas, getting more of them on the floor, which I should have swept, than in the pot. However, I manage to get everything (or so I think) done and sit down for a few minutes to relax with some magazine (probably *Woman's Home Companion*). I'm nicely settled in some story of a woman's "flaming passion" when it strikes me that I should have made a pudding a few hours ago. With a stifled curse I get up and start in on it. While getting all the ingredients together I am struck with the thoughts that if I make the pudding we won't have enough milk for lunch, so I'd have to go out for some; and if I don't make the pudding, I'd have to go out and get something else to eat; and that if I do make it anyway and decide on coffee for lunch it may not be ready on time. So whatever way it goes I'd be stuck anyhow into making another trip out. So out I go again in a light jacket and while in the store the unexpected has to happen. A cloudburst! So with my bundles I charge home, getting nearly soaked through, arriving home just in time to turn and baste the roast.

Back in the house I remember to put the peas into "boiling water, now don't forget" and to "add salt and a bit of mint. It helps the flavour you know." That done I set the table—for three—the invalid having decided to get up. For a change I do it correctly, even remembering such odd items as pills in a small custard cup. The water for the coffee is set on to boil, a low flame, to prevent any other catastrophes, is lit under the milk (my mother is one of those persons who prefers hot milk to cream in their coffee), and the soup is set on to heat. In the rush of the last few moments I forget how to heat a plate and set it on a burner with the gas lit under it, and promptly banish it from my pigeon-brain, but it is soon recalled when I hear a sharp

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Do You Too Wish To Be An Actor ?

P. J. BEAUDRY

This article has been written after due thought. It anything about the stage and therefore it was time that someone of authority enlighten them (namely me). True, I have had but two years' experience with dramatics here, but I hope that the following hints may be of some use—sometime.

This first and main requirement to be a great actor is: you have to be completely off your nut. At first sight this statement may seem to be somewhat "cold" but let us figure out its real meaning. As you all know or have heard, actors are a queer lot. They go about mumbling to themselves. This might lead people to think that they are going crazy. On the contrary, they are so already!

Well, with that explained, we come to the second essential: you must have absolute voice control. This is the hardest thing that there is in dramatics, for as you all know the students (at least a great part of them) haven't as yet formed their voice, that is the voice hasn't matured. This is often disastrous for the parties concerned for when a great big bruiser gets on the stage and instead of yelling in a deep basso, gives out with a demonly awful pipsqueak, well . . . There is only one thing to do and that is to adhere to these following rules: 1) sneak out of your room at five-thirty in the morning and proceed to number three tee on the golf course. When arrived there shout at the top of your lungs (if you haven't any lungs to get on just shout) till you are completely hoarse. When this is done you will notice that your voice now has a certain rasping element which will remain as long as you keep up those morning exercises. On the other hand if you hate the idea of straining your vocal chords there is always this other means: this method is only applicable when it is raining cats and dogs or when it is snowing. You put on your bathing suit and walk around the countryside till you are quite drenched or covered with snow, then you return to your room (it also has to be done just before you are retiring) and take all your bedclothes and throw them into a bathtub full of water. Let them soak there for a few minutes and if the water is freezing cold you might hop in and stay there for a few minutes yourself. Now that you have the bedclothes and yourself completely immersed with very cold water, return to your room. Once there put the bedclothes back on the bed, open all the windows (make sure that the door remains open too, you want a terrific draft!), then hop in. You're sure to catch a beautiful cold. As you all know a person with a cold has a low-toned voice. Well that is what you want and to keep it in that condition repeat my nightly procedure and I guarantee you a low voice for the duration of your life. Of course some have tried and, it's really

funny, they died! Now that we have figured out something for the giant with a high voice, let us see what we can do for shorty with an extremely low-pitched voice. Looking the cause up in a great ancient medical diary (published in) I found this statement: "magna bassa vox est causa par tonsolatum anemium anginam saepe stetantim," which on being translated means: "Oh well figure it out for yourself, I can't." Therefore after consulting all the leading authorities on the "vox" and its "causas" we can only draw this conclusion: if you are a wee mite with a great big deep voice and wish to have a high-pitched one there is only one thing for you to do brother, CUT YOUR THROAT!

Now that you know how to talk, you must learn to walk. Aha, you are surprised at this aren't you? You thought that you knew how, didn't you? Well, no. (At this point I am talking to you my dear reader and you will pardon me if I do not enclose our conversation in quotation marks; you see I am merely doing this to save time and also help the typesetter as well.) If you usually walk with a slouch, you are bound to be cast in the role of a fighting soldier and will have to learn to walk with your shoulders back, stomach in, chin out, just the way our sergeant-major wishes we would do it. On the other hand if you naturally walk straight and soldierly like, a hundred to one that you will play the part of a wizened old man and will have to stumble around practically on your knees most of the time. However, if you don't walk straight and don't walk with a crouch, don't think that you will be able to get away with anything with the casting director, he's bound to put you in the role of a guy in a wheelchair or of a corpse (this last role is one of the most difficult to play, you can't breathe!). Stumbling all over the stage is something you must do at all times and to bring the house down (literally speaking) fall in the footlights or, even better, into the arms of the front-rowers.

Now that you have learned to talk and walk, you must find out something about what you are to say during the play. The easiest way to accomplish this is by learning the script! But here are a few hints on what to do in case you happen to forget your lines (a very common occurrence with amateurs). You can always light a cigarette. Of course this act may look awkward in the following two cases: 1) you are fighting with someone, or 2) you are involved in a passionate embrace with the heroine. For both of these cases the action of lighting a cig brings to your memory some very good lines, remember these. In the first case there you are in the middle of a fight—you forget your line so you stop—light a cig and say: "Why be irri-

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Lying Prone On One's Back

G. B. MOFFATT

The word "prone", according to Noah Webster, means "lying with face downward". Undoubtedly most of you think it impossible for anyone to lie prone on his back. After much thought, however, I have devised some methods whereby one may ultimately obtain this awkward posture.

The first method is quite simple. All that is required is a room in which is contained a chandelier and a springboard. The springboard must be placed seven and a half feet in front of the chandelier. Proceed to the farthest end of the room and start running towards the springboard. Now while springing through the air, catch the chandelier with the feet. Suddenly let go and hit the floor face first. As soon as the face strikes the floor, it is most necessary that the body be given a half twist to the right, i.e., a turn of 180°. On doing so one will eventually find, when consciousness is restored, that one is lying on the floor, face downwards on one's back. (Q.E.D.)

The second and most popular method whereby one may obtain the desired position is as follows. The body is placed in horizontal position on the floor, both stomach and face downward. In the right hand is held a cap-gun. Count three and fire the gun. Throw the gun in the nearest corner, give the head a full twist to the right, and the body half a twist in the same direction. By a full twist I mean a complete turn of 360°. The head will now be in the same position as at the beginning; but if the head was not moved it may become restless, lying on the floor, doing nothing, while the body enjoys a half twist. One will now find himself again lying prone on his back. It is interesting to note that the twists are made to the right for the sake of uniformity only, but if one has lumbago on the right side the

twists may very well be made to the left, or even the head to the right and the body to the left, or vice versa.

There is also another method somewhat similar to that which I have just expounded. Instead of beginning by lying with both face and stomach downward, one might begin by lying on his back, face upward; and then proceed to obtain the desired position by giving the face only an about or half twist. (What this magazine needs is someone to express his views on co-education).

There are yet two more methods which might be attempted. In order to do the first of these, one would require a complete football outfit and a stone wall. The object is to run towards the wall at full speed wearing the football equipment, collide with the wall head-first and then fall on one's back with a broken neck. It is surprising how simple it is to lie prone on one's back with a broken neck. Why, all that is required is a slight push of the head and it turns around with the broken neck acting as a hinge.

The last and most simple method whereby one might obtain this awkward physical position is the method of decapitation. In using this method it is necessary for one to contact the descendants of one M. de Guillotin in France; and to order from them their new 1945 model super-guillotine, which has many improvements on the original guillotine. Having received it, one slices off his head, falls on his back, and places his head beside him face downward. Et voila! one is now lying prone on his back.

And now I bid you adieu until the next issue (if I am still alive), in which I shall deal with the converse of lying prone on one's back, that of lying on one's stomach, face upward.



(Continued from page 23)

tated, light an Old Gold." In the second, you untangle yourself and quote this: "Keep cool with a Cool." In both cases you save your face (if it's worth saving) and can also collect some pocket money for advertising.

I certainly hope that these few hints will give you all a certain "savoir faire" and soon we will have a great HAMlet!

(Continued from page 13)

The young man's reverie was interrupted by the crisp voice of the trim nurse in white—"Nine o'clock Lieutenant Leblanc. You'll have to get into the wheelchair while I change the bedding." Conrad swung his left leg over the side of the bed, then let himself be helped into the wheelchair. He looked at the artificial leg in the open box on the night table. He must remember to write a letter of thanks to the Red Cross people to-day.

The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by Mrs. GUY MARSTON, B.A.

LETTERS FROM HAWAII

It is now about six years since Miss Ethelwyn Castle of Honolulu started to send to Bishop's library the books which form our fine Hawaiian collection. Miss Castle's original idea was to find a home for a number of books she valued. She wished to place them somewhere where they would be cared for, and where students or the casual reader might make good use of them. About eighteen months later the original few books had expanded to a collection of many titles and great variety. Miss Castle's generosity, like her enthusiasm and knowledge of Hawaiian books, ended only with her death on November 2, 1940. Something about this "little library of Hawaiiana" as Miss Castle delighted to call it, may be found in the June issue of the *Mitre*, 1940. What I should like to do here is let Miss Castle speak for herself. With each shipment of books sent to us she wrote a covering letter listing the books, annotating them, sometimes briefly, but often more fully, criticising here an author, and there a subject. She always showed her deep interest in learning of any kind and her fine collector's instinct. She constantly insisted that she was only a "cursory reader" but actually she was a connoisseur of all that pertained to her beloved Hawaii.

All her letters are interesting, some much more informative than others. We can only select at random. About Armine Von Tempski's novels, *Dust, Lava, Fire, and Ripe Breadfruit*, she says:

"This author does admirable descriptions of scenery and atmosphere. It is unfortunate, I think, that she took to novel writing instead of doing essays on nature. Her father was a Polish refugee and her mother the daughter of an old British resident minister to Hawaii in the days of the monarchy . . . *The House Without a Key* by Earl Derr Biggers . . . has drawn considerable attention of a certain type. It was I think the first book in which Charlie Chan, now so well known through the movies, appeared. There is no great novel dealing with life in the islands but we always hope for one sometime . . ."

"*All True*, by various authors was an unfortunate choice of title from our point of view since Rosita Forbes was included among the writers. We look with considerable dubiety on anything of hers since her report in London regarding her visit to the Hawaiian Islands. She said, or it was so reported in the *Illustrated London News*, . . . that she drove by automobile from Wailuku, Maui, to Hilo, Hawaii! Crossing a deep ocean channel by that means is a considerable feat, and saying it was done reminds one of Munchausen to say the least . . ."

In another letter: "I am sorry that my copy of *My Great, Wide, Beautiful World* should be so late a-printing,



but that does not interfere with the main object of any book, viz, its contents."

"*Mother Marianne* is one of the better volumes on the lives of those men and women who have cared for the lepers both at the receiving station in Honolulu and on Molokai. There was a curious lapse as to natural history in that book, as I remember it. It talked about the birds at Kakaako and Molokai quite as if the same birds that flock about America were present here in large numbers. The ducks at Kakaako on the flats were domesticated creatures. It's very rarely that either wild ducks or gulls visit our shores or mountains. The plovers come every year to winter here. Obviously the author was doing a little embroidering on the scene of the Sisters' labours when he wrote that part of the book . . ."

About education: "*The Changing Curriculum* by various authors has much of importance for the general reader as well as for those engaged in the educational field. You will find an account of the new curriculum of the largest high school in Honolulu, the McKinley High School. In my opinion they do an excellent piece of work at that school, but of course the educational stand-patters object with vigour to all that they do to liberalize the school. Not that there is not plenty yet to do, but people find it very difficult to part company with ancient mistaken ideas about education. The general public, here as elsewhere, has not kept pace with newer knowledge of the processes of learning, so the application of that knowledge lags. That's a misfortune in which we are not singular, more's the pity."

"*Exploring for Plants* by David Fairchild goes to you because it is really a portion of autobiography, which is continued and expanded in *The World was My Garden*. These are two of the most delightful books on botany, ecology, travel, etc., that I know. The only comparable ones that I have read being Professor Paul B. Sears' *Deserts on the March* and *This is Our World*, neither of which latter happen to contain Hawaiiana . . . Both Mr. Fairchild's books are of the same rich type, conveying much informa-



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tion in a truly able fashion; full of varied experience on land and sea and of the early history of aviation. You will be as interested in his Cape Breton and Western Canada experience as in all that pertains to other climes . . ."

About *Letters to a Niece* by Henry Adams: "The first letter is written from Honolulu. Mr. Adams is as usual caustic about the possibility of there being any agreeable society in Honolulu! At that time it had been indicated to society in Honolulu that Mr. Adams desired to be quiet. People here did not wish to intrude, they did not press themselves upon him. I rather doubt whether he would have liked the present social habit of 'gate crashing' any better than he did being let alone when he wished to be!"

"*Slants*, poems by Clifford Gessler, are his early poems. We think that he and Genevieve Taggart have done some of the loveliest poetry so far of the many who have tried their hand at it either here or in retrospect. Even so, Rupert Brooke's *Waikiki*, *Waikiki* would probably be rated as deservedly more famous than anything Gessler or Taggart have done as yet. But so fiery a genius as his is always rare."

"*Children of Hawaii* by Alida Shinn is a frightful disappointment. The text is excellent, the title a mistake from every point of view. It should have been 'A Child of Hawaii'. As it is it's a misnomer and infringes a copyright into the bargain! The photographic illustrations are good, but the publishers must be crazy, first not to have looked up the title, and then to get someone so entirely unfamiliar with the material and the scenes to do the decorations. Nearly every one of them is completely misleading. Hibiscus for instance have five petals when single. He made them four! Gardenias do not grow on the type of foliage he uses—it looks like a vine. None are on vines here as yet! The mongoose looks queer, the water buffalo with man ploughing is out of character, etc. As to the man on the surf board, he would have been under water in a fraction of a second with a surf board at that angle. I understand that Miss Shinn protested against every one of these things to the publishers, in vain. It will much reduce the volume of sales here, whatever fate may meet it on the mainland."

And with reference to *Heads and Tales* by Malvina Hoffman: "It is a curious thing that the erroneous notion of the missionaries having destroyed the art of the Hawaiians by burning their idols should be so fixed and so widespread. Nothing could be more absurd about the Hawaiian islands, for the High Priest, Hawehawa, led that iconoclastic destruction before any missionary arrived here . . . The burning of the idols took place in October or November, 1819. The first party of missionaries sighted the islands on March 30th, 1820. As Professor Wm. T. Brigham remarks in one of his books or papers, to do the missionaries justice (he applies it to all in the Pacific) they did all they could to help the scientists of their day preserve them and

other objects, and the real culprits were the caretakers and curators in general of the museums, etc., of the world who were too careless to preserve what was sent to them. Incidentally I well remember hearing him tell of his indignation when he found a fine old feather helmet being kicked around on the floor of a dirty closet in one of the most famous of London museums! To return to the burning of the idols, however excusable such ignorance may be in a passing traveller like Malvina Hoffman, I think it utterly inexcusable in people like Louis B. Wright and Mary Isabel Fry, who profess to have done much research before writing their *Puritans in the South Seas*. If they did any they either overlooked, or ignored the evidence which is perfectly available. Their claims to research . . . remind one of the similar publicity as to research made by the Hollywood movie people, who spend thousands of dollars on it and then present the public with wild anachronisms in their historical shows . . ."

"*The Treasure Hunter*, the story of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Isabel Proudfit, 1939, has received endless praise in every review I have happened to see, as being 'well written and accurate, the first really good life of Stevenson for young people'. I agree that it is well written. As to accuracy—well, the author lands Honolulu on the Island of Hawaii, something over a hundred miles away from its site on Oahu. I do wish authors of books for the young—or old—would just look up a little geography before they let their books loose in the world. It would save such a lot of trouble in *unlearning* the wrong things later on! Then she says the Stevensons lived in a *native* house at Waikiki. That is *not* so. Mr. Stevenson did do some of his writing in a grass house there but it was not the house in which they lived. Likewise, she says Kalakaua lived in a native palace. That native grass house palace disappeared years and years before I was born and before Kalakaua's reign.

Then on page 180 the lepers of the South Seas are described as having 'silvery faces'. That is a reminiscence of the description of the type of leprosy prevalent in Palestine and the East in Biblical times. The type here in Hawaii is quite a different one, and I am told this kind here is also the one seen in the South Seas. I am more inclined to believe physicians than stray authors—no matter how well they write.

Now as to the illustrations, quite evidently they were not intended to be caricatures—why then make a caricature of Kalakaua? I had no special respect or admiration for him myself, but he was a handsome man, not in the least like this illustration of him, and he never in his life wore earrings! I remember him perfectly, as I do his wife, his two sisters, his brothers-in-law, his niece and nephews. I suppose my rage for accuracy is such as would be a calamity to an author. I see that there is the greatest diversity in the accounts of Stevenson's final attack of illness and

death. Another annoyance to me, for he certainly could not have been in three different places at once. . . ."

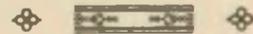
Miss Castle's gift also included a number of very fine maps which should be of special interest to us now with the Pacific islands, Japan, Polynesia and the Far East so much a part of our every day wartime life. Briefly of some of these she says:

" . . . I hope that . . . these maps may serve to aid students to somewhat clearer consciousness of the immensity of the Pacific waters, also our relations to them and the other islands sprinkled over them and the coasts that bound them. To that end a few maps of the somewhat less well-known other Polynesian islands have been included. . . .

A firm grasp of some of these distances gives a clearer idea of the problem so long and ardently debated by botanists and other scientists as well as laymen, as to how the plant

life of the isolated Hawaiian group is in some instances so closely related to that of India and of the American continent. The great circle sailing maps are quite fascinating, since one so frequently runs across references to such sailing in various types of literature . . . All the maps are current ones, i.e., no matter how old, they have been corrected for mariners by publisher's notices as indicated by the various stamps on them, with the exception of the historical one of the Antarctic continent now in its 17th edition, first issued after the famous Wilkes exploring expedition. The aviation map of these islands is quite a delight to the eye it seems to me, as well as the Time Zone one . . ."

There are many other letters, and many other books in this excellent collection. In your fireside travels venture forth sometime to the warm, enchanting islands of Hawaii. Miss Castle's books will be your *Open Sesame* to an all-expense tour.



REMINISCING—

(Continued from page 11)

ter member of the A.O.F.B.), wincing, falling flat on my face, making my eyes come out of their sockets (their natural position), till I had a nervous breakdown and became a total wreck. It was then that my director said that I was perfect for the role. Not only that but he said I was a natural for the role. You see I had to play the part of a fool, and a fool I was to play the part. (All this is getting deucedly complicated don't you think?—or don't you?)

At this point, if you will permit me, I would like to digress a bit. Usually when a story is written the title comes first, but I want to be different. (The other one is merely camouflage.) The title is right here below this line.

A Struggle For Conceitedness or My Past Life At Bishop's
by Paul Jean Beaudry

And now after this short pause for story identification, we return you to the narration. Before being stupidly interrupted I was telling you that I was in a play, well to my horror I was an outstanding success (bashful *aren't I!*). I was acclaimed by the critics and claimed by the authorities of the neighboring rest home. I was so glad that I didn't talk to anyone for a week. I couldn't! I had shouted so much on the stage that I couldn't utter a squeak or—this is added for those who can't stomach the word squeak—a peep. From that day onward I went about telling everyone that I could grab (and force to listen to me) how good I was and all that there stuff. Also I had been used to having my back patted during my glory, and when people stopped that, I patted myself on the back. So much so that soon

my shoulders were round (as if they weren't all the time) and I was being called "hunchy" by my social, select, intimately few friends.

Soon after my "debut" I was offered the dignified position of First Vice-President of the University of Bishop's College Dramatics Society that puts on plays in the Little Theatre of the University of Bishop's College, which is in the gym that belongs to the latter or it maybe the former (I don't care, but I'm getting tired of writing out "the University of Bishop's College"). All in all the darn position didn't amount to a heck of a lot as there were no more plays put on that year. One good thing that it did for me though, was to give me a lot of prestige and get me the seat of President of Dramatics for my final year at Bish, not that I wanted a seat—anyone can go out and buy an old chair—but I did want the presidency. With a little persuasion (I told the freshmen that if they did not vote for me I would bash their brains in) I was finally voted in as President of Dramatics for the year '44-'45 — by acclamation! At this point I must edge into my final year.

What happened in my final year? Did I remain conceited or was I worse? Will I get the girl? Will I get paid for writing this (what am I saying?)? You will find the answers to these puzzling questions in the final issue of the *Mitre* for the year '44-'45, if this queer article is printed in this one. Bye now.

(N.B.—All rights of ownership, royalties, et tout le reste belong exclusively to me, Paul Jean Joseph Tobin Beaudry.)

Exchange

Last year the exchange editor used this column to reach his four most ardent admirers: his parents, one brother, and the typesetter. He did this because he soon realized that no one reads this column. This year I have concluded the same thing, but I have a problem on my mind. My parents hear me talking all day long and therefore would certainly not wish to read anything more I might have to say. My brother (If he can read) will not admit it, so that lets him out also. As for the typesetter, well he reads anything from a discussion on "The different ways of dressing or undressing on the island of Hallo-there" to one on "The economic and political life of Harrum Scarum", so when he comes to my little contribution it affects him as much as would the addition of a grain of sand to the beach of the Mediterranean. I even went so far as to ask the editor to read it, but he is not interested in what an article contains as long as he gets one. This you must admit left me in a somewhat desperate position, so I saw only one way out and that was to write my thoughts to me. Here goes.

From over the seas we have received two periodicals which are certainly worth mentioning. They are very different from what your exchange editor usually gets. The first one that we have at hand is the "Guild Gazette" from the University of Liverpool, and on its front page we see that the students of the university will soon all be X-rayed. This will enable the authorities to be sure that all their students are in perfect health. Absolute secrecy is promised and where some case of tubercle or other malady is found the family doctor of the student will be notified. This idea we must admit is a very sound one and should be encouraged in all the universities throughout the world. We here in the New World still believe that we are ahead of all the rest of the earth as far as new ideas are concerned, but I am sure that this x-raying of all the students is one which we have missed. Another striking feature of the "Guild Gazette" is the postwar plans of the university. There will be new chairs added such as chair of music and chair of psychology. A high degree of priority is claimed for:

- (1) Further hostel accommodation for both men and women students.
- (2) The staff house.
- (3) Physical education, including periodical medical examination of students.
- (4) An expansion of extra-mural education.

All these show that they intend to put a very great stress on the mental and physical health of all the students after the war. Also included amongst these plans are suggestions for the rebuilding of the university.

"The Arrows" from the University of Sheffield is the

P. J. BEAUDRY

second which has reached us in time for this edition of the *Mitre*. Looking it over, we see that they now have enough paper in England to publish a periodical which in some ways resembles that of the pre-war days. Allow me to quote part of the editorial because it affects us Bishopers as well as the students of Sheffield to whom it was addressed. The editor has been talking about the material contributed for publication and he ends up thus: "We should welcome more articles in the style of studenthood. After all, a university should consist of 'intellectuals' of their own particular generation. Where are the thoughts proceeding from such cultured minds?" There is a very good article on "Studenthood" and one on "Drama To-day". The latter is a very humorous article and the author gives us the difference between drama with a capital D and drama with a small d.

From Barbados, we received the Codrington College periodical and all that your exchange editor found worth mentioning was a poem. I really do not know whether it is extremely good or at the other extremity seeing I am no poetical critic!

The outstanding feature (in my estimation) in "The College Times" from Upper Canada College is an article written by Raymond Massey. Being an old boy, Mr. Massey reminisces and talks about school theatricals.

Also among the newspapers that the *Mitre* exchange has received were copies of the *Campus*, a new little paper that is published fortnightly by the students of Bishop's University.

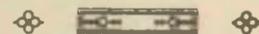
The exchanges that the *Mitre* has received in the past few months are as follows:

The Arrows (University of Sheffield, Eng.)
 Guild Gazette (University of Liverpool)
 Codrington College (Barbados)
 Le Carabin (Laval)
 King's College Record
 The Record
 The Queen's Review
 Bishop's College School
 The Acadia Athenaeum
 Xaverian Weekly
 Dalhousie Gazette
 The Silhouette
 McGill Daily
 The Manitobian
 The Argosy Weekly
 Queen's Journal
 The Georgian
 Loyola News
 The Campus

Poor Old Britain (London Standard)

(London Standard)
 Nobody's wrong but England, and
 England's always wrong;
 Too late — or else too early — too
 soft — or else too strong;
 And when for once the wide world
 begins to praise her name
 Her own sons crowd and hurry to
 shout her back to shame.
 Remember how they begged her to
 carry arms to Spain?
 But carry arms to Athens? Oh, no,
 she's wrong again!
 We mustn't blame the Russians;
 the Yanks can do no wrong;
 I do not think the Germans will be
 guilty very long;
 Not Bismarck now, but Baldwin is
 the architect of war;

Wilhelm—and Woodrow Wilson
 —are not mentioned any more.
 But Britain, poor old Britain, is
 anybody's meat.
 Give her the hardest marches, and
 then trip up her feet.
 Stand bravely on the touch-line,
 and analyse her acts.
 Bombard her with your sermons—
 and never mind the facts.
 Laugh loud at every failure, lay
 claim to each success,
 And make a Party profit out of the
 cosmic mess.
 Nor cease to whistle your
 happy little song,
 "Nobody's wrong but England—
 and England's always wrong."
 —A. P. Herbert.



In Memoriam

Miss M. HALL

From staid old Bish on the Massawippi
 Another lad went forth to die
 Into the dark and boundless sky,
 Into a hell of flak and flame
 Doomed to come back never again.
 It cuts like a knife-blade sharp and strong,
 It beats the cloisters all day long.
 The path is icy, wind is nippy.
 It makes each gown a great black sail
 And beats the red walls like a flail.
 The pines are sighing, their branches dip
 And swing in the wind off Massawippi.
 The wind blows cold off Massawippi,
 (In Spring he sometimes used to lie
 And through their branches watch the sky,
 And slim co-eds who sauntered by)
 No more will he feel native grass
 Beneath his head or watch girls pass
 With lovely laughter up the rise,
 Their tennis rackets at their thighs.
 At grey old Bish the skating rink
 Stands like a hollow, hapless ghost,
 Gone irrevocable is the host

Who played before, and helped to link
 Bishop's with trophies. All that's done,
 And Bish has lost another son.
 The chapel bell on every day
 Rings to call them in to pray
 And some there are devoutly go
 With prayer and hymn-books all just so.
 And others go, but do not care
 Except they know they should be there
 But when you go there, if you wish
 Kneel and pray for a son of Bish
 Who met the challenge, took the rod
 And died for peace, and died for God.
 At little Bish when the sap moon glows,
 When halls are dark and transomes spill
 Light no longer over the sill,
 When even watchmen droop and doze—
 Perhaps there's someone in the halls,
 Perhaps familiar boyish calls
 And whistles, unexplained and weird
 In Old Arts corridors are heard.
 I do not know, but ah, I wish
 Our lost lads might come back to Bish.



EDITED BY Z.H. POSMAN

IRWIN GUSEMAN

Well gang, here we go on another round-up of the Bishop's sporting news. With the arrival of the snow a definite increase in athletic activities was at once noticed around the college. Although the Committee on Athletics had extensive plans as to inter-collegiate competition in various fields, many had to be dropped because of the curtailment of equipment and the difficulties of transportation.

However, within the college itself, a rigorous program is at present functioning and much to the satisfaction of all students, we find that many more individuals are benefiting by taking part in various activities, than would have been the case if we had pursued a program of competitive sport outside of the university itself. Perhaps the best example of this, is the present inter-year hockey schedule.

At this point, we would like to take this opportunity to extend a very hearty welcome to our returned servicemen and it's great to see that they have thrown themselves wholeheartedly and without hesitation into the various extra-curricular activities. We also would like to congratulate Iain Scott in having taken over as president of the ski club in the absence of Norman Fairbairn who is at present in the army. While congratulations are in order, we extend our heartiest to Gordie Bown who was recently elected to the office of Vice-President of Athletics.

On November 23, the first meeting of the Eastern Townships Amateur Basketball Association was held at which the executive was elected and a constitution drawn

up. Our own president of athletics P. Wood now holds the position of secretary-treasurer of the league. Nice going, Phil! Due to the fact that there was a considerable amount of controversy as to whether or not the championship had been won legally or not last year, under the present constitution drawn up by the league we are definitely assured of fair play all around.

Soccer

On Friday afternoon, November 3, the Bishop's boys met a team of R.A.F.T.C. men who were visiting us at the time, in an exhibition soccer match. Although it was obvious from the start that the purple and white boys lacked experience, their spirit and fair play helped to keep the score down considerably and when the final whistle blew, the visitors had only eked out a 5-1 victory.

The game was played under Bishop's rules which enabled the college men to send in numerous subs throughout the game. This brought on a lot of good-natured kidding from the R.A.F. team who played the whole game without replacements. McCredie, Hodder and Budning deserve considerable credit for the steady way in which they played and Nugent for getting the college its one and only goal in the last half. The game was ably refereed by Jack Spray and the afternoon was a great success. We had planned to play several other matches against other groups of R.A.F. men but due to adverse weather conditions and lack of time, we were unable to play them.

Basketball

Once again this year, basketball took the lead in college sports. It was the only athletic activity in which we were able to send a team into a league and although we got off to a bad start by losing our first two games, the squad is at present showing rapid improvement and there are wonderful possibilities of our taking the championship.

After Christmas, our ranks were swelled by four more players. Farky joined the Bishop's cagers again this year in favour of hockey. Vince McGovern comes to us from Richmond after serving with the R.C.A.F. Iain Scott who made quite a name for himself on the purple and white aggregation a few years back needs no introduction. Last and by no means least is Allan Sutherland, our redheaded freshman from Lennoxville who shows promise of becoming an outstanding figure on the team.

BISHOP'S vs. THETFORD

The Bishop's aggregation travelled to Thetford Mines on Saturday, November 11, to play their first game of the season. Although this was not an official league game, it was one of a home and home series between the college team and the mining town cagers. It was evident from the first that the high school lads had the material which made up a good basketball team, snappy passing, a clever system of zone defence and a speedy forward line. Continually, our boys broke up their opponents plays but their accurate passing and teamwork allowed them to take the lead in the first quarter and keep it up to the time the final whistle blew.

The only two men from last year's unconquerable squad which coach Ozzie Clark had left were Mac McCredie and Gale Pharo, the other men being supplemented by freshmen who, although in most cases were good basketball players, had not the experience of playing together, and consequently were no match for the passing combinations of the Thetford boys. The fact that the home team knew their gym inside out is also a factor to be taken into consideration when examining the final score.

McCredie throughout the game proved to be the very backbone of the team and deserves special credit for the way in which he sank long shots from the black line and centre floor with deadly accuracy, netting himself ten points. Gale Pharo playing centre and using his pivot shot which gained him a reputation last year got himself 13 points against the high school cagers. McCammon gave McCredie good support on the defence while Budning, Cooling and Ouellet put in eight, six and two points respectively.

The game started out quite slowly with the two teams feeling each other out and the score at the end of the first quarter was 18-15 in Thetford's favour. The home team tightened up their defence and their forwards kept our basket well supplied with shots making the score 26-17 at the half, and 56-38 at the final whistle.

The game was a great success all around with the Thetford boys showing their visitors good sportsmanship and wonderful hospitality. The college men left with a promise of reversing the score in the return game which is to be played shortly.

BISHOP'S vs. Y'S MEN

The first official league game took place on our home floor on January 26 with the Y's Men our visitors. From the very beginning, the Y team have been a threat in the matches played so far, and their accurate shots from all positions on the floor gained them a lead early in the game which they were able to keep throughout. The obvious setback on the purple and white squad seems to be their lack of ability to work out passing combinations to break through the opposing team's defences. The fouling was considerable on both teams and the game was not as smooth as it could have been under ordinary circumstances.

Pharo, Cooling and Budning played on the forward line netting themselves eight, six and six points respectively. From the starting whistle, Budning and Pharo were very well covered and it was practically impossible for them to receive a pass or get a clean shot away throughout the game. McCredie and Farquharson played their usual brand of good steady basketball on the defence.

The visitors set a very fast pace at the beginning of the game and kept it up to the end surging forth time and again to sink ringers in rapid succession. The score at the half was 27-14 for the Y's Men and at the final whistle, they were still leading by 49-28.

BISHOP'S vs. RAND

On February 6, Bishop's men played their second home game, against the Rand. The college team took the lead early in the game and gave their visitors a very severe and efficient trouncing. Snappy passing and good guarding allowed the home aggregation to snag a large lead in the first few minutes of the match and increase it as the game went on. The teamwork on the whole showed a marked improvement and proved to everyone that Bishop's is still to be considered a stiff opponent in the league.

With Scott at centre and Cooling and Budning on the forward line, the team suffered no setbacks on their shots. Farquharson broke through again and again and by the time the final whistle blew had netted himself 18 points. Cooling would take long shots from the black line, come in for the rebound and sink them every time. He increased the final tally by 18 points while Budning and Scott added on 15 and 12 points respectively. Sutherland played a good steady game and with more practice will undoubtedly prove to be one of the fastest and most efficient players on the squad. The game was comparatively clean and considerably fast. The college men were able to set their own pace and

at the half had gained a 32-5 lead over the Rand men. The second half showed no remarkable change and Bishop's was leading 70-15 when the final whistle blew.

BISHOP'S vs. S. H. S.

In a game against Sherbrooke High on Feb. 9, Bishop's was defeated by the small margin of seven points. The match proved to be quite rough from the beginning and a large number of fouls were handed out to both teams which helped to slow up the game considerably. The high school boys are fast and although their victory over the college team cannot be attributed to their passing, their speed helped them to gain a small margin over their visitors early in the game. The audience proved a definite setback to both teams showing a definite lack of co-operation and sportsmanship by refusing to keep quiet when a foul shot was being tried, thus rattling the players and causing much discord generally.

The high school team immediately placed a hood over Cooling, Farquharson and Budning and the three men found it practically impossible to break away and get in close to the basket. Despite this, Cooling sank eight ringers and a free shot while Budning increased the tally by eight points. Scott played a good steady game at centre and was ably supported by McCredie on defence. In the last few minutes of the game, it seemed as though the college team might pull the game out of the hat, but when the final whistle blew, the high school lads were leading 38-31.

Although at present we have lost two out of three games, coach Ozzie Clark has a rigorous training schedule planned and it is hoped that with the added practice the team will come through and uphold the standards set by last year's squad.

SKIING

Under the relentless and diligent supervision of Len Waldman, considerable interest in skiing was aroused shortly after Christmas and Bishop's shows promise of sending out good teams to represent her both in men's and women's meets to be held later on in the season. Added to last year's skiers Waldman and McCredie, we now find in our midst such recruits as Royal Stewart, Iain Scott, Glen Magee, Don Bryant, Johnnie Ouellet, Charlie Budning, Fred Delaney and Zeke Posman. Marjorie Allport, Syl Ross, Judy Baker and a few others are expected to represent the college in women's ski meets.

On Thursday afternoon, January 25, the Bishop's ski club officially began its season by running a combined women and men's meet at Herring's Hill. In slalom and downhill races that afternoon, Marjorie Allport and Royal Stewart took combined honours.

Five hardy members of the college ski club travelled to Green Timbers on January 28, to compete against the Hill-

crest Ski Club in downhill and slalom races in a three-team competition. Although our men lacked the experience of the others, not having suitable practice slopes close to the university, they gave the other two teams stiff competition. Much to our disadvantage was the fact that Glen Magee broke one of his skies just before the slalom race and Johnnie Ouellet missed his bus, arriving too late to compete.

In the downhill, McCredie, Scott, Waldman, Magee and Stewart did very well, all placing in the first ten. Waldman got himself a third place in the slalom and McCredie earned himself a sixth. In the combined downhill-slalom run, both men placed again with Waldman getting another third place and McCredie a seventh. As a team Bishop's placed second with Hillcrest taking top honours.

At present the men are practising as much as time allows and we are certain of entering a team in the Eastern Townships meet to be held at Mt. Orford in a short time. The above mentioned meet held at Herring's definitely proved that we have good skiing material among the girls and Mr. Waldman expects to run a women's team for the Eastern Townships championship.

With this increased interest in skiing, there are wonderful possibilities that Bishop's will again rise to the position she held in competitive skiing a few years back.

Inter-Year Hockey

Not having been able to enter a hockey team in a league this year because of the lack of competitive hockey in Sherbrooke and vicinity, at a recent meeting of the Athletic Committee, it was decided to follow last year's plan of an inter-year hockey schedule. Still not having our own arena to play in and the idea of having an outdoor rink discarded, we were again forced to use the B. C. S. arena this year two nights a week to play our games. First year, having a surplus of players, entered two teams, one of resident and the other of non-resident students. Second and Third year each entered one team. Up to this point the teams have been pretty evenly matched and the system of running inter-year games helps every body to take part in hockey and certainly increases an interest in sports around the college.

At the time of writing six of the twelve scheduled games have been played and Second and Third year are tied with two games each to their credit while the two First year teams have won one game each. The remaining games will be played within the next few weeks and the play-offs will decide who is to take the inter-year championship cup. The results will be found in the next issue of the *Mitre*.

All members of Third year who could skate at all came through, and as a result they were able to put a team on the ice with two complete forward lines and a few substitutes. Farquharson and Beaudry on the forward line have

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so far pulled the team out of a few tight places and Farky is still showing his last year's good style by carrying the puck the full length of the ice and seldom shooting without getting a goal. Waldman, Buchanan and Roy make up Third year's second line and in all games, the three have added a number of goals to the team's final tally. With Scarth and Baird on defence and Gordie Bown's excellent goaling, the team suffers no setbacks in breaking up opposing teams plays and preventing a large number of goals.

It was doubtful at first whether Second year would be able to put a team on the ice owing to the lack of men who could play. At the last minute however, a few of our returning boys in blue came to the rescue, and as a result, a squad who have so far proved stiff competition to the other teams took the ice. The Curphey, Pharo, McGovern forward line proved very efficient in the first two encounters continually breaking through the opposing teams defences to slam in goal after goal. As a result of this, Curphey now leads the scoring list with 11 goals to his credit while McGovern a close second follows with 9. The old standbys Burton and Posman sallied forth again this year to play on their team's defence. Taking to the nets, Delaney, playing for the first time, did a remarkable job and handed everyone a big surprise by practically goaling a shutout game when the Second year men recently defeated First year by a score of 16-1, the one and only goal being scored in the last few seconds of the game. At present the sophs are playing Jack Bagnoll and Gordie Brooks who in the past couple of games have given the small squad added strength.

Both First year teams have so far proved pretty effective on the ice and a few of the men deserve a good deal of credit. The residents with their Magee, Budning and Bjerkelund forward line and Wirtanen and Cooling playing on defence have again and again bucked the opposing team's defences and broken through much to the discontent of the goalie. Charles "blood and guts" Connery, substituted very efficiently on the forward line and seeing him play reminds us of the remark, "Napoleon was a little guy too — so what?" The day students have presented a pretty snappy team with a fast forward line made up of Hunting, McDonald and Sutherland with Fountain and Curphey replacing them. They seem to be quite light but what they lack in weight, they make up in spirit. Both goalers for the freshman teams,

DEVIL SENT—

(Continued from page 21)

noise behind me and find a large new crack forming itself in a once good solid plate.

But at last everything is done: the meat and scalloped potatoes come out of the oven, the soup is ladled out, the peas are taken off the stove and the coffee is made. With a

McKindsey and Glisserman are doing a great job and deserve a good deal of the credit.

BISHOP'S vs. B. C. S.

On Saturday afternoon, January 27, a pickup college team met the B. C. S. team in the season's first exhibition game and were defeated to the low tune of 3-2. The U.B.C. men showed a definite lack of passing ability but despite this fact, they scored in the first period. The high school boys retaliated in the second with two goals and in the last period each team scored one. Gordie Bown played a swell game in nets, ably supported by hard-checking forwards Magee and McGovern and such men as Farky, Wirtanen, the Curpheys, Scarth, Bagnall, Fountain and Bjerkelund.

Women's Basketball

With the large number of freshettes at college this year, the women were able to put up a pretty large basketball team. Still with us from last year's squad are Lila Pharo, Liz Macdonald, Jeannie Boast and Muriel Getty, while Monique Lafontaine, Betty Johnston, Syl Ross, Marjorie Allport, Myrna Powers, Joyce Johnson and Judy Baker make up the remainder of the team. Mac McCredie has replaced Farky as coach and although the team has had pretty bad luck in their first few games, they are showing rapid improvement. The main difficulty lies in the lack of teamwork, that is, the girls have not the required experience of playing together, but with Monique Lafontaine, Lila Pharo, Betty Johnston and Joyce Johnson acting as a backbone fore the newer players, the future looks bright and we hope to see good results in future games.

PING-PONG

Right after Christmas, there seemed to be quite a lot of interest in ping-pong and at the suggestion of a few of its most ardent supporters, a ladder was put up. At the very beginning the table was hardly free at any time, but at present with the enormous amount of other activities in progress, ping-pong has dropped into the background. It is possible that with the disappearance of the snow, when hockey and skiing will finish, ping-pong will again assume its rightful place among the activities.

(Ed. Note—This write-up includes all sporting activities up to February 9, 1945.)

sigh I tuck into the beef, trying to carve it paper-thin, but my efforts are so nearly unsuccessful that it is only with luck and the grace of God that I miss cutting off the head of the person opposite me.

How wonderful everything tastes! But I won't go through with that again! Oh, no! What are we going to have for tonight's meal? Hash!

Character In The Cup That Cheers

D. S. LITWIN

Since 800 B.C. man has taken an interest in the utensil which he uses for drinking. However, it was not until the time of the Romans that truly artistic drinking vessels were produced in any quantity. We have only to examine these cups to realize how much our forefathers appreciated the artistic accomplishments related to the good wines which were a part of their daily diets.

Drinking vessels are now collectors' items; unlike most other objects of art, they come into daily contact with their proud possessors. Even the most sumptuously worked flagon or cup was designed primarily to minister to a daily want. While a great majority of these treasures have succumbed to civil war, strife and conquest, those that remain reflect not only the progressive changes in the habits and customs of society, but also the measure of prosperity of the country as well as its dynastic changes.

Collectors through the ages have been intrigued by the great beauty and variety of drinking vessels, and these objects have become the nucleus of most of the world's great private art collections.

Almost every known type of material has been used in fabricating the drinking vessel. Crude pottery used by the Iberians was as important in that era as was the magnificent silver tankard in the Georgian period. All were used to quench man's thirst and to adorn his table.

One of the most prized cups is a little vessel known as the Blue John Tazza. It is a fairly recent piece of work and has comparatively little history. It is, however, noted for its dazzling beauty and would fetch a small fortune at any auction. The cup is fashioned from the richly-coloured variety of fluorspar known as Blue John which may be found only in Derbyshire, England.

Amongst drinking vessels of greater antiquity we may find a handsome bronze flagon of Phoenician origin, or the old lead cup of Roman origin. Although the Romans used lead extensively for roofing, water pipes and coffins, it is only occasionally that one finds this metal used for drinking cups. Also to be found among age-old treasures are those drinking cups which were used as idols, such as the corn god vessel of Chimbote ware, or the Aztec vessel which in one position depicts a human face, in another a pig, and emits a shrill whistle by blowing into the snout.

The most beautiful of all ancient vessels are however, the examples of fine art found in Peruvian Polychrome ware obtained from the ancient graves of Nazca, which lie about 200 miles south of Lima, Peru. The cups and pitchers in this series are found in the oddest shapes; representative of these containers are the god of war, two coiled snakes, shrimps, and human heads.

The Chinese too have shown a great appreciation of drinking vessels, especially Libation cups, exquisitely carved from jade and agate. In these they frequently served a liquid similar in appearance to tea, which was concocted by soaking in wine the dried leaves and petals of the chrysanthemum flower. The cups are rounded in appearance and come both with and without handles.

The Chinese did not, however, limit themselves to round cups nor to jade and agate. An interesting item in any collection is an ancient Chinese production made from rhinoceros horn. When human life was cheap and poison was a convenient method of terminating it, every wealthy home possessed a cup made from the horn of the rhinoceros, for this unusual material was credited with being able to detect poison. Consequently liquor was served in a rhinoceros horn cup, and if it changed colour it was presumed to contain poison. These cups come in a variety of shapes, but almost invariably they are on stands of intricately carved ebony. Other interesting Chinese specimens are those shaped of hare's fur, which date back to the Syng Dynasty of 1000 A.D., as well as the present day porcelain models which are lined in precious metals.

During the seventeenth century several outstanding drinking vessels were produced. Chief among these was the windmill cup or Molenbeker, an interesting survival of the meetings of the Dutch guilds and gatherings of the prosperous burghers. Its form was doubtless suggested by that conspicuous feature of the Dutch landscape, the windmill, which is reproduced in every detail.

Many a wager has been made at festivals on the attempt of a member or guest to consume the liquid contents in accordance with the prescribed ritual. After filling the cup with wine, the drinker must blow through a little tube and by this act cause the wings of the windmill to revolve and the figures on a clock to move. The drinker was expected to consume the liquid at one draught before the wings ceased revolving; otherwise he was penalized by having to drink as many cupsful as were indicated on the clock at the first attempt.

These cups were extremely popular in Holland during the seventeenth century and are frequently referred to as wager cups. They were made of heavy silver.

Another form of wager cup is the Marriage cup, also known as the Milkmaid cup, although this somewhat belies their purpose, as they were almost never used for milk. This cup consisted of two parts, a larger bowl and a smaller one which is on a swivel. The two bowls were filled with wine, the gentleman being expected to empty the former after which he handed the latter to his lady who downed

(Continued on page 40)



F. GOOCH

Births

AMEY — On Monday, January 8, 1945, at the Rectory, South March, Ontario, to the Reverend Harry Amey (B. A. '40) and Mrs. Amey, a son.

DAVIDSON — On Wednesday, January 17, 1945, at the Sherbrooke General Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. James Davidson (née Patty Corine Wiggett) — B.A.s '39 — a son, Brian.

ARMSTRONG — On June 26, 1944, to Corporal and Mrs. George Armstrong (née Charlotte Hunting, B.A. '27), a daughter, Judith Pender.

MONTGOMERY — On January 21, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Montgomery (née Bertha Cox, M '25), a son.

Marriages

HARRISON-ROY — In St. Mark's Chapel on Saturday, January 27, 1945, at twelve o'clock noon, the marriage of Ernestine Roberta Roy, B.A. '41, daughter of the Reverend Canon and Mrs. Ernest Roy of Waterville, Que., to Flying Officer James Ernest Griffin Harrison, Royal

Canadian Air Force, son of the late B. R. Harrison, and of Mrs. Harrison of West Vancouver, B.C.; was solemnized by the bride's father, Canon Roy, assisted by the Reverend Professor Elton Scott.

The best man was Pte. Andrew Roy, B.A. '44, of the Infantry Corps, Canadian Active Army. The ushers were Mr. Jeffery Wilson of Sherbrooke and Mr. Charles Mitchell of Westmount, Que. Mrs. Clifford Edney Burton was at the organ. The bride was given in marriage by Reverend Professor W. O. Raymond, acting as proxy for a cousin of the bride, Dr. Homer Scoggan of Montreal.

The bride wore a gown of white slipper satin fashioned on simple lines, the skirt flowing from a lowered waistline into a very long train, with a sweetheart neckline and long tight sleeves. Her veil of tulle illusion falling from a coronet of tiny satin flowers extended beyond the train in soft misty folds. She carried a shower bouquet of calla lilies. The matron-of-honour, her sister's only attendant was Mrs. Arthur McMurrich. Mrs. Roy, the bride's mother wore a gown of pottery blue crepe

with a small black hat and black accessories, and a corsage of deep red roses. Mrs. Harrison, mother of the groom was unable to be present.

Following a reception held at the home of the bride's parents, Flying Officer and Mrs. Harrison left for a short honeymoon in the East before proceeding to the West Coast, where Flying Officer Harrison will resume his duties with the Western Air Command.

Deaths

WALDO EUGENE TULK, B.A. '40—The *Mitre* records with regret the untimely death of yet another Bishop's man who deemed even life itself not too great a price to pay for that which he believed in and cherished himself and wished to see preserved for others.

Waldo Eugene Tulk, third son of the Reverend and Mrs. Arthur Tulk of Magog, Que., a lieutenant in the Royal Rifles was killed on active service in Italy, early in January 1945. He is survived by his parents, a brother living in Montreal, another brother serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force, and a sister who is training as a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

May such gallant, high-hearted courage not have been in vain. May those bereaved know the true consolation of the Father's Love.

NEWS OF BISHOP'S MEN AND WOMEN FROM NEAR AND FAR

Flying Officer WILLIAM VAN HORNE, R.C.A.F., B.Sc. '42, is engaged in Radar operations and is stationed in Scotland.

Lieutenant CHARLES R. WORTHEN, R.H.C., M '45, has returned from service overseas.

Captain JAMES FLINTOFT, B.Sc. '40, was wounded in France and has been invalided home to Canada.

Lieutenant ERIC ROGER BOOTHROYD, B.Sc. '38, is now associated with the Chemical Warfare Division of the National Research Council at Ottawa.

Flight Lieutenant "Pat" BOYLE, R.C.A.F., B.Sc. '43, is engaged in Radar research work.

Lieutenant LLOYD REGINALD PATCH, B.Sc. '43, Flying Officer DAVID SAVAGE, R.C.A.F., B.A. '42, and Dr. A. L. THOMPSON, B.Sc. (Bishop's), Ph.D. (McGill), National Research Council, have recently surrendered their happy bachelorhood to join the ranks of the "benedicts". We regret that we are unable to say who is the respective lucky lady in each instance. Nevertheless we would extend hearty, though belated, good wishes.

Captain (A/Major) SIDNEY VALPY RADLEY-WALTERS, Sherbrooke Regiment, B.Sc. '40, has been awarded the Military Cross.

KENNETH G. HERRING, B.A. '40, is associated with the Explosives Research Branch of Defence Industries Limited, at their plant at Nobel (near Parry Sound), Ontario.

Miss JACQUELINE M. LOCKMOOD, B.Sc. '44, is now employed as a chemist with the Aldermac Copper Company in Sherbrooke, Que.

HOMER WILLIAM BEATTIE and ROBERT MELBOURNE BROWN, who were amongst the B.Sc. '44 graduates, are associated with the National Research Council in Ottawa.

ANDREW M. ROY, B.A. '44, after a period of service in the Royal Canadian Air Force, in aircrew training, has transferred to the Infantry Corps of the Canadian Army (Active) and is at present stationed at St. John's, Que.

RAYMOND GILLING GODDARD, B.A. '44, has also donned the King's uniform, to serve in the Canadian Army (Active).

Gunner JOHN M. GIBEAU, R.C.A., B.A. '40, is now in Italy with the Canadian Mediterranean Forces. In a recent letter to Professor W. O. Raymond he tells of visits made, while on leave, to Naples, Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii and Rome. He also included in the letter some rather devastating comments on Italy's winter climate.

Lieutenant A. J. H. RICHARDSON, R.C.N.V.R., B.A. '35, is now attached to the Canadian Naval Mission, London, England. In recent letters he has mentioned meeting two of the many Bishop's men in the forces. These were Lieutenant GEORGE BLAKE KNOX, B.A. '38, and Lieutenant JOHN EDWARD MARTIN, B.A. '39. Both have been wounded in service overseas. While in hospital in England Lieutenant Martin was attended by HARRY SCOTT, B.A. '37, M.D., who is now attached to the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. He also met Lieutenant E. H. YARRILL, R.C.N.V.R. (Faculty member on leave), who is now in England with Naval Intelligence.

W/O (II) RANDAL MANIFF GIFFORD, R.C.A.F., M '36, who was a prisoner-of-war, has been repatriated, and arrived home last month.

Lieutenant A. H. McMURRICH, Royal Rifles, M '38, has returned from service in France and Belgium to take a special Officer's Course at Kingston, Ont.

Sergeant JOSEPH MITTLEMAN, R.C.A.F., B.A. '37, has now returned to Canada after three and a half years service in England and British East Africa.

Since the last issue of *The Mitre* we have welcomed the following visitors to the campus:

Lieutenant ERROL DUVAL, R.C.A., B.A. '42.

Lieutenant G. B. SCOTT, R.C.N.V.R., B.Sc. '43.

Lieutenant "Bob" F. C. GALE, M '45.

Cadet LIONEL E. WALSH, B.A. '44, O.T.C., Brockville, Ont.

Pte. NORMAN FAIRBAIRN, M '46.

Reverend WILLIAM R. CRUMMER, B.A. '33, later of General Theological Seminary, New York, has resigned as senior Assistant Curate at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, and has assumed new duties as the Assistant Curate at the Church of St. Bartholomew in Toronto.

Reverend DOUGLAS McL. CHRISTIE, B.A. '38, is now Rector of St. Paul's Church, Renfrew, in the Diocese of Ottawa.

Reverend ERIC R. OSBORNE, B.A. '33, who has served in several rural parishes in the Diocese of Ottawa, is now the Assistant Curate at St. Matthew's, Ottawa.

Reverend LEE I. GREENE, M '29, has resigned the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Toronto, and will shortly take up new work at Plainfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Reverend W. T. GRAY, L.S.T. '35, until recently the Incumbent of Cookshire in the Diocese of Quebec, has begun new duties at West Collingswood, N.J., U.S.A.

Reverend PERCY E. CLARK, B.A. '42, after serving for two years as the Assistant Curate at Trinity Church, Ottawa South, was appointed Incumbent of Russell by the Bishop of Ottawa, the Rt. Rev. Robert Jefferson, on December 1, 1944. His new address is St. Mary's Rectory, Russell, Ont.

The Bishop of Ottawa has also appointed the Reverend F. G. STRANGE, M '21, now Rector of Aultsville, to be the new Rector of Iroquois, effective March 1, 1945.

Reverend ARTHUR E. L. CAUFIELD, B.A., L.S.T. '29, after several years service in the Diocese of Ottawa enlisted in 1941 as a Chaplain to the R.C.A.F. Now on return to his normal duties he has been appointed to the Church of the Ascension, Ottawa. He was inducted as Rector of the parish on Sunday, January 28, 1945.

Reverend Canon C. B. HEPBURN, B.A. '08, B.D., Rector of All Saints' Church, Ottawa, and on leave for Chaplaincy Service, is now attached to National Defence H. Q., in Ottawa. He was recently appointed Principal Chaplain (P) Army and holds the rank of Hon/Brigadier.

Special

The reader of this column will be pleased to hear of the following awards made and commendations accorded to these Bishop's graduates now serving in the Canadian Forces.

—Captain (A/Major) SIDNEY VALPY RADLEY-WALTERS, M.C., B.Sc. '40

"On July 8, 1944, Major Radley-Walters' squadron of tanks was supporting the infantry in the capture of Buron and the commanding ground to the southeast.

"During a most bitter stage of the fighting a stalemate was caused by very heavy enemy fire, tank, artillery, mortar and machine gun, which pinned our infantry to the ground and thus hindered the progress of the battle.

"Major Radley-Walters immediately appreciating the situation took the initiative and by bold and skilful use of his tanks drove the enemy tanks from the dominating ground southeast of Buron and silenced other enemy weapons. This permitted the infantry to make good their objective."

The citation concludes, "This officer in the face of heavy enemy fire displayed outstanding tactical ability, initiative and determination. His tanks undoubtedly influenced the success of the battle and his leadership and courage set an excellent example to all ranks."

—Major C. H. M. CHURCH, E.D., B.A. '29

The award of the Canadian Efficiency Decoration to Major Church was recently announced. The Canadian Efficiency Decoration is awarded for long, efficient service, usually twenty years. Major Church has served with the Canadian Army since 1926, and with but brief interruptions, has for several years past been O.C., Bishop's University Contingent of the C. O. T. C.

—Major FRED BALDWIN, Sherbrooke Fusiliers, M '33

The Sherbrooke Fusiliers in general and Major Fred Baldwin in particular have been paid a glowing tribute Lt.-Col. B. K. Gordon, Officer Commanding. In a recent letter to the Honorary Colonel of the regiment, Col. A. A. Munster (President and Managing Director of Canadian Silk Products where Major Baldwin was employed prior to enlistment) he wrote, with reference to Major Baldwin:

"I cannot speak too highly of him. He has been absolutely wonderful and shone in the pinches. He is my idea of a perfect administrator and I would trust him with my life. He is known well in the army for his ability to organize things and I am glad that at long last he has the chance to go where that ability can be utilized best by the army. The boys miss him terribly, of course, and so do I. He was the backbone of his squadron and of the officers' mess."

At present, Major Fred Baldwin, who recently returned from overseas is taking a special course at Kingston, Ont.

—Major JOHN WHITE HUGHES BASSETT, B.A. '36

(Editor's Note: This glowing commendation of John Bassett first appeared in the *Globe & Mail*. It was reproduced in Press Comments on the editorial page of the *Sherbrooke Daily Record*. Through the kindness of the *Record* we are able to include it in this column.)

"It may seem invidious to single out from the collective bravery of Canada's fighting men the valourous conduct of an individual for special mention. But for two reasons the *Globe and Mail* feels justified in laying a laurel wreath on the brow of Major John Bassett, now serving with one of our Highland battalions in Northern Italy. He is reported by war correspondents to have won great glory for himself by his skillful and resolute leadership of a company which beat off a strong enemy counter-attack, and thereby en-

abled Canadian troops to cross a waterway known as the Vecchio Canal and capture Sant' Alberta, a key point in the defensive plans of the enemy. Apparently his successful organization of the defense of the terrain which he had been ordered to hold was an operation of great value.

One reason the *Globe and Mail* takes pleasure in drawing the exploits of this brave young Canadian officer to the attention of its readers is that for some years prior to the war Major Bassett was a valued member of its own staff, who at an early age was showing high promise of becoming, like his father an ornament of his chosen profession. The fact that he had family responsibilities in a wife and three children did not prevent him from volunteering early in war for combatant service; and as a participant in the thick

CHARACTER IN THE CUP THAT CHEERS—

(Continued from page 36)

its contents. What happened in failure can readily be deduced from the name.

Leather too found a place in the manufacture of drinking vessels, although very few have been made of hide since the middle ages. They were so well made however that they survived centuries of use. One particularly striking example of leather workmanship is a weird cup covered with human skin. It has been formed in the shape of a man and is undoubtedly the predecessor of the well known Toby Jug, being of much earlier origin. In the middle ages human skin was plentiful, one of the chief diversions being to flay human beings alive.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth unique Tigerware jugs rose to great popularity. Made in Prussia, these jugs were handfired, salt-glazed and were of a dull reddish brown colour with curious vermicelli-like mottling of the surface. The silver mounts were usually made in England.

By the seventeenth century artists had learned how to handle fragile materials successfully. The exquisite lines and radiant colours of the shell of the pearly nautilus possessed irresistible attraction for the Renaissance goldsmiths, notwithstanding that the shell is brittle and ill adapted for use as a drinking vessel. The cup known by the name Nautilus Cup is representative of all these cups. Here the engraving depicts St. George and the Dragon and the Royal Coat of Arms of England. It is a product of Cornelius Papinck of Holland, who fashioned it in 1614.

While the Chinese used rhinoceros horn quite extensively, the English artists were given to ivory. Ivory was used for vessels of all shapes, however, the most famous of these is the Wassail horn which was carved in London in 1793. This magnificent example is fashioned from elephant's tusk carved with inverted fluting. The mounts form the head and feet of an eagle and it is surmounted by a domed cover. Inside is a removable drinking cup. All the

of the fighting in Italy his bravery and military talents have won for him steady promotion, the latest step to a majority having been bestowed on him in the field."

* * *

Editor's Note: *The Mitre* extends its thanks to all those who have in any way assisted in the preparation of this column, and especially to Rev. Dr. A. H. McGreer, Professor W. O. Raymond, Professor A. L. Kuehner, Professor A. V. Richardson and Miss Mona Bigg.

May we once again make an earnest appeal to all readers of this column to forward to us at any time items of interest concerning the whereabouts and activities of Bishop's graduates. We can't print news that never reaches us, so YOUR co-operation, please.

mounts are of silver gilt and were hammered in London. The inscription on the mount at the top of the tusk is applied lettering in Gaelic and when translated reads, "Peace and Plenty."

Drinking horns date back to the year 1352 and were used usually on feast days and at guild meetings. They were not all as elaborate however as the Wassail Horn. Most were manufactured from silver mounted buffalo or ox horn, and were therefore much less expensive. The practice was for the president to drink first from the vessel and pass it to his right-hand neighbour who bowed to him first, drank to his right-hand neighbour and then passed the cup along. In accordance with the ancient custom each person remained standing until the next in order had also drunk.

Not content with such oddities as horn cups, the English masters of the art found beauty in vessels fashioned of cocoon and ostrich shell. These were extremely popular during the seventeenth and eighteenth century and reflected England's interest in the new fields opened to the world by her travellers and explorers.

Wood has also been a popular material in the manufacture of drinking utensils. It was used mostly to make tankards—elaborate, heavy mugs. Still in splendid state of preservation we have tankards which like the famous Glas-toberry tankard, made more than 800 years ago and used by the abbots of that ancient abbey, have come down through the ages only to demand exorbitant prices from collectors. The most beautiful wooden vessels are, nevertheless, those which were exquisitely hand carved in Norway and were so popular there only a century ago.

There is a fascination about old pewter ware that has interested so many admirers that the collecting of pewter ware has now become an accepted hobby. Unlike silver or silver gilt, pewter does not owe its worth to its intrinsic value. These vessels are more likely to be found devoid of any ornament whatsoever, their beauty lying in the material out of which they are designed. Most pewter vessels

were secular and ecclesiastical in origin and date back to the eighteenth century.

Particularly noteworthy are those masterful pieces of art work, the Viennese handpainted tankards, especially if they bear the signature of the world-famous artist Kaufmann (not to be confused with present editor of the *Mitre*—Ed.). The royal factory at Vienna, during the period from 1785 to 1815, developed to the utmost, the plan of painting pictures on porcelain. These were combined with vivid colours and rich gilding. Unfortunately the factory came to an end in 1864, nevertheless, numerous pieces of this fine handwork remain for the world to admire.

As yet I have made little mention of vessels fashioned completely out of silver. The reason for this delay is that these are the most plentiful and indeed number among the most elaborate. Silver was particularly adapted to mugs and tankards, however, we find many other types of vessels made of this material too. It was popular since the beginning of the seventeenth century to give silver mugs or child's tankards as they are called in England, as christening gifts, to be used by the recipient through life. Equally useful for milk or stronger liquid, they made a very acceptable gift, elaborately worked and inscribed with the child's name as they so often were. It is interesting to note that the tankard enjoyed greater popularity than any other form of personal drinking cup in northern Europe from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century and in America from the end of the seventeenth century.

One very striking silver vessel, known as the Apostle Mug has raised figures of the Apostles which are individually enamelled and decorated in colours. The most representative of all these vessels is the personal covered tankard of Ludwig, the mad king of Bavaria. Made in Posen, it typifies the elaborate workmanship in silver.

Most arresting of all drinking vessels is a seventeenth

century miniature tankard designed primarily for use as an ornament. Containing more than seventy emeralds and numerous rubies, pearls and other precious stones, it is a typical example of the magnificent workmanship of this period.

There is a lighter side, too, to the art of making drinking vessels, for example the English puzzle jug. Unless one knows how to handle these tricky little jugs the contents are apt to spill when one attempts to drink. And how often does one raise his "glass" to the words, "Here's looking at you!" This well known expression had its origin from the custom of drinking one's health from glass bottomed mugs. When the contents were drained, your friend was clearly visible through the transparent bottom. And who is there who has not heard the expression applied to one who has been imbibing, "you are seeing things"? This came from drinking from a Sunderland mug, better known as a Frog mug. Imagine the feelings of a person who after several rounds of drinks, upon emptying his mug finding his nose in contact with the denizen of the slimy pond, the frog.

And of course there were the vessels which were designed for more comfortable drinking, such as the moustache cup, or the unusual wine pitcher of Bohemian glass mounted in silver gilt which never fails to charm collectors. This pitcher contains a special compartment accessible only from the bottom whereby the wine can be chilled without danger of dilution by packing the compartment with crushed ice.

The cold winds of winter tempted many a man to seek warmth and solace in the cheerful atmosphere of the tavern. Here he could obtain a mug of ale into which a red hot poker had been inserted or perhaps he preferred a large tankard of hot spiced wine. How little his habits have changed! It should be remembered that elaborate drinking vessels were only contrived to make his drinking more of a pleasure, so that he might combine it with artistic appreciation. Personally I'll have mine in an ordinary glass.

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