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tures and degrees. Valuable Scholarships and Exhibitions. The
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The Mitre Board declines to be held responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.
"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 division 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.

DECEMBER, 1945

The German Navy

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 Reeder — he had been “promoted” to a leave 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 excelled in the same kind of loyalty, and exhibited the same sort of fraternity spirit and social unity as a college graduation class or ensemble of officers who entered the navy at the time he did.

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 “Verwaltungs” branch (an administrative group with more or less “paymaster” duties), and a “Waffen” (weapon) group specializing in either harbor defenses or torpedoes. There was a large group of “Marinairfahrerleutenants”, trained mainly for coastal defense and in close contact with the army, whose uniforms is fairly closely approximated. There were “pioneers” with army ranks and connections, a sprinkling of coastal defence and in close contact with the army, whose uniforms is fairly closely approximated. There were “pioneers” with army ranks and connections, a sprinkling 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 “Fähnrich”， “Oberfähnrich” (junior and senior midshipman), “Leutnant” (probationary sub-lieutenant) to “Oberleutnant” (sub-lieutenant) was a matter of some years. A “Kapitänleutnant” 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 “Slesien”. 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 tickled back into the navy at 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 subordinates commands, including inspection, tactical 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 "Schnorrell": had been lost. Others had proved to be active weapons. Over five hundred of the pampered U-boat fleet had gone down, and that along with diminishing numbers of the Germany's attrition had been left for a well-established invader. Disappearing areas of command, intricate and yet directed with a considerable clarity of purpose.

Parody on jabberwocky

CHARLES DAVIS

"T was Bishop's and the freshmen's troopers
  Did gyre and gimble in the hall
  All fashett were the borogroves
  And wailsh was the call.

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

He took his freshman sword in hand;
Long live the mansome far 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
One two! One two! And through and through
He left it dead, and with its head
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
'Twas Bishop's and the freshmantroves
In ecstasy were the borogroves
And stood a while in thought.

The Senior wock, with eyes of flame
The noble blade went snicker-snack!
He was ushered upon the hall
And walfish was the call.

"The jaws that bark, the laws that catch!
A.F. Davis course preparatory to studying engineering, he plans to include hockey and debating among extra-curricular activities. Among 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 chevreuse, France, and at Sir Patrick's High School, Sherbrooke, Que. He took part in no particular activities and plans but one at Bishop's—The "Froshblossoms". 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 Mount 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 Bretele- boro, Vt., as his birthplace and the date, April 3, 1921. He attended Grade Schools in Vermont, and later Smith's Falls Collegiate and Logan 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

DECEMBER, 1945

May We Present

In this, the Michaelmas issue of the Mitre, it is our privilege and pleasure to introduce to you the men and women who have joined "the family", at Bishop's University in 1941-46. 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 vouch-safed 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 Bishop 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 21, 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.""D. A. W. Banfill is also a son of the Eastern Townships studying at this University. 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 Bishop while studying for his B.A., and then to study engineering. He served in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Alex Cameron Frizzell is right at home for the claims Lenoxsow, Que., as his birthplace, 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".

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Philip Sidney Irwin was born "south of the border" (but not quite down Mexico way) for he names Breteleboro, Vt., as his birthplace and the date, April 3, 1921. He attended Grade Schools in Vermont, and later Smith's Falls Collegiate and Logan 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 bad­
minton. Much of his interesting past experiences can be
only hinted at, for quoting, "There is no room to tell all.
Active Service in the United Kingdom, France, North Af
tica, Sicily, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany, from
December 1939 to April 1945." And in introducing and
welcoming "Sid" we take pleasure also in presenting the
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 Consolidated School, Ascot Consolidated School
and Lennoville 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 Gatinean In
termediate School, his enrolment in Intermediate Teachers'
and French Specialists' courses at Macdonald College.
Anthony Failing Lee has enrolled here in the B.Sc.
(Econ) course after serving 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 Colle
giate and Ashbury College at Ottawa. There he took part
in football, hockey, cricket, softball, basketball, and bad
minton. 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 Sher
brooke, Que., as from May 10, 1920. He went to Bishop's
College School, there taking part in football, skating, cric
ter and debating; and finding time too to interest himself in
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 journalis
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out. While his plans are nebulous he may settle on journalis
m, drama, colour photography and "some other odds 'n' ends". He is to study for his B.A., but plans do not include much extra
of interest.
J. A. Tumlin was born in Quebec City on June 29,
1923. 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
academia. His preference for interested past experiences
is at least partly set aside by his wearing of an Active Ser
vice button.
John Charles Garrett while placed last among our
group of servicemen-students, is by no means the least.
Born in Ottawa, Ont., on July 18, 1915, he was edu
eated at the English High School in Hawkins and at the
University of Trinity College, Toronto. He occupied positions on the Literary Institute, Athletic Execu
tive, Toronto University Music Committee, and Trinity
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, New
foundland, on January 7, 1921, now makes his home in
nearby Bay, Que. He studied previously at Bishop's Colle
giate School where he took part in football, track and field,
gymnastics 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 Bellarias, New
foundland, on December 14, 1917, but came to Quebec to
receive his education at Johnson Memorial High in Thet
ford Mines. He was exceptionally busy there, being editor of
the English page of a French weekly, taking part in dra
matics, playing basketball and acting as a patrol leader in the
Scouts. While in uniform he edited several service pa
pers at R.C.A.F. stations in Canada and England, served
on station executives, directed entertainments and forums,
bride, 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 Carleton, Ontario, and a small country school for his 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 Staple is a native of nearby Cook
shire, 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 "ex­
tras" were hockey, football and basketball. While he con
tinues work for his B.A., preparatory to taking up dentis
try, he expects to find time for football and hockey. He
claims, modestly enough, to have had no past experiences
of interest.
DECEMBER, 1945
Whither Britain?

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 achieved. The federal type of union is best shown by the Holy Roman Empire—another 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 flag of religion by such Popes as Gregory XIII or Innocent III, but the de
velopment 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 powers. 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 small territorial privileges. Out of this situation, states evolved the political doctrine of the balance of
power in Europe.

Two nations or groups of nations allied for the attain
ment 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 inevi
tably 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 the was in Europe, yet not of it, Britain for a
long time held the European balance of power. Compar
atively invulnerable to attack, possessed of a strong navy,
and one of the wealthiest nations in the world, her alliance was easily bought by all 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 Success
ion, Britain supported Austria against France and Prussia.
Eight years later in the Seven Years' War she sided with
France against Britain 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 Nether
lands for France led to a coalition against him in the days of
William III and again in the reign of Queen Anne dur
ing the war of the Spanish Succession.

The bumbling 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 al
ways an enemy of Britain, as you would be led to believe by the daily press and others 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 re
mainder of the nineteenth century joint action was often
taken by Britain and Prussia; nor should it be forgotten that
Bismarck would have been quite glad to make an alliance with Britain, and his desire was echoed by many in Britain
himself.

We now turn to the present day. Another great war has
passed over us, a war that has not only eliminated 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 dis
ances makes larger groupings for defence essential.

Once more we must come down from the high pedes
tals 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 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 everything to a head. The subsequent gatherings of the officials of the "united nations" have done nothing to dispel the feeling that we have not yet achieved the international unity necessary to secure permanent peace.

"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 Altai-Lorraine from France by Germany in 1871 made a revanche inevitable, is it not equally possible that the end of the war marks the end of their interest in the future, and 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 as 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 better 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 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 indicate an end of the peak. (Continued on page 24)

**Remember Abbergele?**

G. A. HURLEY

*Originally intended as "Abbeagle" but unfortunately in the Lenten issue 1944 Beck's saw fit to make her "Abbergele". However it is of no consequence so "leave it lay"—she is the same Abbe(e)(g)ale(e).*

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

Wal, hello people... Wal, hello Mabel dearie! I haven't seen you for quite a while you know, I wonder who you know except me. Do you know that I've been keeping myself, fer lan's sake? No—not down there, that's Tommy's chair. Tommy—that's my darlin' kithen. He keeps me company when I'm all alone.

Wall, 8-J night they was throwin' a little celebration down to the war factory I worked at for 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 out soes I looked purty good, if I do say so myself! I had a bit more of vaude and scarlet deer, and just comin' to my knees. I wore my new green shoes, I rouged a bit an' powdered a bit an' I was wearin' my hair loose with just a touch of henna to bring out the highline. I hed shaved half a bottle of "Midnite and all" perfum in my hair an' put a little on my ears. Thet perfum, Mabel, is the nevers thing an' quite costly—'t's guaranteed to git results an' it probably had somethin' to do with my excitin' evnin'.

Lately I've been takin' that new "La Gare du Sure Succes Course" in beautifin' an' even tho my legs are bowed a little, I've since been laid-off—an I went down to jine in the merrymakin'.

Wal, I got there so late I could make more of a depression. I seen right away that this was a mistake! Everybuddy was wearin' merry an' didn't even see me come in.

We set down on a chair at the side an' I took a little to git a little attention. I instantly took out a pack of cigarettes an' waved them in the air a couple of times befor takin' one, but no-buddy noticed so I made the big plunge an' lit up. I soon tasted funny but I seen everybody breathin' in, so I breathed in too. That was my mistake! I started in coughin' an' couldn't quit til a nice gentleman got me a glass of water. Course I was awfie sweet to him—he was handsome—but after he took it I was O.K. he said it Figgerin' the light was purty strong there, I moved to a darker corner.

Right beside me, jest by coincidence, was a rather weatherbeast lookin' character. He was wearin' a navy blue suit an' looked about my age an' fairly prosperous, but kinda lonely so I decided to be friendly an' talked to him.

I asssed 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 asssed what her name was but I didn't know her. I thought he looked as though I'd seen him befor (er' the first time) kinda funny an' shrank back in his corner a lil' further. My name, Mabel, he was shy!

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

I asssed him what his work was, wus who he was from, what he thought of the war, whether he'd prefer young women to more mature types and his favorite movie star. This 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 alius liked Yankees and not adverse to warmin' men either, not as tho I'd had anythin' to do with 'em before, but "while there's life there's hope", eh Mabel? About now he says he has to go to camp, I says "How about yer sister?" "Aw," he says, "she's probably shakin' by now and wouldn't even know me anymore!" "Wal," I says, (and giggle) "I've got to go too so we might's well go together." He shrugs.

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

I asssed him in, he shrugs politely and follers me in. We sets down in the front room. I complains about 'een a lil' chilly so he says, "Take a shot of this, it's warm!" and he
They Also Serve—And How!

He was just one of those high-priced "stogies" 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, up-holstered, 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 planning 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.

Joe but his tone was tantamount to the same thing. 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!

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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 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!)

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Suddenly, one morning, into the odorous office (the staff had inadvertently pitched the tent over an old Boche "deposita excreta") splashing mud in all directions, swooped the Brigadier. Hurriedly cooed "Good morning, Sir" 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 startled at the prospect of liberating the town all by himself (let alone running the gauntlet of indiscriminate Greek fire) timeously 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 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!)

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

"Right away", came the imperative reply. "I have just come from T (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. So, feeling like those other "Joes" of the Light Brigade, he strapped 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 here into sight, barded, smouldering and sinister-looking. The battlements of one of Italy's oldest cities looking pretty "weedy"—and full of enough sniper holes to cover an host of riflemen.

Straight into the heart of the city of 10,000 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 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 a feat!). Pooling courage, together they made a dash for the jeep in nothing flat. There the driver joined him (quite 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 house but I can’t budge him, so I jest leaves him lay an’ goes to sleep. I tries to wake him up, an’ git him out of the bed feelin’ in high fetter. All at once he shudders kinda funny an’ clamps his head. Then I remembers!—my betrothed is downstairs!... (?),” and beats it.

Next’ mornin’, tho, I wake up with a turrible feelin’ in my head. Then I remembers!—my betrothed is downstairs! I goes down an’ wakes him up. He looks at me an’ groans. I suppose he wusn’t feeling so good neither. He seem to want to go, but I pursuades him to stay to dinner. He says, “That’s some­thing I’ll niver forgit, Abbergale!” I sighs contentedly but 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 pursuades him to stay to dinner. He says, “That’s some­thing I’ll niver forgit, Abbergale!” I sighs contentedly but... (Continued from page 13)

REMEMBER ABBERGALE?—

(Continued from page 13)

hault a big bottle of brown liquid out of an inside pocket. I assed him what it was. He says, this here’s “Liqueur 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 perite. 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— I supposes he wusn’t feeling so good neither. He seem to want to go, but I pursuades him to stay to dinner. He says, “That’s some­thing I’ll niver forgit, Abbergale!” I sighs contentedly but... (Continued from page 13)

I has a still sharper movement from Joe that found him under a feat!). Pooling courage, together they made a dash for the jeep in nothing flat. There the driver joined him (quite 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 Greek’s war, they each chose one and settled down for a short siesta.

It was a pleasant nap, brought to an slight 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.

THE MITRE

DECEMBER, 1945

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 foe book 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 piercing 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.
Who Will Settle Your Estate?

A year or more is required to settle the average Estate. During that period the skill of the Executor will many times be tested. The Estate will be settled promptly and economically when the Executor is diligent and competent.

Will your Executor have the specialized knowledge and experience required for the expeditious and efficient administration of your Estate?

The service rendered by this Company as Executor and Trustee is the outcome of years of continuing experience. Such experience offers assurance of an understanding and capable management of an Estate.

You may feel free to consult officers of our Estate Department. An invitation is extended to you to do so.

Sherbrooke Trust Company
Sherbrooke, Que.
frightful cold to move. When the first shock of the chill had passed away, he slowly got up and an agonizing stab of shattering pain shot through his left ankle, and he collapsed with a shrick 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—the maple that they had mined 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 laugh. He limped away but slipped and fell a third time, striking his head a sharp blow against their frozen body of a man was found under it. On his forehead was inscribed with silvery moonlight, settled peacefully down the icy 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 and an agonizing stab of shattering pain shot through his left ankle, and he collapsed with a shrick 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—the maple that they had mined 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 laugh. He limped away but slipped and fell a third time, striking his head a sharp blow against their frozen body of a man was found under it. On his forehead was inscribed with silvery moonlight, settled peacefully down the icy water up to his neck, too paralysed and terrified by the
An Early Morning Watch

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 sea 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 ship’s flats. He was good-looking, if a few freckles didn’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 ex-cus­todian 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 the sea was rough with swells that often covered the quarterdeck. Changing his clothes for something dry, he missed something on the starboard side. What he saw was a German U-boat breaking surface. In a matter of seconds Trev phoned the bridge and the men 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 understood, 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 war sick 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 “killace 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 grabbed 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 found 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 Gaspe Coast  Miss MARY HAMILTON

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

The Gaspe Peninsula is roughly two hundred and twelve miles long extending from Cap Gaspe to Matapedia. This coast contains many interesting facts and quite an account of the country, its mountains, rivers and industries. There are thirty-five thousand people in the county of Gaspe. Gaspe 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 Gaspe 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". Further north are the Bonaventure and Grand Cascapedia rivers which are also noted for good salmon fishing. There is also a Grand Cascapedia Hatchery. Young salmon are called grillets whistled over Trev's head and he saw two of his gunnery. There is a large Grand Cascapedia Hatchery. Young salmon are called grillets or grilles. Before the World War II many American tourists toured the Gaspe 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 Passiac. 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 Perce; although there are other places along the coast. Perce draws the attraction of most tourists because of the Perce 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. hall's river was named after George Hall, a German spy who 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 Gaspe Peninsula contributed more recruits according to population than any other part of Canada.

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The tourist centre on the coast is Perce; although there are other places along the coast. Perce draws the attraction of most tourists because of the Perce 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. hall's river was named after George Hall, a German spy who 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 Gaspe Peninsula contributed more recruits according to population than any other part of Canada.
Dilemma

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

A worker is one
Who seldom is 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.

THE MITRE

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Page 26

The reader is introduced to a polyglot company of Eurasians, Chinese, Japanese, British and Americans—in almost dizzying succession. Throughout the book the author gosts—rather delightfully, though—about everything 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 naïve manner of writing sustain the interest through some four hundred pages, and provide refreshing entertainment—for one evening at least.

Farming . . . . Ah-h

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 Nush 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 as 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 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 racks, 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 wide 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 unsatisfied 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 unhygienic amount of sweat required as well.

Let us consider the modern hay loader. "Beautiful machine," says the ignorant, "No more pitching for the farm hand." The fact is that the wonderful loader leaves much to be wished for. Others, I believe 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 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-break ing 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-boat. Wonderful, ain't it? Just takes off a load of hay without any effort at
THE MITRE

all. No more old-fashioned hand pitching up into the left. Marvelous, that is, if you forget about the other end of the cycle. What happens when this contraption dumps the hay in the left? (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 scrunching hot barn-roof is the nearest thing to hell man has thought of. If you wish to lose ten pounds (and your temper) try this job in a really full left. Hay seeds tear the skin from your back, thistles tear the skin 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 criticisms should really be taken with a grain of the traditional salt.

A Visit To The Dentist

The mediaeval torturers had me in their grip. In desperation I struck out at them; my hand met unyielding tooth. It felt terrible! Groping for the light-switch I finally awoke with a start. A Visit To The Dentist

Miss JANE FARRAR

DECEMBER, 1945

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 hairy 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'Universite 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 probably doing nothing, 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 campaign 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 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 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

Trinity College School Record

Mager High School "Adventyre"

B. C. S. Magazine

Revue de l'Universite d'Ottawa

King's College Record

Queen's Review

McGill Daily

The Manitoban

Macdonald College Journal

Queen's Journal

The Argory Weekly, Mount Allion

The Silhouette, McMaster University

Loyola

Dalphouse Gazette

Quartier Latin, U. of Montreal

Le Carabin, Laval

The Manitoban

The Ashburian

The Brunswickian

University of Liverpool Guild Gazette

Corkingdon 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 Saug 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, but 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 a thing once and did not succeed she would not try again; if she tried

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Carol loved 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 Mullin—it may have been an actual event which had interested 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

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MRS. MARY HALL

DECEMBER, 1941

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 without still score registered. Caught on our 20-yard line by the heavy Athletics squad, Howe 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, Loyalist, 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 directors 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 vigorous and 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 shown 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.
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, setting 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 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 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 Asellin 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 to Bishop's goal line and in the dying minutes of the game, Butting forward line proved very effective ably 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. Rainy 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 the tally. 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 9-12.

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 effective 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 league plans to hold their games every two weeks starting 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, Dawson Mills, W.V.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. Raymon; 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 ties. 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. 1, on the rugby field and the event proved very successful with a large crowd out to lend support to

The university cagers bowed to the Bishop's 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.
SPORTING HEADQUARTERS
BADMINTON . HOCKEY . RUGBY . SKIING
GOLF . TENNIS . FISHING . HUNTING

* GLASS . CROCKERY . COAL . COKE . FUEL OIL

J. S. Mitchell & Co. Limited
78-80 Wellington St. N.
Sherbrooke, Que.

DECEMBER, 1945

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 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 1/5 secs.)
880-yd. dash—Sanders, Harrington, Kelley (Time: 2 mins. 38 3/5 sec.)
Discus throw—Burton, Sutherland, Day (Dist. 90' 10")
Shot put—Burton, Sanders, McGovern (Distance 39')
220-yd. dash — McGovern, Bascom, Budning (Time: 26 1/5 secs.)
Mile run—Harrington, Kelley, Graham (Time: 6 mins. 20 secs.)

The aggregate winners for the afternoon were McGovern, Sanders and Sutherland with 17 1/4, 16 1/4 and 10 1/2 points respectively.

TABLE TENNIS

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

ers 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 cap-
tain 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 Lafon-
taine, Barbara Stevenson, Margaret Ann Forbes, Betty Rid-
dell, 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!

In spite of small flaws, however, the general impression created by the novel is very good. The small-town weak-
nesses 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 en-
vironment. 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

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.

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 con-
ditions and custom—any provincial town.
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 Oteawa 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. '31, 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.

ROTHENBY—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.

TANNERBAUM-ESCHENBERG—Miss Ruth A. Eschenberg, B.A. '40, and Mr. Phillip Sheppard Tannerbaum were married on June 17 at the summer home of the bride's parents at Little Lake.

ROTHENBY-ROBERTSON—Audrey E. Robertson and Mr. George L. Rothney, B.Sc. '42, were married on August 11 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.

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

BOYLE-MACPHERSON—Frances J. MacPherson and Flt.-Lieut. T. P. Boyle, B.Sc. '42, were married on May 16 in Regina, Saskatchewam.

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

Edith by C. C. WATSON

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APPs-CHEBAN—Miss Ann Cheban and Rev. H. L. Apps,
B.A. '41, were married in July in the Church of Saint John the Evangelist in Montreal.

OSBORN-SCHWARTZ — Jacqueline Ann Schwartz, B.A. '37, and Captain John Somerset Osborne, M.C., were married on Sunday, June 24, in Temple Emmanu-El, Westmount.

ADAMS-MALLARD — On St. Peter's Day, June 29, Miss Gladys C. L. Mallard and Rev. Leon B. G. Adams, B.A. '41, were married by the Lord Bishop of Ossawa in St. John's Church, Smith's Falls.

Deaths

NAYLOR—On Sunday, 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. '21.

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, Staffordshire, 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.C. '34, was reported killed in action on May. His rise in the army had been steady 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.

Appointments

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

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

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

Rev. William R. Washburn, L.S.T. '43, 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. '43, after nearly 3 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. (Nitty) Watts, B.A. '24, has been appointed Principal of the Town of Mount Royal High School.

Donald Ratteray, 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 Rollett, L.S.T. '31, has been granted a year's leave of absence from the Diocese of Montreal to study in 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. Creegan, 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. Huntten, 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 abolition last year.

Alumni attending our Summer School included Audrey Achan, B.A. ('44); Anne Heath, B.A. ('44); Agnes Stevens, B.A. ('36); Geraldine Law, B.A. ('38); Ruth Selezman, (Education Class '40); George Rothney, B.Sc. ('43); Gordon Samson, B.Sc. ('42); Bill Heath, B.A. ('43); Burton Carr (Education Class '40).

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 Bronte Country.

Major John Wood, B.A. '29, 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. Donaldson, B.A. '32, of Black Lake, Que. She was the Dr. A. D. Campbell Prize.

Lient. 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.

MAY WE PRESENT—— (Continued from page 10)

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 retrace their former place in university life.

William Blackstock
Edmond de Lobiemiere "Pete" MacDarrach
Cyril Watson
G. H. (Han) (and Mrs. Day)

HERE COME THE CO-EDS

GENE MARTIN

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 Roscos blazing, he gets slightly suspicious, as does Mrs. Macbeth who is pretty superstitious about such things as blazing Roscos, being so much put out by the whole show in fact that she up and sees the old backer over from about the "49 and License does not go on he is so inclined. This is not to be however, as one of the lads whips out and prgs 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've still tossing the sober people out of Sceno.

DECEMBER, 1945

Nursing Sister Barbara Carr, B.A. '31, is now stationed at the R.C.A.F. Hospital at Gander, Newfoundland.

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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. (Trinity) 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 retrace their former place in university life.

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THE MITRE
DECEMBER, 1941
Page 41

secure its plans to become a librarian.

Barbara Anne Stevenson has spent most of her life with her family in Sherbrooke. 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. As she takes her B.A. degree but is undecided as to what she will do after graduation. Mary Elizabeth Winwall 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 Asha 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. As for past experiences, interesting or otherwise, he is grimly silent.

Richard Bunnbury 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. What of what's left? 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 St. Bonaventure College. While a student there he took part in many extra-curricular projects. These included track and field, 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.

Brigah Groenvold Day comes from Canada's great metropolis—Montreal, where he was born on September 2, 1928. He attended the High School and Bishop's College. At each school he participated in sports and dramatics. While at Bish to study for a B.Sc. (Econ) degree...
grew he hopes to take part in everything, but on second
thought confines his ambitions to sports, debating, dra­
matic and publications work. After graduation he would
like to engage in work concerned with commerce or in­
volving travelling. Among his interesting past experiences
he recalls roles in plays presented at B.C.S.

He recalls fishing trips at Riv River, and nearly making a hole-in-one, as interesting
past experiences.

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

Jay Dunham Jolin was born in Sherbrooke on July 1, 1925. He took part in all sports while a student at Sher­
brooke High but does not expect to take part in any activi­
ties while studying here for his B.Sc. with a view to be­
coming an engineer.

Clarence D. Kendall is another of the Sherbrooke clan at Bishop's this year. He was born here on June 11, 1928, but travelled to other points in the Eastern Towns­
ships to gain his education at Milby District School, Ascot Con­
sidering his athletic bent, it's a little uncertain but he may
engage in forestry work.

Robert Edward Graham tells us that Trois Rivieres
was his birthplace on December 22, 1924. He attended
school at St. Lambert, Que., and Ouelas, Ont. He was
engaged in school magazine, school band and the
and dance committees. While here taking the B. course as a 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.

As an interesting experience he recalls a return non-stop
flight from Moncton, N.B., to Goose Bay, Labrador.

Robert Frederick Guir is born in Three Rivers, Que., on July 7, 1926. He attended Laurentide High School in Grand'Mere, Que., where taking part in track, basketball, badminton, skiing, golf, track and field, and also served as a secretary-treasurer of the students' council. While at Bish­

on August 22, 1927. While attending Westmount High School he served as treasurer of the students' council, on the advertising staff of "The Dumbell" and in dramatics. He is the YOUNGEST freshman. According to his own

Statement, he was born on August 16, 1945.

Gordon Reid McCall 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 Nazier 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 regatta of the Canadian Canoe Association.

Robert Roy Newton has come to Bishop's from the Ouelas 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 lived beyond all doubt that he is the YOUNGEST freshman. According to his own
statement, he was born on August 16, 1941.

Gordon Shepard Peacock arrived in Sherbrooke on August 4, 1927. He was a student at Lawrence and Mit­
cnell 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 Drumlummon" and cadet and in his final year, he was editor-in-chief of the "Dumbell". While studying for his B.Sc. degree at Bishop's, his hope is to active in publica­
tions, sports (hockey, badminton, track and field) and poster work. He looks to a career in engineering. He prefers to keep his past experiences secret.

Lorne Francis McKay is a native of the Niagara Pen­
sinsula, having arrived in the pretty little town of Dunn­
ville, Ont., on October 27, 1926. He attended Dunnville Public School, where he was a member of the Dunnville High School. There he participated in rugby, volleyball, basketball, skating and basketball. He is here to study The­
ology in the B.A. (Th.) course and hopes to get to basis of the field. While he plans no activities when he com­
pletely the Mitre questionnaire, he seems to be extremely

burly, and is Senior Freshman.

October 21, 1928. While attending Westmount High School he served as treasurer of the students' council and played on the hockey team. Although it would seem that he is handi­
capped by both "a very uninteresting past" and uncertain
future are uncertain.

Horne 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 and dramatics councils, and in his final year, he was the feature editor of the "Dumbell". While studying for his B.Sc. degree at Bishop's, his hope is to active in publica­
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future are uncertain.
Guy Robichaud comes from across the border at Syracuse, N.Y., at which place he was born on May 12, 1921. 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 Robinson 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 Harley 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 experiences.

Douglas Earl Smythe 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, sking, 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 Montréaler 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. Zakais. 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 waving 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 pains-taking work done by the Woman Editor, Miss Ada Sutton, in introducing the co-eds.

What with one thing and another—days before Christmas are hectic. . . . So much to do—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

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DECEMBER, 1945

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<td>Ross-Biron Electric Co.</td>
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<td>Sherbrooke Auto Electric</td>
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<td>Sherbrooke Laundry</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sherbrooke Pure Milk Co.</td>
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<td>Sherbrooke Trust Co.</td>
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<td>Sun Life of Canada</td>
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<td>Union Screen Plate</td>
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<td>Wharram Bros.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilson &amp; Son, H. C.</td>
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