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The Mitre

VOL. 53 NO. 1

MICHAELMAS ISSUE

1945

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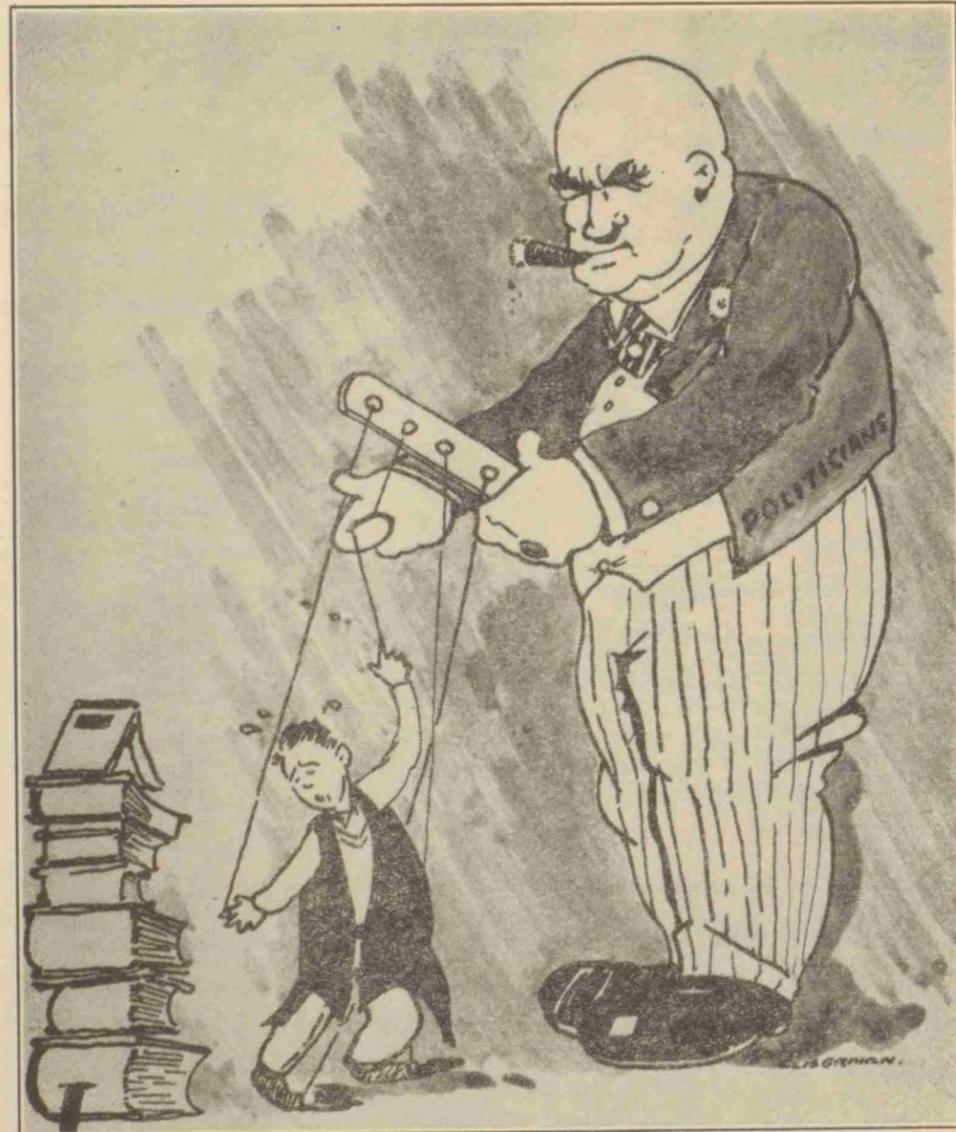
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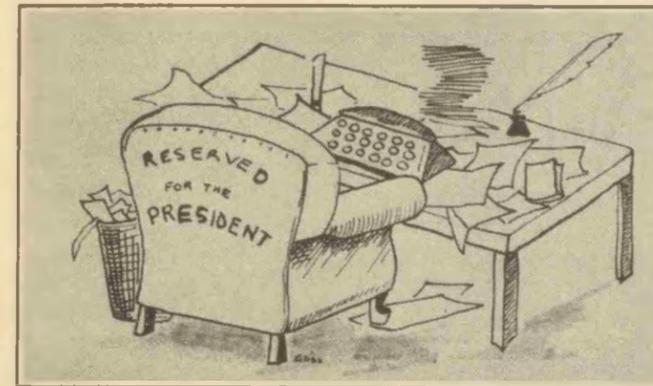
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IT MUSTN'T COME TO THIS



EDITORIAL PAGE

"To what extent should university students take part in politics?" The question has often been asked and the answers received were varied. Some believe that it has no place at all on the college campus, while others are of the opinion that it should be part of the curriculum. A lot is to be said for both sides and we will not go into details, but we most vigorously oppose the spreading of political propaganda in disguised form amongst students. This, unfortunately, has happened at several universities.

Comment has been passed upon this subject before us. At one large Canadian university letters began pouring in from readers of the college journal suggesting a leftist bias in its editorial policy, but a recent editorial slapped these critics with the curt reply that it was the paper's duty to present facts. We must admit that this is a sound editorial policy, but we also feel that outside events should be kept at a minimum in the pages of such a publication. Had this been done, the controversy would not have arisen.

Indignant citizens of another metropolitan centre have recently been complaining that certain political parties are rather active on the campus of at least one university in their city and they also charged that some members of the faculty seemed rather interested in these affairs. Not willing to accept these accusations without any definite proof we looked into the matter and we found the complaints well founded.

Political clubs and discussion groups—a very beneficial thing if properly handled—seem to have cropped up in the past few years and most of them, or at least the most active ones, seem to support one or more minority groups in the

House. While everyone is entitled to his or her opinion, we feel that this is overstepping the line.

It is a well-known fact that in many instances youthful idealism makes persons of the age group in which most freshmen fall more susceptible to the theories and beliefs of parties advocating planned economy and to a varied degree of state control. The fact that young men and women in their late teens are not sufficiently old to have a definite opinion about political matters is clearly supported by not allowing them to vote until they have reached their twenty-first birthday. We therefore feel that they should not be exposed to political propaganda — for that is what it amounts to in several instances—and it is our opinion that these activities should be curbed by the university authorities out of fairness to the student.

It is a tribute to the faculty and students of this university that they have abstained from doing what other colleges have done—they have kept above petty party politics. This does by no means suggest that national affairs are occupying a back seat, but political interests have been channelled into private after-dinner conversations and into one club, where they are discussed on an unbiased basis.

Allow us therefore in view of the situation to issue a word of warning to the members of this university. Stay aloof from party politics while here for your education and don't get entangled in a net from which it may be very hard to escape and which would—we believe—destroy the present pleasant unity amongst members of the faculty and students, thereby turning a place of learning into a place of disunity and distrust.

DEDICATION

The war has come to an end and thousands of gallant young Canadians are returning to their homes from the far-flung battlefields of the world.

Many of them interrupted their education to fight the enemy and they are now continuing where they left off.

To those that are either returning to Bishop's or are here for the first time we dedicate this issue of "The Mitre" with the hope that they will have a pleasant time here.

The German Navy

Prof. E. H. YARRILL, M.A.

Until the end of the war the Navy was a branch of the Wehrmacht in which Germany had considerable confidence and hope. Since the resignation of Grossadmiral Erich Raeder — he had been "promoted" to a lofty but fairly harmless inspector-generalship—its affairs had been directed by Grossadmiral Karl Doenitz, veteran of the last war's U-boat campaigns, and throughout the war an ardent advocate of emphasis on his favored branch. Doenitz had known the inside of an Allied prison camp in the last war, had successfully feigned madness—no easy thing to do—and had returned to Germany soon afterwards to continue his steady rise in rank and prestige, culminating in a brief, uneasy supreme command.

Doenitz was a member of a navy that had come into existence less than a century ago. He himself, like most other members, was pigeonholed by various subordinate loyalties. Germans generally like to feel they are part of some exclusive group: within the navy itself an officer like Doenitz never forgot his attachment to his U-boat arm, to the executive branch to which he belonged, or to the "Crew" or ensemble of officers who entered the navy at the time he did.

The whole group of "regular" naval officers in the German Navy was divided into these "Crews". They exacted the same kind of loyalty, and exhibited the same sort of fraternity spirit and social unity as a college graduation class or a "Studentenverein". One's seniority was determined by the "Crew" to which one belonged, and outstanding merit could be rewarded by promotion to a senior "Crew". Promotion in rank usually affected the entire "Crew", a fact which worked out a little awkwardly with members of a group (such as naval surgeons) whose rate of promotion was not so rapid as that of the rest.

Within the compass of the navy were a series of branches, an enumeration of which will be of interest as matter for comparison with our own. The majority of members, of course, belonged to the executive and engineering branches, their ranks, in the case of officers, being distinguished by the affixes "zur See" and "Ing." (Ingenieur). Further there was a surgeons' branch, a "Verwaltung" branch (an administrative group with more or less "paymaster" duties), and a "Waffen" (weapon) group specializing in either harbor defences or torpedoes. There was a large group of "Marineartillerie", trained mainly for coastal defence and in close contact with the army, whose uniforms it fairly closely approximated. There were "pioneers" with army ranks and connections, a sprinkling of bandmen, and a series of constructional experts of various

types who, upon full qualifications, joined the ranks of civilian naval officials.

Training of these various groups was not a hurried matter, although during the war there was a constant need for speeding up. Normally the progress of a "Kadett" through the ranks of "Fachrich", "Oberfachrich" (junior and senior midshipman), "Leutnant" (probationary sub-lieutenant) to "Oberleutnant" (sub-lieutenant) was a matter of some years. A "Kapitaenleutnant" or lieutenant was a fairly senior rank. Nevertheless, the early age at which training began made for youthfulness among the junior officers.

All naval officers did not progress by the stages just mentioned, involving a set training program of various courses, life on some of the depot ships (Wohnschiff "Patricia" and the like) and experience on training ships like the outmoded battleship "Schlesien". Numbers originated in the Merchant Navy, and their experience warranted immediate assumption of considerable responsibility. A steadily increasing number were promoted from the lower deck, skipping as they came the rank of "Kadett" and often one or more of the following ranks. These were, either with full or duration-of-hostilities commissions, introduced en masse into the already existing "Crews", whose feeling of unity they must have diminished to no small degree.

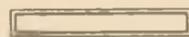
Several years before the war a number of officers were transferred to the Luftwaffe on Goering's instigation. Many of these retained their naval ranks and trickled back into the navy as their appointments ended. Others remained permanently with the new arm.

The organisation of the Navy was a complex matter, and one that naturally showed considerable development and change during the course of the war. The two major divisions were those concerned with the Baltic and the North Sea respectively. Each contained a series of subordinate commands, including inspectorates, coastal sections, and groups connected with everything from communications to training and supply. For use in all theatres were the fleet, comprising units from battleship to destroyer size, the U-boat arm (under Doenitz himself in his capacity as "B.d.U." — "Befehlshaber der U-boote"), the "Schnellboote" (E-boats, craft somewhat similar to our M.T.B.s), and various other groups of vessels. The whole organisation was under the control of the "Oberkommando der Kriegsmarine", a directing authority whose main seat was at Berlin until this became inadvisable.

Towards the end of the war the gradual breakdown of

this intricate machinery became evident. Many surface ships, from "Graf Spee" and "Bismarck" to numbers of the active "Schnellboote" had been lost. Others had ceased to be active weapons. Over five hundred of the pampered U-boat fleet had gone down, and that along with diminishing successes had badly lowered the prestige of a group for whom once no concession had been too great. The prefabricated U-boat plans had been too late in maturing; "Schnorchel", the extensible underwater mast that diminished the necessity of surfacing to recharge batteries, had proved an insufficient improvement; "Spinne", the land-

based, shore-controlled torpedo, was vain against an already well-established invader. Disappearing areas of command, like attrition of floating units, left less and less scope for a crumbling organisational network. Finally groups were drafted into army work to bolster another collapsing arm of the Wehrmacht. There their cooperation under unfamiliar conditions could hardly avail much. The German Navy remained but a skeleton when the final capitulation brought near the dissolution of what had been a powerful instrument, intricate and yet directed with a considerable clarity of purpose.



Parody on jabberwocky

CHARLES DAVIS

'Twas Bishop's and the freshman troves
did gyre and gimble in the hall
All freshettes were the borogroves
And walfish was the call.

"Beware the senior wock, my son!
The jaws that bark, the laws that catch!
Beware the Council bird, and shun
The frumious freshman snatch!"

He took his freshman sword in hand;
Long live the manxome fae he sought—
So rested he by the Old Arts tree
And stood a while in thought.

And, as in waxy thought he stood,
The Senior wock, with eyes of flame
Came roistering through the walaport wood
And bumbled as it came.

One two! One two! And through and through
The noble blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Senior wock?
Come to our arms our greenish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
They chortled in their joy.

'Twas Bishop's and the freshman troves
Did gyre and gimble in the hall,
In ecstasy were the borogroves
And jocund were they all.

May We Present

Edited by F. N. GOOCH
and Miss ADA SUTTON

In this, the Michaelmas issue of the Mitre, it is our privilege and pleasure to introduce the men and women who have joined "the family" at Bishop's University in 1945-46. Some of our new fellow-students have come here after periods of service in His Majesty's Canadian Forces by land, sea and air, with experiences seldom if ever vouchsafed to others; while some have entered upon their courses direct from collegiates and high schools in various centres. Then too, we welcome those who return to the hallowed halls of Bish after answering the call of duty.

We would say to them all, "Welcome! May your sojourn here be pleasant and fruitful. May you in years to come look back on your days at Bishop's with fond memories—and perhaps even, a lump in your throat."

* * *

A. R. ABERCROMBIE was born in Sherbrooke, Que., on October 31 (he won't tell which year). After attending Lennoxville High School where he was a member of that institution's rugby, hockey, and football teams, he enlisted for service in the Royal Canadian Air Force. With post-graduation plans to study medicine, he is here to take a B.Sc. course and to play rugby as an "extra".

FREDERICK SCOTT ANDERSON hails from "the wide open spaces" being a native of Medicine Hat, Alta., where he was born on May 25, 1924. He has been in attendance at Trinity College and Bishop's College Schools. Among his activities there were rugby, hockey, tennis, and cricket. While here taking the B.A. course with a view to later entrance upon either teaching or journalism as a career, he hopes to include hockey and debating among extra-curricular activities. He says, "I got most of my experience from the Navy."

EARL H. BANFILL is another son of the Eastern Townships studying at this university. He was ushered upon the scene on March 21, 1925. He was a student at Milby District School, and at Waterville and Lennoxville High Schools, where baseball, football, badminton and hockey figured prominently among his activities. Here to take a B.Sc. course preparatory to studying engineering, he plans to include badminton and hockey in his activities. Among interesting past experiences he lists harvesting wheat in western Saskatchewan, and air-crew training in the Royal Canadian Air Force when he had the privilege of being the last Flight-Engineer to be "winged" by the Governor-General.

HERBERT WRIGHT COATES made his appearance at Gould Station, Que., on February 6, 1921. He attended Bury High School, there participating in softball and hoc-

key. After serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada and Newfoundland, he has come here for the B.Sc. course and plans after graduation to enter the field of chemical research.

W. L. DOUGLAS FLYNN is Ontario-born, having first seen the light of day in Smith's Falls on December 13, 1925. He was a student at Smith's Falls Collegiate and found time also to play rugby and basketball. He hopes to continue these same activities at Bish while studying for his B.A., and then to study engineering. He served in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

HAROLD CAMERON FRIZZELL is right at home for the claims Lennoxville, Que., as his birth place, as of December 21, 1921. While attending the local high school he served on the Students' Council, played hockey and basketball and was among the school's skiers. He returns in the third year to continue a B.Sc. course majoring in Chemistry and Physics. His future plans are a little indefinite but lean to Chemical Engineering or Dentistry. He reports that his interesting past experiences are, for security reasons, "Cut by Censor".

PAUL GAGNON was born in Barcelona, Spain, on May 3, 1926. He was educated at a private school in Spain, at Ecole des Roches in Verneuil sur Aure, France, and at St. Patrick's High School, Sherbrooke, Que. He took part in no particular activities and plans but one at Bishop's—The "Frothblowers". He has come here to take a B.A. "straight" (?) after serving in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. His plans for post-graduation years are indefinite.

FRANCIS JOHN HARRINGTON made his debut on a spring day in a far eastern corner of this continent, to be specific at Mutton Bay, Labrador, on May 31, 1924. He has seen a good many parts of this province of Quebec, gaining his education at Kenogami, Arvida, Stanstead and Richmond. In the various schools he attended he took part in debating, dramatics, magazines, rugby, track, basketball and skiing. He is to study for a B.A. degree here and plans further study at the University of British Columbia. He spent three years in "airforce blue".

PHILIP SIDNEY IRWIN was born "south of the border" (but not quite down Mexico way) for he names Brattleboro, Vt., as his birthplace and the date, April 3, 1921. He attended Grade Schools in Vermont, and later Smith's Falls Collegiate and Lisgar Collegiate Institute in Ottawa. He took part in track and field events, basketball, football, and was also editor of the school paper. While studying at Bishop's for the B.A. (in Theology) degree, with a view to

ordination and service in the Anglican Church, he expects to continue all his former "extras", and to them add badminton. Much of his interesting past experiences can be only hinted at, for to quote, "There is not room to tell all. Active Service in the United Kingdom, France, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany, from December 1939 to April 1945". And in introducing and welcoming "Sid" we take pleasure also in presenting his bride of this past summer, née Isobel Tubman of Carleton Place, Ont.

BYRON COATES LABONTE was born in Lennoxville on April 26 (but he has kept the year a secret). He attended Ascot Corners District School, Ascot Consolidated School and Lennoxville High. He has had nearly four years service in the Royal Canadian Air Force and now enters upon a B. Sc. course as a preparation for further work as a teacher. He recalls amongst interesting past experiences, three years in the teaching profession, being principal of Gatineau Intermediate School, his enrolment in Intermediate Teachers' and French Specialists' courses at Macdonald College.

ANTHONY PALLING LEE has enrolled here in the B.Sc. (Econ) course after seeing active service in the Army. He hails from Barrie, Ont., on beautiful Lake Simcoe, where he was born on August 21, 1924. He attended Barrie Collegiate and Ashbury College at Ottawa. There he took part in football, hockey, cricket, softball, basketball, and badminton. While here he plans to find the time and energy to participate in football, hockey and badminton, as he prepares for a business career.

OWEN DONALD LEWIS is a native of the city of Sherbrooke, Que., as from May 10, 1920. He went to Bishop's College School, there taking part in football, skiing, cricket and debating; and finding time too to interest himself in colour photography and "some other odds 'n' ends". He is to study for his B.A., but plans do not include much extra-curricular activities this year, for he is married (a good place to say a word of welcome to Mrs. Lewis) and lives out. While his plans are nebulous he may settle on journalism. He includes among interesting past experiences, those of being a meteorologist for three years, a pilot of heavy bombers for the same length of time, and for eighteen months a Prisoner-of-War while serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

REGINALD I. MORGAN is another of the Ontarians in our midst. Born in Ottawa on August 24, 1923, he attended Nepean High School. According to his own statement he received the balance of his education (to date) in "The School of Hard Knocks—i.e., the Navy". His activities in both places were secret. Here to study Theology, and on the side play a little rugby, his only plans are for marriage—and to "live happily ever after".

JOHN CUTHBERT MURRAY was born in St. Lambert, Que., on August 13, 1923. He attended St. Lambert High

School where he included hockey and badminton in his activities there. As a preparation for teaching school after graduation, he is studying for a B.A. degree. He served for three years in the Canadian Army (Active).

WILLIAM L. ROWE although born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on January 7, 1925, now makes his home in nearby Bury, Que. He studied previously at Bishop's College School where he took part in football, track and field, gymnasium displays and was a member of the Science Club. He is here to take a pre-engineering course but is undecided about future studies. He is ex-R.C.N.V.R.

MAXWELL JOHN SEELY was born in Belleoram, Newfoundland, on December 14, 1917, but came to Quebec to receive his education at Johnson Memorial High in Thetford Mines. He was exceptionally busy there, being editor of the English page of a French weekly, taking part in dramatics, playing basketball and acting as a patrol leader in the Scouts. While in uniform he edited several service papers at R.C.A.F. stations in Canada and England, served on station executives, directed entertainments and forums, bridge, chess and music clubs, and managed a hockey team. While studying for his B.A. he plans also to take part in rugby, debating and to work on college publications. He has quite definite plans for the future, viz: journalism plus possible post-graduate studies at Columbia University, a small country "weekly", and a large family. Max lived in Montreal for two and a half years prior to the war, finding out (the hard way!) how it ticked.

PRESTON CLARK STAPLES is a native of nearby Cookshire, Que., where he was born on February 20, 1923. He attended Cookshire and Lennoxville High Schools and prior to enlistment spent a year at Bish. In past years his "extras" were hockey, football and basketball. While he continues work for his B.A., preparatory to taking up dentistry, he expects to find time for football and hockey. He claims, modestly enough, to have had no past experiences of interest.

J. A. TURPIN was born in Quebec City on June 29, 1924. He received his education at the Quebec and Three Rivers High Schools. He is quite silent about his activities there, or his plans at Bishop's other than that he is taking the B.A. course because his future plans are for a career in medicine. His reticence about interesting past experiences is at least partly set aside by his wearing of an Active Service button.

JOHN CHARLES GARRETT while placed last among our group of servicemen-students, is by no means the least. Born in Ottawa, Ontario, on July 18, 1915, he was educated at the English High School in Hawkesbury and at the University of Trinity College, Toronto. He occupied positions on the Literary Institute Executive, Athletic Executive, Toronto University Music Committee, and Trinity

(Continued on page 39)

Whither Britain ?

WM. C. McVEAN

Once again Europe is in a state of flux. Peace treaties are about to be drawn up. Lands will be carved and peoples divided according to natural frontiers and racial division—new names for the desires of the great powers. The "arbiters of Europe" once more have an opportunity to do some good work in the settlement of the problems of Europe.

The whole direction of European development from early times—with the exception of post-World War I—has been towards larger groupings of peoples. For various reasons—a single language, loyalty to certain princes, community of economic interests or the need for defence—unity has been accomplished. The federative type of union is best shown by the Holy Roman Empire—neither Holy nor Roman—a group of states with an elective head, later to become hereditary in the Hapsburg family. A general unity was envisaged under the aegis of religion by such Popes as the great Hildebrand or Innocent III, but the development of the national idea destroyed this wider vision of European cohesion.

The consolidation of nations led naturally to alliances between them for the attainment of certain ends, or to maintain their independence in the face of greater power in the hands of their neighbours. Power politics was the natural result of this trend, and powerful states could often attain their ends by simply playing off one weaker state against another, for these small nations were often extremely jealous of their rights and privileges. Out of this alignment of states evolved the political doctrine of the balance of power in Europe.

Two nations or groups of nations allied for the attainment of certain purposes would naturally attempt to entice—and sometimes coerce—other nations to join them. If the state outside the alliance was large and strong, it would hold the balance of power, since the balance must inevitably be upset if this extra power were obtained by either side. Very often the third power did not need to be large or strong, but merely to occupy a strategic position or to control considerable wealth.

Since she was in Europe, yet not of it, Britain for a long time held the European balance of power. Comparatively invulnerable to attack, possessed of a strong navy, and one of the wealthiest nations in the world, her alliance was courted by all sides in Europe. British diplomacy in general was aimed at preventing any one nation becoming too strong, or so strong that she could dictate to the other nations. The result was some strange reversals of policy and

partners. For instance, in the War of the Austrian Succession, Britain supported Austria against France and Prussia. Eight years later in the Seven Years' War she sided with Prussia against France and Austria.

No matter what nation it was, Britain generally entered the lists against an aggressive nation. While France was powerful, there was the added fact that she was close to Britain herself. This alone made such a strong state suspect, and it became a cardinal point of British policy to ensure that no strong power would control the coasts of Belgium and Holland. Thus in the days of the Armada, when Spain was mighty, Elizabeth supported the Dutch against the Spaniards. The efforts of Louis XIV to secure the Netherlands for France led to a coalition against him in the days of William III and again in the reign of Queen Anne during the war of the Spanish Succession.

The humbling of France after the Napoleonic wars and the later rise of Germany forced the old enemies, France and England, to unite in the face of the greater danger. France was no longer the national enemy but the new friend united with Britain in the bond of common danger. It should be pointed out, however, that Germany was not always an enemy of Britain, as you would be led to believe by the daily press and others less interested in historical truth. An alliance with Prussia was formed in the Seven Years' War, and again in the Napoleonic struggles, when Prussia was the reverse of militaristic. Through the remainder of the nineteenth century joint action was often taken by Britain and Prussia; nor should we forget that Bismarck would have been quite glad to make an alliance with Britain, and his desire was echoed by many in Britain herself.

We now turn to the present day. Another great war has passed over us, a war in which Britain was invaded from the air and successfully defended. Her treasure was poured out, her manpower depleted to destroy the greatest threat to European freedom in many centuries. What will Britain do now? Where does she go from here? The answer to these questions cannot be given yet, but there are certain trends in the European situation which will assist to dictate her policy, and which may result in new alignments of the European nations in blocs for the defence of what they consider to be their national interests. Europe is not yet ready for greater federal union, but the shrinking of distances makes larger groupings for defence essential.

Once more we must come down from the high pedestals which we affected during the war, and we must try to

arrive at a practical solution of the difficulties which face us. During the war we were treated to high declarations concerning the rights of man. Every man was entitled to the four freedoms embodied in the Atlantic Charter, and everyone now demands these from the nations who declared them as though they were commodities to be bought or sold, or to be distributed in the nature of relief by UNRRA. Few nations are interested in working for them for the simple reason that they require some giving as well as receiving, and nations are notoriously poor givers. The Yalta, San Francisco and Bretton Woods conferences soon brought everyone back to earth, and subsequent gatherings of the officia's of the "united nations?" have done nothing to dispel the feeling that we have not yet achieved the international amity necessary to secure peace permanently.

"National interests" and "spheres of influence" control the deliberations of the nations, and we are even seeing some new "manifest destinies". Each nation has its own particular desire which supersedes even its desire for peace and advancement.

A new factor in the European scene is the might of Russia. Whether it will be used in the interests of Europe as a whole, or for the attainment of ends best known to the Russian government remains to be seen. So far we have had no encouragement to expect that anything but Russian interests are to be supported by that state. She has already forced on Poland a "fourth partition" for which compensation has been supplied at the expense of Germany. If the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine from France by Germany in 1871 made a revanche inevitable, is it not equally possible that Poland may demand the return of lands unquestionably hers, and Germany, the lands stolen from her to compensate Poland?

The Russian demand for rights in the Dardnelles, recently refused by Turkey, must remind many Britishers of the efforts to keep Czarist Russia out of Asia and the Middle East. The immediate demand for some of Italy's Mediterranean possessions, possibly the Dodecanese Islands, must have appeared particularly sinister to Turkey in view of her decision not to grant rights in the Dardnelles. Such a move by Russia has all the appearance of a pincers movement. Nor did Britain relish Russia in the Mediterranean. Russia took the view that the Mediterranean was neither a British nor an Italian sea. If that is so, it is with greater reason not a Russian sea. It is difficult to see why Russia should think herself entitled to any of Italy's possessions anywhere.

There may not be any threat to the smaller nations in these Russian démarches, but interference in the Balkan states by Russia will make the Middle European nations

afraid for their independence. The one nation which will not interfere in their affairs, and will at the same time oppose interference by others, is Britain, and that will be her strength in the peace treaty bargaining.

The other power with a chief interest in European affairs is the United States, but here again is much cause for misgiving. The unfortunate tendency for Americans to feel that the end of the war marks the end of their interest in the affairs of Europe is only too evident, and such an idea is no less inimical to peace in Europe than the Russian policy of interference. The necessity for continued economic aid will not be very apparent to people used to an immediate return on their investments — a return which Europe cannot guarantee for some years.

The idea that an immediate return to pre-war business conditions is possible is the height of naivete, but that is what some Americans think possible. Britain has appealed for some mitigation of her economic plight, not in desperation, but in an attempt to keep trade moving generally over the world. The only answer so far has been a demand that she lighten her indebtedness to the Empire.

In another sphere the Americans have endeavoured to advise Britain. The plight of the Jews has once again raised the problem of a Jewish homeland. The United States has had the temerity to tell Britain what to do without offering to help in its accomplishment. If the Americans are so interested in aiding the Jews, why do they not give some practical aid?

If assistance is not forthcoming from this side of the Atlantic either politically or economically, Britain will be forced to take such steps to make her own recovery certain as she can without prejudice to her own interests and sovereignty. She can establish a hegemony in western Europe, grouping round herself those nations that require her products, and that can supply her with the foodstuffs and raw materials she needs for her industries. A barter method of exchange may be necessary and, of course, the United States would be on the outside of such a system.

There is in addition, the Empire. The ties uniting the Dominions to the Mother country have not been at all frayed by the war, and indeed, in many cases they have been strengthened. A western European bloc coupled with the Empire would be a formidable combination, able to take a strong line itself, and at the same time able to add to the strength of any power it chose to support.

Who the contending parties are, and who will hold the balance of power in the world is not yet apparent. It is to be hoped it will never be apparent, since that would indi-

(Continued on page 24)

Remember Abbergale ?

G. A. HURLEY

Originally intended "Abbegail" but unfortunately in the Lenten issue 1944 Beck's saw fit to make her "Abbergale". However it is of no consequence so "leave it lay"—she is the same Abbe(r)gail(e)!

A printer is seldom a phrenological magician or a decoding expert . . .

Wal, hello Mabel, dearie! I haven't saw you fer quite a spell—do come in! Where hev you been keepin' yourself, fer lan's sake? No!—don't set there, that's Tommy's chair!—Tommy?—that's my darlin' kitten. He keeps me company when I'm all alone.

Quite a bit's happened since I last seen ya Mabel—the war over, me out of work an' all. Oh yes, and I've had another fling at romance, believe it er' not! Yes, after old Aynesworth ditched me I thought I'd never look at another man agin—but a girl over fifty hes ter look after her future, an' I don't inten' to be an old maid! I gradjelly got over thet heartbreak and was ready fer adventure agin!

Wal, on V-J night they wus throwin' a little celebration down to the war factory I worked at fer the past three years—I've since been laid-off—an I went down to jine in the merrymakin'!

I fixed myself up before I went soes I looked purty good, if I do say so myself! I hed bot a new mauve and scarlet dress, sheer and just comin' to my knees. I wore my new green suede shoes. I rouged an' powdered a bit an' I wus wearin' my hair loose with jes' a touch of henna to bring out the highlice. I hed dashed half a bottle of "Midnite and You-Woo-Woo!" perfoom in my hair an' behind my ears. Thet perfoom, Mabel, is the newes' thing an' quite costly—it's guaranteed to git results an' it probably had somethin' to do with my excitin' eavnin'!

Lately I've been takin' that new "La Garré Sure Success Course" in beautifin' an' even tho my legs are bowed a little, I hed gained five pounds an' two ounces—course they wusn't in all the right places, but I thought if it wus kinda dark an' the men kinda blind, I might get by.

Wal, I got there sorta late soes I could make more of a depression. I seen right away that this wus a mistake! Everybuddy wus bein' merry an' didn' even see me satchet in.

I set down on a chair at the side an' sos to attract a lil attention I daringly took out a pack of cigarettes an' waved them in the air a couple of times befer takin' one, but no-buddy noticed so I made the big plunge an' lit up. It sure tasted funny but I seen everybuddy breathin' in, so I breathed in too. Thet wus my mistake! I started in coughin' fit to kill an' I couldn't quit til a nice gentleman got me a

glass of water. Course I was awful sweet to him—he wus handsome—but after he seen I was O.K. he beat it. Figgerin' the light wus purty strong there, I moved to a darker corner.

Right beside me, jest by coincidence, wus a rather weatherbeat lookin' character. He wus wearin' a navy blue suit an' looked about my age an' fairly prosperous, but kinda lonely so I decided to be reely forrard an' talk to him.

I assed him if he worked here. He said he didn't an' that he hed come with his sister, but couldn't fine her in the crowd. I assed what her name wus but I didn't know her. I thought he looked at me (fer the first time) kinda funny an' shrunk back in his corner a lil' further. My stars, Mabel, he was shy!

Bein' V-J nite I thought I could get away with dern near anythin', so I says, "Stranger, you'n me both seem to be alone, an' as this is a nite fer whoopin' it up, les dance!" He says he wusn't very good at it but I persuaded him, so we got up and he stood on my feet fer a few minutes in the middle of the floor an' then we limped back an' set down again'. I figgered he wusn't a very swell dancer, but he was a man with a lotta reserve and well wurth cultivatin'.

I assed him what his work wus, where he wus from, what he thought of trade unions, whether he perferred young women to more mature types and his favorite movie star. This wus jus to git him to start talkin'. After all, you know, Mabel what it says in "How to Win Friends and Influence People"—that if you get a person talkin' about himself he likes you. That seems odd but guess it's true if Mr. Carnegie says so. Anyhows, he says, "I runs a barge on the Erie Canal, Syracuse, hate 'em. don't give a damn, Theda Bara!" I've allus liked Yankees and not adverse to seafarin' men either, not as tho' I had anythin' to do with 'em before, but "while there's life there's hope", eh Mabel? About now he ses he has to be goin', I says "How about yer sister?" "Aw," he says, "she's probably stinkin' by now and wouldn't even know me anyhows!" "Wal," I says, (and giggles) "I've got to be goin' too so we might's well go together." He shrugs.

He ain't a very talkative guy Mabel, but we strols along in the moonlight, and you know, fer once I foun' somebody I could talk to. He never butled in an' I tol' him all about my work an' ambitions. He just kep' quiet, polite like, an' before I knew it we wus at my house.

I assed him in, he shrugs politely, and follers me in. We sets down in the front room. I complains about bein' a lil chilly so he says, "Take a shot of this, it's warm" and he

(Continued on page 16)



KAYSER

HOSIERY

■
UNDERTHINGS

■
GLOVES

"Eyes are on
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Why ? Because Kayser has always made the most ingenious and bewitching gloves, hosiery and underthings you have ever worn. So you are instinctively watching and waiting for the exciting creations you know that Kayser will produce in the future.

They Also Serve - And How !

"Bob" GRAHAM

He was just one of those high-priced "stooges" readily found in any Senior Command Headquarters. Posted there for a rest after several months of a game of "hide and seek" with definitely unfriendly people and "things", his job (as he was aware of it) consisted of sharpening war pencils (coloured maps, for the use of large numbers). It was boring. It was more than that, it was galling. As a matter of fact, it was Hell. War gets into that state at times.

His boss was a Brigadier, doubtless a very brave, clever and friendly individual he told himself (i.e., The Brig. told the Brig.). But the gap between Brigadier and subaltern is too large a one to be bridged by any thing short of a knighthood. "Joe" (we'll call him that, for that is what he was.) could not envisage for himself anything greater than a simple "Esq." after his name; and heartily he wished for that.

Fact is, Joe was very unhappy, very "browned off" and very sorry for himself. He argued vaguely with himself about the validity of the four freedoms, the rights of man and other high-sounding and soul-inspiring phrases. He wished he were a civilian again that he might benefit by them. He wished a lot of things, even—very rashly—that he might be sent "up front" again!

Now the Brig. possessed that disconcerting faculty so many senior officers have (or think they have) of being able to read a man's mind. He also had a brand new, upholstered, self-contained, super de luxe, 60 cwt. caravan, built for him (on his order and bottled bribe) by the Engineers. But this beautiful vehicle for all its outward appearance of comfort, lacked the interior upholstery so necessary, apparently, to correct tactical and strategical planings of promoted genius. (N.B.—There was a bar.)

At this point the campaign (the "Jordan—there was always just one more river to cross) was waging in the Rimini area and the fall of that town was hourly expected (parts of it had been falling for days). The Greeks, aided by the "Red Devils" (Canadian troops) were closing in to liberate the town—or what was left of it.

Suddenly, one morning, into the odourous office (the staff had inadvertently pitched the tent over an old Boche "deposita excreta") splashing mud in all directions, swooped the Brigadier. Hurriedly coo-ed "Good morning, Sirs" and clicking of heels went unanswered as the Brig. came straight to Joe and said:

"I want you to go into Rimini. Come out to my caravan for instructions."

Joe—not a little alarmed at the prospect of liberating the town all by himself (let alone running the gauntlet of

indiscriminate Greek fire) timourously followed — still wondering about the four freedoms, particularly that little bit about what the expedition was for.

The Brig wanted some furniture for his caravan!

"You know the kind I want, Joe" (He didn't call him Joe but his tone was tantamount to the same thing. He could have used "sucker" with the same effect)—"the nice upholstered kind, a couple of chairs will do, also a little washstand with a mirror and a drawer. Oh yes, and three lamp shades for my wall lights, the scallop-shaped ones, you know—and ones that won't break."

"Yes, Sir", said Joe. "When do you want them, Sir?"

"Right away", came the imperative reply. "I have just come from 'I' (intelligence—stupid!) and they have a report that the Greeks have just reported Rimini clear. There are two furniture stores there—one in the main square and another just beyond the arch. You'll find them alright. Take my jeep and driver."

"Yes, Sir," gulped Joe.

He'd been in "just-reported-clear" towns before — but one just can't talk to a Brig, man to man-like. So, feeling like those other "Joes" of the Light Brigade, he strapped on on his trusty .45 (a "T" with that word, please!) called for the jeep and sallied forth—doing plenty of unprintable reasoning, not too determined to "do", and very determined not to "die".

Rimini hove into sight, battered, smouldering and sinister-looking. The battlements of one of Italy's oldest cities looked pretty "seedy"—and full of enough sniper holes to cover an host of riflemen.

Straight into the heart of the city of 50,000 inhabitants, he rode, without hearing or seeing a soul, dodging piles of rubble from collapsed houses, ducking low-hanging wires, easing in and out of craters, looking constantly from side to side and top to bottom for anything that didn't seem natural enough to be part of the scenery.

The jeep with its unhappy (to say the least) occupants, pulled up in the square—now a maze of hunks of granite, twisted railroad ties and dangling wires — and a visual search was made for the furniture store. The buildings all looked a bit dilapidated (termites?) and it was difficult to recognize any one of them for anything more than prospective roadmaking material. Creeping cautiously along the the shop fronts, they suddenly spied their quest — a real-honest-to-goodness furniture store, open (wide) for business.

They stopped, and were on the point of alighting, when a sharp crack, elicited a sharper curse from the driver—and

a still sharper movement from Joe that found him under the jeep in nothing flat. There the driver joined him (quite a feat!). Pooling courage, together they made a dash for the store, and, in safety, surveyed their positions.

They were quickly joined by two small Greek warriors. A conversation in Italian, French, Greek and English, accompanied by much hand waving, gave them an understanding of the situation. They left, grinning from ear to ear. Wild yells a few moments later—the Greek war cry—was proof enough that one more Johnny Wehrmacht had “done it for Adolph”.

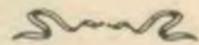
Fortunately the driver's wound was but a flesh one, but (aside from his wound) the event had not aroused any red blood in either of them. Finding the stack of sofas in the shop very pleasant, and not wishing to interfere in the Greeks' war, they each chose one and settled down for a short siesta.

It was a pleasant nap, brought to an alright conclusion by the arrival of the main force of the Hellenic liberating party. Remembering their mission, they hastily “liberated” the required goods before their Allies beat them to it, and with more infinite caution, wound their way out of the city.

On the outskirts they met the Provost nailing up the usual “No Looting, Penalty - Death” signs, waved cheerily at those devotees of law and order, and dashed madly down the road for “home”.

Needless to say the Brig was not pleased with their selection—but he boasts about it even to this day. He was very incensed over the bullet hole in his windshield, too. But there was nothing they could do about that. Italian garages do not (or did not) stock jeep windshields.

Joe returned to sharpening wax pencils and stooging for the brass hats. And until returned to my unit a week later I was not too unhappy about it all.



REMEMBER ABBERGALE?—

(Continued from page 13)

hauls a big bottle of brown liquid out of an inside pocket. I assed him what it wus. He says, this here's “Liquor Commission Special” Rum. I figgered it might be kinda expensive so when he poured out the licker into my cut glass tumblers I only took mine three quarters full, just to be perlite. I don't suppose there was more than six or seven ounces of it, but it was plenty because I never drink.

He filled his up to the brim and downed it like water. I tried to do the same, but somehow I wouldn't drink it down quite so fast because it tasted like a mixture of herosene, lysol, saccarine and lye with a little molasses throwed in. It certainly did warm me up, tho, because I began to feel awful silly and—I blush to tell even you, Mabel—and I goes right over and sets on his lap! He seemed kinda shocked and filled his glass two more times and gulped it down. He jest set there quiet while I stroked his hair an' made designs on his forehead with my lipstick.

All at once he shudders kinda funny an' clamps his eyes tight shut an' kisses me right on the mouth! Then he takes another drink an' gives me another. We both downs 'em (it goes down easy this time) an' I feels a lettle better so this time I kisses him. This goes on til the licker runs out. Meanwhile I proposes to him an' the sweetes' words in my ears wus “Yup, O.K., you win!” — an' with that he goes to sleep. I tries to wake him up, an' git him out of the house but I can't budge him, so I jest leaves him lay an' staggers uptstairs to bed feelin' in high fetter.

Nex' mornin', tho, I wake up with a turrrible feelin' in my head. Then I remembers!—my betrothed is downstairs! I goes down an' wakes him up. He looks at me and groans. I suppose he wusn't feeling so good neither. He seem to want to go, but I persuades him to stay to dinner. He says it would look bad to my neighbours if they knew he was here. “Shucks,” I said, “they'll never know, don't you worry, lambiepie! I'll fix up a mess of something for dinner while you rest.” So I goes out an' cooks up some nice steaks, mashed potatoes, green peas an' I bakes some nice biscuits an' a chocolate cake.

After the meal he seems quite chipper. I gets out some brandy I keeps fer medecine and we sip it with our coffee which we partakes of in the front parlour. He doesn't say so much, but he doesn't seem to be quite so blue with a full stummick.

After I have finished he keeps sippin' the brandy til it's all gone. He begins to look sorta befuddled so I asts him if he remembers thet we're engaged. He says, “That's somethin' I'll niver forgit, Abbergale!” I sighs contentedly but all too soon he has to go to catch his train back to Syracuse. I say good-bye to him at th' door. I says to write an' come back soon to git hitched. He says, “Aw, shure, I'll be back! . . . (?)” and beats it.

Now, Mabel, I'm the happiest womin in th' world an' I'm jest countin' every day till my own dear Ezra comes back to me. I'm a lil' sorry he forgot to give me his address in th' excitement of th' moment, and I'm breathlessly awaitin' his first letter! Funny it ain't come yit, eh Mabel?

Morning Watch

Mr. A. G. C. Whalley, M.A.

DAWN

The Hyades like a distant
flight of geese neglect
the menace of Betelgeux
and Orion's sharp sword.

The bright morning star
with the sickle-moon for hook
is drawing up the dawn
like Leviathan out of the sea;

and a solitary dark cloud,
supine and patient,
awaits complacently
the morning catch of gold.



DOLPHINS

After a lonely night at soundings, the dolphins surface with the light, as if they knew how friendly and fresh the dawn is. Or it may be they enjoy piecing together the brief glimpses photographically impressed upon their eyes as they arch out of the calm sea (mate close beside her mate, a little behind, achieving in curve a parallel perfection). The slender glossy flukes of their tails flash and the sleek bodies, black as the deepest water, gleaming swift, catch the sun and fling it back like flecks and flakes of diamonds. To our delight they stay with us until they've seen all that they came to see of us and the rising sun. They slip into the water for the last time. With a sudden smooth release of effortless beauty and economical power they're gone, at forty knots, about their own obscure particular fishy work of the day. The scars of the dolphins' going drop astern and we are left to our course and our sombre thoughts.

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Sherbrooke Trust Company

Sherbrooke, Que.

In A Forest Stood A Maple

KENNETH BANFILL

It was a glorious day in late April and the air was full of the radiant vitality of spring when they first went walking in the forest. The pale blue sky was dotted with fleets of fleecy clouds scudding before the fresh blissful breeze. In the forest early wildflowers bordered the paths with fine ribbons of gay colour, and brilliant beds of delightful daffodils ran riot among the trees which had already burst into tiny leaf. Once, on rounding a bend, they were delighted to find a dream of frothy pink lilac piled high above a leafy green bowl making the air heavy with the scent of the flowers. The air was filled with the many sights and sounds of spring: the gay chatter of chipmunks gossiping merrily high up in the branches, the twitter of early birds building their nests, the swishing brown spiral of courting squirrels dashing up and down the trees.

He was happy, very happy, that day, conscious only of his reckless infatuation for her and her gladdening nearness. She was enchantingly beautiful, her hair drawn lightly off her face by the kiss of the caressing breeze, her cheeks glowing with a rich rosy hue from the crisp fresh air. They wandered hand in hand for tireless hours till they suddenly discovered a charming little glen filled with the soft sound of a clear stream that prattled over stony places, bubbled into pools, and ran gaily chuckling and gulping round corners.

At one side of the glen stood a majestic maple. Though mainly still covered with unopened buds, here and there a tiny cluster of bright green leaves proclaimed the arrival of a new spring. It was under its spreading boughs that they first kissed, and on its trunk he carved a pair of interwoven hearts as a memorial to their glorious happiness. It was there that they decided to call the glen, the brook, and the maple their own.

The next time they visited their glen the day was one of untarnished June splendor. The sunlight was dancing with butterflies and the air thick with all those woodland sounds, which, like instruments in an orchestra, combine to play the great symphony of the yearly festival of June. A myriad birds chuckled and chirped in the green temples of the forest trees, as the bobbing white scuts of rabbits vanished into hidden burrows. Faintly through the trees floated the distant drone of the honey-harvesting bees busy among the fields of pink clover far away. Birds shot caroling up into the crystal dome of blue, as the merry stream wound its dreamy, devious course through the forest.

For hours they had sat resting against their maple below a pair of interwoven hearts carved on its trunk. In the fashion of lovers from time immemorial they nestled there,

her golden head on his shoulder, his arm around her delicate waist. As the sun sank in the west the heavens were filled with the molten glory of the flaming sunset and the dazzling colour of the pink and purple puffs of cloud that drifted languidly in lazy luxury across the scarlet sky. Gradually the stars appeared and winked brightly down from the blue velvet sky. Slowly the moon slipped across the sky and swung its silvery beams in salutation to the loving young couple. How long they stayed there neither knew but the grey glimmerings of a glorious dawn were tinting the eastern sky and the orchestra of the forest had begun tuning-up for its "Pastoral" when they left.

When next they came, it was early October and the weather was perfect — that type of autumn day that is often dreamed of but seldom realized: a crisp cool breeze, bright shafts of golden sunlight streaming down and making clear pools of delightful shadow among the trees, and a sapphire sky tufted with candlewick clouds. The brilliant trees turned the forest into a crazy-quilt of gorgeous colour. Flaming fingers of orange clashed with startling scarlet, and brassy bronze fought with brilliant yellow, while here and there long groups of spectator pines stood strikingly out against a blazing background. A raucous squadron of honking Canada geese passed overhead, and squirrels and chipmunks chattered merrily in their hunt for nuts. As the two lovers strolled along the air was filled with the noise of crisp leaves crackling underfoot; these leaves soon to be tossed gaily in merry whirls. The cool caressing breeze sighed in the pines and sang in the birches. In their little glen, trees dipped into the clear water with slender trailing branches and the stream was filled with brightly-coloured leaves all tossing and waltzing merrily in the eddies formed by the riotous cool water swirling around the gleaming white stones. Their maple was, if possible, more beautiful than any other tree in the forest, and under its protective branches and their brilliant bonfires of flaming crimson the lovers paused for a kiss. Slowly they walked away, saddened at the thought of leaving the scene of so many happy hours.

It was not until months later that anyone visited the forest again and then he came alone, leaving her dead body behind him. Even now he was not certain why he had murdered her. Something in his mind had snapped and he had burst into an uncontrollable jealous rage. If only she had been able to convince him that it was only her cousin he had seen her with and not just "another man". If only that heavy brass candlestick had not been so near at hand. If only . . . But the horrible, terrible act was done now and he would never be able to forget the puzzled, questioning look on her lovely face after he had slugged her

once with the candlestick. It had tortured him and to remove the expression, he had clubbed her again, and again, and again, until the grey gory mass of her brain came spilling out over her soft golden hair, the hair that had always been a gleaming halo framing her beautiful, innocent face. If only he could banish forever from his anguished mind the ghastly image, the hateful memory of her bloody body lying in an ugly crumpled heap in the crimson pool on the floor. If only he had not . . .

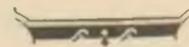
Why he had tried to come here to the scene of all their past happiness on this very night he did not know, perhaps it was a vague senseless urge to prove to himself that now he had killed her she meant nothing more to him—more fool he—how could he ever forget her, her beautiful blue eyes, her charming smile, her sweet little nose, everything about her would always be before his eyes.

How long he had been struggling through the terrifying trees he did not know, but by now he was certainly lost. If he could keep going in a straight line he must at last get out of this maddening maze. The ugly, hateful trees stood silhouetted against the glittering snow, imaginary dangers lurking in every shadow. Without warning, everything was blotted out as a cloudbank covered the moon; a chill wind rose and filled the cold wintry night with whirling snow, and, though he was no longer able to see his way, he kept plunging on through the trees. The bare branches of the tormenting trees stung and scratched his face, and, like clutching fingers of fate, ripped his garments ragged. Feeling ice underfoot he moved quickly to get off it, but he slipped, and grasping madly at the air for support, he fell spreadeagled on the ice. An ominous crack filled him with terror as the ice broke beneath him and the icy water rushed over him. For a moment he lay there with the water up to his neck, too paralysed and terrified by the

frightful cold to move. When the first shock of the chill had passed away, he slowly got up but an agonizing stab of shattering pain shot through his left ankle, and he collapsed with a shriek into the stream. Cursing madly through chattering teeth, he crawled painfully to the shore and realized with horror that he was in their glen. Leaning up against the maple—their maple, the maple that they had kissed under, the maple where he had carved two interwoven hearts, the maple that they had often leaned against with her golden head on his shoulder, their maple . . . he started to rub his ankle. Realizing with a shock that his wet clothes were already starting to stiffen in the piercing gale that the wind had become, he decided to get up. Rising with difficulty he felt a pair of interwoven hearts carved into the trunk beneath his hand. He withdrew his hand hastily, but not quickly enough to prevent a wave of memories from sweeping over him: their first kiss right where he now stood, her ravishing beauty, the dull ugly sickening thud as the candlestick hit. He started to giggle hysterically and soon the giggle was an insane bloodcurdling evil laugh. He limped away but slipped and fell a third time, striking his head a sharp blow against their maple. Feeling unexpectedly tired he relaxed where he fell. Though deathly cold and shivering terribly, a delicious wave of soothing sleep swept over him and he succumbed to it.

As suddenly as it had risen, the gale died and the clouds cleared, and moonlight flooded the glen. The trees, dove-coloured with silvery moonlight, settled peacefully down as the spirit of sleep tiptoed through the snow.

Months later the large maple fell and on raising it, the frozen body of a man was found under it. On his forehead where it had been crushed by the tree was the print of a pair of interwoven hearts.



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Quebec Maple Products Ltd.

LENNOXVILLE

QUE.

Macbeth

(or "Why did I 'toil and trouble'
To produce such damnèd rubble?")

I am going to tell you a little story that I figure you ought to know because the guy that tells it to me got stuck some time back and the odds are running at about three-to-seven that he'll be telling many more such stories, even though some Joe tells me that all his stories have been published. I am remembering also that his stories have been published but know by experience that they are written in a foreign language, a thing which I know my late pal Wi lie would much regret if he was in a position to do any serious regretting.

It appears, so he tells me, that a long time ago, some eight or nine hundred years maybe, a guy named Macbeth is heading to his office one morning with his bosom pal Banquo who also is in the same business as Macbeth when three little newsboys bring them to a quick stop and offer to sell them "tomorrow's papers, in fact, the papers for the next week. Banquo, who is a very stable sort of a fellow, remembers the drunk he was on the night before and keeps on walking, with his fingers crossed, but Mac, as we now know the set-up well enough to call him as such, is the inquisitive type, and after a bit of probing around learns he is due for a bit of a promotion in his business which is strictly along the "barbotte" lines with a bit of small-time rum-running on the side. Mac does not know exactly if this is the goods but when he gets to the office the boss, who is a highly respected gent by the name of Dunc, congratulates him upon the raise in liquor sales, gives him a bonus cheque and sticks him in a private office all of his own by himself. Now Mac is a pretty good head in his way so he calls up his wife and tells her that he is having all the gang who work at the office in for dinner, including Dunc, the boss. Mrs. Macbeth says she is a bit short on coffee rations but mentions that she doesn't want too many of the guests wide awake for the kind of job she is thinking of pulling anyway, so it is quite O.K. to have the boys up.

Mac spreads it through the grapevine that one and all are invited and for everyone to come as things ought to get rolling pretty well towards dawn. Dunc is pretty het up over the whole affair and says that Mac is a good guy and all that sort of thing, so he arrives with the gang along about ten minutes after the rush-hour at Mac's place on Inverness St. Pretty soon after the third round has been poured Mac's wife calls him out to chop some ice and while she is pointing out to him exactly what a sharp affair an ice-pick is, she mentions that this is a good time for Mac to take over the business which is good for about twenty-

BRIGHAM DAY

five grand apiece if they can hack their way into the front office. Mac admits the possibilities of such a venture, but points out that Dunc is a good all-around fellow and would be deeply missed and a couple of the gang might even get to do a little wondering about the whole affair, but Mrs. Macbeth insinuates he's as yellow as the dandelions Dunc ought to be pushing up, if he doesn't do a bit of the prescribed knifing so Mac says it's as good as done and heads back to the rye. The party gets stronger as the night gets along but because of this the guests are getting weaker so Mac insists that they stay for the night as no one is in much of a condition to be driving home. Dunc thinks this a pretty fine gesture and sets the pace himself by being the first one to flake out on the kitchen table. Mac figures this is the big chance, so, after fighting off a couple of bad dreams which were the result of the last rye without water, he leaves Dunc in such a condition that by the morning everyone figures Dunc has had it, which is really an understatement. Dunc's two pals, Duff and Malcolm, head for the border until the heat is off, while Mac takes over the business and settles down to designing bigger and better bathtubs.

Well, it happens that quite a while after the party that Mac is on his way to work one morning when he runs into the three little newsboys again and picks up another scoop on the coming events. It appears that he is pretty safe until Charley's Tavern moves to the corner of Inverness St., but he had better keep his eye on his pal Banquo who is really not his pal and is actually thinking of pulling a bit of a cross. Mac gets to thinking that it would be best for all concerned if these worries were out of the way so he slips a "C"-note apiece to the Murderer Bros. and tells them to do the job in the traditional manner which 1st, 2nd and 3rd promptly do, but fail to get rid of Banquo's kid "Fearless Flea" who is next in line for the treasury job, all this grieving Mac no end. But it appears that Mac is no mean fellow on evening up old scores so he has Duff's family "six feet under" in no time at all by the use of a well-handled equalizer. Duff, who is causing quite a sensation over the border by pulling a series of protection rackets at the time, is rather hot and bothered by the whole affair so he talks his pal Malcolm into heading north with him for a week-end brawl, the thought of which is very pleasing to them both.

Meanwhile, Mac is back home looking after his wife who has picked up a bit of the old heart attack after a snort of some pretty fast sloe gin, and is even starting to worry a bit about who's going to handle the cooking, when a truck full of beer pulls in from Charley's.

(Continued on page 39)



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An Early Morning Watch

FRED ANDERSON

This is the story of a sailor with a lonely heart who grew up a year with each month at sea. His name was Trevor Ernshaw. We will call him Trev as his buddies on the ship did. He had come on the ship in May, and had taken immediately to the life at sea, and the crew had likewise taken to him. Trev and the ship were obviously not designed for each other. He stood a good six-foot-two, making it necessary to stoop while passing through the ships flats. He was good-looking, if a few freckles don't make any difference to you, and had an easy-going smile for everyone, except every once in a while his smile seemed a bit forced, and his shipmates wondered if he didn't have some family troubles.

Their ship was a recently constructed corvette with a very good showing on her trial runs. Now she was headed for New York with a convoy of eighty ships and three other escort vessels. A minesweeper had just been torpedoed about ten miles outside the gates of Halifax, so the coxwain had the bosun's mate pipe "Life jackets to be worn at all times". There was an uneasy atmosphere in the mess decks. The conversation would stop dead for a few minutes and the smoke from the cigarettes was getting thicker.

They had always been in danger of torpedoes, but now the danger was more imminent. Trev seemed to be taking it like everyone else except that he still had time to smile at the men's feeble jokes. He had the last dog watch and had come in pretty wet and cold. It was winter time now and the sea was rough with swells that often covered the quarterdeck. Changing his clothes for something dry, he helped himself to some hot tea, toast and jam, known as the sailor's midnight snack. The ship was rolling heavily and each time her bow hit a wave you could hear a bang as the plates shook and the ship shivered. Anyone standing at the time was lucky if he had something to hang on to. This will give you readers a rough, but not rough enough idea to make you seasick, but enough to make you appreciate the hardships of a sailor. Trev slung his hammock and prepared to get some much wanted sleep. The radio was playing "Miss You", and he thought of his girl. A girl is a great thing to keep a sailor's mind busy, away from torpedoes and thoughts of loosing a delicious dinner to underserving fish. At this point Trev's mind was quite busy. Her name was Louise, and I guess she was as beautiful as the lake of that name, if one can compare a woman with a lake. He had met her in a canteen at Halifax, and Trev didn't believe the city that he resented so much could hold anything so beautiful. To describe her briefly, she was every sailor's dream girl. He danced with her once, twice, and in fact for the whole evening. He couldn't remember

much of what he had said or done when he got back to his ship, but he did remember her smile and laughing eyes, and how she had hummed softly to the music. He remembered an over-powering urge to kiss her at the door but he resisted, trying to make a good impression. Most sailors like a goodnight kiss on their last night ashore, as the softest thing they feel for another month are cold hard steel decks. Anyway it was wonderful the way she told him to be sure and phone her when his ship came in again.

At present Louise had top priority over torpedoes and seasick sailors. Trev fell asleep thinking about her, but he never managed to find her in his dreams. Always he was back home and his mother seemed to fit into every scene. His mother was a very beautiful woman, but possessed little understanding of Trev's shortcomings. Trev's dreams came to an abrupt end as the "killac of the watch" none too politely informed him that it was three-thirty and if he didn't get up damn soon and get dressed, he would bloody well cut his hammock down. Trev swung out of his hammock just as the ship lurched, and he found himself sitting on his derriere feeling very sore and hurt in that particular area. After a quick cup of hot cocoa he relieved Stimpson on the after lookout. He groped his way cautiously over a slippery deck; more than one man had been washed overboard on a dark night like this. Trev gripped the barrel of the pom-pom to steady himself to the roll of the ship, all the time thinking about Louise and what they would do when he got back in. Four hours gives a person a lot of time to think and he had exactly four. Suddenly his mind shifted to the thought of torpedoes and he tried to peer through the blackness for a little piece of pipe. He saw nothing but great waves, and the phosphorescent wake of the ship lighting the quarterdeck up with a glow that he imagined could be seen for miles. The next thing he knew, he was praying to God. Sometimes men at sea come closer to God than anyone else. Trev was praying hard that he would come back this trip to see Louise again and suddenly he sensed something on the starboard side. What he saw was certainly not a suspicious looking seagull, but the ugly black shape of a German U-boat breaking surface. In a matter of seconds Trev phoned the bridge and the men were scrambling over the ship to their action stations. The U-boat's gun crew were at their forward gun and already a shell had burst on the starboard wing of the bridge, tearing away the mast. The men on the four-inch gun fired a quick succession of shots straddling the U-boat's stern. Trev was on the pom-pom and a well directed shot hit the conning tower. The U-boat was closing in now coming

(Continued on next page)

The Gaspé Coast Miss MARY HAMILTON

In this essay I do not intend to give a detailed description of the coast, but merely an outline of the more interesting facts and places.

The Gaspé Peninsula is roughly two hundred and twelve miles long extending from Cap Gaspé to Matapédia. This coast contains many interesting facts and quite an account could be written concerning its natural resources, the beauty of the country, its mountains, rivers and industries.

There are thirty-five thousand people in the county of Gaspé. Gaspé has one of the most wonderful harbours in the world. The harbour is twenty-two miles long and eight miles wide. One great disadvantage is that the harbour is not ice-free the year round. During World War II the Canadian Navy and Air Force made use of the harbour. Situated also in Gaspé is a Roman Catholic hospital.

The York, Dartmouth and St. John rivers are fairly large. Salmon fishing and lumbering are carried on extensively. After the first World War there was a large demand for these products. There are salmon pools on the York river and a hatchery called "York Hatchery". Farther up the coast are the Bonaventure and Grand Cascapédia rivers which are also noted for good salmon fishing. There is also a Grand Cascapédia Hatchery. Young salmon are called parrs or grilse. Before the World War II many American tourists toured the Gaspé Coast for the purpose of seeing the beauty of the country and for fishing.

Fish of all kinds are exported to the cities. Some are salted and canned, but in recent years government freezers have been installed. There is quite a large freezer in Paspébiac. These freezers greatly help the fishermen and their means of earning a living have greatly improved. Fishing is carried on in a small scale all along the coast.

The tourist centre on the coast is Percé; although there are other places along the coast. Percé draws the attraction of most tourists because of the Percé Rocks, and Bonaventure Island. Tourists may go around the island in a fishing boat in about an hour and a half. Bonaventure Island is a bird sanctuary. The island is covered with seagulls, gannets and cormorants, and the air above is white and gray with birds flying overhead.

There is a pulp mill at Chandler. There is also a small hospital here. Farming is carried on on all parts of the coast. New Richmond has about the most fertile land on the coast. It is a very prosperous community.

The Robin Jones & Whitman Company is the second oldest company in Canada—Hudson Bay Company being the oldest. There are stores all along the coast. There is a radio tower and a radio station in New Carlisle. Electricity is generated at Hall's River which supplies the village and other places with light. It was here that a German spy was captured. He had been put ashore in a rubber boat from a submarine, which had come up the Bay Chaleur, shortly before the Reserve Army had been formed all along the coast. The Gaspé Peninsula contributed more recruits according to population than any other part of Canada.



AN EARLY MORNING WATCH—

straight in thus presenting a much smaller target. Its next shot hit the four-inch gun and it looked like the show was over except for the pom-pom back aft. Machine-gun bullets whistled over Trev's head and he saw two of his gunners crumble under the withering fire. The Captain ordered the ship to stand by to ram and the little corvette churned through the water in a circling movement in an attempt to ram the sub amidships. Trev's gun was still firing intermittently, but unless they could knock the sub's gun out they might never reach the sub. Suddenly the range setter on the pom-pom got a direct bearing and the sub's gun was left a crippled mass of steel. The corvette lurched and hit the sub with a resounding crash ripping open the hull as she passed over it. There was a loud cheer from the corvette and she circled the wreckage to pick up any survivors. There were none. The gallant little corvette resumed her course with the convoy, signalling her victory to the senior

ship. Shortly she was signalled to proceed to port immediately to assess her damage. This ends the story of the lonely sailor because he knew he would soon be seeing his girl again.

WHITHER BRITAIN?—

(Continued from page 12)

cate a return to the conditions that have made for war in the past, but it is evident that the international idea as opposed to national interest has not yet reached the stage of acceptance by all nations.

What Britain's future as a nation is remains to be seen, but that she is a powerful and effective factor in the international scene cannot be questioned. The imperial pessimist need not worry about her position, for there is no doubt that when she is needed she will give a good account of herself.

The Bishop Looks Down

Edited by Miss CONNIE OAKLEY, B.A.

THE LEPER KING

A novel by Zofia Kossak

McLeod (1945)

Madame Kossak, who recreated so vividly the Children's Crusade in *Blessed are the Meek*, has again gone to the East for the setting of her new novel, *The Leper King*.

This colourful, though somewhat involved tale of love and war, not only reveals evidence of careful historical research but mingles fancy with fact in a manner that is both pleasant and ingenious.

The story takes place in the Holy City of Jerusalem towards the end of the twelfth century and during the closing years of the reign of Baldwin IV. Afflicted with that most dreaded of all diseases—leprosy—the seventeen-year old king, isolating himself from the life of the court and city, has only one thought before he dies—to place his kingdom in the hands of a worthy successor.

Difficulties arise in that the knights of Jerusalem—many of them descendants of those valiant Crusaders who, under Godfrey of Bouillon, captured the city in 1099—although possessing courage as great as that of their grand-sires, have lost something of that spirit and religious zeal which spurred on their forefathers against the Saracen hosts. Moreover, by now, the lust of unlawful gain has thoroughly infested the Frankish blood, and fraternization between Christian and infidel for over a period of seventy years has done nothing to strengthen the Christian cause. No longer do the Saracens ponder whether the faith of the Christians is more perfect than their own. Many avouch openly that God has forsaken the Christians, though a few question in their hearts whether it might not be that the Christians have rather forsaken God.

To complicate conditions still further, there exists within the Holy City itself, a secret Brotherhood of Evil which even numbers among its followers some of the king's own knights. The sudden death of William de Montferrat, the king's brother-in-law and his first choice as a successor, suggests the existence of treachery—and, although not essential to the main theme of the book, this thread of mystery running through it and culminating in the final betrayal of the Frankish knights into the hands of the Saracens—does provide an added touch of colour and adventure to a plot already pregnant with action.

Against this background of intrigue and devotion, virtue and vice, moves young Guy de Lusignan—handsome though weak—and through the determination of a doting mother and the wiles of a fascinating woman, he finds himself crowned king in spite of the people's and his own wish, and thus entangled in a terrible adventure.

Strangely enough, it is the feeblest characters in the



book who stand out most clearly. The aged Bishop Aubert, tied to the wood of the Holy Cross; and the dying king, his rotting body lashed to his horse while he leads his knights against a ten-fold force—are noble figures, magnificently revealing how the power of the spirit can be greater than that of the body.

The Leper King is a novel that should appeal to all readers, for in this glowing picture of a past era there is action and excitement for the young as well as thought for the mature. Its vitality and vividness should find for it a ready place not only among the popular books of today but among the favourites of tomorrow as well.

CHINA TO ME —

Doubleday-Doran 1944

A partial autobiography by Emily Hahn

So many books have been written about China recently that one hesitates to introduce yet another. Miss Hahn's book, however, is definitely different from the usual run, in that she is not so much interested in the politics and policies of present-day China as in the personal affairs and problems involving herself and her friends there.

China To Me covers a period of eight years—from the author's arrival, somewhat reluctantly, in 1935, to her repatriation on the Gripsholm, even more reluctantly, in 1943. As an actual account of what happened during those crucial years it has little value, but as an autobiography it is a charming reflection of the author's personality. Undoubtedly, "Mickey" Hahn would have made life exciting no matter when or where she lived. Still at times one cannot help feeling that those eight years were more or less exploited to provide a perfect background against which the writer could dramatize herself. In fact, in one place in the book, when speaking of a friend Miss Hahn describes him as an "exhibitionist who like myself, would sell his grandmother if the transaction would make a good story". Cer-

tainly, the author has not the slightest hesitation or embarrassment about selling herself, for with disarming frankness she reveals even the most intimate details connected with the life and loves of Emily Hahn in China. For once she had adopted the Orient, Miss Hahn impulsively opened her heart and her homes to all — rich and poor, yellow and white, good and bad. With never a dull moment, she lived in Shanghai, Chungking and Hong Kong — edited a newspaper, went through a legalistic Chinese marriage, adopted a gibbon, learned to understand and appreciate the subtle workings of the Oriental mind, wrote *The Soong sisters*, had a baby, survived the Japanese invasion and left China with nothing but enthusiasm for the heroism and patience of the Chinese.

Miss Hahn makes no attempt to tell a story. Apart from her account of the fall of Hong Kong (and even that is not very satisfactory) and the incidents connected with the writing of *The Soong sisters*, the book is on the whole

nothing more than a series of unimportant happenings, interspersed with pithy comments and bright conversation. The reader is introduced to a polyglot company of Eurasians, Chinese, Japanese, British and Americans—in almost dizzying succession. Throughout the book the author gossips — rather delightfully, though — about everyone and every thing—trivial chatter, of course, though occasionally her remarks become quite caustic, especially where the British are concerned.

As one might expect, the style is essentially journalistic, as though the book were written in the first flush of excitement when the incidents recorded were fresh and vivid in the writer's mind. Yet *China To Me* carries with it an unmistakable charm, and Miss Hahn's lively descriptive powers and naive manner of writing sustain the interest through some four hundred pages, and provide refreshing entertainment—for one evening at least.



Dilemma

Miss BETTY QUINTIN

Ye fresh!

What shall be your choice,
The worker or the drone?

A worker is one
Who seldom has time for anything
But perpetual work.
And then he is so very seldom seen
That nobody knows who he is.

A drone is one
Of the few things one can be
And still succeed.
And then so very few come through
That nobody knows who they are.

Farming Ah-h

RICHARD BUNBURY

One who is farming, as defined by the late Mr. Webster, is, and I quote, ". . . one engaged in agriculture . . ."; and agriculture, we find, is the "science and art of cultivating fields by the plow."

Now any individual who has had the fortune (or misfortune) to closely observe and participate in the above-mentioned occupation will be fully aware of the fact that old Noah Webster left a great deal to be said in his concise little definition. (I do not guarantee the authenticity of my quotations, but let us assume that they are correct.) I might mention that I criticize Webster only after careful comparison of his definition and my own experience.

My first recollection of farm work seems to be that of learning to milk. I had scarcely arrived at my employer's when into my shaking hands were thrust a milk pail and a stool, the first of extremely large and the latter of equally diminutive dimensions. I was ordered to place myself at ". . . that there old grey cow . . ." and to try my hand at milking. To one of my inexperience every cow in the herd seemed a dirty grey colour, so I seated myself gingerly on the stool beside the nearest cow, and, I might add, at her left side. I placed the milk pail on the floor before me, and very cautiously reached for the apparatus suspended beneath the cow, from which I had been led to believe milk was procurable. The cow, unfortunately, did not appreciate my caress, and also resented my sitting at her left side. She carefully raised her leg and gave the pail a sound kick, and incidently, very nearly gave me nervous prostration. (Whatever that might be.) When I had retrieved the pail and pulled together my shattered nerves the kind-hearted farmer pointed out to me that one generally milked at the right-hand side of a cow. He also casually explained that my guess as to which was the "old grey cow" had been wrong, and he directed me to the cow which was to suffer from my ministrations.

After much careful manipulation I found myself in position beside her, and with a quaking heart I grasped the apparatus. To my amazement the cow did not budge. Following my employer's directions, I attempted to procure milk. Though I squeezed and pulled until my arms and wrists were aching, nothing came forth. Finally, things began to happen. As the result of one very vigorous attack, a stream of milk shot out, not into the pail which I held very inexpertly between my legs, but all over me. I tried again and again, but the milk, when it did come, seldom reached the pail. To anyone who has not experienced this torture, let me point out that there is nothing more exasperating than to listen to the milk melodiously filling an expert's pail, with no appreciable effort on his part, while

you go through all the tortures of the damned and achieve nothing.

Milking is not, however, the only misery to which the inexperienced is subjected. After I had become a little more accustomed to things in general I was permitted to drive the hay rake. This is a job which requires an absolute minimum of intelligence, and yet presents some difficulties to the beginner. It seems that trend has been to increase the width of the rakes, until we find a ten-foot rake no novelty, but the width of the average gate has not increased in proportion. Let those who are inclined to be dubious attempt to take a ten-foot rake through a nine-foot, eleven-inch gate. It is an experience one will never forget. Although many methods are in common usage, the most successful seems to be that of backing up and taking a wild charge in the general direction of the gate. It is hard on the nerves and the gate posts, but the results are immediate and gratifying.

The inexperienced and uninitiated often think, as I did, that modern farming methods consist entirely of the operation of such labour-saving devices and machines as the tractor, hay loader, milking machine, and manure spreader. Perhaps we can blame the advertising ability of the manufacturers of this machinery for this somewhat mistaken conception, for I, at least, believe it is mistaken. I know that there is an unholy amount of sweat required as well.

Let us consider the modern hay loader. "Beautiful machine", say the ignorant, "No more pitching for the farmhand." The fact is that the wonderful loader leaves much to be wished for. Like others, I believed that all that was required was to sit and watch the hay roll into the wagon. How wrong I was! As fast as the hay rolls up, and that is pretty fast, some sweating farmhand has to level it into the hollows and corners. I well remember the cries of "Build up this here corner," or "Fill up that there hole . . ." and so on.

Another wonderful labour-saving machine: the manure spreader! Just drive it back and forth across a field and the manure is evenly spread without any of the old back-breaking hand labour, or, that's what the manufacturer says. But did anyone ever bother to consider how the manure got into the spreader? We all know that no one has as yet trained cows to put it there in the first place. It has to be pitched up, and I do mean "up". Enough of this odious subject, let us discuss some other angle of mechanized farming.

People gaze in awe at the modern hay-hoist. Wonderful, ain't it? Just takes off a load of hay without any effort at

all. No more old-fashioned hand pitching up into the left. Marvellous, that is, if you forget about the other end of the cycle. What happens when this contraption dumps the hay in the lift? (If you don't understand the operation of this handy outfit, don't worry, you aren't the only one.) Well, someone has to level the hay. It can't be left in a heap as it falls, and there is as yet no machine for this job. It has to be done by manpower alone. Levelling hay on a hot day with one's head being scraped by the shingle nails of a scorching hot barn-roof is the nearest thing to hell



A Visit To The Dentist

The mediaeval torturers had me in their grip. In desperation I struck out at them; my hand met unyielding wood, and I awoke with a start.

What a toothache! A thousand devils were pounding away at my jaw, trying to drive me mad, and very nearly succeeding. Painfully I pressed my tongue against the tooth. It felt terrible! Groping for the light-switch I stubbed my toe. Darn! Now for a hot-water bottle to press against my cheek. It was in the bath; how it got there I never discovered. Running the hot water, I tried to force open my eyes, so I could find the aspirin. Finally, with an aspirin and the warmth of the hot-water bottle dulling the agony, I fell asleep.

By morning I had forgotten my recent purgatory, but my tooth was jumping again by the time I got outside in the cold air. I realized there was no help for me; I must pay my dentist a visit.

Giving myself a good talking-to about the baseness of cowardice, etc., I made an appointment with a really very sweet old doctor. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist—he could take me the same afternoon. I was committed!

Lectures were over all too quickly. The bell seemed to ring every fifteen instead of every forty-five minutes. At last I could delay the fateful moment no longer. Bravely I boarded the bus. The houses flashed by; invisible, for all I saw of them. Then, I was there, mounting the steps, and, (this took courage) ringing the bell.

A crisp nurse ushered me in, pausing long enough to

man has thought of. If you wish to lose ten pounds (and your temper) try this job in a really full loft. Hay seeds tear the skin from your back, thistles tear the skin from your hands, shingle nails tear the scalp from your head, and your overalls become a sweat-sodden mass of rags after five minutes of such work.

I shall let the whole subject drop at this point since I can think of no more nasty things to say about agriculture in general, but I might just add that my criticism should really be taken with a grain of the traditional salt.

Miss JANE FARRAR

say, "The doctor will be with you in a few minutes." Why don't they say half an hour when they mean it? for it is usually that long, if not longer. Unexpectedly, it was only a few minutes; then I was bidden into the sanctum sanctorum where stood the dentist, smiling fiendishly and rubbing his hands in anticipation.

Apprehensively I looked around me, although I knew what I would see. The pink glass of mouthwash, the steel framework of the insidious drill, the chair in which had sat so many tortured souls, all stared back at me. In that chair, too, sat I. Then came the words that are the trademark of the dentist's profession. These are "Open wider, please," pronounced in a coldly solemn voice. Judging by my senses, I sat there ages—but by the impersonal unit of time—no longer than half an hour.

How that dentist loved to excavate! Down and down he went. Finally he stopped, then plastered up the hole with his own special brand of concrete.

At last I was set free, sans toothache, plus an overwhelming feeling of great moral strength in the face of danger. I wonder if there is any other sense of satisfaction as complete as the one which follows the unpleasant but successful fulfillment of a trip to a dentist? I think not. I suddenly realized how wonderful it was to be alive on a beautiful fall afternoon!

Long live the dentist! For without him, we should have no gauge of our courage in time of distress.

—But I wish to heaven that I never had to see another dentist again in my life!

Exchanges

As another issue of the Mitre seems to be going to press I find my job is to review some of the articles and things which have caught the attention of these thick lenses.

The school magazines seem to be very much of the same average quality with only a few of them realising that an overcrowded page is unattractive. The private schools are the least offenders in this respect probably due to the fact that the school probably gives financial support to the magazine. A formal masthead of some design should be prominent in the first sections of the magazine or I cannot tell where it comes from without much research. In trying to trace the home of "Adventure" I had to look over sixty wrappers and folders before I found its source.

Most of the college reviews go to the library so very few come to me, however among the ones I did get there was one outstanding article. This was an article on Cardinal Newman from the "Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa. It is well written and quite interesting. It is also written in English and so is intelligible to those who do not know French.

In looking over the college newspapers several things have attracted attention.

It is good to see that there is an international consciousness which tries to make itself felt, but in its one major outburst it fell a cropper. This was the outburst sponsored by McGill against the fascist regime in Argentina. After a few people or colleges made a lot of noise the facts about the affair came out and the whole rumpus suddenly didn't exist. The idea is to be commended but before such action is taken many more facts should have been brought to light.

The great topic of the moment is the raising of the allowances to ex-service men. This is certainly a good idea, on a sound foundation, and is being handled the proper way. This time the protests are going to a sincerely interested government who will probably do something, and so will not be a fruitless waste of time and effort. What I would like to see and read about is a concerted effort to see some kind of unity of college courses, because at present it is well nigh impossible to gauge the academic value of various college degrees from different colleges. I would also like to see political discussion groups arise in all colleges with all students being given the chance to learn something about Canadian politics on a non-partisan basis. We have a history club here which helps a lot in that line, but it would be a good idea if a college offered a course in Canadian political history which was compulsory for all students, instead having political parties form individual campus groups which work on strictly one-sided basis instead of trying to produce a fair and accurate all-round picture of the Canadian political scene. Without the threat

H. M. BANFILL

of the recruiting officer over one's head, the students of the universities must climb out of the shells they inhabited so well during the war, lose their provincialism and take a good healthy and many-sided interest in what their world will be. The last generation succeeded in making a mess of the world and it is up to us to try to clean up a very bad state of affairs.

Finally, I want to thank all those who have sent the their respective publications to me. Your name may or may not appear underneath but the receipt of a copy of this publication is our acknowledgment.

Student's Standard (Khaki University
of Canada in the United Kingdom)
King's Hall Magazine
Strathcona Oracle
Trafalgar Echoes
Trinity College School Record
Magee High School "Adventure"
B. C. S. Magazine
Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa
King's College Record
Queen's Review
McGill Daily
The Manitoban
Macdonald College Journal
Queen's Journal
The Argosy Weekly, Mount Allison
The Silhouette, McMaster University
Loyola News
Dalhousie Gazette
Quartier Latin, U. of Montreal
Le Carabin, Laval
The Manitoban
The Ashburian
The Brunswickian
University of Liverpool Guild Gazette
Codrington College, Barbados
The Arrows,
The Union of Students, University of Sheffield
The Acadia Athenaeum
The Lyre, Lennoxville High School
Loyola College Record

If anybody from any other college sees this and they know we don't get copies of their publication, will they please send them along.

Main Street

I have just read Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*. The novel impressed me. It represents life in a small American town which is the symbol of its fellows all over the continent. The man from Sauk Centre knew small towns and their inhabitants; his characters are prototypes of people one might find anywhere in the United States, the characterization is rather too broad, for in creating a vivid picture author Lewis has found it necessary to give us a caricature rather than a true portrait. But we must remember that it was written to impress Main Streeters; it was designed to hit home, and it did.

The central figure of the novel is Carol Milford Kennicott, graduate of a small sectarian college in Minneapolis. She is open-minded and eager to learn; in college she dabbled in everything from tennis to art societies; she was interested in reform, and awake to the changes taking place in the world. After graduation she found it hard to choose which fascinating way of life to take up, and finally settled upon becoming a librarian.

While employed in the library she read all the latest books: fiction, drama, science, psychology, and sociology. Such wide reading kept alive her idealism and love of art; she became particularly interested in town-planning. Her dream of beautifying a small American town and teaching culture to its people became a near obsession.

Three years after entering the library she met Dr. Will Kennicott, graduate of a college of medicine in the Twin Cities, and general practitioner in the town of Gopher Prairie (population three thousand). Kennicott was interested in Carol, and through him she saw the means of making her dream of transforming a prairie town come true. This was one of her main reasons for falling in love with and eventually marrying him.

When they returned from the honeymoon Carol encountered the first disappointment in realizing her dream—Gopher Prairie was hopelessly ugly, and, which was worse, the inhabitants did not seem to mind. Their fathers had been satisfied with Gopher Prairie, why shouldn't they be also?

The men of Gopher Prairie were excessively hearty—folksy is the word that describes them perfectly. Their humour was of the back-slapping variety; their interests centred on fishing, hunting, fords, and the almighty dollar. The women were narrow-minded and petty; their talk was of personalities and of bridge games.

Carol tried many things to bring them out of their rather hopeless rut, but without success. The reason lies partly in their own self-satisfaction, partly in Carol's character. She was eager to accept new ideas and to try to inter-

est others in them, but she gave up too easily. If she tried a thing once and did not succeed she would not try again; she allowed herself beaten and turned to a new field of interest. Thus she failed in stimulating social life, in dramatics, in the Thanatopsis Society (for the encouragement of culture), in encouraging the building of a new town hall and school, and on the library board. Unwillingly she became assimilated in the life of the town, and finally came very near to accepting its philosophy, although she tried to persuade herself otherwise.

Throughout the novel the story of Carol is enhanced by the presence of interesting minor characters. Almost anyone of these could be singled out for individual study, and could inspire a novel about himself. In dealing with these characters the author uses a power of suggestion which stimulates the imagination and sustains interest where the narrative and main characterization might otherwise lag. There is a peculiar delight to be found in reading of characters—Mrs. Vida Sherwin, Raymic Witherspoon, Mrs. Bogart, Guy Pollock and Miles Bjornstom—whom we feel that we have known, or very nearly, among our acquaintances. I have never met a Miles Bjornstam; perhaps that is why I find that his character seems slightly exaggerated.

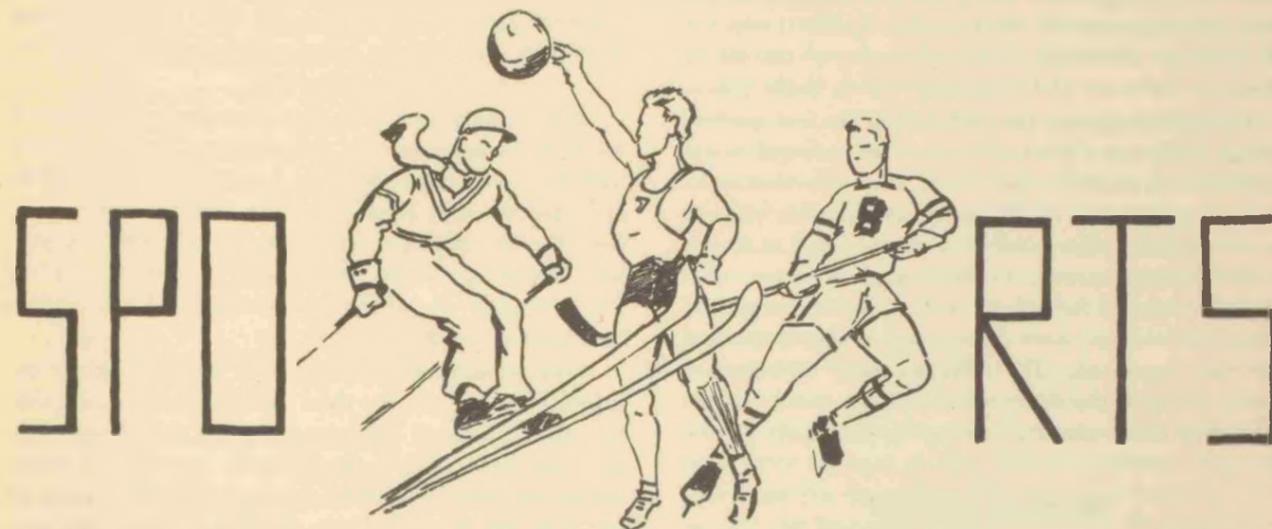
The characterization of Kennicott seems to me to contain some flaws. It is hardly credible that man who had been through university could be as provincial as Lewis represents the doctor. This lack of appreciation in art, and his shallow interest in scientific progress do not appear to be a true picture. Yet at times Kennicott surprises Carol, and the reader with his knowledge and understanding. That in itself seems to be an argument in his favour. Would such a man be as dull and common-place as Lewis makes him? The only explanation seems to be that the writer's aim is to create an impression, and in so doing he must present Kennicott as a paradox to Carol. Thus exactions of detail is sacrificed to the making of a vivid picture.

Carol's love affair with Erik Valborg, although it fits logically into the sequence of the narrative, seemed to me an incident not included in the original plan, but introduced to sustain flagging interest in a place where the story weakens. Valborg does not have any lasting effect on Carol's character, and the whole thing is rather sordid.

As for the incident of June Mullins—it may have been an actual event which had impressed the writer, on it may have been introduced to show the cruelty of small-town gossip. It also shows how a narrow dogmatic religion can defeat its own purpose. And it helps us to see another side of Carol's character, that of generosity, which is also shown

(Continued on page 35)

Miss MARY HALL



EDITED BY Z. H. POSMAN

First on the sporting parade this term is football and we would like to say that it was certainly a grand sight to see purple and white out on the playing field again this season after its long spell of inactivity. The squad was scheduled for three intercollegiate encounters but in addition, it played two games against the Sherbrooke Athletics. In a total of five games, the college lads won two and lost three. Although the results were not up to what we would have liked, the lads deserve a good deal of credit for the fine show of sportsmanship and playing ability which they put up and the fact alone, that an exhibition intercollegiate schedule was played off will certainly simplify the organization of competitive football for the coming season.

Bishop's vs. Athletics

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13, the Sherbrooke Athletics grid team managed to eke out a 6-0 victory over the hard-fighting college squad. The game started with the visitors kicking off and after a rather strenuous first quarter, the game stood at 0-0. In the second frame, the home team attempted a forward pass on the Sherbrooke 20-yard line but this failed and the half-time whistle blew with still no score registered. Caught on our 20-yard line by the heavy Athletics squad, Hovey of the visitors managed to kick for a rouge in the third quarter, giving the visitors the first score of the game. The college lads fought hard in the final frame, but a badly snapped ball caused them to lose a pass and Hunting ran the ball over the Bishop's goal line for the one and only major score of the match.

Bishop's vs. Athletics

The college lads were out for revenge when they met the Sherbrooke Athletics on Saturday, Oct. 20, for the

Early this term, a meeting was held in Montreal with representatives from Bishop's, Loyola, Macdonald, Dawson and McGill Colleges present. The purpose of the meeting was to organize once again between the respective universities, a program of intercollegiate sporting activities, hockey and football being the foremost on the list. This was regarded as a rather difficult venture when one takes into consideration the fact that inter-U sports were discontinued for all intents and purposes in 1939. All institutions were confronted with the same inconvenient conditions, an acute lack of equipment and proper coaching material. However, the ingenuity of the various athletic directorates overcame these conditions and all colleges with the exception of McGill managed to field a grid squad. At present, plans for a hockey ladder are well underway and Bishop's will be playing its first scheduled game immediately on termination of the Christmas vacation.

In addition to intercollegiate activities, basketball once again this year holds its place in intermediate athletics and the squad is entered in a local league. Badminton and skiing will head the minor sports parade and a complete inter-year schedule will round off a very rigorous and very full sporting program for the season.

Before starting on a round-up of the individual activities participated in thus far, the Committee on Athletics would like to take this opportunity to welcome the freshman class of '48 and the returned servicemen who will be valuable additions to the various teams. A few have already showed their ability and good sportsmanship in the games played up to now. We are certainly looking forward to a successful year in the realm of sports.

second exhibition game of the season and managed to put down their opponents to the tune of 5-2. The game was played on the Sherbrooke Parade Grounds and the match turned out to be one of the most interesting of the year.

The home team took the lead early in the first quarter, netting themselves a point on a rouge and managed to get another before the half-time whistle blew. The Sherbrooke boys managed to hold off the numerous Bishop's attacks in the third frame and it ended with the score 2-0 in favour of the home aggregation. In the final stanza, a pass off a fake kick from Al Sutherland to Mac Sanders, netted the college lads a major score giving them a three-point lead over their opponents. The Athletics squad opened up a passing attack in the dying minutes of the game, but the purple and white team held them off, winning by a score of 5-2.

Bishop's vs. Macdonald

Playing their first intercollegiate game away, the Bishop's grid team met the Macdonald squad at St. Anne de Bellevue on Oct. 27, and handed the home aggregation a 24-12 trimming. Being the first inter-U encounter since '39, this game certainly started Bishop's football with a bang. Outstanding work that afternoon was done by Mac Sanders the college's flying wing who netted ten of the team's 24 points on two touchdowns. Al Sutherland played a grand game, scoring one major and adding another point to the team's total tally by kicking a rouge. Jack Harrington scored the fourth touchdown of the visitors on a neat run around the end. Glover and Whittaker played excellent ball for the green and gold squad and scored a touchdown each for the home team. The game on the whole was well-played with a fine display of tackling, although at times a little high.

After a hard-fought first half, the score was tied at 12-all. The last two frames started off with the home team kicking against the wind. Glover of Mac was hit by Wilson on a runback and the pigskin was recovered by Brig Day. Bishop's took command of the play and with Sutherland kicking to Macdonald, the runback was fumbled and the Bishop's lads recovered. An end run by Staples put the visitors on their opponent's six-yard line and in perfect scoring position. A plunge by Abercrombie halved the distance and an end run by Harrington netted the college a touchdown. Sutherland converted putting the visitors in the lead by a six-point margin. In the final quarter, Hap Day, intercepting a forward pass, ran the ball 55 yards, lateralled to Sutherland who carried the ball over the line for another major. Bishop's defense held and the game ended with the purple and white squad leading by 12 points.

Bishop's vs. Loyola

On Nov. 3, Loyola College travelled down to Lennox-

ville to meet the purple and white squad in their second scheduled game. Hard tackling and good plunging turned the tide in favour of the heavy maroon squad who tied on a 17-6 victory over the home team.

In the first quarter, Brig Day scooped up a fumble and was brought down near his own goalposts. On a disastrous fumble by the purple and white lads, McCallum of Loyola recovered the ball. McGillis playing behind a steady line, went through planking the pigskin over the goal line getting first blood for the visitors after 12 minutes of play. The convert failed and the first quarter ended with Loyola leading by a five-point margin.

Two action-packed quarters went by with both teams unable to score. In the third quarter however, the tide turned in favour of the home team and the Bishop's lads got first blood on a rouge when the maroon and white runner was nailed behind his own goal line. By a series of end runs and forward passes, the Bishop's squad got into scoring position and on a beautiful end run, Brig Day carried the pigskin across the line for a major score. The frame ended with Bishop's leading 6-5.

Kicking against a strong wind in the final quarter, the home team was caught on their own 10-yard line. Captain Eddie Asselin then plunged through to chalk up another touchdown. The convert was good and the visitors were again in the lead. Pushing forward by a series of power plays, Loyola brought the ball on the Bishop's goal line and Aird of Loyola carried the ball across for another major. A neat kick between the Bishop's goal posts gave the visitors another point. The game ended with the visitors leading by eleven points.

Bishop's vs. Dawson

In the last encounter of the season, Bishop's met the visiting Dawson team on Nov. 10, and went down for the second time to the tune of 13-0. The game turned out to be the cleanest played this season and although our boys met with a little bad luck, the game was the best one seen on the field.

Coach Ozzie Clarke's boys worked hard in the first quarter but were held off by the heavy visiting squad and the frame ended with no score registered. Early in the second quarter, finding themselves on our 15-yard line, the visitors tried a very successful quarterback sneak and Turcott of Dawson carried the ball across for the first touchdown. A completed forward pass made the convert good giving the visitors another point. The hard-fighting purple and white squad tried to retaliate but were unable to successfully break through the red and white's heavy line. The second quarter ended with the score 6-0 in favour of the visitors.

In the third quarter, on a lateral from Timmins to

Kendree, the latter ran the ball 50 yards for a touchdown. The convert was good and the visitors held the game on a 12-point lead. In the dying minutes of the third frame, Kendree kicked to Staples who was tackled behind his own goal line giving the visitors one more point.

Both teams held very well in the last quarter and although a lot of good football was displayed by the two teams neither was able to break through for points. The game ended with Dawson winning by a score of 13-0.

Bishop's line-up for the year was as follows:

F. Wing	-	-	-	-	-	Mac Sanders
Half	-	-	-	-	-	Hap Day
Half	-	-	-	-	-	Al Sutherland
Half	-	-	-	-	-	Bud Staples
Quarterback	-	-	-	-	-	Brig Day
Snap	-	-	-	-	-	Des Stoker
Inside	-	-	-	-	-	Tony Lee
Inside	-	-	-	-	-	Bill Rowe
Middle	-	-	-	-	-	Ed McCabe
Middle	-	-	-	-	-	Bob Graham
Outside	-	-	-	-	-	Dun Joslin
Outside	-	-	-	-	-	Jack Harrington

Subs: Charlie Budning, Jim MacDiarmid, Fred Kelley, Don Wilson, Vinny McGovern, Bill Scott, Doug Flynn, Willie Assad, Cy Watson, Bob Wright, Billy Bascom, Bud Manning, Max Seeley, Ross Abercrombie.

BASKETBALL

With Gale Pharo returning to the Bishop's basketball lineup after one year's absence and freshmen talent supplementing the vacancies left by last year's graduates, manager John MacNaughton had little trouble in finding enough material to organize an effective cage squad. Although up to this point the team has not played any scheduled games, it has met a scrub team from Sherbrooke plus the Thetford aggregation in three exhibition encounters. With the showing thus far put up and with the additional practice which the cagers will receive under the able hand of coach Billy Hammond, there is little doubt that the team will put up a good showing in the league ladder.

In the two games with the Cozy Sweets Scruff who were under the direction of Pres Carr, the college lost their first game and won the second by the scores of 31-20 and 44-21 respectively. In both games the Pharo, Johnston, Budning forward line proved very effective ably supported by McGovern and Scott on guard. Harrington and Cooling are tops as substitutes and all in all the team put up a good showing.

Bishop's vs. Thetford

The university cagers bowed to the Thetford Mines squad to the low tune of 30-28, in the first game of the annual home and home series, on Wednesday night, Oct. 31.

As usual both teams put up a fine display of sportsmanship and the purple and white squad was supported by a fine audience of college students who followed the team down to the mining town. Pharo did outstanding work for the college cagers in the centre position, very well supported by Johnston and Budning on the wings. McGovern and Scott did a fine job on guard and helped greatly to keep the home team's tally down. Bailly, Cooling and Harrington very ably substituted and all three men played a hard and clean game. Pharo of Bishop's and Jenkinson of the home squad shared equal honours in the scoring race adding 14 points each to their team's final score. Jenkinson and Nakash proved the live wires of the high school cagers ably supported by Visser and Johnston on guard.

The game started off at a terrifically fast pace which was for the most part kept up throughout the match. The home team managed to snag nine points before Pharo got first blood for the college. The visitor's defense tightened up and the half-time whistle blew with the home squad leading 19-12.

Bishop's, taking advantage of the half-time rest, returned to the floor and turned on the pressure, keeping the home cage well supplied with shots. Their zone defense proved affective in breaking up the high school's attacks. Our boys, working like Trojans, cut down the home squad's lead but the final whistle blew too soon, giving Thetford the match on a two-point lead.

The final game of the home and home series will be played some time after Christmas and regular league games will commence on or around the 12th of January.

BADMINTON

Due to the hard work and able guidance of "Little" Jack Bagnall, a badminton league was organized this year which carries the name of the St. Francis Valley Badminton League. The ladder includes Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke High School Alumni, Windsor Mills, Y.W.C.A. and U.B.C. At the first meeting, a constitution drawn up by Bagnall was approved and accepted and the officers elected which are as follows: Honorary President, Dr. W. O. Raymond; President, Jack Bagnall; Vice-President, John Scarth; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Tindale.

The league plans to hold their games every two weeks on Sunday afternoons and on home games, Bishop's will have badminton teas. The teams will comprise eight players.

Practices have been held quite frequently and we expect to have the first league game against the Sherbrooke High School Alumni played off within the next two weeks.

TRACK

The annual Bishop's track meet was held on Friday afternoon, Oct. 5, on the rugby field and the event proved very successful with a large crowd out to lend support to

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the contestants. The Seniors managed to trim the Frosh by a wide 68-18 margin but the meet acted as a vehicle for a display of good, clean sportsmanship and fun.

The results of the meet as are follows:

100-yd. dash — McGovern, Budning, Sanders (Time: 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.)

Broad jump—Sutherland, Budning, Sanders (Distance 18' 9")

High jump—McGovern, Komery, Sutherland (Ht. 5')

220-yd. dash — McGovern, Bascom, Budning (Time: 26 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.)

880-yd. dash—Sanders, Harrington, Kelley (Time: 2 mins. 38 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.)

Discus throw—Burton, Sutherland, Day (Dist. 90' 10")

440-yd. dash—Sanders, Rowe, Kelley (Time: 1 min. 7 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.)

Shot put—Burton, Sanders, McGovern (Distance 39')

880-yd. relay—Senior team (Time: 1 min. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.)

Mile run—Harrington, Kelley, Graham (Time: 6 mins. 20 secs.)

The aggregate winners for the afternoon were McGovern, Sanders and Sutherland with 17 $\frac{1}{4}$, 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ points respectively.

TABLE TENNIS

With the increase in students at the university this year and ping-pong balls and bats available in greater num-

bers than before, the interest in this activity had a meteoric rise among the other activities. It was therefore decided to run a ladder tournament and 42 names were pulled out of a hat at random and placed on a ladder. The contestant heading the ladder at noon on December 9 will receive as a prize, one half-dozen ping-pong balls.

In addition to the inter-mural competition, the university is competing in a Sherbrooke league and full results of the outcome will be recorded in subsequent issues of the *Mitre*.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Under the able guidance of coach Gale Pharo and captain Lila Pharo, a girls' basketball team was organized in time to meet the Thetford Mines cagers in an exhibition game. The girls so far have proved to be a hard-working crew and there can be no doubt that they will successfully uphold Bishop's reputation in that field of sports. On the team we have Lila Pharo, Marjorie Allport, Monique Lafontaine, Barbara Stevenson, Margaret Ann Forbes, Betty Riddell, Carol Legge, Betty Quintin, Isabel Hibbard and Betty Johnston.

Although the squad lost their first game to the high school squad by the low score of 24-17, we feel certain that with added practice, the team will do great things in the local league recently organized. Good luck girls!



MAIN STREET—(Cont. from pg. 30)

in her attitude toward the Bjornstams, and possibly in her interest in Valborg.

"Honest Tim" Blausser, whose character is almost straight caricature, but delicately handled so that it is hardly burlesque, is introduced to represent a type. Although he has little bearing on it he fits neatly into the background of the plot. He figures more in the character-development of the town than in that of Carol. In the hands of the author Gopher Prairie has almost developed a personality; Blausser is the voice of it.

The Kennicott's trip to California is another step in showing how completely Carol's early dreams were disappointed. She went there seeking enjoyment of the things she worshipped, and was only partly satisfied. She hoped, too, that travel would make her more content with Gopher Prairie. It only made her more dissatisfied because she saw that there were Gopher Prairies and Mrs. Bogart's everywhere.

Carol's stay in Washington seems to be the most out of place incident in the whole story. It is far more unconventional than anything she ever did in Gopher Prairie, yet it does not provoke so much comment. It was certainly not a sensible action for a woman with a child. It may repre-

sent her last fling before she settled down to mediocrity. Actually I think that Carol's going to Washington was introduced as a means of bringing the Kennicotts together again, so that the writer could leave the novel with the ends all neatly tied. He might have chosen a less radical means of bringing this about; it would have made the narrative more credible and the characterization more logical.

In spite of small flaws, however, the general impression created by the novel is very good. The small-town weaknesses stand out clearly, and the character of Carol is well-defined. We see the gradual change which takes place in her attitude as she becomes painfully adjusted to her environment. We see her finally yield to the potency of the village virus, although she herself refuses to believe it. Carol will always have her yearnings, but they will be buried under the practical activity which is necessary for the mother of two children and the wife of a country doctor.

Yet the novel has a broader aim than to present the character of one woman and the picture of one town. Carol is the prototype of millions of women the world over, and Gopher Prairie is—with slight variations in climatic conditions and custom—any provincial town.

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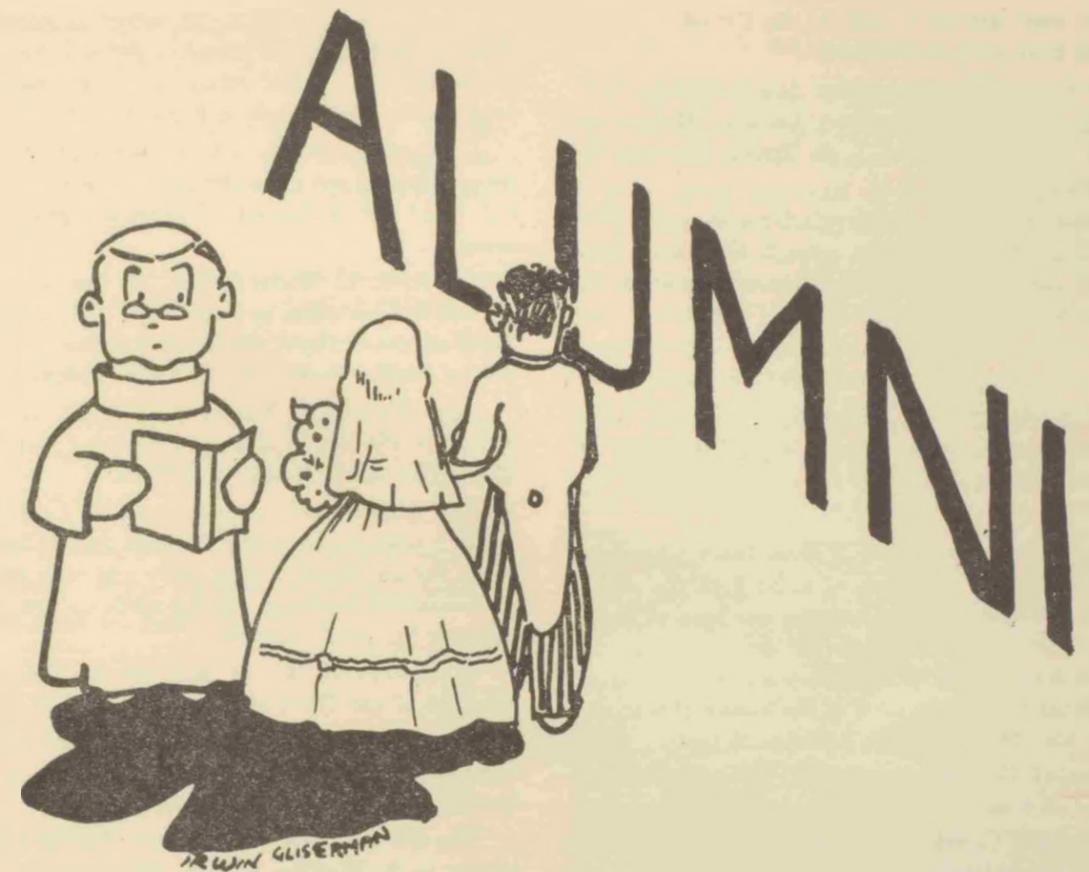
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Edited by C. C. WATSON

Births

BROWN—At Sherbrooke Hospital on Sept. 27 to the Rev'd Russell Brown, B.A. '33, and Mrs. Brown, a son.
RUGG—At the Ottawa Civic Hospital on March 19 to Mr. H. H. Rugg, B.A. '35, and Mrs. Rugg, a son.
TURNER—At the Royal Victoria Hospital on August 15 to Mr. M. A. Turner, M.A. '33, and Mrs. Turner, a son.
ROWE—At the Montreal Maternity Hospital on March 23 to Lieut. D. G. Rowe, B.A. '38, and Mrs. Rowe, a son.
SOMERVILLE—At Queen Mary's Hospital on March 30 to L. F. Somerville, M.A. '28, and Mrs. Somerville, a daughter.
MOFFATT — To Gerald E. Moffatt, B.A. '37, B.D., and Muriel Riley, R.N., his wife, a son, Sept. 26, 1945.
ROTHNEY—At the Royal Victoria Hospital on May 2, 1945, to Gordon O. Rothney, B.A. '32, and Mrs. Rothney, a second son, Russell George.
STEVENS—On June 22, 1945, at the Catherine Booth Hospital to the wife of the Rev'd M. A. Stevens, M.A. '34, a son.

Marriages

CHRISTIE-MARTIN — Dorothy Louise Martin, R.N., B.A.

'39, and Petty Officer Charles Christie were married on May 17 in First Presbyterian Church, Fort William.

TANNEBAUM-ECHENBERG—Miss Ruth A. Echenberg, B. A. '40, and Mr. Phillip Sheppard Tannebaum were married on June 17 at the summer home of the bride's parents at Little Lake.

ROTHNEY-ROBERTSON — Audrey E. Robertson and Mr. George L. Rothney, B.Sc. '42, were married on August 15 in the Central United Church at Yarmouth, N.S.

WADSWORTH-HARPER—Lois E. Harper and Mr. Donald G. Wadsworth, B.A. '41, were married on April 14 in Trinity-St. Andrew's United Church, Brighton, Ont.

HARWOOD-MELTON—Joan P. Melton and Cpl. Kenneth J. Harwood, R.C.A.F., M '45, were married on October 6 in Trinity Church, Ste. Agathe des Monts.

BOYLE-MACPHERSON — Frances J. MacPherson and Lt.-Lieut. T. P. Boyle, B.Sc. '42, were married on May 30 in Regina, Saskatchewan.

TEMPLETON-REXFORD—Joyce C. Rexford and Mr. Earle Y. Templeton, B.Sc. '42, were married in Beulah United Church on August 18.

APPS-CHEBAN—Miss Ann Cheban and Rev. H. I. Apps,

B.A. '41, were married in July in the Church of Saint John the Evangelist in Montreal.

OSBORNE-SCHWARTZ — Jacqueline Ann Schawartz, B.A. '34, and Captain John Somerset Osborne, M.C., were married on Sunday, June 24, in Temple Emmanuel, Westmount.

ADAMS-MALLARD — On St. Peter's Day, June 29, Miss Gladys C. L. Mallard and Rev. Leon B. G. Adams, B.A. '43, were married by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa in St. John's Church, Smith's Falls.

Deaths

NAYLOR—On Saturday, July 7, Mrs. H. A. Naylor, wife of the former incumbent of Valleyfield, and mother of Major Vaughan Naylor, B.A. '34, and Reid Naylor, M. '25.

CHAMBERS—The Rev'd Canon William Percy Chambers, B.A. 1879, died on September 12 in his 89th year at his home in Montreal. Canon Chambers was born in Penkbridge, Straffordshire, England. He was superannuated from the active ministry in 1910, when he accepted an appointment as editor-in-chief of the Family Herald and Weekly Star. He held this position for 28 years.

SYMINGTON—J. D. Symington, M. '34, was reported killed in action on May. His rise in the army had been steady since his C.O.T.C. days and he had attained the rank of Captain. He had been in Europe since the first day of the invasion and was killed the day before the German surrender.

Appointments

Gordon O. ROTHNEY, B.A. '32, M.A., Ph.D. (London), promoted in May from Assistant Professor of History to Associate Professor of History at Sir George Williams College, Montreal. Mr. Rothney and his family now reside at Lakeside in the Town of Pointe Claire.

Rev. Archibald T. CARSON, M.A. '21, B.D., has been appointed rector of St. Bartholomew's, Ottawa, according to a recent announcement by Rt. Rev. Robert Jefferson, D.D., Bishop of Ottawa. Rev. A. T. Carson is replacing the Venerable Archdeacon Netten who retired on Nov. 1.

Rev. G. H. L. SADLER, B.A., L.S.T. '23, is replacing Rev. A. T. Carson as rector of St. John's Church at Smith's Falls.

M. J. DUNSMORE, B.A. '37, has been elected president of the Quebec High School Principals Association. Mac is Principal of the Asbestos High School.

C. Wayne HALL, B.A. '31, M.A. '32, has been elected President of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers for the year 1945-46. Wayne who is Provincial Supervisor of English, has lectured at the Bishop's Summer School for the last two summers.

Major John WOOD, B.A. '29, served as second-in-command of the Seventeenth Hussars fighting from Normandy to Holland. He is now taking on a new appointment as Superintendent of Schools in Brome County.

C. Wynne DICKSON, B.A. '32, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools under the control of the new central board for Richmond, Drummond, and Arthabaska counties.

Dr. R. E. L. WATSON, B.A. '28, has left St. Johns, Quebec, and has taken up residence at 1680 Athlone Road, Town of Mount Royal. He has been appointed Superintendent of Medical Services for the Crane Company Limited.

Rev. William R. WRIGHT, L.S.T. '45, has been appointed to the charge of Petawawa with Chalk River and South Alice in the Diocese of Ottawa.

Rev. Eldon Stanley DAVIS, B.A. '35, L.S.T. '37, after nearly 5 years service in the Canadian Army Chaplaincy in Great Britain, North Africa, Sicily and Italy has received an honourable discharge. He has taken up new temporary duties at St. John's, Ottawa.

G. F. (Niffy) WATTS, B.A. '24, has been appointed Principal of the Town of Mount Royal High School.

Donald RATTRAY, B.A. '29, who received his discharge from the R.C.A.F. last summer is now principal of the Intermediate School at Hudson Heights.

The Rev'd Robert MACKIE, B.A. '42, has resigned his curacy in St. Matthias Church, Westmount, and become incumbent of the mission of Goodwin, Alberta, where he will be working for the Fellowship of the West.

The Rev'd Dixon ROLLIT, L.S.T. '35, has been granted a year's leave of absence from the Diocese of Montreal to study at the General Theological Seminary in New York.

General

Major Lloyd BOWEN (class of '27) was among the officers sent to arrange the reception of Canadian prisoners of war from Japan.

Rev. J. B. CREEGGAN, B.A. (Queen's), L.S.T. '27, recently paid the college his first visit since graduation, coming down with freshman Hall. He has a parish at Prescott, Ont.

K. W. HUNTEN, B.A. ('16), M.Sc. (McGill), Ph.D. (McGill), Associate Professor of Chemistry at University of Western Ontario, was officer commanding the University Air Training Corps at that institution, until its abandonment last year.

Alumni attending our Summer School included Audrey ASCAH, B.A. ('44); Anna HEATH, B.A. ('44); Agnes STEVENS, B.A. ('36); Geraldine LANE, B.A. ('38); Ruth SHERWAN, (Education Class '40); George ROTHNEY, B.Sc. ('43); Gordon SAMSON, B.Sc. ('42); Bill HEATH, B.A. ('43); Burton CARR (Education Class '40).

Nursing Sister Barbara CARR, B.A. '35, is now stationed at the R.C.A.F. Hospital at Gander, Newfoundland.

Among those officers returning with the R.C.A.F. No. 6 Overseas Bomber Group in June was Wing Commander Wilson GALL, B.A. '37, who was the Ghost Squadron's Commanding Officer.

Among the list of prize winners in the Graduation Class of the Montreal General Hospital School of Nursing appears the name of Miss J. E. DONAGHY, B.A. '42, of Black Lake, Que. She won the Dr. A. D. Campbell Prize.

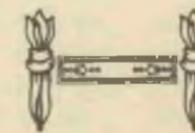
Lieut. J. G. CAMERON, B.A. '34, who has been with the Persian Gulf Command of the U.S. Army has now been transferred to Manila.

Rev. J. F. S. FORD, B.A. '33, and family have moved to South Porcupine, Ontario, where Mr. Ford will assume his duties as Rector of St. Paul's Church.

MACBETH—(Continued from pg. 21)

Now, Mac is used to beer coming up from Charley's but when Malcolm and Duff and a bunch of the boys from the other side of town hop out with their Roscoes blazing, he gets slightly suspicious, as does Mrs. Macbeth who is pretty superstitious about such things as blazing Roscoes, being so much put out by the whole show in fact that she ups and toes the old bucket over from about the "40". Mac, however, is really in his element when it comes to leaving powder-burns on guys' backs, so it is quite a simple feat for any progressively-minded young fellow to pick up a bit of four-to-five if he is so inclined. This is not to be however, as one of the lads whips out and pegs a pound of concentrated gas through Mac's front window, and Mac, being faster on the in-take than the up-take, passes quietly away.

So that's how the whole affair ends and from what I could gather from "Wild Willie" they're still tossing the sober people out of Scone.



MAY WE PRESENT—

(Continued from page 10)

Review Board. He has planned no definite activities as yet while at Bishop's but he may try hockey, after a lapse of three years. He is enrolled in the L.S.T. course, which title he hopes to add to the B.A. (Trin) already earned. He spent three years in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a Radar Mech., serving in England, Scotland and North Africa (Algeria) and counts as a very interesting experience, going, on detachment, to Rome.

We would also extend to the following students, a most hearty welcome upon their return from Active Service, and wish them every success as they resume their former place in university life.

WILLIAM BLACKSTOCK LOU HOLLINGER
EDMOND DE LOTBINIERE "PETE" MACDIARMID
CYRIL WATSON
G. H. (Hap) DAY (and Mrs. Day)

* * *

HERE COME THE CO-EDS

GENE MARSTON ADAMS was born in Magog, Que., on August 8, 1927. She attended Magog High School and took part in softball, skating and skiing. She has not decided

what activities she will take part in here at Bishop's; possibly she thinks her B.A. course will be activity enough. After graduation she hopes to become a teacher or a nurse.

JOAN MARGOT BEERS was born in Montreal on April 21, 1928, but moved later to Sherbrooke. There she attended Lawrence and Mitchell Schools and the Sherbrooke High School. At the High School she was a member of the Tenzelevenz Club and took part in dramatics, as she plans to do at Bishop's. She is studying for the degree of B.Sc. (Econ) and so far has no plans for the more distant future. She can't think of any interesting past experiences, but we know she will find them at Bishop's, for no one escapes them here.

AUDREY BURT was born on October 28, 1927, in Gallup Hill, Que. She attended Coaticook High School, Comp-ton Village School and finally Lennoxville High School. She was interested in basketball and badminton, and was exchange editor on the school magazine. She is taking the Economics Course at Bish, and hopes to play basketball and badminton. She has had interesting experiences while travelling, and on ski-hikes.

ELAINE E. EVANS. The population of Waterville, Que., was increased by one on September 30, 1928, when Elaine arrived there. She attended Lennoxville High School, and was active in sports, dramatics and public speaking. "Buddy" is taking the Arts Course and is still interested in dra-

matics. After graduation she hopes to become a French specialist.

ELEANOR JANE FARRAR was born in Montreal on August 10, 1928. She attended Kensington Public School and Asbestos High School where she took part in dramatics and sang in the Girls' Choir; also doing some bowling and playing badminton. At Bishop's she hopes to take part in all sports, dramatics, and the Glee Club. After graduation with a B.Sc. degree she hopes to work in a biological chemistry section of a research laboratory or a hospital. Jane will not reveal her interesting past experiences to us.

MARGARET ANN FORBES comes to us from Lennoxville, where she has lived since August 23, 1927. She attended Lennoxville High School and King's Hall at Compton, where her activities were dramatics, basketball, the Glee Club, badminton and ground-hockey. Margaret will study for her B.Sc. in Economics but as yet her plans for the future are uncertain. She lists a trip to England for the Coronation in 1937 among her most interesting past experiences.

MARY KATHLEEN HAMILTON. It was on March 14, 1927, in New Carlisle, Que., that Mary was born. She studied at the New Carlisle High School, where she was a member of the Students' Council. She declines to reveal to us what activities she plans to share in at Bishop's but with a little persuasion we might see her on the basketball floor. After completing her B.A. she plans to study nursing. Mary does not want to tell us about any past experiences which she found interesting, but we are certain that she has had a few anyway.

MARY ISABEL HIBBARD. Another recruit from Sherbrooke is Mary Isabel, who first made her appearance there on February 9, 1928. She attended the Mount Notre Dame School and while there she took part in hockey, tennis (she even competed in a city tournament), dramatics, and ping-pong, and also learned to ride. She intends to add basketball and badminton to her athletic accomplishments, all the while studying for her B.A. Isabel seems to have done a great deal of travelling, for among her interesting experiences she lists trips on the Great Lakes, to the Seigneurie Club at Montebello, Que., and to Halifax. It is easy to see that she has had no time yet to think about her post-graduation plans.

MARY ADRIENNE RUTH KIRKLAND is a newcomer to our midst who already has her B.A. She was born in Montreal on October 9, 1922. She attended Netherwood School for Girls, and then went on to Mount Allison University where she received her Arts degree. At Bishop's she is taking the Education Course and although she took part in sports at Mount Allison she has made no plans for activities while her. After graduation she hopes to teach in South America.

ANDREE CARROLL LEGGE. Montreal was the birthplace of Andrée, who arrived in that city on July 5, 1928. She attended Granby High School, and was active in basketball, hockey and softball, as well as being on the staff of the Yearbook. She is taking the B.A. course, after which she hopes to become a nurse. While at Bishop's she would like to take part in dramatics, badminton and bowling. An interesting past experience was a trip to Lake Louise, Banff and Jasper Park.

REGINA NORTHRIDGE was born in Vails' Gate, N.Y., on October 18, 1926. She attended St. Mary's Hall, Asbury High School, and Sherbrooke High, where her activities were the Tenzelevenz Club, Literary Editor of the Dumbell, public speaking and dramatics. "Gina" hopes to continue in dramatics and debating at Bishop's, and also to get her B.A. Her plans after graduation are uncertain. Her interesting past experiences were all in connection with working as a nurse's aide this past summer.

ELIZABETH MARIE QUINTIN arrived in Burlington, Vt., on December 13, 1927. She attended the Villa Maria School in Montreal. There her activities consisted of basketball, dramatics, debating and tennis. She plans to play basketball at Bishop's as well as take part in debating. Betty is studying for her B.A., hoping later to go in for Law. Amongst her interesting past experiences she lists a trip to Canada's National Parks and V-E day celebrations.

MIREILLE STE-MARIE claims Quebec City for her birthplace on November 24, 1928. She attended the Convent of Ste-Anne de la Pocarier, St. Anthony School in Lennoxville and the Lennoxville High School. Mireille will not tell us about her activities there, nor what she intends to take a part in at Bishop's. She does reveal to us that her most interesting past experiences were her ski-hikes. We hope she will continue this sport while at college working for her B.A. degree, which at present is her only interest, not having any definite plans for the future.

AMELIA SMART is no stranger to Bishop's, but this is her first year to be taking a full time course. She was born in Shawville, Que., on March 17 (the year?—oh that would be telling!), and attended school there. Then she went on to teaching, which work she plans to resume after she obtains her B.Sc. (Econ) degree this year. She has taught in Granby High School and has been principal of the Ascot Consolidated School. She has always taken an active interest in sports and will continue to do so at Bishop's. Among her interesting past experiences Amelia tells of walking down Broadway in New York City on V-J day. From what we saw in the movies, it must have been quite an experience.

FRANCES PEARL SMITH was born in Sherbrooke on October 4, 1927. She attended Mitchell School and later went to Sherbrooke High. She plans to star in skiing while at college. She is working for her B.A. degree and after

securing it plans to become a librarian.

BARBARA ANNE STEVENSON has spent most of her life within sound of the Chapel bell of U.B.C. She was born in Sherbrooke on July 16, 1928, and received her education at Lennoxville High School. There she was interested in basketball and badminton and hopes to continue to play basketball while at college. She is taking her B.A. degree but is undecided as to what she will do after graduation.

MARY ELIZABETH WISWALL first appeared in Sherbrooke on January 22, 1927. She attended Mitchell School and the Sherbrooke High School. Among her interesting past experiences was a trip to Nova Scotia. She is studying for the degree of B.Sc. (Econ) while at Bishop's, and has expressed her desire to help behind the scenes at the college plays. Time alone will determine her post-graduate activities.

THE FRESHMEN

WILLIAM STEVEN ASSAD is a native of the Ottawa Valley, born at Buckingham, Que., on June 13, 1927. There he attended St. Michael's High School and the Buckingham High School. He took no particular part in activities there, but plans to play football while studying for his B.Sc. (Econ) degree, with a view to entry, at some future date into pharmacy. As an interesting past experience he mentions meeting the Honourable George Drew, Premier of Ontario.

ALVIN DENZIL BAIRD is most deserving of the humblest editorial apology (if it would be better than an ordinary apology) for being placed amongst the freshmen, for he is not actually such. He is a younger, but huskier, brother of "Padre" Baird, this year's President of Council. He was born in Carleton Place, Ont., on April 7, 1925, where he attended both Public and High School and later went to Queen's University for his freshman year. There his activities included basketball, hockey, tennis and the C.O.T.C. unit. While here at Bish he plans participation in basketball and hockey as a sideline to study for the B.Sc. degree. Post-graduation plans are undecided, and as to past experiences he suggests we look in his five-year diary. (Where do you keep it "Diesel"?)

WILLIAM COOPER BASCOM was born in the mid-west, at Evansville, Ind., on September 30, 1928. However he apparently deserted the "Hoosier State" and came to Canada to receive his education at Sherbrooke High School. There he took part in rugby, basketball, track and field, and hockey. While studying for his B.Sc. at Bishop's he plans to continue in these same activities. Modestly disclaiming any past experiences of interest, his plans for the future include Industrial "Engeneering" (?).

NORMAN BISHOP comes from nearby Beebe, Que., where he was born on March 2, ?? Later he attended the East Ward School in Sherbrooke, and also schools at Drum-

mondville, Danville and Asbestos. There he took part in track, hockey, and baseball. Because his future plans are for Chemical Research he is taking the B.Sc. course but expects to find time for football and basketball.

TOM CARL BJERKLUND is of Norwegian parentage but born in Three Rivers, Que., on July 28, 1928. He attended East Angus High School, there taking part in such activities as hockey and softball. While studying here for his B.Sc. (in Arts) as a preparation for studies in Mechanical Engineering, he plans to play hockey as an extra-curricular activity. Of his past experiences he appraises as most interesting, a pre-war trip to Norway and a stay there of four months.

JAMES WILLIAM BOWN first saw the light of day in the St. Francis Valley town called East Angus on September 27, 1928. He received his earlier education at East Angus High School, Baie Comeau English School and at La Tuque High School. At these schools he took part in basketball, skiing and badminton. Since he has a legal kink in his make-up (not cosmetics) and hopes to later study law, he is taking the B.A. course, but plans to be active also in rugby, basketball, badminton, the Ski Club, and dramatics. As for past experiences, interesting or otherwise, he is grimly silent.

RICHARD BUNBURY was born in La Tuque, Que., on August 11, 1928. He was a student at La Tuque High School, the High School of Quebec and Montreal High School. His extra-curricular activities were concerned with the school annual and the hockey team. He plans to work for the B.Sc. degree, and to help with college publications as well as play hockey. For his post-graduate days he looks to taking a course in Agriculture at Macdonald College and making farming not just a livelihood but a career. But what of his past? Alas! we are just as much in the dark as anybody.

CHARLES F. DAVIS hails from the busy paper manufacturing town of Windsor Mills, Que., in which place he was born August 27, 1927. He was educated at Windsor High School and Stanstead College. While a student there he took part in many extra-curricular projects. These included track and field, debating, dramatics, and magazine editorial work. His course at Bishop's is the B.Sc. (Econ) but he expects in addition to his studies to participate in dramatics, debating and publications work. He plans to make journalism his future work, and accounts participation in a quiz programme at Lowell, Mass., an interesting experience.

BRIGHAM GROSVENOR DAY comes from Canada's great metropolis—Montreal, where he was born on September 2, 1928. He attended Selwyn House School and Bishop's College School. At each school he participated in sports and dramatics. While at Bish to study for a B.Sc. (Econ) de-

gree he hopes to take part in everything, but on second thought confines his ambitions to sports, debating, dramatics, and publications work. After graduation he would like to engage in work concerned with commerce or involving travelling. Among his interesting past experiences he recalls roles in plays presented at B.C.S.

ALLAN RUDD DRAKE was born in Sherbrooke on March 14, 1927. He attended Mitchell School and the Sherbrooke High School. There he took part in dramatics, rugby, basketball, track, the Cadets Corps and was on the advertising staff of "The Dumbel". As his future plans are to be a chemical engineer, he is studying for the B.Sc. degree, and expects only, to take a share in dramatics while here. He says, of his past, ".....".

FRANCIS COULBOURN FITZHUGH has come to Bishop's from the "Deep South". Born at Cape Charles, Virginia, on August 23, 1928, he attended the Cape Charles High School. There he was active in the Hi-Y, mixed chorus, a band and orchestra, dramatics, a commercial club and the Literary Society. Here to take a B.A. course, he expects to take part in debating and to improve his game of chess. (If he would show us how to mix a Mint Julep we wouldn't mock his Southern accent!) For the future he looks toward the Ministry or a career in the diplomatic service. Past experiences of interest? —None!

PHILIP COLQUHOUN GALE was born in nearby Waterville, Que., on September 26, 1928. While in attendance at Waterville and Lennoxville High Schools he had one chief interest—public speaking. During his B.A. course here he hopes to play rugby and hockey and take part in track meets. The future is a little uncertain but he may engage in forestry work.

ROBERT EDSON GRAHAM tells us that Trois Rivières was his birthplace on December 22, 1924. He attended schools at St. Lambert, Que., and Ottawa, Ont. He was engaged in school magazine editorial work, skiing and dance committees. While here taking the B. A. course as basis for Law studies at Osgoode Hall (Toronto), he plans activity in sports, debating, dramatics and publications. As an interesting experience he recalls a return non-stop flight from Moncton, N.B., to Goose Bay, Labrador.

LEWIS GREENBERG is another member of Sherbrooke's representation at Bish in this year of grace, 1945, just a little over seventeen years after Lewis made his appearance on May 29. As a student at Mitchell School and at the Sherbrooke High School, he took his place in rugby, basketball, hockey, softball, badminton, ping-pong, and the activities of the Hi-Y. With a plan to become a druggist already in mind, he is studying for the B.Sc. degree but hopes also to keep up all his previous sports interests. For him a most interesting past experience was being a member

of the winning team in Eastern Townships hockey and basketball championships.

ROBERT FREDERICK GURR was born in Three Rivers, Que., on July 7, 1928. He attended Laurentide High School in Grand'Mere, there taking part in basketball, hockey, badminton, skiing golf, track and field, and also served as secretary-treasurer of the students' council. While at Bishop's taking the B.Sc. course as a preparation for a later "engeneering course", he plans to be active in basketball, skiing, golf and some committee. He recalls fishing trips at Rat River, and nearly making a hole-in-one, as interesting past experiences.

GRANT HUTCHISON is another recruit from that busy mining centre—Thetford Mines. He was born there on June 26, 1926, and attended the local High School but took no part in activities. While engaged in a science course at Bishop's, preparing to become a chemist, he expects to find time for sports. He has had no interesting past experiences.

GERALD JOHNSTON is yet another Thetford-ite, having made his appearance in that town on July 20, 1928. Basketball, golf, skiing, hunting, fishing and swimming are numbered among his activities while a student at Thetford High. Future plans for work in chemistry, naturally require a B.Sc. course and while taking it he hopes to indulge in basketball, golf and skiing.

JAY DUNHAM JOSLIN was born in Sherbrooke on July 1, 1925. He took part in all sports while a student at Sherbrooke High but does not expect to take part in any activities while studying here for his B.Sc. with a view to becoming an engineer.

CLARENCE D. KENDALL is another of the Sherbrooke clan at Bishop's this year. He was born there on June 11, 1928, but travelled to other points in the Eastern Townships to gain his education at Milby District School, Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High Schools. In the way of extra activities he chose softball and badminton; and while studying here for the B.Sc. degree in preparation for engineering he hopes to play hockey and badminton. He asks us to believe, he has had no interesting past experiences.

VICTOR KOMERY was born in Sherbrooke on August 25, 1927. He received his education at the Lake Megantic and Thetford High Schools and was a member of the hockey and basketball teams. He is working for a B.Sc. (Arts) degree, and while here plans to continue his former sporting interests and to add to them, rugby. His plans for the future are uncertain.

HERBERT E. LLOYD comes to Bishop's as another representative of East Angus, where he was born on January 11, 1929. He received part of his education in England, at Hunslet Moor School, Leeds, and at Dallas Road School in

Lancaster. While there, and at East Angus High School, he played soccer, cricket, softball and hockey, and took part in debating and dramatics. He plans to become a chemist and so is studying for the B.Sc. degree. He tells us that his past experiences are too numerous to mention (but you might have told us one!).

DAVID L. LOCKERBY was born in Westmount, Que., on August 22, 1927. While attending Westmount High School he was active on the school magazine, and in the Hi-Y. Because he expects to enter the medical profession he is taking the B.Sc. course. Past experiences—oh surely you have had some?

JAMES ARCHIBALD MACDIARMID is a native of Quebec City, and has been since his arrival there on March 8, 1928. He received his education at Bishop's College School and the Quebec High School. There he took part in rugby, hockey and track meets. He has come here to earn his B. Sc. (Econ) degree and plans post-graduate studies at another (unnamed) university. For activities at Bish he has every intention of continuing sports and taking part in dramatics. Among interesting past experiences is his work with the Brown Corporation at La Loutre, Que., also Quebec life.

DOUGLAS NORMAN MACKENZIE was born in the great republic to the south of us at Greenfield, Mass., on November 19, 1926. He attended Lennoxville High School where he served as member of the Students' Council. Although here to take the B.Sc. course as a foundation for further study in industrial chemistry, he has no plans for activities.

EDWARD JOHN EWYN McCABE comes from Kenogami, Que., where he first saw the light of day on August 28, 1927. While a student at the Protestant High School he served as treasurer of the students' council and played on the hockey team. Although it would seem that he is handicapped by both "a very uninteresting past" and uncertain plans for the future, he is here to get his B.Sc., and to play hockey.

HOWARD LEONARD MCINTYRE was born in Sherbrooke on August 11, 1927. He was a student at Mitchell School and at Sherbrooke High. There he was a member of the cadet corps, active in dramatics, and in his final year, the feature editor of the "Dumbel". While studying for his B.Sc. degree at Bishop's, he hopes to be active in publications, sports(?), and poster work. He looks to a career in engineering. He prefers to keep his past experiences a secret.

LORNE FRANCIS MCKAY is a native of the Niagara Peninsula, having arrived in the pretty little town of Dunnville, Ont., on October 27, 1926. He attended Dunnville Public School, S.S. No. 4 Dunn Twnp., and the Dunnville High School. There he participated in rugby, volleyball, baseball, skating and basketball. He is here to study The-

ology in the B.A.(Th.) course and hopes to go to the mission fields. While he planned no activities when he completed the Mitre questionnaire, he seems to be extremely busy, and is Senior Freshman.

GORDON REID MOE first saw the light of day in Sherbrooke, Que., on February 11, 1928. He attended Mitchell School and the local high school. There he was active in the cadet corps, Hi-Y, advertising staff of the school magazine, and also played badminton. While preparing for his future work as an electrical engineer by taking the B.Sc. course, he plans to take part in bowling, hockey and badminton. He cannot recall any past experiences of interest.

WILLIAM LIDDON MURRAY was born in Quebec City on October 21, 1928. He received his education at Three Rivers High School but took no part in any activities. With plans for the future in the teaching profession, he is taking the B.A. course, and plans to write for college papers.

MAURICE NASSIF hails from Three Rivers, Que., where he was born on July 10, 1926. While a student at Three Rivers High School he took his share in extra-curricular activities by swimming and playing softball. He has made no activities plans while studying for his B.Sc., nor has he any definite plans for the future. His most interesting past experience was taking part in the Eastern Division regattas of the Canadian Canoe Association.

ROBERT ROY NEWTON has come to Bishop's from the Ottawa Valley town of Buckingham, where, he tells us, he attended Laing's School, No. 3, and the local high school. He played rugby and basketball there. He is studying for his B.A. degree and hopes to enter the ministry. He tells us nothing about his past experiences. And we wonder how he could have had time for any, because beyond all doubt he is the YOUNGEST freshman. According to his own statement, he was born on August 16, 1945.

GORDON SHEPARD PEABODY arrived in Sherbrooke on August 4, 1927. He was a student at Lawrence and Mitchell Schools and the Sherbrooke High School. At High School he was a member of the Glee Club, vice-president of the Students' Council, on the advertising staff of "The Dumbel", props builder for plays, in the cadet corps and the Hi-Y. While taking the B.Sc. (in Arts) as a basis for later studies in engineering and architecture, he expects to take part in dramatics and work on one or other of the publications.

GERALD STUART ROBERTS was born in Drummondville, Que., on September 13, 1927. He attended Riverview School and the Sherbrooke High School. There he played rugby, basketball, badminton and took part in track and field events. He has no plans for activities here at Bishop's while studying for his B.Sc. degree as a preparation for a career in chemical engineering.

GUY ROBICHAUD comes from across the border at Syracuse, N.Y., at which place he was born on May 12, 1925. He received his education at Notre Dame College, Montreal, where he was secretary of the graduating class. He is taking the B.Sc. course with a view to making chemical engineering his life work. The scope of his extra-curricular plans for his stay here are truly amazing—"anything I can do for the welfare of all". He quite refuses to tell us anything about the past.

JONATHAN ROBINSON was born in Montreal on May 21, 1929. He attended Roslyn School, Bishop's College School and Westmount High. His activities were dramatics and debating, and he expects to continue these while reading for his B.A. degree. For the future he plans to be a lawyer. He has said nothing about the past but somewhere, and we think only by a great deal of hard work, he has acquired considerable skill at an organ console.

JAMES THOMAS ROBSON names Quebec City as his birthplace, and the date as March 19, 1929. He attended schools in Maple Grove, Drummond, Inverness and Thetford Mines. His chief interest was public speaking but while taking his B.Sc. course here he plans to expand that to debating, tennis, ping-pong; and for the future he thinks of gaining a Ph.D. in chemistry.

JAMES RICHARD ROWLEY comes from East Angus, Que., where he was born on September 30, 1928. He attended East Angus High, taking part in track meets and playing hockey and softball. He plans after graduation here to go on in further studies for chemical engineering, so his course is for the B.Sc. degree. Yet he expects also to find time for skiing, and to play rugby, hockey and basketball. We can find out nothing about his past.

WILLIAM SCOTT was born in Grand'Mere, Que., on April 21, 1928. He was educated at Laurentide High School in Grand'Mere where he played on basketball, baseball and hockey teams. Quite casually reporting that his past included nothing out of the ordinary, and that he is also quite undecided about the future, he expects to gain his B.Sc. while here and to continue his former sporting activities.

DONALD WESTWOOD SMITH is a native of Three Rivers, Que., where he first made his appearance on July 8, 1928. His education was acquired in several centres in the Eastern Townships, namely Hatley where he was a student at the Intermediate School, at Bury (High School), and lastly at East Angus High. He may eventually take a divinity course but is at present studying for his B.A. He tells nothing of activities at school, of plans for such here, nor does he claim to have had any interesting past experi-

ences.

DOUGLAS EARL SNYDER arrived in Shawinigan Falls, Que., on August 27, 1927. He was a student at Shawinigan High School and there included hockey, softball, and basketball among his activities. While studying for a B.Sc. degree here, he plans to continue similar activities. For the future? —Commercial Art.

DESMOND NEIL STOKER names Montreal as his native city, and the date of his arrival there as June 4, 1927. He attended Selwyn House School in Montreal and Bishop's College School. His widely varied activities included rugby, hockey, cricket, skiing, dramatics, being head business manager for the B.C.S. Magazine, and Cadet-Major in the B.C.S. Cadet Corps. He was also a school prefect and head-boy. While not altogether sure about his future plans, he is taking the B.Sc. (Econ) course, and will try to fit into activities wherever there is a useful place for him. Among interesting past experiences, he recalls those gained while at B.C.S. in dramatics and publications.

DONALD HANSON WILSON is also a Montrealer by birth, which great event by the way, took place on April 9, 1927. He received his education at Appleby School at Oakville, Ont., and Trinity College School in Port Hope, Ont. His activities there were football, hockey, skiing, cricket, shooting, track, badminton, swimming, and boxing. While pursuing a B.A. course as a step toward a career in medicine, he hopes to continue in such of his former sporting activities as are followed at Bishop's.

GORDON HARRY S. ZAKAIB. It is probably not Gordon's fault that his surname causes him to be placed last (but we hope not least) among all the freshmen. He was born in Sherbrooke on May 17, 1928. He attended Central and Mitchell Schools and also the Sherbrooke High School. At the latter he played basketball, badminton and softball, and was also active in the Hi-Y, in fact served a term as president. Another prospective M.D. he is taking the B.Sc. course and also expects to take part in track meets and play basketball.

* *

Now you have met them all! From some you have learned of many interesting past experiences as well as high hopes for their future. You too, will surely say, "Here's to you, and you, and you. Good luck! Good health! And may you enjoy every success!"

In conclusion, may I express appreciation of the painstaking work done by the Woman Editor, Miss Ada Sutton, in introducing the co-eds.



MAN AT WORK

(And Christmas Coming Fast)

What with one thing and another - days before Christmas are hectic. . . . So much to do - and so little time to do it! If buying gifts for family and friends - getting the things you'll need to wear for holiday fun worries you, remember

Morgan's Shopping Service will gladly help.
Just drop a line, outlining what's on your mind . . . and Morgan's will submit answers!

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MONTREAL 2

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has it been so necessary
to take care of tomorrow
with the resources of
today. And that is exactly
what you do when you
become a policyholder
of the

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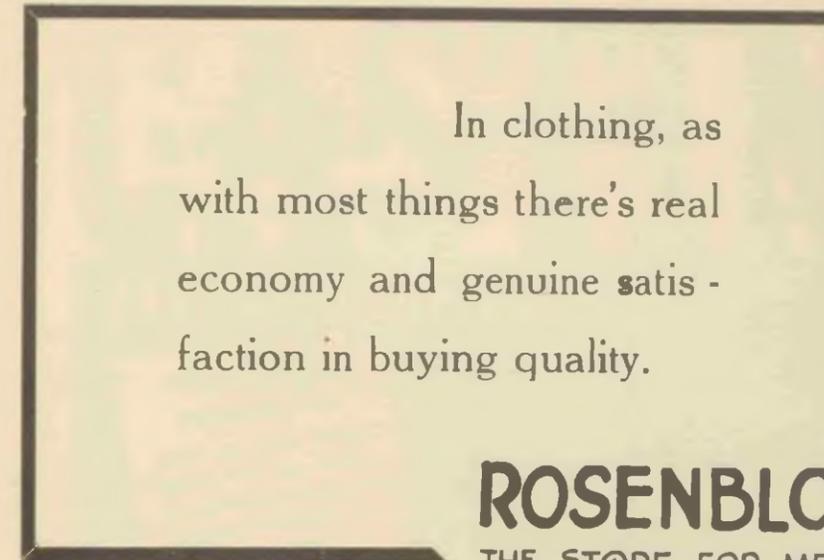
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Reliable DRUG STORE SERVICE

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OUR TELEGRAPH SERVICE

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In Sherbrooke and the Eastern Townships

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*We make the
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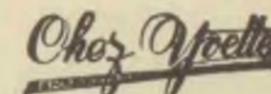
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Since the day of silk, however, science has wrought miracles in the creation of so-called "high tenacity" yarns whose inherent beauty and tensile strength are making possible previously undreamed-of visions of loveliness. When these new stockings become available, Orient* Beauti-Skin* will be the name to remember, as it has always been, for hosiery that represents the ultimate in beauty, style and wear.



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MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS



"Canada's two most popular characters
together again for your good cheer."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

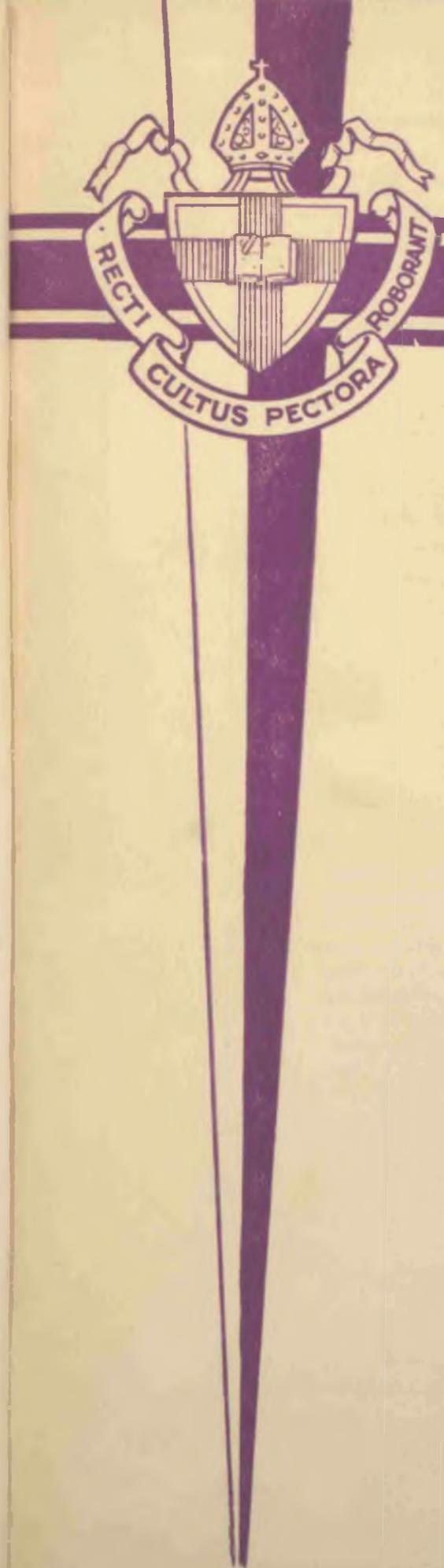




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The Mitre

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1946

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