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The Mitre
VOL. 52 NO. 9
LENTEN ISSUE 1945
What do YOU really know about Brand names?

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

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

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

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

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

Kayser
The one Brand Name that's a Grand Name the world over in fabric Gloves, Hosiery and Undies.
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*The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.*
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 infuse 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 keynote 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 unselshless 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.

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 given never 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 are taking part in the various activities. This is most certainly not due to inefficient administration. If they do not play on the teams they do not turn out to cheer the college, providing they can find a more interesting sport. They have tried their best to make athletics appealing. But what happened? Bowling and football had to take a back seat to the activities which taught the students how to express themselves amicably, peaceably. It is your duty as a Canadian to learn how to express yourself amicably, peaceably. 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 chance 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 star, but if you learn from the college dramatics you will always be of use to yourself. You can always 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 Poster 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 activities, can and will be cultivated. Or have you attended the soirees of the Cercle Français? You would be most welcome.

The real trouble was not that the historians did not try to learn French. They did. They were not up to it. As a result they simply memorized the names and dates they had been asked to go into ecstasies about the great deeds of early Canadian history. They glorified them all over the place and particularly "the achievement of responsible government." But at least an honest attempt has been made to probe and understand Canadian history that there was no satisfactory single-volume history of the proper 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 Canadian history at the college 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, Tavolacci's History of England. That deficiency has now been remedied. D. G. Creighton to the much greater tolerance of A. R. M. Lower, at least an honest attempt has been made to probe and understand the problem and the results are certainly not dull.

Canadian History has long enjoyed the questionable honour of being regarded as about the dullest course on the curriculum. Behind the teachers in secondary schools were the universities which taught the teachers and supplied the textbooks. The real villains were Canadian historians themselves. Nor did the older historians fail to glorify the achievements of Canadian constitutional development. Of course no one could every study Canadian history again. Take Canadian history again. As for dances, can anyone give a good excuse for the old dances 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 arrangement; but disappointment results when so few students turn out to make the effort at all worthwhile. 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 real villains were Canadian historians themselves. The social graces are extremely important in life and they simply cannot be learned from a book.

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
THE MITRE

Page 3

MARCH, 1945

Hold The Press . . .

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 3.5 cents each, but the actual cost of each copy is approximately 51 cents. Advertising pays for the balance. It is therefore not surprising that many magazines are 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 $320 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 $316 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 over, 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 freshmen and freshmen. Few 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 $21, but none three-inch ads, which go on one page, will not cost you 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 spin (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 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 $21, but none three-inch ads, which go on one page, will not cost you about $32.

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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 inevitably 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

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 (11), 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.
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 second day, which seemed never to end. The pride, the power, the glory, I could not turn back now. I bent down and picked them up, and made my way down the long dim corridor, 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.

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 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 scraped, the "wopy" is set 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 4.19 p.m., guarded by our secret agents, W. Beck, Esq., steps on the starter of his car, and turns his wheels back to The Campus. 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 two editors make what is known as the "dummy" or the layout. This takes about two hours. Then the

I was walking aimlessly in the halls of the New Arts, my shoulders because I was not a perfect gentleman. ... I dated every one of them that would have me—and to my surprise, I was admired by all of them. 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 the mirror, I was too scared, I saw 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 to 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 mull 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, I met a senior and bowed in front of him (in the meantime I was admiring my last year's Christmas tie that I had held 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 first 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 have long hair.) I went around the halls yelling "fuss, bedbugs," and calling on Doc Gurney. I practiced facial expressions till the college presented me with a one-way ticket to the nearest suburb. I practiced laughing, smiling, frowning, laughing for no reason at all, bowing for the same reason,.Startgoting (this was not difficult being a star).
The Skier

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 repleat in their white winter finery. And then that day arrives.

Conrad awoke in the morning to find his room flooded with bright sunlight. Setting up in the bed he stretched through the window and his wondering eyes were greeted by a dazzling whiteness. Overnight the 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-bone 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 packmats 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 swirled 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 shoulders 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)
The glitter of water in the moonlight is no less appealing than gold, although the original purpose of the saying 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 glittering snow seems to reflect winter in her brightest mood, when she is stimulating, vivid, and beautiful.

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.

Heil To The Conquering Hero

Hans Shiller, one of the most important figures in the German army that had stopped rather successfully the great British offensive in Europe. Herman was now a general, Herman Von Tufen was yet with his small, beady eyes he slowly appraised the men before him. 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 around him. The 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 capture. Next to him sat Von Boren, one of the key figures in 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, with a rather proud and haughty voice, began to talk about the great spy system that Germany operated. "How dumb these Brits are," he cried out in a shrinking 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 plant and strategy, we know all about theirs."

Soon the little man became hysterical. "Ach, but they are dumb," he cried. "Our glorious further 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-219", 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—"

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

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

Sherbrooke Trust Company

THE MITRE

MARCH, 1945

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

Sherbrooke Trust Company
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.

"Maggie" Magee goes all out for Navy rum. These Knights are in Roy Peirce, and will probably lose another soon when members from the forces, and are ready for the coming interesting facts. First, that the A.O.F.B. has lost one member, 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 let us now turn to the Famous Sayings department (bountiful). High on the list of immortal words are those: "Something's wrong, I've only got fourteen fingers — goh am I stuck; I don't even know the equation for the expansion of Greece—I can't help it if I'm bowlegged — Verray nice, now kiss me in English — Himmn, Coke bottles — Can you show me 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 in the same day someone was seen getting into practice for the 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.

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 fellows, 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 faithful, like Hank and Cathy or Johnny and Ada, we have such illustrious names as Buck and Rusty, Hugh and Jeanie, Gille and Rusty, J.C. and Joyce, Len and Rusty, Zeko and Edie, Mac and Rusty, etc.

Another interesting feature of the past term was the joint campaign for the presidency of Second Year. Since Norrn 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 Ransfield copied 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 time.
Do You Too Wish To Be An Actor?

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—sometimes.

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 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 the hardest thing that there is in dramatics, for as you all know 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 only 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 strain exercises 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 typewriter 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 don't walk 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-

(Continued on page 24)
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. 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 his self 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 lumbered on the right side the twist 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 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 fact 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)

THE MITRE

G. B. MOFFATT

The Bishop Looks Down

LETTERS FROM HAWAII

It is now about six years since Miss Ethelwyn Castle of Honolulu, the daughter of Mme. Leblanc, turned a page 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 when the end came, 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, criticizing 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 "curious 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 Temppius's novels, Dusk, Lava, Fire, and Ripe Breadfruit, she says: "This author does admirable descriptions of scenery and atmosphere. It 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, beginning to give the face itself an about or half twist. (What this magazine needs is someone to express its 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. Why, all that is required is a slight push of the head and it turns around with the broken neck acting as a hinge.

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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 12)

The young man's reverse 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.

(Continued from page 23)
LIKE FATHER—LIKE SON

It seems to be a custom for the men of Montreal to wear Clothes from Morgan's . . . . For Spring '45 as for succeeding springs through many decades, men and young men will find at Morgan's suits styled to their preferences - tailored with that skill and finesse discriminating men of all ages value . . . Tweeds and worsteds, 2 or 3 button models, in seasonable blue, brown or grey mixtures.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL
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 of Polynesian islands, beginning 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 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--not have been in three different places at once. . . ."

At this point, if you will permit me, I would like to 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 deuce-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 deuce-

my shoulders were round (as if they weren't all the time) and my back patted during my glory, and when people stopped that, I patted myself on the back. So much so that soon 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 marine charts published 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, as well as the Time Zone one . . ."

There are many other letters, and many other books in this excellent series of guides. In your free time travel ventures make your 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 deuce-

MARCH, 1945

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 'Halls' plazu" "The economic and political life of Harum Scaramu", 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 in 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 as 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 tuberculosis or other malady is found the patient will be isolated. The gym will be closed. The 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 the x-raying of all the students is one which we have missed. Another striking feature of the "Guild Gazette" is the possibility 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) A new department of extra-curricular 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 Guild Hall. And the "Arrows" from the University of Sheffield is the 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 Bishops 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 "Student-hood" and one on "Drama To-day". The latter is a very humourous piece, 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 Bishop's College School

The Acadia Athenaeum

Xaverian Weekly

Dialhousie Gazette

The Silhouettte

McGill Daily

The Manhattan

The Argosy Weekly

Queen's Journal

The Georgan

Loyalist College

The Campus
Poor Old Britain

(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
Nobody's wrong but England;
and England's always wrong.

—A. P. Herbert.

In Memoriam

Miss M. HALL

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
To pray for a son of Bish
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THE MITRE

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 an excellent championship.

After Christmas, our ranks were swollen by four more players. Farquy 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. Jan Scott who made quite a name for himself on the purple and white aggrega­tion a few years back needs no introduction. Last but 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 v. 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 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 set-up 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.

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 clear shot away throughout the game. McDermid 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 suffering forth time and again to sink rangers 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 v. 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 them to score a large lead in the first half. In the second half, two complete forward lines and a few substitutes were used.生育 McDermid, 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 rings 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 McDermid on defence. In the last few minutes of the game, the Rand team missed the rebound and the college team missed, 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 Ozaic 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 the Bishop's boys promise of sending out good teams to represent both men's and women's meets to be held later on in the season. Added to last year's sketch, Waldman and McDermid, we now find in our midst such recruits as Royal Stewart, Iain Scott, Glen Magre, Don Bryant, Johnnie Ouellet, Charlie Budning, Fred Delaney and Zeke Pomson. 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 21, 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 Hillcrest Ski Club in downhill and slalom races in a three in 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 Magre broke one of his skis just before the slalom race and Johnnie Ouellet missed his bus, arriving too late to compete.

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

With this increased interest in skiing, there are wonderful possibilities that Bishop's will again rise to the position the 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 as a result of having too few skaters 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 everybody to take part in hockey and certainly increases an interest in sports around the college.

The at the time of writing six of the twelve scheduled games have been played and Second and Third year 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 Beauchamp on the forward line have
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 Ray 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 oppos­
ting 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 encoun­
ters continually breaking through the opposing teams de­
fences to slam in goal after goal. As a result of this, Cur­
phrey now leads the scoring list with 11 goals to his credit
while McGovern a close second follows with 9. The old
standbys Burton and Pooman tallied forth again this year
to play on their team's defence. Taking to the nets, De­
laney, 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, as 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 effici­
tently 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 and a solid defensive core of Scarth, Magee and
Bjerkelund. So far they have for tonight's meal? Hash!

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 Mon­
ique Lafontaine, Betty Johnston, Syl Ross, Marjorie All­
port, Myrna Powers, Joyce Johnson and Judy Baker make
up the women's basketball team. The train difficulty lies in the lack of team­
work, 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.

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
as 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 skating will finish, ping-pong will again assume
its rightful place among the activities.

(Continued from page 21)

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

sigh I tuck into the bow, trying to crave 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. LIPTWIN

Since 800 B.C. man has taken an interest in the utensils which he used 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 dynamic 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 Taza. It is a finely-preserved piece of work and has comparatively little history. It is, however, noted for its dazzling beauty and would fetch a small fortune at an auction. The cup is fashioned from the richly-colored variety of fluor spar 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 Chinese too have shown a great appreciation of drinking vessels, especially Libation cups, exquisitely carved from jade and agate. 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 Sung 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 conspicuous feature of the Dutch landscape, the windmill, which is reproduced in every detail.

A wager cup contains 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 Sung Dynasty of 1000 A.D., as well as the present day porcelain models which are lined in precious metals.

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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)
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MARCH, 1945

Reverend William R. Calummer, 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 Mel. 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 J. Greens, M.'29, has resigned the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Toronto, and will shortly take up new work at Plainfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Reverend W. T. Gray, L.S.T.'33, until recently the Incumbent of Corksigh in the Diocese of Quebec, has begun new duties at West Collingwood, 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.

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. Cauffield, 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 induced as Rector on the parish of Sunday, January 28, 1941.

Reverend Canon C. B. Hepburn, B.A.'04, B.D., Rec. of All Saints' Church, Ottawa, and on leave for Chaplains' Service, is now Rector 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 Ralphy-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. Lockwood, 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. Giroso, B.C.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.'31, 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 Knott, B.A.'30, and Lieutenant John Edward Martin, B.C.A.'33. Both have been wounded in service overseas. While in hospital in England Lieutenant Martin was attended by Reverend W. J. Smith, C.M.'30, M.D., who is now attached to the Royal Canadian Medical Corps.

He also met Lieutenant E. H. Yarbrough, R.C.N.V.R. (Faculty member on leave), who is now in England with Naval Intelligence.

W/O (II) Randall Manypenn Gifford, R.C.A.F., M.'34, who was a prisoner-of-war, has been repatriated, and arrived home last month.

Lieutenant A. H. Murchison, 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 the Mediterranean, served by Harry Scott, Ph.D. ('30), National Research Council, have recently surrendered their happy bachelorhood to join the ranks of the "beneficiaries". 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 Ralphy-Walters, Sherbrooke Regiment, B.Sc.'40, has been awarded the Military Cross.

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.

Births

Waldo Eugene Tulke, 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 preserve for others.

Waldo Eugene Tulke, third son of the Reverend and Mrs. Arthur Tulke of Magog, Que., a lieutenant in the Sherbrooke Regiment, B.Sc. '40, has been awarded the Military Cross for his invaluable services in the engineering section of the Royal Canadian Air Force, in aircrew training, he has transferred to the Infantry Corps of the Canadian Army (Active) and is at present stationed at St. John's, Que.

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THE MITRE

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.

MARCH, 1945

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

Particularly noteworthy are those masterful pieces of art work, the Vienna handpainted tankards, especially if they bear the signature of the world-famous artist Kauflmann (not to be confuded with present editor of The Mitre—Ed.). The royal factory at Vienna, during the period from 1760 to 1811, developed to the utmost, the art of painting pictures on porcelain. These were combined with vivid colors and rich gilding. Unfortunately the factory came to an end in 1846, 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, 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 densin 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 licking 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 be preferred a large tankard of hot spiced wine. How little his habits have changed! It should be remembered that elaborate drinking vessels were not only intended 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. "One scotch and soda coming up!"

CHARACTER IN THE CUP THAT CHEERS—

(Continued from page 36)

some of 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. This has 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 handtured, soft-glazed and wore of a dull reddish brown colour with curious vermicelli-like marking 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 nearly nautilus prompted irresistible attraction for the Renaissance goldsmiths, notwithstanding that the shell is brittle and ill adapted for use as a drinking vessel. The famous silver 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 Pinnick 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 Wasiorn horn which was carved in London in 1793. This magnificent example is fashioned from elephant's tusk carved with inwrought 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 mounts are of silver gift and were hammered in London. The inscription on the mount at the top of the tusk it applied lettering in German and when translated reads, "Peace and Plenty.".

Drinking horns date back to the year 1532 and were used usually on feast days and at guild meetings. They were not all as elaborate however as the Wasiorn 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 remaining 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 coconut 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 Glasterbury tankard, made more than 800 years ago and used by the abbot's 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 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, simply lying in the material out of which they are designed. Most pewter vessels
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