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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?
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Lennoxville, Que.

Founded 1843
Royal Charter 1853

The only college in Canada following the Oxford and Cambridge plan of three long academic years for the B.A., B.SC. in Arts and B.Sc. (Econ.).

Complete courses in Arts, Science in Arts and Divinity. Postgraduate courses in Education leading to High School Diploma. Residential College for men. Women students admitted to lectures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The College is beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Massawippi Rivers. Excellent buildings and equipment. All forms of recreation, including tennis, badminton, and skiing. Private golf course. Lennoxville is within easy motoring distance of Quebec and Montreal and has good railway connections.

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Contents

VARIABLES—

In Memoriam ................................. 4
Dedication .................................. 5
Editorial .................................... 6

FEATURE ARTICLE—

Twenty Years After .......................... 7

ARTICLES—

The Pair of Boots ................................ 9
A Sojourner at Bishop’s ......................... 11
Those Editorials ................................ 12
An Eye for an Eye and a Tea for a Tea ............... 15
Air Power .................................... 19

POETRY—

Well, I Like ‘Em Anyway ......................... 22

DEPARTMENTS—

The Major Play ................................ 13
Notes and Comments .......................... 17
The Bishop Looks Down ......................... 21
Exchanges .................................. 23
Sports .................................. 25
Alumni Notes ................................ 29

The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.
For more than a third of a century the name of Boothroyd has been closely associated with Bishop’s University. Thirty-eight years is no inconsiderable proportion of a human lifetime, and for this long space of time one of the most familiar figures in the university buildings, around the campus, and in the Town of Lennoxville was he who was known to all as “Boots”. Titles of this sort are by no means infrequently given as marks of endearment, and in this case how abundantly true it was — the familiar guide and counsellor of successive generations of students, the valued friend of members of the faculty both past and present, has now passed on, and our community has lost one whom it could ill afford to lose.

Eric Edward Boothroyd was born in Bradford, England, on November 30, 1883. After completing his earlier education at Bradford Grammar School, he won an entrance scholarship in history at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking up his residence there as an undergraduate in September 1902. He graduated B.A. with honors in History in 1905, and a few years later proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts. His first teaching experience was in France, where he held the position of instructor in English at the Lycée of Sens-sur-Yonne until the summer of 1906. The autumn of that year saw his arrival at Bishop’s, where he took up the duties Lecturer in History and English, and at Bishop’s he remained until his retirement last year. In those far-off days, and indeed for some years subsequently, the Faculty of Bishop’s was numerically very small, with the result that invariable accompaniment by the invariable accompaniment of failing health became apparent, but until the Convocation of 1944, Prof. Boothroyd was able to carry on his duties Lecturer in History and English, and at Bishop’s became head of the Department of History, he was able to devote all his energies to the development of those courses in Mediaeval and Modern History which raised him to such an expert knowledge of history was no handicap, and indeed was an asset, in the preparation of entertaining and illuminating talks on Moliere, Spenser, or the nineteenth-century English novel.

To expansion, however, the invariable accompaniment was more definite specialization, and when Dr. Boothroyd became head of the Department of History, he was able to devote all her energies to the development of those courses in Mediaeval and Modern History which raised him to such a height of popularity among the student body as a teacher who combined the admirable qualities of humour, learning, and clarity of exposition.

At a residential college such as ours, outside activities play an important part, and no account of Prof. Boothroyd’s career could possibly omit to pay tribute to his unwavering interest in these—ranging from participation in football and hockey, in the earlier years of his residence in Lennoxville, to the building up of a strong and efficient debating society. He was also in frequent demand as a speaker at Rotary gatherings and school commencements, which brought him into frequent contact with communi- ties throughout the Eastern Townships.

On the administrative side also his services to the University were considerable, as he was a member of the Corporation for nearly thirty years, in addition to long service on the Executive Committee, and membership on numerous special committees. In 1927 he was appointed Vice-Principal, which office he held till within a year or two of his retirement. In these capacities his services were recognized by the conferment of the degree of D.C.L.

As one who knew and esteemed him since 1911, I can conjure up vivid memories of “Boots” in all sort and conditions of circumstances, as acquaintance grew into friendship, and friendship into intimacy—one can only set down a few of the outstanding recollections: — 1912, a baccalaureate trip on the midnight train to Quebec, en route to his wedding in England, when the 23 miles between Lennoxville and Richmond were chiefly spent in removing the confetti liberally bestowed by a “send-off committee” of students, whose aim was so erratic that a considerable portion was showered on myself; — from 1913 onwards, memories of happy summer days on the lake or the verandah at Ayer’s Cliff, discussing every subject under the sun, from detective stories to the relative merits of different brands of tobacco, the fascinating charm of such historical scoundrels as Philip of Spain or Talleyrand, and the mutual interest in “toutes les gloires de la France”, (such degrading topics as Algebra or the Calculus being strictly barred). — 1915, my own wedding taking place from his house, in which I am now writing these lines—and subsequently many happy evenings over the chess-board or around the bridge-table.

It was in the autumn of 1941 that the first symptoms of failing health became apparent, but until the Convocation of 1944, Prof. Boothroyd was able to carry on his lecture courses, though other activities had perforce to be seriously curtailed. On his retirement, it was the hope of all who knew him that he would be spared for yet many years. But it was not to be — only those who knew him intimately were fully aware what a blow was the loss of his eldest son, killed in action in France in August 1944, and how bravely this stunning loss was borne. With the beginning of this year, it was only too evident what serious inroads illness had made on his strength. The end came on April 3, 1945, and two days later, after the impressive funeral service in the University Chapel, his remains were laid to rest in Malvern Cemetery.

To Mrs. Boothroyd, to his two surviving sons, and to two daughters-in-law, goes the deep and heartfelt sympathy in the “Sherbrooke Record” on the day following his death, which brought him into frequent contact with communities throughout the Eastern Townships.

To the memory of

Prof. E. E. Boothroyd, M.A., D.C.L.
Professor of History

Requiescat in pace.
One of the happy results of this ghastly war has been a widening and deepening knowledge among public men of the work of the universities as a result of the very critical phase of the war, the situation in which they find themselves. As some of you might have noticed, Bishop's and the War had disappeared from the last Mitre. Was there any implication that the war petering out, or did Bishop's just forget about it?

For one thing, we have not forgotten about the war. Bishop's is still doing its share, not only on college grounds but in all parts of the world. Nevertheless, the war did seem to be petering out; by now the European conflict is at an end; and perhaps unknowingly you have been reading Bishop's and the War for the last time in our Christian issue. And yet, should we let this department disappear completely from the pages of the Mitre, or should we just change its title to Bishop's and the Peace? Undoubtedly Bishop's has done its share in the war, but it is even more essential that Bishop's should be doing its share in the peace to come.

Universities constitute the intellectual and cultural centres of the world and as such should be the home of free thought and action. University students, particularly those in the Old World, have been playing an heroic part in this war, and they are going to make their voices heard after its completion. There is no reason why university students are going to be left out of the free thought and action. University students, particularly those in the Old World, have been playing an heroic part in this war, and they are going to make their voices heard after its completion.

To promote in every way possible a better understanding among students; a greater degree of cooperation between all Canadian universities for the promotion of national interests and to provide a means for developing international relationships with student groups in other countries.

This was a necessary step, but it did not mean the end of the N.F.C.U.S., nor was it the end of student organization in Canada during the war. The Canadian Committee of the International Student Service (I.S.S.) kept up a vigorous programme all along. "With the advent of the war its work has been to stimulate the student's belief in raising money in those countries which still have free universities in order to provide books, food and clothing, medical supplies and recreational equipment for the moral and intellectual preservation of students in war prisons, internment and refugee camps, as well as for students who are attempting to carry on in occupied and battle-ground countries." Now, you may ask, what has all this to do with Bishop's? Here it begins with a "B"; it takes a quite prominent place in all alphabetical lists of Canadian universities. And now let us look at a report on I.S.S. campaigns in 1941-42. Although receipts in general were not great, no university reached the thirty per cent of its objective, except Bishop's which according to I.S.S. publications contributed $1.00 or four per cent of its objective. Surely, this is laughable, but it is not a great honour at any rate. Fortunately, Bishop's attitudes started with a "B:" it takes a quite prominent place in all alphabetical lists of Canadian universities. And now let us look at a report on I.S.S. campaigns in 1941-42. Although receipts in general were not great, no university reached the thirty per cent of its object...
"Quick, chum ... your Sweet Caps please —
I'm off to impress that dream'.

'The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked'.

Richard Ballantyne and I attended military academy together and later became attached to the same Ontario regiment. At an early age Dick lost both his parents and consequently he virtually became a member of my own family. Shortly after we were commissioned in the Canadian army, was was declared in Europe. It was a year before our regiment, as part of the second Canadian Division, went overseas. By September 1915, we were in France and in the winter of that year we got our first taste of trench warfare in northern France. Dick and I were still with the same regiment and by April we had moved up to the St. Eloi area. Dick had already distinguished himself in several operations, and was due to get his captaincy, when he was killed.
had turned night into day. We could see the Jerries pouring were at his heels. He stumbled, fell, struggled to his feet occurred one of the strangest things I've ever seen. A flare my position, he was hit, whirled completely around and hit, whirled completely around and to stand still. For several seconds not an object on that crouched and shook his head from side to side. He looked, front moved except the lone German. Hundreds of pairs of in trance. All at once he began to claw at his boots, and in he had lost them. — and incidentally, not to tell his mother say the most successful tea of the season. No one came to Mrs. Baleful had the most unsuccessful, or perhaps I should one released from imprisoning chains. He seemed no longer to be driven by some weird and mysterious force stronger than himself. He began to crawl towards a sheltering crater. The battle raged with terrible violence all about him yet no bullet touched the man. Then, even as I watched, he disappeared. There was the high-pitched howl of a descend- ing shell, its shattering explosion, and then where there had been a man there was nothing—only another shell-hole.

"The Hun attack was driven back and we were imme- diately ordered to counter-attack. As I clambered over the top and started towards the enemy's lines I kicked some object, and glancing down I saw one of the boots that the German had so hurriedly rid himself of. I did not pause a moment, but I recognized that boot.

"By dawn we had ejected the Germans from their position and occupied the trenches from which their ill-fated charge had been made. The next day I received permission to go back over the few hundred yards of terrain which the day before had been the battleground. I wanted to recover those boots. I found them near our old trenches and it was as I believed. They were Dick Ballantyne's boots, the very ones he had worn when he made his last patrol. There was no mistaking the design around the tops, the faultless workmanship, and the left boot still had his name and number sewn on the inside. The Hun who had been killed the day before was probably in charge of the detail that surprised Dick's party. He had stolen the boots from the corpse of my friend, and it is my unwavering conviction that those boots brought about his destruction."

"There Major Halworth ended his story. Was I to believe its supernatural implications? Sitting before the fire, looking at those boots, somehow it did seem to me that Lieutenant Richard Ballantyne had avenged his own death.

The three boys worked for half an hour and then gave up. Henry philosophically decided not to worry about the lost invitations— and incidentally, not to tell his mother that he had lost them.

And so it happened that on Monday afternoon, June 25,
Those Editorials

“When is the next Mitre coming out?” “When is it going to be out?” And, while you wait for the immortal and inevitable answer, you can see the editor’s face going into contortions. “Erm, er—, the Mitre will be published . . .” Which reminds me, it would look queer without an editorial. Not that anybody ever reads it—particularly, if . . . “Which reminds me, it would look queer without an editorial. Not that anybody ever reads it—particularly, if . . .”

W. RIESE

All this, although it might annoy you, doesn’t worry you very much; but if it really should bother you, and you look to find out who the editor actually is, you will find at the bottom of page 3 a short note: “The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.” Well, you figure that this probably applies to the editor too, and you are awfully glad and relieved to know that on the Mitre nobody is responsible for anything.

With this idea in mind you will easily realize how little done you are in your writing career for the next Mitre, and you may even do so. Or you might still think that there is something seriously wrong with the Mitre, and you will proceed to point this out to the public (through the Mitre, of course). In either case the editor will be rubbing his hands, rejoicing in his achieved purpose and convinced that it even pays to be absurd. Of course, some people need more than even all this. For the benefit of those poor creatures it says at the bottom of the editorial page: “continued from page—”.

And, taking a deep breath, you turn the page trying to find the glorious end of this literary masterpiece wondering perhaps what mysterious force compels you to do this humiliating person such an undeclared honour.

Oh, here you are, “continued from page—”. And here you find one of those inevitable challenges: “It is your duty, men and women—” or “Let us remember this—” or a very kind editor may on behalf of the entire Mitre Board “wish you all a merry Christmas”; or still more sympathetic he may wish you all “a successful term—the best of the year. And again don’t let examinations worry you—gray hairs will come soon enough.” These outbursts may affect you in different ways. Have you still got your original opinion or did you change it? Perhaps you will find relief in one of the following articles. In the end you may even feel sorry for the poor fool who went to so much pain and trouble to get something out of you, when all along you had been willing to write anyway, but you still can’t understand why the editor printed only four articles when there are way over a hundred students at Bishop’s. That’s, of course, what the editor can’t understand either and what he wants you to explain to him.

Do you now see why editors are tearing their hair out (those that still have some)? If you do, and if you care to save them from premature baldness, you should know what to do. But, what’s the use of talking. Besides, I still haven’t written my editorial yet . . .”

The Major Play

On the evenings of April 23, 24, and 25, Bishop’s University Dramatic Society presented its major production, the Pulitzer Prize play “Miss Lulu Bett”, by the American novelist and playwright, Zona Gale. Again the society was fortunate to have as producer G. Dickson-Kenwin, who has done so much to help the techniques of acting and stagecraft in the six major productions which he has directed for the college.

The play’s interest lies in the unfolding of the character of Miss Lulu Bett. As the play opens, she is living with the family of her brother-in-law, Dwight Deacon, and acting as household drudge. She awakens, however, to a sense of her own potentialities after a hasty and seemingly disastrous marriage with his brother, Ninian, which ends in discovering Ninian that he already has a wife. After this disclosure Lulu returns to the home of her sister, Ina Deacon.

From then on the source of drama is twofold: First, there is the conflict between the awakened Lulu and Dwight, who again attempts to dominate her life and make use of her domestic efficiency, posing all the while as her benevolent protector. Secondly, there is the conflict within the mind of Lulu herself. Will she tell the truth to the curious inhabitants of the small American town, and thereby retain a belief in Ninian’s love for her? Or will she accept Dwight’s explanation, that Ninian had tired of her and that his story was a ruse to get rid of her, and suppress the truth, thus acting the deserted wife, and, of course, freeing Dwight from scandal.

The denouement is reached when Lulu discovers not only that Ninian has told her the truth about his previous marriage, but also that his first wife had died before their marriage took place. This opens the way for the final, happy reunion.

The casting—not an easy task, since all the parts were character parts—was carried out with discrimination. Elizabeth Macdonald, in the title role, captivated the interest of the audience at once. The restraint with which she interpreted her emotional scenes was admirable. Here was altogether a controlled and mature performance which ensured the success of the play.

Ben Midlidge in the part of Dwight Deacon gave a convincing picture of smug hypocrisy, perhaps a shade lacking in unctuousness. One of the cleverest bits of character work was done by Myrna Hughes as the aging “Mama” Bett. She portrayed a most realistic manner the bearing, gestures, vocal intonations and vagaries of old age.

Judy Baker as Ina Deacon performed her part with a nice perception to be discerned particularly in her facial expressions. The exhausting manoeuvres of a small girl were mimicked convincingly and with insight by Jean Beast as Monona Deacon. Russell Burton, as the obtuse, awkward, and well-meaning Mr. Cornish, represented an amusing study in tactlessness.

Diana, the adolescent daughter, was impersonated by Edith Edgar, the success of whose performance owed much to natural endowments as to acquired art. Ted Bjerkelund, who assumed the character of Bobby Larkin, high school boy and admirer of Diana, gave a very convincing performance. The part of Ninian Deacon was enacted by Thomas Gibson with just the right combination of flamboyance and sincerity.

The stage business was carried on with unusual ingenuity for an amateur performance, not only by individuals but in the group scenes, while pauses, dependent upon changes of thought or action, were filled with effective pantomime. The tempo was perhaps a shade too fast in places—for example an opportunity was missed for a dramatic pause at the moment when Mama Bett leaves the stage after her emotional scene.

The stage crew is to be congratulated upon the construction of a well-balanced and unusually attractive set, with the newly-added stage space used to good advantage. The lighting accentuated natural effects and showed up characters and scenes pleasingly. The silhouette effect in the second act was especially striking.

Makeup, of course, professional, and the costumes, for the most part, harmonious. A more varied use of colour contrast in the costumes might have made the staging more vivid.

Regarded as a total undertaking, the choice of “Miss Lulu Bett” was a credit to the good judgment of the Dramatic Society, while its successful presentation was a tribute to the direction of Dickson-Kenwin.
An Eye For An Eye and A Tea For A Tea

Winner of the Second Prize in the Mitre Short Story Contest.

"It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter a bit. It doesn't make the slightest difference to me. I wouldn't have gone to Myra Adder's stupid tea, anyhow, even if she had asked me," said Mrs. Baleful, pulling back the curtain in her bay-window to watch three ladies sail majestically up Mrs. Adder's walk. And said they did, looking like a mighty dreadnought with a convoy of two destroyers. The dreadnought, who must have had a water displacement of several tons, wore a sombre, black suit, surmounted with a huge fur-piece, and, without the slightest deviation from her course, travelled at a good four knots. As she neared the door, her escort closed in alongside, and she swept through at full speed, bending her head slightly to avoid hitting the top of the doorway with a huge, purple plume.

"What an atrocious hat!" sniffed Mrs. B.

"'Trocious, 'trocious, 'trocious," chanted her little son, Henry, running his kiddie car back and forth over his baseball bat. Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Henry, stop that noise!"

Henry now transferred his attention to the chesterfield and tilting his kiddie-car at a 65 degree angle, rammed its polished legs with awful bangs.

"Henry, will you stop?"

"I'm a Sherman tank, mummy. See?" and he attacked with renewed enthusiasm.

But his mother was glaring from behind the curtain at two more guests who were just being let in by a neat-looking maid.

"I wonder where on earth she got her new maid," said Mrs. Baleful.

"What's a tea, Mummy?" asked Henry.

"A tea is something one woman gives so she can insult another by not inviting her," said Mummy.

"Oh." Silence.

"Mummy?"

"Yes"—impatiently.

"Are you mad at Mrs. Adder?"

"Only dogs get mad. People get angry."

"Yes, but are you mad at Mrs. Adder, Mummy?"

"Henry," said his mother, with great dignity, "I am hurt. I am deeply hurt. I have received a cruel blow."

"Why don't you punch her in the nose?"

"A lady doesn't punch another lady in the nose," said his mother sadly.

"What does she do?"

"She steals her maid away from her," said his mother, and then brightening as if the thought were a pleasant one.

"Yes, Henry, she steals her maid away from her by offering her higher wages. By offering her higher wages—of course—why didn't I think of that before?" And off she went to the kitchen, leaving young Henry, who seized the unerring sense of smell to Mrs. Adder's back door, where he stood with his grimy hands and nose pressed against the screen, watching her make cookies.

"Hello, Henry," said Mrs. Adder, rubbing her four-covered hands together, making a fine, white powder drift into the air.

"Hullo," said Henry.

"How are you, Henry?" said Mrs. Adder.

"I'm fine. The cookies smell good."

"They certainly do," said Henry, and he gave a big sigh to prove it.

"Would you like a cookie?"

"Oh, boy!"

"How's your mother, Henry?" inquired Mrs. Adder after she had polished off several cookies.

"Fine." "Did she know I had a tea on Tuesday?"

"Oh, sure. Boy, was she mad! She's going to steal your maid."

"Really?" said Mrs. Adder, looking fixedly at Henry.

"Have an eclair, you dear little boy. What else did Mummy say?"

"Nothing," muttered Henry, vaguely realizing that he had said something wrong. "Well, I gotta go now," and out the door, across the porch, and down the steps he went, stuffing two fish worms which were crawling out of his pocket, back in again.

And so it happened that that very night Minnie Ma-loon, who had worked for Mrs. Adder for just one week, was given the night off, a promise of two free afternoons a week, a radio in her bedroom, a ten-dollar raise, and a sweet smile. Minnie was vastly pleased—in fact, she was so pleased that she took the raise, the free evening and the memory of the sweet smile down to the Georgian Hotel and got quite tight.

But what Henry didn't know was that his sweet mother had thought of another plan for revenge. She had decided that an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, could be readily interpreted a tea for a tea. So she sat up all that evening that Minnie was wetting her whistle and wrote
The following morning Henry was handed forty printed invitations to "a tea to be held at the home of Mrs. Augustus Baleful on Monday afternoon, June twenty-fifth, at half past four o'clock. R.S.V.P." Strangely enough, in the three stacks of envelopes which were the result of her evening's work, you could not find one addressed to Mrs. Adder immediately. 

The following morning Henry was handed forty printed invitations and told to take them to the post office immediately. "I don't wanna," was his instant reply. "Henry!" said his mother, warningly. "I have an awful sore foot," said Henry. "Really?" replied his mother.

"And a headache in my stomach too. It hurts awful." At this point he groaned loudly, making piteous grimaces. Henry Baleful, you march right down to the post office and mail these invitations and don't you dare play in the sewers on the way!" Henry had a strong inclination to look for gum and similar treasure in sewers, and about every second day a policeman would haul him out of some manhole and bring him home, dirty, bedraggled, a little damp, and deeply annoyed at having been disturbed in his research.

"Do you hear me?" "Aw, all right," said the lad, realizing he was fighting a losing battle. He picked up the invitations with two oil-stained hands, smearing the three top ones, and shuffled toward the door. With his hand on the knob he was suddenly struck with a thought. "Gee whiz, are you having a tea?" "Yes, yes, now run along." "Are you gonna ask Mrs. Adder?" "Certainly not." "Aren't you going to get her maid away from her?" "No, I'm not. A tes a better revenge. Now, see here, young man, you're asking too many questions. Do as you were told. Take those invitations down and post them immediately." And she stamped her foot.


"Push over, let me see." said Henry. "Quit shaving." "I'm not." "You're pushing." "I am not." "Oh, look you've dropped your letters down the sewer." "Oh, gosh!" Three heads peered down at the white envelopes. "Can't pull off the grating," said one of the lads, "we tried just tried." "Let's try again." (Continued on page 10)
THE MITRE

The basketball season ended in a first-class spanking for Second Year, the best Bish tradition, and just think, only one Paul Jones! That is the co-ed's Spring Hop. The gals carried on the interest of the league, with great things in store for next year. The intercollegiate games are over, and we are at a rehearsal of the famous major play. Here indeed is stark drama; at the end of some of the rehearsals, even the pictures in Convocation Hall were gasping. Meanwhile the stage crew were besieging the air in the gym with the usual expressions of surprise, rapture, and sometimes even annoyance. However, despite the minor obstacles encountered, the stage was set for the dress rehearsal Sunday night. All went smoothly until Lulu appeared in her new "Cosmo" clothes and coif, and the scene was wrecked until the laughter subsided. The play itself was so well received that it was suggested it be held in Sherbrooke. It wasn't.

Something along the same line was presented at Convocation Hall by the King's Hall choristers. Set on Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," the play itself was there were more, the point being, naming and dancing. The only thing that sounded a jarring note was the fact that the Sullivan River had been turned into a heavy dew that had been falling all night, and that the road was blocked by floating ice. In spite of numerous suggestions that we get busy mixing highballs, the caravan wended its way homeward.

But enough, and away to the Sports Department, more particularly the badminton squad. Under the able, if unofficious leadership of "2-40" Bagnall, the team harrassed the Eastern Townships by obtruding many strange gym floors. The results were that Bish is definitely back in the badminton league, with great things in store for next year. The intercollegiate basketball ended in a first-class spanking for Second Year, who, however, took the L-Y hockey championship. But enough, and away to the latest dance of the season, that is the co-ed's Spring Hop. The gala carried on in the best Bish tradition, and just think, only one Paul Jones!

One of the highlights was the performance that D-K gave; funny how the lights went out like that just before he bowed out. But enough of this coherence, if you're still with us, leave us wander dazedly over to the famous sayings department. "Me. 109 coming in on the port bow . . . And after I rested all Sunday he cut the scene out . . . This is getting to be a habit, still in progress . . . I'm not drinking any more, just the usual amount.

This term seems to have featured banquets; the latest of these worthy institutions being the Campus and Athletic Boosters' Banquet. Each featured many toasts, speakers and courses, and were complete successes. It was rather ironical to see some of the characters at the center table hiding ginger ale bottles, but then, I guess it gets to be a habit.

Many complaints were made, but none so consistent as numbers one and two platoon do on schemes; who has not the happy memory of capturing the members of his own section? Perchance you were on that last one when number one hit a sagging camp, and was "delayed" for a while; looking for snipers no doubt. All of which brings to mind the O.T.C. (dance) I think. Maybe we'll have it at camp: what is the Canadian version of the U.S.O. anyhow.

The debates are over for another year, and I can almost see "Padre" Baird rubbing his hands with glee over the Skinner victory for the residents of the Shed. But congratulations are in order, not only for the winning team, and the inter-Y debaters, but also to President Baird for the wonderful job he did in reviving a nearly lost art.

The Spinner Spree found all the eligible males preening themselves for days in advance, and wandering around with "that look" in their eyes. One of the more amusing side lights is perhaps summed up in a conversation overheard at breakfast next morning. A strange figure in the shape of a young man in his early twenties, or could tell you how valuable air support would have been in this campaign? Air cover was available, it is unlikely that the Japs could have despatched the Prince of Wales and the Repulse as easily as they did.

No service can operate beyond its own competence, and neither the army nor the navy are secure if the enemy has a preponderance of air power; nor can the air forces deploy "their strike" with the best advantage without naval protection to get them to their advanced bases and to keep their supplies adequate, or without army units to protect landing fields by keeping the enemy as far away as possible.

The tactical part of the work of the Air Force is concerned with close support of the troops in actual battle. The unit commanders are interested in securing the maximum air cover for protection against enemy aircraft. Close integration of air and ground forces was difficult to obtain, and to achieve this end, Air Co-operation Command was formed.

If troops cannot move along a road because it is under constant attack by dive-bombers or strafing ferries, a few squadrons of Spitfires can soon put things right. A company commander finds himself under constant and constant fire from tanks or enemy artillery. A call to headquarters, and the Air Force Liaison Officer a squad of fighter-riding Typhoons soon remove the annoyance.

Perhaps the going is difficult. Jerrv may have more men in that area than has at first been considered likely. Recco shows that men and armour are moving up in large numbers. Only one thing can stop the pressure of superior forces quickly enough—air support.

Here is an example of the combining of both strategic and tactical assistance. Heavy bombers pounding his supply lines and strafing his communications. Medium bombers attack the road convoys, and are closely followed by strafing fighters with their rockets and cannon. Large numbers

(Continued on page 26)
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 discussing this important document.

Due to the complexity of administering Estates to-day,
the constant changes in taxes and the problem of invest­
ment safely—more and more people are appointing a cor­
porate 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

MAY, 1945

The Bishop Looks Down

TIME MUST HAVE A STOP

Aldous Huxley’s wit and erudition are such that though
we read him for amusement we can hardly fail to be in­
structed. It is his ulterior object to stimulate reflection, and
with each successive novel he gives us the pill with less
sugar coating. In Time Must Have A Stop so many grave
problems are so provocatively argued that it is impossible
to get through the book without considering some of them
a little, whether we like it or not. He was more entertaining
when he was chiefly interested in illustrating how porcine,
assimine, feline, and above all, simian, we severally are. Nev­
ertheless, this is a witty and eminently readable book, and if
it does prod us into thinking that will probably do us no
harm, reluctant though we are to try it. It will perhaps
recommend itself more to men than to women, since in it
Huxley succumbs to the common masculine compulsion to
grapple not only with the unknown, but also with the
Unknowable. To me at least it is a little dismaying to be
conducted into the realm of spiritualism, a place well
furnished with mirrors and very little else.

The hero of the story is Sebastian Barnak, a gifted and
precocious boy of seventeen, fatally attractive to women.
He suffers from the deficiency common to Huxley’s heroes,
an inability to effect satisfactory personal relationships.
This spiritual isolation, which is occasionally gratifying but
often a torment, is the result of a superior objectivity; he
appreciates his own motives and character with a piti­
less insight which ensures a minimum of peace with him­
self; in such a one man’s inhumanity to himself far exceeds
what he metes to others. As we view him largely through
the medium of his own reflections we necessarily regard him
with the same objectivity, a detachment which does not
extend to the other characters. These are of a different sub­
stance from Sebastian; except Eustace they are all merely
animated ideas, though complete enough; they are in fact
Dickensian. Fred Poulshot in particular, who, while he
vainly tries to forgive his family for their frivolity in
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animated ideas, though complete enough; they are in fact
Dickensian. Fred Poulshot in particular, who, while he
vainly tries to forgive his family for their frivolity in
telescopic device, the story is then summarily disposed of in an epilogue. Though fifteen years have elapsed everyone is acting much as before. Sebastian's weaknesses are still resulting in disproportionate calamities. (And the American idealist is still talking, but that is perhaps accidental). The epilogue further compares the opinions and beliefs of the adult Sebastian. Here the text is given:

"But thought's the slave of life, and life's time's fool,
Must have a stop."

And time, that takes survey of all the world,
I cannot see—
My eyes are flash'd
Until you dim
How sad to mar
The pastel pink,
With messy blots
Of deep green ink.
With you I'll go
Not, to the show,
Until you dim
That brightly glow!
My eyes are flash'd
I cannot see—
Why do you spring
Those ties on me?

K. L. BANFILL

LUXOR GRILL

"Well I Like 'em Anyway !"

Oh, mad young men,
Why wear those ties?
You know that they
Can get articles from them. This "March of the Stewards"
lines; but I guess that is understandable seeing that the
editor of the Mitre has to practically kill people before he
can get articles from them. This "March of the Stewards"
is a series of songs with their refrains cleverly illustrated by
drawings representing the various activities depicted by
the songs. The "Report on Skiing" is something that every
fan of the hockey boards as well as all the mathematicians
in this college should look at and carefully analyze.

Secondly we have the King's College Record from Halif-
ax, Nova Scotia, which in its spring number contains some
very commendable literary achievements. The "Ancient
Commoner", although slashed by a reader whose letter is in
the column "Letters to the Editor", still bravely makes use of the so-called slang. I do not know if the "Ancient
Commoner" is supposed to be a column dedicated to liter-
ary excellence, but I do know that if in practically every
college magazine slang was to be omitted there would be
no magazine to be published. The "Ancient Commoner"
is a very good column and one which I look forward to
with impatience. If you readers want further proof of this
all you have to do is come and see me for the latest copy
of the King's College Record. The article on "Newspapers" by R. J. McClave, B.A., is one which I avidly read and
think most instructive. I do hope that many more of the
students here do the same.

Thirdly we have the "Record" from Trinity College
School, Toronto. The articles still remain exceedingly in-
teresting and the snaps that are dispersed here and there
throughout the volumes are proof that pictures or snap-
shots do enliven a magazine.

Fourthly, "The Queen's Review". The article which is
a copy of an address entitled "Of High and Low Profes-
sions" is one that every student should delve in and acquire
more intimate knowledge about professions on the whole.

Fifthly, all the news sheets that we have received since
the last issue of the Mitre. Although they clutter up the
council office and bring harsh words from all the council
members yet every one who comes in this office makes it a
point of reading and re-reading every newspaper as well as
making sure that they leave all of them sprawled all over
the place. This in turn makes the room look awful but at
the same time makes me feel good. In this way, reading
the sheets, the students find out what the latest doings of
every university in Canada. It helps them to find out how
the other students throughout the Dominion feel about
the various questions and problems that are published in these
newspapers. How better a way to unite all the students of
the continent than by exchange?

(Continued on page 34)
EDITORIAL—(Continued from page 6)

because of political or social conviction, religion, national-

ity, race, fortune, or class. (b) that community life within

the university should be given the greatest possible encour-
gagement, (c) that a spirit of clone union and collaboration

should be brought into being between the universities of all
countries."

Do we agree with these points? If so, is the general

spirit at Bishop’s, is the general state of affairs, in agreement

with it? And if not, do we not have to try to change

things unless we want everything we claim is worth fight-

ing for to lose its meaning at once? Why, empty words? Why?

Because the same things have been said in one form

or another over and over again? Maybe they have, but

these are still not empty words. If they seem meaningless

to us, it is because we are not personally affected. But, do

we always have to be personally affected before we can take

any decisive action? Certainly, we have to look after our-

selves, but we do not necessarily have to look after ourselves

first. The instinct of self-preservation is very strong, in

fact, is too strong even in its purely subconscious form.

Why are we so afraid of being left on the sinking ship,

when in reality we are already safe in the lifeboat—alone.

The least we could do is to pick up a few survivors—par-

cicularly if we realized that not only would it be much

easier to row the boat ashore, but it would be the only way

we could ever reach land.

Many people still do not seem to realize that co-opera-
tion is only a modern term for an age-old ethical principle,

and that it is even more essential, and should be applied on

a far wider scale in peace time than it is during war time.

In war time a considerable number of the people seem to

feel an inner compulsion to work towards a common goal,

a perhaps equal number of people are persuaded to do

the same for fear of being called unpatriotic, and the rest

simply fall in line because we enable legislative power to en-

force co-operation. In peace time most of these factors are

practically non-existent. This should not mean, however,

that we need complete government control to ensure co-

operation. Why, it would obviously represent a paradox to

the whole co-operation itself.

We should not plead the case for government control

unless we have lost faith in mankind completely. But we

must try to rid ourselves of our prejudices, our isolationist

tendencies and our don’t-give-a-damn attitude. We have

the choice now, and perhaps we have it for the last time.

We shall have to pull together, or else we shall inevitably

be pushed together. Which do you prefer?

W. R.

NOTES AND COMMENTS— (Continued from page 18)

celled, and the whole student body met in the quad for a

snake dance that wound its way through Lennoxville to

the tune of bagpipes (one), bugles (three), drums (three),

and enthusiastic (unlimited). Having exhausted the destruc-

tive possibilities of Lennoxville, Sherbrooke was chosen as a

second objective, and the crew commandeered any and all

passing trucks as means of transport. With happy cries of

"We’ll be in the digger by nightfall!" the parade, or what-

ever it was, was re-formed outside the Rose Room. It seemed

for a moment that the fame of the approaching raddle had

spread, for the entire police and C.P.C. force had turned out
to control the crowds that had gathered ostensibly to

witness the first college circus in many years. It was later

learned that a naval parade had preceded us by a few min-

utes, as a sort of preliminary no doubt. Cameras clicked and

round off the day; the high spot of the evening was the

later that evening, a dance was held in the gym to

made up. On 1400 hours the heavens opened, and for the next two hours, off-

man to man, both teams covered their men well and it was

However, with Cooling at centre, Scott, Ouellet, Suther-

man to man, both teams covered their men well and it was

Tuesday, official V-E day for Lennoxville was warm

and sunny—until the U.B.C.C.O.T.C. formed up. At 1400

hours the heavens opened, and for the next two hours, off-

tened by any of the students. I can think of no better ending for

...the sunken cars out of the mud, to the detriment of their

...the high spot of the evening was the

This column would like to take the opportunity to

...the sunken cars out of the mud, to the detriment of their

...the sunken cars out of the mud, to the detriment of their
fairly close all the way through but in the last few minutes the Y's Men pulled away to take the game by a fair score.

Bishop's vs. Rand

Led by freshman Bob Cooling, the college boys on March 1 handed the Rand aggregation a 70-24 trimming to again this year hit their seventy-point scoring record. Cooling literally sinking them by the dozen, added 27 to the team's tally and is also the third highest scorer in the league. The opposition was very weak and each of our men managed to earn himself several points.

Bishop's vs. Stanstead

In their second game against Sherbrooke High, the purple and white squad were edged out by a slim one-point margin. The game was close all the way with Bob leading 9-8 at the half. In the second half the U.B.C. boys put on the pressure and were leading by six points. The high school lady soon cut this down to only a one-point lead and then scored a basket to win. This game was probably the most exciting seen at the college this year and had the audience on the edge of their seats throughout.

Bishop's vs. Richmond

On Tuesday night, March 20, Bishop suffered a 48-28 defeat to Stanstead College. Playing clean and fast basketball, the home team were leading by 11-14 when the half-time whistle blew. Bish seemed to wear under the continual attacks of the opposing team in the second half and it wasn't long before the visitors had piled up a comfortable lead which they kept throughout. That night, veteran guard Mac McCredie was missing from our line-up and Stanstead found it easy to get their rebounds and play the sleeper.

Bishop's vs. Kami

Playing their second league game against Richmond, our boys defeated the visitors to the low tune of 21-20. The game was close all the way through with both teams playing man to man ball. Although the lead was a small one, the college boys managed to keep it up to the final whistle adding another win to the squad's tally.

In addition to the scheduled league games, the college squad played two exhibition games. The first was played on February 20 against the Y's Men and the U.B.C. lost to the score of 38-24. The second game was another of the home and home series between Bish and Sherbrooke. The opposing team in the second half and it wasn't long before the visitors had piled up a comfortable lead which they kept throughout. That night, veteran guard Mac McCredie was missing from our line-up and Stanstead found it easy to get their rebounds and play the sleeper.

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Kelly and Glazerou who played on guard, first year was able to win the Inter-Year trophy in a sudden death game with second year. All in all, good sportsmanship and clean, fast basketball was shown by each team and we hope that next year's squads will do equally well.

**WOMEN'S BASKETBALL**

Not to be outdone by the male portion of the student body, the Bish co-eds fashioned out a complete set of uniforms and occupying the gym for daily practices, emerged the year with a basketball team that proved very promising. Under the watchful and guiding eye of their manager Mac McCreedie, the girls practised hard and soon showed the other feminine cagers that they were a fast and capable squad. With captain Lila Pharre setting up the plays and Monique Lafontaine at the bottom of every scramble, the rest of the girls were spurred on and played fine basketball. Judy Baker and Betty Johnston certainly offered stiff competition on guard while Syl Ross and Marg Allport continually worried the opposing teams with their shooting. Although the girls were often forced to go down in defeat due to their inexperience and in some cases was but a slight lead, was succeeded by McCredie while Sutherland for the seniors. Patterson, taking the first mile of the five-mile relay were Sutherland for the fresh men and Patterson for the seniors. Patterson, taking the outstanding players out of the ranks of the women skiers was Judy Baker, who also served as the club's secretary. These students have done excellent work in this sport and the future looks bright, so we hope that even more interest will be taken next year and that skiing will still keep up the reputation that Bish has set in the past years.

**EXHIBITION HOCKEY GAMES**

Taking the outstanding players out of the ranks of the inter-year hockey squads, Bish's produced an all-star team which played three exhibition games throughout the hockey season, providing B.C.S. and Rock Island with some real stiff opposition. The two games with B.C.S. were fast and bitterly fought, and from the time of the first faceoff to when the final whistle blew, it was a terrific battle all the way, providing some real excitement for the cheering students standing along the boards of the B.C.S. arena. Although we dropped very close decisions in both encounters with the score being 3 to 2 in each, all of the U.B.C. boys played a flying game on the ice and deserve a lot of credit. With a firm backstop in the person of goalie "Bones" Bown, and such players as the heavy checking Messrs. Bagnall and Mac Sanders on defence, Farky, the Curphyes, Beaudry, and Wirtanen on defence, Farky, forced the fleet freshman to run on the last stretch, Farky forced the fleet freshman to run. From the time of the first faceoff to when the final whistle blew, it was a terrific battle all the way, providing some real excitement for the cheering students standing along the boards of the B.C.S. arena. Although we dropped very close decisions in both encounters with the score being 3 to 2 in each, all of the U.B.C. boys played a flying game on the ice and deserve a lot of credit. With a firm backstop in the person of goalie "Bones" Bown, and such players as the heavy checking Messrs. Bagnall and Mac Sanders on defence, Farky, the Curphyes, Beaudry, and Wirtanen on defence, Farky, forced the fleet freshman to run. From the time of the first faceoff to when the final whistle blew, it was a terrific battle all the way, providing some real excitement for the cheering students standing along the boards of the B.C.S. arena. Although we dropped very close decisions in both encounters with the score being 3 to 2 in each, all of the U.B.C. boys played a flying game on the ice and deserve a lot of credit. With a firm backstop in the person of goalie "Bones" Bown, and such players as the heavy checking Messrs. Bagnall and Mac Sanders on defence, Farky, the Curphyes, Beaudry, and Wirtanen on defence, Farky, forced the fleet freshman to run.
THE MITRE

Page 30

Page 31

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beaton of Sherbrooke, Que., took place on February 14, 1945, at St. Luke's Church, Montreal, the Very Reverend F. A. C. O'Donnell officiating. The bride wore a white brocade gown and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Fred W. Palmer, as matron of honour. Mr. Fred Whitty acted as best man.

A reception was held after the ceremony and later Mr. and Mrs. Beaton left for Quebec and Montreal.

O'DONNELL—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beaton of Sherbrooke, Que., took place on February 14, 1945, at 133 Quebec St., the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beaton of Sherbrooke, Que., took Saturday morning, February 17, 1945, in St. Louis Church, Lennoxville, after the ceremony and later Mr. and Mrs. Beaton left-in-law, Mrs. Fred W. Palmer as matron of honour. Mr. E. O'Donnell, M.A. '22, K.C., of Montreal, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Donnell of Sherbrooke, Que., was best man. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's father. Mr. Rex Moore, B.A. '21, B.C.L., was best man. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Grande Allee, after which Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell left for a honeymoon in the Laurentians.

AMES-FLETCHER—The marriage of Miss Alice Barbara Fletcher, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. H. Fletcher of "Brooklands," Lennoxville, to Captain Alexander King Ames, B.A. '34, took place recently at St. George's Church, Lennoxville, the Venerable Albert Jones officiating. Miss Shirley Fletcher, sister of the bride, and Miss Charlotte Ames, sister of the groom, were bridesmaids. Captain Hugh Barnett of Ottawa was best man. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

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THE MITRE

Knowles, L.B., B.D., Bishop of Qu'Appelle.
Reverend Hugh A. Mortimer, B.A.(40), a well-known person in Sherbrooke, has now taken up his new work as print-in-charge of St. Martin's and other churches in the vicinity of Fort St. John, B.C. He was formerly in charge of St. Thomas (Anglican) Church in Montreal. His new work will be in the capacity of a missionary sponsored by the Fellowship of the West, of the Church of England in Canada.

FLASH!

As we go to press we learn that Lieutenant C. L. Ogden Grant, B.A.(40), Rhodes Scholar 1935, has been appointed Headmaster of Ashbury College, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.

We would extend hearty congratulations and best wishes to Lieutenant Grant in his new work.

After a distinguished academic and athletic career at this university he graduated in 1933 receiving his B.A. degree, and was for that same year appointed a Rhodes Scholar. Upon completing scholarship studies at Oxford he returned to Canada to take up an appointment on the teaching staff of Bishop's College School. Since shortly after the outbreak of war he has been on Active Service with the Royal Canadian Navy.

Special

It is with great pride that we record the following tributes, both civil and military, accorded to Bishop's men of past years in differing walks of life.

Certificate of Merit to Major Baldwin

(from the Sherbrooke Record)

The award of the Certificate of Merit to Major Fred Baldwin, Sherbrooke Fusiliers, M.S.R., has been made by Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander-in-Chief of the 21st Army Group. Well known in Sherbrooke, Major Baldwin, whose wife is the former Helen McManamy of that city, is a graduate of the Sherbrooke High School and of Bishop's College School, and was a student at Bishop's University.

He was an officer in the Sherbrooke Regiment at the time the unit was placed on active service basis. He was overseas for two years and is now following a course at Kingston.

The inscription on the certificate reads: "It has been brought to my attention that you have been performing outstanding good service, shown great devotion to duty during your period of overseas service.

"I award you this certificate as a token of my appreciation. I have given instructions that this shall be noted on your record of service."

Former Student Wins Air Honours

In an announcement of recent awards and citations made

by the United States Army Air Corps the name of Captain Frank Evans, well-known former Sherbrooke boy appears as the recipient of high military honours. Captain Evans received both the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Two Oak Leaf Clusters. Captain Evans was a graduate of both Sherbrooke High School and Bishop's University, B.U.S. '38.

The official citation released by Headquarters, U.S. Twelfth Army Air Force reads as follows: "Distinguished Flying Cross: To Captain Frank B. Evans, 8th Troop Carrier Squadron, 62nd Troop Carrier Group. For extraordinary achievements while participating in aerial flights as a pilot of a carrier aircraft. In more than 900 hours of flight in direct support of campaigns in North Africa, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy he has delivered vital supplies to and evacuated the wounded from battle areas."

"He has towed gliders and dropped paratroopers in combat, and has flown behind enemy lines unescorted to drop food and ammunition in otherwise inaccessible areas. He has successfully and repeatedly flown heavily laden aircraft to hastily improvised landing strips in forward areas through adverse weather conditions and despite threat of enemy interception and anti-aircraft fire. On June 1st, 1944, in daylight in the face of enemy machine gun fire, Captain Evans successfully dropped paratroopers behind the enemy in Italy. On June 8th, 1944, he towed an American paratrooper's parachute and by unceasing effort and after局部 withdrawal of his own enemy, his outstanding proficiency and steadfast devotion to duty reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

The citation for the Distinguished Flying Cross and Second Oak Leaf Cluster reads as follows:

"For meritorious achievement while participating in a mission to drop paratroops in Southern France on August 15, 1944. The professional skill and high development of duty displayed reflects highest credit upon the military services of the United States."

At present Captain Evans is doing instructional work at San Marcos, Texas.—(Sherbrooke Record)

High Acclaim Accented Local Poet

Considerable attention, especially in the United States, is being focused upon the literary works of Ralph Gustafson, M.A. (28), A. O. (Oxon), Sherbrooke, who, as photograper, he has been receiving considerable publicity for his latest book "Flight into Darkness" and has had many well-known critics tooting bouquets in his direction, warmly praising his efforts.

Presently employed by the British Information Services in New York City, Gustafson was born in Lime Ridge in 1909 and attended Bishop's University where he graduated and received his A.O. scholarship permitting him to study at Oxford. In 1945 his first volume of poems was given the Quebec Government Literary Award. His present work is being acclaimed by both press and radio, WJZ in New York having had several reviews of the book and Toronto Saturday Night allotting it unusually high praise in its book review.

Here are a few of the critics bouquets: "Expressed in a language compactly wrought and polished to a high degree is unmistakably a part of the great procession of poetry of the English language."— (Saturday Night).

"Authentically a poet of the vocation born."— (New York Times).

"A poet's poet....delicate and subtle."—(Chicago Sun).

"Ralph Gustafson's volume of poems have won considerable attention among readers who like modern verse forms and highly original modes of expression."— (New York Herald Tribune).

Former Lennoxville Man Named as McNaughton's Parliamentary Aide

The appointment of Douglas Abbott, M.P. for St. Antoine-Westmount and formerly of Lennoxville, as Parliamentary Assistant to Defence Minister A. G. L. McNaughton was announced earlier this year. Mr. Abbott had previously acted as parliamentary assistant to Finance Minister J. L. Ilsley.

Born in Lennoxville, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lewin Abbott, Douglas Abbott is well known in this district having received his education at Lennoxville High School and Bishop's University. He entered the McGill Silver Battery in 1940 and served as a gunner to and until the Armistice. On his return to Canada he entered McGill University, graduating in law several years later when he went to France and studied for a year on a scholarship.

Back in Canada he entered a Montreal law firm and has been associated since that time with Phelan, Flect, Robertson and Abbott. He was appointed M.P. for St. Antoine-Westmount in the last federal election.

He was married in 1927 to the former Mary Chisolm of Montreal. They have three children, Elizabeth, Anthony, and Lewis.

A more recent announcement (April 17) from the Prime Minister's Office at Ottawa made known the elevation of Douglas Abbott to the rank of a Cabinet Minister and a seat on the War Council. Now the Honourable Douglas Abbott, M.P., he succeeds to the post of Minister for Naval Affairs, upon the resignation of the Honourable Angus L. MacDonald.

AN EULOGY

Sargent of Men

The recent death of Venerable Archdeacon John Wright Wayman, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's Church in gaspe, was a mournful loss not only to countless friends in Canada, the United States and Britain but to the human and spiritual community life of the Gaspé peninsula.

The son of a former mayor of Sunderland, England, Archdeacon Wayman early showed a bent for scholarship and had a brilliant academic record. He originally chose accountancy in his profession but prospective success in this field was abandoned when he felt and answered the call to the ministry of the Church of England. At the time of his death he had served the church in the Motherland and in England, the United States and Canada.

During the last war he was a chaplain with the armed forces and won the respect and affection of all ranks in the units to which he was attached. For many years he was a guest speaker at Armistice Day luncheon banquets held by his former army comrades. When the present war broke out he was greatly disturbed that his advanced age prevented him from once again volunteering for active service especially when he saw all the young men of his parish flock enlist in the forces.

Archdeacon Wayman conscientiously devoted himself to the spiritual care and material needs of the two congregations in his charge, and because of his attachment to them and his innate modesty declined higher ecclesiastical honours which might have made his transfer to other posts. He was only too ready to pass uncharitable words, nor too busy to find time to act as counsellor, business agent or negotiator for those in his care.

It is some years since the first writer came to enjoy the warm companionship of the roundly dignified rector of St. Paul's. The memory of him as an earnest churchman, courageous soldier and refined gentleman will endure for countless years to come.

Mr. Archdeacon rests in a spot he loved well, among tall evergreens on a high slope overlooking the Gaspe Bay whence Canada's first contingent sailed to defend the Empire in 1914. The spirit of the village will never be the same again as he has left behind him the enrichment of self-sacrifice and the unassailable nobility of service, for which surely he will rep an eternal reward.

"—(Contributed)—(The Gazette)."

Editor's Note.—Once again the Mitre extends its sincere thanks to all who have in any way contributed material to this column, and especially to Rev. Dr. A. H. McGregor, Miss K. Edgell, Professor W. O. Raymond and Professor A. V. Richardson. Because this department is largely of interest to graduates and former members of the university, we must depend largely upon you for our news. So once again hear our plea! Send us any and all items of interest about Bishop's men and women in every part of the world. We will print all the news we receive. We can't print what we don't get. Once again, we ask, your co-operation please!
THE MITRE

SPORTS—(Continued from page 28)

the rest of the Bish all-stars, we had a swell team that gave

the school a whale of a game, and had the boys played to­

together more often to improve their passing plays, we would

have easily defeated our opponents.

Inviting a Rock Island team down to the B.C.S. arena,

the rest of the Purple and White boys played their final game of

the season. The game, lasting two long hours, ended in a dead­

lock with the score tied at 9-all after ten minutes of over­

time, and the last few minutes of play provided much ex­

citement for both the players and the spectators. Both

teams would have liked to play on but the players were

pretty tired after the gruelling battle and so the ref blew

his whistle tying up the game. Our three-star selections go

to Parky, who played outstanding hockey, netting himself

seven out of the nine goals for U.B.C., and to the rest of

our team who played a swell game right to the end.

BADMINTON

Once again badminton has come into its own again here

at Bish, and so much interest was shown in the sport by

the college students, that our men and women travelled to

play such teams as Windsor Mills, Sherbrooke High, and

the Y.

Under the organizing genius of Jack Bagnall, a team of

four men and four women was put together and the com­

bination really clicked as they won 4 of the 6 games they

played. The feminine racket-wielders included Meg Schoch,

Jeanne Boast, Lila Pharo, and Joyce Johnson while on the

side of our hardy males were Fred "Notes and Comments"

Delaney, Mac McCredie, Bob Cooling, and "Bengal" him­

self. The team this year did a swell job for us and we can

only hope that the badminton enthusiasts of next year will

give an even better reputation to this popular sport.

EXCHANGE—(Continued from page 23)

And thus having "banged-out" our latest and last article

we leave you after having spent three glorious years here at

Bish. We do hope that some day the exchange column will

be a medium through which all students of this universe

will be able to keep in contact with each other and be able
to discuss whatever problems they encounter, thus making
the whole universe but one big university filled with am­

bitious and truth-seeking students.

Meanwhile, here are those who are still in contact with us—

The Arrows (University of Sheffield, Eng.)

Gild 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 Academiacum

Xaverian Weekely

Dalhousie Gazette

The Silhouette

McGill Daily

The Manitobian

The Argosy Weekly

Queen's Journal

The Georgian

Loyola News

The Campus

The Dunbel

AIR POWER— (Continued from page 19)

of troops can be so disorganized by this type of attack that

their effectiveness is reduced almost to nil.

The value of air support to the navy has been well

demonstrated on many occasions. The expansion of the

Fleet Air Arm, providing air cover and advanced striking

power has proved its worth in the Pacific and on convoy
duty in the Atlantic.

Combined operations provides the proof of how inter­

dependent the three services are, and how essential air sup­

port is. The landings in North Africa and Normandy were

almost entirely free of aerial interference. In addition, the

concentrated bombing of the landing areas made it com­

paratively easy for the troops to get a foothold before meet­

ing the enemy. Disruption of enemy communications was

assured by landing Commandos well behind the enemy's

lines. Surprise was obtained by paratroop landings. To

complete the picture, constant patrol of the landing areas

prevented enemy interference with supply lines: ships were

safe from aerial attack.

The development of air power is only in its early stages,

and yet it has proved a decisive factor in many engage­

ments. Its potentialities as a weapon of the future cannot

be estimated, but it is evident that with the development

of the rocket and jet-propelled aircraft, a new avenue of

air power is being explored which may revolutionize air

warfare. In any future war, aerial attack will be immediate

and powerful. Defence from attack from the air will be a

primary need in the future, even for Canada.
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