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The Mitre

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For the duration of the war, The MITRE is published three times a year: in the Michaelmas term, Lent term and Trinity term, by the Students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Subscriptions: One year, one dollar; two years, one seventy-five; three years, two fifty. Address all communications concerning Advertising to the Advertising Manager.

Editorial

As time moves relentlessly on, so does the history of Bishop's, and now another chapter is unfolding itself; not quite as gay as in the years gone by but at the same time its still good old Bish, through and through. This year, that carefree spirit which formerly characterized campus life, is tempered by the thought of those who have left to fight for the right to freedom which makes this way of life possible. Taking their place, and adding a note of gaiety is a new class of freshmen and freshettes to whom we extend a hearty welcome. It is to these young men and women we dedicate this issue of the *Mitre*.

We want to take this opportunity to say that we are proud of those who upheld the traditions of Bishop's, by laying aside their studies and travelling west, en masse, to help solve the harvesting problem. To our knowledge, no other college can boast of closing its doors and sending every able-bodied student to do his bit. The suddenness with which this proposal was presented to us and the readiness of our boys to accept was heart-warming. This, coupled with the good showing they made proves that there is still plenty of spirit in good old Bish. Mute evidence of their taking the West to heart presented itself in the form of a variety of rodeo hats worn by the eastern "hombres" parading in the city streets and threshing in the fields. The experiences afforded by this expedition were many and invaluable among which were travelling, good hard work and living the western way. We feel that congratulations are in order for those other universities, who in their turn loaned their services to make the whole scheme a success.

The martial tone of the bugle sounds again as once more the O.T.C. commences for another year. As the war is being brought nearer to home, more and more emphasis is laid on this essential extra-curricular activity. Week-end schemes and more intensive field-training will distinguish the programme of this year from that of other years. The Reserve Officer's qualifying course has been replaced by the more practical training of future sergeants. Under the effi-

cient guidance of Major Church we hope to attain a higher standard of work than in the previous years. Our Junior Officers, though inexperienced, are shouldering their new responsibilities with much enthusiasm and we are sure that they will expend their efforts tirelessly instructing their platoons.

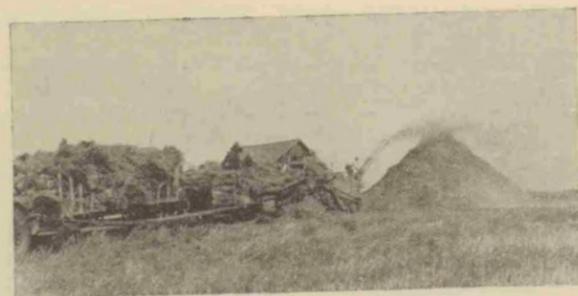
This year, the war caught up with our traditional coffee-talks and the drinking of this beverage is now confined to the dining-room. At the same time, the usual row of cars outside the buildings has dwindled to a paltry few, driven by those living in outlying districts. So far, no complaints have been heard regarding these vital rationing measures. On the contrary, we are glad to be able to contribute to the war effort along these lines.

It is stated that the purpose of the *Mitre* is "to encourage creative literary activity among the members of the Students' Association". The staff of the *Mitre* in doing its utmost, finds it impossible to fulfill this purpose without the full co-operation of the student body. Partly due to the limited time allowed in which to prepare this issue and also partly due to the lack of co-operation from the student body, too few articles have been received. We hope that in the next *Mitre*, more talent will be brought to light and that more interest will be taken in its publication.

We all miss the able lecturing of Prof. Burt who has retired from his position of Professor of Philosophy. This vacancy has been filled by Prof. Childs. At the same time, we are happy to report that Prof. Boothroyd, now in good health, has returned to his post as Professor of History.

The *Mitre* Board wishes to welcome back Dr. Vial and Dr. Raymond as Honorary President and Vice-President respectively. It also takes this opportunity to wish its readers and advertisers a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years.

L. E. B. W.



Canada and the British Empire

Prof. W. O. RAYMOND

During the course of his address at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London on November 10, Mr. Churchill said: "We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." This statement of Great Britain's prime minister was shortly afterwards vigorously criticized by Mr. Wendell Willkie. He referred to Mr. Churchill as one who "has in the last few days seemingly defended the old imperialistic order and declared to a shocked world, 'We mean to hold our own'."

Mr. Willkie's words recall an admonition to England written by the Editor of *Life* which stirred up considerable controversy. In this, Great Britain was reminded that the United States was not fighting this war to preserve the British Empire, and that it behoved England to take cognizance of certain ideals animating America in the present conflict. The editorial was not I feel malicious—its weaknesses were rather those of ignorance and smugness. It was far from representing the best spirit in the United States, and some of the keenest rebuttals of the article were printed in American newspapers.

No intelligent person would dispute that the elemental issues of this war involve something vaster and even more important than the preservation of the British Commonwealth of nations. We are engaged in a titanic world struggle in which the sacred liberties of humanity are at stake. Democracy, religion, the civilization of mankind are deeply involved, and these mighty interests undercut everything else. But this is quite a different thesis than maintaining that the British Empire is an obsolete institution, which must be swept away in order that the brave new world we dream of may be brought to birth; or that the principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter are incompatible with the continued existence of that Empire. In answering the editorial published in *Life*, Vernon Bartlett, while stoutly maintaining that his countrymen were actuated by those lofty humanitarian ideals which they were blandly assumed to be ignorant of, added that they were also fighting for the British Empire, "because the British Empire is worth fighting for."

But my purpose is to turn nearer home. What will be Canada's relationship to the British Empire after the war? Roughly speaking there are three divergent opinions concerning this.

First we have the ideas of the absolute isolationists. Canada is to be an independent, self-contained nation, without political affiliations with any other power. This point

of view is most frequently represented in French Canada. Second we have the point of view of those who believe that Canada is to be drawn into the Pan-American orbit, more particularly that of the United States. Third there is the belief that Canada is to continue to work out her destiny as an integral part of the British Empire.

With our long experience of incorporation in the British Empire, it is strange to find fundamental misconceptions of its basic nature still so rife amongst certain elements of our Canadian population. Mr. Willkie's phrase, "the old imperialistic order" may serve to illustrate one of these fallacies. It ignores any distinction between past and present. It tacitly assumes that the British Empire has been in *statu quo* throughout the centuries, instead of representing a vast evolutionary political and social development. So far as Canada, Australia, and South Africa are concerned, they are now members of the family of a great Commonwealth of Nations. Within the fabric of the Empire they enjoy absolute freedom. They are bound together not by external compulsion but by a mutual partnership whose obligations are voluntary. Edmund Burke, that great prophet of the British Empire, foresaw the day when the ties between its component parts should be "as light as air though as strong as steel." Great Britain as the historic home of the Anglo-Saxon race, as the shrine of its literature, its ancient traditions, remains the core and centre of the Empire, but wields no outward authority over the self-governing nations allied with her.

The old colonial relationship of Canada to the mother country is a thing of the past, so far as political and social legislation is concerned. Since there will always be people who continue to try to live in the past, it may survive as an obscurantist attitude of mind both in England and Canada. Arrogance in maintaining this attitude on the one hand, provokes hyper-sensitiveness on the other. Any reference to our Dominion as a colony is like a red rag to a bull from the point of view of a Canadian. Yet hyper-sensitiveness may be as great a fault as sycophancy. Naturally, there is a sense in which our primary allegiance is to Canada. We certainly wish to be regarded as Canadians, not a pseudo-Englishmen. Nor need this weaken our sentiments of love and affection for the mother country. These are not less strong because the ancestors of some of us happened to be Elizabethan, not Victorian or Georgian, Englishmen, though this has occasionally been represented to us as a misfortune. Yet I am afraid that there are still a considerable number of Canadians who go about deliberately

beating a man of straw. They talk about the humiliation of our colonial position. They refer to our subjection to Great Britain. They assert that it is high time we cast off our leading strings. In all of this they ignore the fact that they are dwelling in the past, refusing to recognize the present status of that Commonwealth of Nations which constitutes the soul of the British Empire as it now exists.

What is the British Empire? In the first place it is the product not of an abstract theory or a merely idealistic dream. It is the embodiment of something tried, tested, and matured by close contact with life and reality throughout the course of hundreds of years of time. It is, up to the present, the most adequate realization in the sphere of actuality and practical politics of that ideal of human organization which is the goal of humanity. It unites the principle of individual liberty with that of social cooperation, discipline, loyalty and service. A group of free nations, each sovereign in its own right, voluntarily subordinate their selfish interests to the welfare and well being of the mighty corporate Empire to which they belong. This unity is not mechanical like that of a house of bricks, each member of which is reduced to an identical pattern. It is an organic unity like that of the human body, in which the hand, the foot, the eye, have each independence and variety of function, yet draw their sustenance and their life blood from the body as a whole. The unity of animate Nature is always organic, not the uniformity of a dead mechanism; and the British Empire may be said to be a product of Nature, its roots, trunk, and foliage springing from the soil of history, the rich fruitage of old father Time.

It is easy from the point of view of the abstract idealist to point out shortcomings, errors, even crimes, in the course of that long evolution which the British Empire has passed through. No vision of man can come to grips with reality, and be unsullied by the clay of human life with which it

works. The strength of the Anglo-Saxon race is that its idealism has gone hand in hand with the keenest perception of fact and reality:

"And ever they are dreamers,
Who make the dream come true."

Yet if we soberly estimate the *fait accompli* of the British Empire as a whole, I believe that the recital of its blunders and its misdeeds will be as dust in the balance by comparison with its contribution to human civilization, and its noble and spiritual gifts to the life of mankind.

Matthew Arnold was at times a keen critic of his countrymen and their political and social institutions. But on one occasion, after referring to attacks made upon his country by foreign writers, particularly in Germany, he suddenly turned away from them to pen the following tribute to Britain and her Empire:

"So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.
Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well-nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate."

Owing to exigencies of space I have not attempted to deal with those portions of the British Empire, of which India is the outstanding example, that have not yet attained full self-government. This subject, if treated, would have to be the theme of another article.



Introducing

Freshettes

LUCY HAZEL BOWN. Lucy was born on June 29, 1925, in Fitch Bay, Que. She attended Bury High School, where she seems to have occupied herself with playing badminton and dancing. She intends to continue these through Bishop's if she achieves the exalted position of passing a partial B.A. After graduation Lucy wants to be an intermediate teacher. As to any past experiences, Lucy wishes to keep a strict silence.

HELEN GERTRUDE CROOK. On January 5, 1925, Helen was born in the far distant metropolis of Ayer's Cliff, Que. She attended the local High School, where it would appear that she was one of the outstanding athletes, being an ardent member of the badminton, softball and hockey teams. While at Bishop's, she will confine herself to basketball as well as being a member of the exclusive girls' club, known by all as "Petunia Pig". After having acquired a B.A. degree, she hopes to follow up a career of travelling aimlessly around, with the hope of finding a suitable mate. This indeed she herself admits as being in the far distant future. As one might expect from the disposition of such a wondering character, interesting past experiences are best forgotten.

JESSIE KATHERINE EWING. This prominent individual was born in Melbourne, Que., on September 13, 1925. She attended Melbourne, and St. Francis College High Schools, where she sang in the Glee Club. She intends to exercise these vocal talents to a greater or lesser extent here, as well as becoming a member of the Petunia Pig Club. Of course as all respectable freshettes, Kay is studying for a B.A. after which she intends to go on a travelling tour of the continent.

EDITH LEAH EDGAR. Edy is a Sherbrooke girl, although born in Montreal on January 1, 1926. Having attended North Ward, Mitchell School and Sherbrooke High, she emphasizes that her activities consisted of *studying only*. She intends to confine her activities while at Bishop's to dramatics, music and last but foremost indeed, *men*. Her conspicuous talents in this latter field have already become quite evident to most of us. Edy is another promising Arts student at Bishop's who believes in hitching her wagon to the moon. After having acquired a B.A. she intends to go on and qualify for an M.A. After graduation she hopes to follow up a muscle building course, which she ascertains will eventually enable her to challenge Charles Atlas in person. Draw your own conclusions, but interesting past experiences are censored.

MURIEL LUCY GETTY. Muriel, a Lennoxville girl, was born in Tomofobia on February 26, 1926. She attended Ascot Consolidated and Lennoxville High School where her activities seemed to have been confined to basketball. At Bishop's she intends to ski as well as study for a B.Sc. degree in Economics. After graduation, she intends to teach.

DOROTHY MILDRED HAMILTON. This blossoming freshette hails from Sawyerville, Que., from where she seems to have first seen light on December 28, 1923. She attended that imposing edifice commonly known to all as Sawyerville High where she skied, played hockey, as well as being time-keeper on the local softball team. Now, in these honoured portals, she feels that she must drop all sports and seek after true knowledge by studying for a B.A. After graduation she plans to inherit an immense fortune with which she is determined to put to good use. Interesting past experiences are indeed a closed book.

MARGARET CATHERS HAMILTON—was also born in Sawyerville, Que., on April 25, 1925. Following in sister Dot's footsteps she attended Sawyerville High School, played precisely the same games at which she very soon excelled. Activities planned at Bishop's consist of Petunia Club, dramatics and the Glee Club. After graduation, with a B.A. degree to her credit, this enterprising girl plans to do a number of foolish things—teaching, travelling, which seems to run in the family, and studying music.

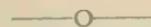
MYRNA JEAN HUGHES. Myrna was born in Bishopton, Que., on February 23, 1925. She attended Bishopton Intermediate and East Angus High, where dancing and skating seem to have been her main activities. While at Bishop's Myrna plans to devote her time to the science of Economics in which she hopes to acquire a degree. Plans after graduation consist of teaching and various other things which appear to be quite confidential. As she professes the incapability of remembering after sleeping, quite well explains why all past experiences must be excluded.

ELIZABETH ANN MACDONALD. Libby, as she is commonly called, dropped in the other day from Montreal where she was born on November 14, 1924. She attended the Study School in Montreal where she took an active part in all sports. In addition to continuing these, she intends to be an ardent supporter of the girls' Glee Club. If successful in obtaining a B.A. degree, she hopes to take a post-graduate course at McGill University.

FLORENCE GERTRUDE McFADDEN. Florence is a comparatively local girl coming from East Angus, Que., where she was first welcomed on October 2, 1925. She attended East Angus High School, where her activities consisted of hockey, softball and skiing. Activities planned at Bishop's will be confined to the Glee Club and a certain prominent individual from Thetford Mines. At Bishop's, Florence is studying for a B.A. degree after which she has decided to marry into money. Indeed it might be added her lifelong ambition is to write a novel which we all hope she will succeed in doing. Past experiences are too numerous and involved to be mentioned in such a limited space.

JOAN ELIZABETH MILNE. Little Joan was born in auspicious town of Magog, Que., on September 9, 1925. Mitchell School and Sis-boom bah Sherbrooke High were her former Alma Maters. Her activities there consisted of mainly trying to get on the better side of the teachers in which she achieved a good measure of success. Activities at Bishop's are to consist of golf, badminton, dramatics and night life. Oddly enough, she intends to devote as much as five minutes a day to the achievement of a B.Sc. degree after which she intends to rest on her laurels. Interesting past experiences include a bicycle trip to Ottawa, escorted by truck drivers. Incidentally she had to take the train back.

DOROTHY BARBARA SEALE. Dorothy comes from Inverness, Que., where she was born on July 3, 1925. She attended Kinnear's Mills Consolidated School and Thetford Mines High, where she took part in concerts, skied and skated. At Bishop's she plans to be a member of the Petunia Pig Club. In her spare time she plans to study for a B.Sc. degree in Economics, after which she intends to teach. Interesting past experiences which bring pleasant remembrances to many of us include working on the farm and learning to drive the car.



Freshmen

ARTHUR ROSS ABERCROMBIE is a Hallowe'en baby, who was born in Sherbrooke, Que., on October 31, 1925. He attended Lennoxville High School, where his activities included hockey, skiing and softball, and he plans to pursue the same activities here, with the addition of the C.O.T.C. He came to Bishop's for a B.Sc. degree, and after graduation plans to join the R.C.A.F. or study medicine. He claims that his most interesting past experience was watching the antics of Cyril Watson out West.

FREDERICK SCOTT ANDERSON blew into "Bish" from Ottawa eight weeks ago, tenderly bearing his favorite record, "The Strip Polka". He attended B. C. S. and Trinity College School where his activities were numerous, including hockey, rugby, tennis, golf, skiing, and track. Unfortunately Andy fractured his collar bone in his first attempt at rugby this fall, but he is quite recovered now and plans to take up golf and debating, as well as work hard (?) on his Arts course. He has his eye on the air force or navy after graduation. For further details see "The Life of Andrew"—censored copies available at your local grocery store.

LEONARD JOHNSTON BAIRD first saw the light of day on March 5, 1920, at Carleton Place, Ont. Basketball and cadets took up his time there, and he expects basketball, badminton, and the C.O.T.C. to perform the same function here. Theology has always interested Leonard, and he has the fine ambition of "Going out into the world to preach of the life of Jesus Christ and to help people keep strong in the faith." His past experiences include three years in the Bank of Nova Scotia and work in Sunday School.

PAUL JEAN BEAUDRY is one of the home town boys. Sherbrooke was graced with his presence on April 21, 1922. At St. Patrick's High School he had a busy life, namely, cadet corps, hockey, softball, shooting club, most important, trying to graduate. He says all he intends to do at Bishop's is play inter-year hockey and join the C.O.T.C., but he will no doubt open-out later. He is taking an arts course with a view to chemical engineering. A systematic arrangement of his past life follows.

- (1) Trying to make love to women.
- (2) Trying to make women love me.
- (3) Getting out breech of promise cases.

GORDON EDWARD BOWN was born but a beer-bottle throw from the college on August 18, 1925. He played hockey and softball at the Lennoxville High School and was editor of the "Lyre". Rumours have it that he may be the solution of Bishop's goaling problems, as well as taking part in skiing and O.T.C. After taking first year science Gordon hopes to go to McGill for electrical engineering. The pride and joy of his past life was being part-owner of a Model-T Ford.

MORRIS NORMAN BUCHANAN, a native of Montreal, and alive since March 11, 1925, went to Scotstown High School and Sherbrooke High School. A science student, this singularly uninspired man lists his past activities as "Studied a bit" and his future activities as "Study a bit more". However, Norman will learn better, given time, and will no doubt take a large part in other activities. As to his plans after graduation, he "can't see so far into the future", due to the fact that the crystal ball was dirty.

LESLIE CHARLES DAVIS comes to us from B.C.S., but he has come a lot further than that, for he was born on the other side of the pond at Cardiff, Wales, on April 7 (He doesn't say what year—he's shy about his age). He was very energetic at school, taking part in football, boxing, hockey, cricket, tennis, badminton, debating, cadet corps, and the choir. He hopes to continue most of these at Bishop's. Les is one of the freshmen taking the new B.Sc. in Economics, and after graduation he plans to enter the navy. Working in Newfoundland and Alberta has proved interesting to him in the past.

STOCKWELL DAY follows his brother "Happy" to Bishop's. He increased the population on the earth by one on August 7, 1925, at Montreal. At Selwyn House and B.C.S. he was kept busy by sport, matriculation and "plenty of trouble". While here "Stock" plans to construct something Bishop's needs badly, a new bus route direct from the OLD LODGE to the Rose Room. He wants to join the R.C.A.F. after his science course here. He speaks casually of slaughtering poultry, breaking wagons, and riding freights in the West. He also mentions a certain phone number in Sherbrooke—for further particulars see the above-named freshman.

CLIFFORD ALLAN DOBB hails from the West where he was born on July 3, 1924, at Eatonia, Sask. His schools have been wildly separated—Rankin, near Eatonia, Intervale, N.B., and Waterville High School at you-know-where. Clifford is interested in baseball and the C.O.T.C. After completing his Arts course he thinks he will perhaps try for a medical degree.

EDWIN ECHENBERG comes to us from the neighbouring metropolis (?) of Sherbrooke, where he was born on August 14, 1925. At Sherbrooke High School he was on the ski team and the advertising staff of "The Dumbel". He optimistically hopes to be on the ski team here as well as play golf. Edwin is taking a Science course, and has a vague hope of becoming an engineer. Helping to bring in the sheaves last month was the big event of his past life.

JAMES MURRAY MACKAY. James is a native of Dalhousie, New Brunswick. Dalhousie first saw James on September 28, 1924. Dalhousie High School is his former alma mater and his activities there were football and skating. James intends to become a military strategist in the C.O.T.C. and with skating and badminton he will round out his studies in science. To continue with his music is James' after graduation ambition. He also dreams of getting behind the conductor's baton of a sixty-piece symphony orchestra. James found his trip out west a memorable experience.

HUBERT ALLEN MCGEE. Hubert is another resident of Sherbrooke and he was born on October 1, 1924. He attended Lennoxville High School, and as his extra-curricular activities there, he participated in track and debating. At Bishop's Hubert intends to concentrate on C.O.T.C. work. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. Hubert informs us that after a two-year course with us he will proceed to McGill University for advance courses.

RICHARD RANDOLPH McMASTER. Montreal is "Dicky's" birthplace and he made his appearance there on August 6, 1925. Before coming to Bishop's, Dicky attended Selwyn House and Bishop's College School. At the School he made the No. 1 hockey and football teams. Dicky intends to support the college hockey team this winter. He was also a member of the Players Club at B.C.S., so that it is quite likely that we shall see him strut the boards of Bishop's Little Theatre. Dicky has designs for the R.C.A.F. in the near future. This year Dicky takes over for Roy as the leading juvenile lover at Bish.

CLAYTON MERIDETH McCREDIE. Clayton comes from the town of Smith Falls, Ontario. He was born on November 28, 1922. He attended Smith Falls Collegiate and his activities there were basketball and softball. When the basketball season rolls around, Clayton intends to turn all out for the team. After graduation Clayton is undecided whether he should go in for aeronautics or the air force. His interesting experience, as it was for all of us, was his trip to the great open spaces, the glorious West.

CHARLES TERRILL MANNING. "Bud", to some, "Jumbo" to others, was born in Empress, Alberta, but being broadminded we do not hold that against him. His date of birth crops up every March 27. He attended Howick High School and Huntingdon Academy. Hockey and football were his sports there. At Bish Bud intends to make the hockey team and, I am glad to see, get into a good debate. Bud is headed for a career in Medicine after graduation. As for interesting experiences Bud tells us he is expecting one any day now. Well, who knows?

GEORGE BRUCE MOFFAT. Commonly known as Hank is a citizen of Montreal. He was born on May 3, 1923. He attended Willingdon School and Montreal High, where he appears to have been an enthusiastic water-polo player and a member of the local Hi-Y. A promising science student, he hopes to go on to Chemical Engineering. His activities will consist of debating and skiing. Mining at Rouyn, Quebec, and research at a chemical lab are interesting experiences observed by George. In conclusion George makes the profound observation that Bishop's women are, and I quote, ". . . stubborn", end quote.

Beck Press Reg'd.



133 Main St., Lennoxville

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Printers of This Magazine

JOHN EDWARD POAPS. We are happy that John has returned to us after his absence last year. John intends to continue on with his interrupted science course. He is a native of Stanstead and he was born on April 15, 1923. At Stanstead College he played on the hockey and football team and he participated in track. But here at Bishop's John intends to go in vigorously for rest, relaxation and sleep. Yawns John, "My ambition? Census taker on a desert island."

MIKE RABATICH. Mike was born in Gospic, Jugoslavia, on August 31, 1924. Both Noranda School and High School gave him his education. His activities there were hockey, badminton, and drill. Mike intends to study this year with a bit of C.O.T.C. work thrown in. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. in Economics. After graduation Mike looks towards the army for his immediate career. Marriage is also an early ambition of Mike, if and when he can scrape up a few shekles for the venture. On your guard, girls!

CLAYTON ROGERS. Lachute, Que., is Clayton's birthplace, and he was born on September 5, 1922. He attended Lachute High. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. His plans after graduation are undecided. He prefers to remain silent about any past experiences.

GILLES ROY. Gilles is a Sherbrooke lad who was born on October 26, 1926. Gilles was a former student of Jesus Mary School and St. Patrick's Academy, where he played tennis, handled a hockey stick, and took to the ski hills. This winter Gilles tells us he is going to be a ski enthusiast. Gilles is a science student who hopes to attain the profession of an engineer.

JOHN CAMPBELL SCARTH. John, another local boy who hails from Stanstead, Quebec, was born on July 5, 1924, in Sherbrooke, Quebec. He attended Scotstown High and Stanstead Wesleyan College, where he took an active part in all sports. His talents on the gridiron and hockey team, as well as his participation in badminton and track, show him to be a promising athlete at Bishop's. With labs in preparation for chemical engineering and in addition to grand opera on Saturday afternoon, his time will be well rounded out. Reports come to us from S.W.C. that John is quite a man in a blanket.

CYRIL R. SCHNEIR. Cyril is a western cowpuncher originating from Winnipeg, Manitoba, on May 28, 1924. Attending Forest Hill High, he was there, an active participant in debating, and dabbled in school journalism. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation he will continue his work in science until he has become a bio-chemist. Cyril rejoices in the knowledge that he celebrates his birthday on the same day as the Quints. Cyril tells us that he had one interesting experience that would interest us and that's why he's not telling it.

TYLER WILSON SPAFFORD. Spaff was born in Hamilton, Ont., on December 15, 1924. He attended Ashbury College and B.C.S. He was an active individual in all sports which included soccer, cricket, football, hockey, skiing, and badminton. He was, in addition to those mentioned, an active member of the cadet corps and bugle band. Spaff intends to continue with most of these and this winter will find him another appreciator of our golf-course ski-country. Already he is busy whipping up a tale for the *Mitre*, in whose service he intends to continue. He is taking a B. A. and in the near future the R.C.A.F. will be his main interest.

HARRY DOUGLAS THORP. Harry's home town is Montreal and he was born on June 24, 1924. His former studies were pursued at Selwyn House, University School and Bishop's College School. His interests in sports are numerous, and they include skiing, rugby, tennis, track, cricket, golf, swimming, and gym work. At Bish on the Massawippi he plans to confine himself to skiing, golf, and tennis. Harry is working for a B.A. degree. It is his intention to enter medical college for a course in brain surgery after graduation.

JOHN STUART GRANT VAUDRY. John was born in Thetford Mines on August 16, 1923. He attended Johnson Memorial High, where he participated in skiing, badminton, and golf. He intends to take the C.O.T.C. work with all seriousness, as he feels himself a promising sergeant. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation John will have a go at either the army or the air force.

LEONARD WALDMAN. Leonard is also from Montreal and he was born on March 29, 1925. He has attended Farnham Int., Sherbrooke High, and Baron Byng High. He steadfastly refuses to reveal any of his past activities, but at Bish he will ski, ply his pen for the *Mitre*, and try and date a certain evasive brunette. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation Leonard will become an engineer and also do a bit of travelling, but, he states bluntly, not West.

ROBERT ALLEN WESTMAN. Bob hails from Marbleton, Quebec, on February 25, 1925. He attended Marbleton, Bishopton, and Sherbrooke High. At high school he turned out for track and softball. On the staff of the Dumbel magazine he acted as advertising manager. At Bishop's he intends to study for his course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation Bob would like to see service with either the army or the R.C.A.F. and when the job is done his profession will be industrial chemistry.

JOHN ARTHUR FARNSWORTH. John was born in Sacramento, Cal., on June 5, 1925. He has attended a great many schools before finally arriving at the portals of Bishop's. To enumerate, they are Mitchell School, Sherbrooke Iona, Montreal, Kent & Deronshire, Ottawa, East Ward and Pembroke Collegiate and Cookshire High School. His activities there were skiing, basketball, and debating. He intends to continue them here with a dash of badminton thrown in. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. After graduation he hopes to see a bit of flying with the R.C.A.F.

PAUL GAGNON. Paul was born in Barcelona, Spain, on May 3, 1926. He has lived and travelled in a great many European countries and just before his final trip to Canada, Paul was travelling one hop before the Germans in France. His education has a continental flavour with study at a Barcelona Private School and Ecole des Rockes, Paris. The French girls, Paul claims, were his main and most interesting activity there. Before coming to Bishop's he obtained his School Leaving Certificate at Sherbrooke High. Paul is taking a B.A. course and plans to join the Navy as soon as possible.

GEORGE ABBOT HURLEY. Born in Sherbrooke on February 17, 1925, George has attended Sawyerville Consolidated and Coaticook High. He states his activities there as "a little studying". Being a very obliging freshman we know that we will be able to find more for him to do here. George says he is willing to try a hand at the art of skiing and perhaps, if he has time, he will look into the woman situation. George has no definite plans as to the future but after achieving his science degree he will be another candidate for the R.C.A.F. As his interesting experience George mentioned a certain night in the moonlight but he refused to be specific.

THOMAS ROBERT JOHNSTON, better known in the New Arts as "Doc", was born at Thetford Mines on September 13, 1924. He obtained an education at Johnston Memorial High and Thetford Mines. There his main activities were golf, badminton, basketball, and skiing. Here at Bishop's he plans to continue in the same line of sports, but he fails to reckon on our admirable group of freshettes. His course of study is fitting him for a B.Sc. degree. The Army and the R.C.A.F. appeal to Doc but he is undecided as to which it shall be.

GORDON LARGY. Gordon is another of our day scholars, hailing from Sherbrooke. He was born on February 1, 1925, and he attended St. Patrick's Academy. At the Academy he participated in hockey, softball, tennis and badminton. His activities at the college, however, will be confined to C.O.T.C. work, which is perhaps in preparation for his future enrolment in the R.C.A.F. Gordy is taking an arts course. Like most men, Gordy finds women a fascinating and interesting subject.

JOHN ALLEN LIVER. John was born on our Island Fortress in Preston, England. His date of birth is November 6, 1926. In England he attended Preston Grammar School and in Canada, Sherbrooke High gave him his credits to proceed to Bishop's. John is more familiar with soccer and cricket, but we hope he will take to basketball and hockey. He plans to pit his brains in the debating society when and if the debating society starts its activities. After graduation John hopes to string an M.D. after his name. His interesting past experience was England in her early war conditions.

BRIAN LYNN. Brian, who is "Biff" to most of us, was born in Quebec City on July 5, 1923. He is another of the several lads that have migrated to us from across the St. Francis this year, as he attended B.C.S. Biff indulged in rugby and hockey at the school, and he intends to play badminton here. Biff has already been elected as senior freshman for the year '42-'43. He is taking a course leading to a B.Sc. Biff is all out for the army which he intends to join after graduation. Fishing trips are Biff's interesting past experiences, and he is just the lad to string a line too.

HARRY ABBOT MACDIARMID. Harry's place of birth is Montreal and the date is November 15, 1923. He played rugby and hockey and participated in track and skiing at Quebec High. Harry, too, is a science student, who hopes to see action with the air force before long.

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G. H. A. MONTGOMERY, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., D.C.L., LL.D.,

On October 22, 1942, by the unanimous vote of the Convocation, Mr. G. H. A. Montgomery, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., D.C.L., LL.D., of Montreal, was elected Chancellor of Bishop's University in succession to the late Hon. Chief Justice R. A. E. Greenshields.

Mr. Montgomery is a graduate of Bishop's University, having taken his degree in 1883 with first-class standing in Classical Honours. He is also an honours graduate in Law of McGill University. Over many years he has maintained a close connection with Bishop's as one of its Trustees. He is one of the most outstanding and successful members of the Bar in Canada, and has been Batonnier of the Bar of Montreal and President of the Canadian Bar Association. In 1929-30 he was President of the Conference of Governing Bodies of the Legal Profession in Canada. He is one of the Dominion's foremost authorities on company law. He is an honorary member of the American Bar Association. Mr. Montgomery's business interests include membership in a long list of financial and industrial boards.

The *Mitre* records its profound pleasure in the election of this distinguished alumnus to the University's highest office.



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How to Diet Unsuccessfully

T. E. TORRANCE

Diet. To you, oh worthy reader, that is merely a word denoting the taking off of surplus weight by means of the sensible handling of the knife, fork, etc. To me it spells doom; the ruination of a finely organized schedule of face-filling, the loss, through force mind you, of that treasured privilege of burst-eating or stuffing. In the following paragraphs I shall describe my first attempt at rigorous self-denial of the niceties of life and how this glorious attempt was thrown to the winds.

Let it be known that on the eighth day of April in the year of our Lord 1942, I embarked on a hazardous expedition, the eventual destination being the land of the slim. In my mind's eye, I envisioned myself, a tawny creature with a wasp waist, Atlas-like shoulders, negligently brushing a crowd of admiring females off my shoulders as would the average wall-flower rid himself of a cloud of mosquitoes. I saw feverish agents from the movie capitol begging me to sign on with their companies at tremendous salaries. Apparently they saw in me the makings of a Greek-godlike creature. Then I saw myself quietly ushering them from my presence and confidently grabbing a rich heiress who sighing happily, allowed herself to be carried off to the nearest justice of the peace. But enough. Let us face the grim realities of this sordid life of mine.

Herein is recounted the happenings and set-backs encountered on the road to Greek-godliness. On this eighth day of April, I confidently descended the staircase to the dining-room. Here I quietly told Jim to serve me a glass of orange juice and a piece of dried toast. Taking a long look at my portly self, he laughed sardonically and forthwith brought in my usual double portion of cream of wheat. As is to be expected, I was aghast at this audacity and at once, in most emphatic terms, explained to the unworthy minion that I was from henceforth to be treated like a person with acute indigestion, and to be fed accordingly. When Jim saw the sincere light gleaming from my orbs, he at once removed the foul concoction from my sight and returned with the aforementioned orange juice and toast. Bravely I attacked this, what was now, substantial meal and in the space of one minute had devoured it in its entirety.

Grimly I grunted to a standing position and waddled out of the dining-room to my first lecture, a most interesting discourse ensuing between myself and the professor who I fear, I dazzled somewhat with my brilliant repartee. Soon, however, I began to notice that my usually keen intellect was considerably on the dull side and the most unusual pains were commencing to gnaw at my vitals, but being extremely robust I bravely ignored these and proceeded

through the morning as though everything was running its normal course. At last, the time being a quarter of one, lectures ceased and I ponderously ascended to my chambers, my vitals by now feeling as if the devil himself was ensconced in my comfortable folds.

Being a student of medicine, and in my opinion, a skilled analyst of physical complaints, I diagnosed my condition as that of a complete lack of moisture, or to put it crudely, I needed a drink. Forthwith, I borrowed a glass and proceeding to the tap, drew from it water which I drank hurriedly, greatly fearing the complications which might set in had I let these fires eat at my innards much longer. As I expected, the fires subsided, but to my horror, they were replaced by most distressing gaseous condition which caused me to rumble and belch forth great quantities of air. Needless to say, this exhibition, though involuntary, was most disgusting to me as well as to my neighbours who complained that unless the building ceased to tremble, they would forcefully expel me until such time as I could reasonably hope to be rid of this unfortunate malady.

What was I to do? I, formerly the wit of the building, one of the college's foremost intellectuals, a gourmet of renown, being threatened by the other ignominious occupants of the Old Arts, a condition which I had not thought possible to prevail. Something had to be done so I hastily donned my coat and sallied forth to Doctor Winder who listened to my story attentively and then gave me the most surprising advice. I was to eat hearty meals he said and this condition would cease to rack my tortured frame. He informed me also that I was in wonderful physical shape and that the fact of my being a hundred pounds overweight was quite insignificant.

Imagine my despair, walking slowly over to Herbert's. No diet, no Greek-godliness, no movie offers, no rich heiress. But then my obese mind suddenly switched to the subject of food, and gone was my remorse. Suddenly I was suffused with a rosy glow at the thought of lunch at Herb's. Well, to make a short story shorter, after consuming innumerable hamburgers and other delicacies so ably prepared by Herb, my fat self being comfortably ensconced in the aforementioned rosy glow, I staggered happily back to the college, where after taking off my suit-coat, I prepared myself a light snack, and sitting back contentedly in my easy chair, I said to myself, "T. E. this dieting is the nuts." Then I complacently reached for another jellied doughnut, ate it slowly, with relish, and finally retired to my bed for a light nap.

In Memoriam



Hon. R. A. E. Greenshields, B.C.L., LL.B. [1861-1942]

Chief Justice Greenshields was a native of the Eastern Townships, having been born in Danville in 1861. A graduate of McGill University in Arts and Law, he had a brilliant career at the Bar, his first case being the defence of Louis Riel. For a time he was Professor of Criminal Law at McGill, and Dean of the Law Faculty. He was appointed a Judge in 1910 and Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec in 1933. In 1932 he succeeded Mr. F. E. Meredith as Chancellor of Bishop's University.

By his death on September 28, 1942, St. George's Church, Montreal, lost one of its most devoted members, the Judiciary lost a distinguished leader, and the University a benefactor and unfailing friend.

The Last Days of Malaya

Mrs. E. C. G. BARRETT

Well! to begin at the beginning—a few days before war broke out the volunteers were mobilized, so Enid C— and her two little girls came down from Kedah to stay with us in Temerloh (the safest place in Malaya!). The Sunday before war broke out we went for a lovely trip down the river on the house-boat. It was all so peaceful and settled somehow. All the little villages by the riverside with the Malays in their bright coloured sarongs laughing and bathing at the river edge. We arrived back after dark and Ted said, "anyway war hasn't been declared," because the street lights were on. The next morning the telephone rang at five. Ted staggered out to it and came back looking very grave, and said it was David, the Secretary to the Resident, calling from Kuala Lipis to say fighting had broken out in Kelantan and Singapore had been bombed. We were frankly stunned, as we thought if war came it would be up in Siam by the Burma Road, at least in the beginning.

Well you know what happened. The next day we had several alerts, but actually no bombs dropped in the district till after I left. The railway line going to Kelantan goes through Mentakab and all the reinforcements were sent up by it (no roads) and the wounded and exhausted troops brought down. We saw train load after train load of troops, lorries, Bren gun carriers, etc., going up. They didn't stop, but saluted and gave use the thumbs up sign; looking so grimly determined, poor darlings. However, it was the trains coming back that were our concern. We started a canteen at the station, after we discovered that most of the men had had no food for 48 hours (nothing for them on the train); so we had great kettles of tea, and biscuits, fruit, candy, and cigarettes, which we gave them. The train stopped especially in the end, and they were all told that they would get food at Mentakab. It was quite an undertaking as there were only seven European women, but the Asiatics helped too. They were such an exhausted lot. So fresh from the front line that you practically smelt gunpowder on them—done out but not downhearted and confident they could hold out if only they could get air support. The same old story! They would leave, declaring they would soon be back and giving us three cheers.

A week later Ted received a letter from the British Resident saying all European women and children must leave Temerloh district. That was a bombshell, but we finally arranged to go to a great friend of Enid and Duncan, Jock C—. He was general manager of a huge oil palm estate (10000 acres) in Johore. Two days later we set forth with three Amahs, feeling like real evacuees, by

train. The train was jammed with people, mainly Asiatics, all going South. The C—'s were perfectly marvellous to us, and if it hadn't been for our anxiety about Ted and Duncan we should have had three very pleasant weeks. Jock lent us one of the assistants bungalows on the estate, and also his car. At that time the R.A.F. were building a runway for fighter planes, and we saw a lot of the personnel—all New Zealanders and awfully nice lads. There was a club on the estate and we forgathered there every evening to listen to the news; and on Saturday night we always dined there and danced. Ted managed to call me up about every other night. After we left Temerloh the army moved in and our house was the Officers' Mess; and the C. O. and second in command lived with Ted in the house. There was no fighting there and I think Ted thoroughly enjoyed it.

Of course all the time the fighting was creeping closer. We constantly had Jap planes overhead and they bombed the nearby towns, but only once while we were there did they make any attempt on us, and then they swooped down and machine gunned the Coolie lines just at the foot of the hill our bungalow was on. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Finally Jock had to tell us that we must go to Singapore—as a matter of fact in his hospitality he was a bit optimistic, for the night before we left the army literally moved in on top of us. All the government servants and civilians had been ordered out of Pahang and Ted most unwillingly had to leave on the 10th of January. He wanted to come out with the military as he felt he could be of assistance to them and also to the people. He got the General to agree to his staying, but at the last moment the General rang up and said the British Resident was adamant, and so he had to go. He arrived down at Jahore Lapis Estate on Saturday afternoon, and was I glad to see him! He had to go to Singapore the next day and Enid and I followed on Monday. Sunday we had the dubious pleasure of witnessing an army "strategically withdrawing". From early morning, cars, lorries, armoured cars, etc., began rolling in all over the estate. We went down to the club at eleven, and officers kept pouring in telling Jock they were taking over various parts of the estate. Civilian friends from Kuala Lumpur (which had been evacuated) kept arriving on their way down to Singapore. That night Enid and I and the two children slept in one room while ten army doctors occupied the rest of the bungalow.

The next morning Jock C— drove us to Singapore (112 miles). What a journey that was! Air raids all the way down—the children and both Enid's Amahs car sick—the

roads jammed with traffic of all descriptions. When we finally arrived in Singapore there was an air raid on, but we were safely landed at our destination eventually. Enid went on to friends of hers and I joined Ted at the W—s. Iris had just had a baby. There was another girl, Phyllis S— from Penang, staying there too. Ted joined the regular army and was given an emergency commission as second lieutenant. He was at a reinforcement camp, but was able to come home at night while I was there. The next two weeks were not dull ones as we had continual raids. Most of the women with children had left, but there were still thousands there. Ted was frantic to have me gone, but I really didn't mind the air raids much and couldn't see why I shouldn't stick it out. However, I put my name down, or rather Ted did, at the P. and O. and in the middle of the night of the 30th they rang up, and Ted and Cuthbert went down and got our tickets, just a mimeographed slip of paper. We had to be on board at noon of the 31st. That morning the Japs raided the docks and when we arrived everything was in a pall of smoke. Ted got leave to see me off and had to locate our luggage and carry it on himself as the coolies had run away. There was a raid on at the time and it was altogether hellish. Four big ships took the

A Kiss

She looked up at him, her eyes laughing and shining in the dim-silvered moon rays. He was conscious of the trepid joy and anguish that beat within his breast. He longed to return her bewitching gaze, but he dared not. He felt that indescribable power with which her slightest move of eye or lip entranced him and bewildered his desires. He tried to hide his fear lest it betray him and she laugh at it. It was his wish that those languid, full-round eyes should see him as a prince of romance, a dashing Don Juan, a cavalier of old. He longed for her to falter, for her eyes to drop, her cheeks to blush a rosy hue. He would then be master and conqueror. But her look remained intent and full, circum-specting his face. A tingling sensation of pain and joy thrilled through his body and he cursed himself that he lacked her confidence, her fearlessness. He wanted to be rid of this timidity and faltering. Breathing heavily and determinedly he raised his eyes, his glance meeting her chin small and firm, then her lips—full, red and slightly puckered, the upperlip small and thin. Her sharp white teeth peeped between the two parted lips, dazzling his eyes and confusing his purpose. Again he trembled and dared not look into her soft, inquisitive gaze. His eyes remained riveted on her lips and his blood pounded, and each expressive twitch, each lustful pucker of her mouth sent the blood

main bulk of the remaining women and children. There were about 12 thousand on our ship alone. It was very much a troop ship and we slept on mattresses and waited on the tables, etc., but these were small matters, although the complaining that went on was quite incredible. I heard one woman say, and I echoed her sentiments, "The more I see women in the raw, the better I like men". Two days out we were attacked by a lone bomber but fortunately we shot it down.

And so we finally arrived in Durban! Poor little Iris W— was ill all the way in hospital, and the crowning tragedy was that after she arrived here the baby died of gastric enteritis contracted on the ship.

We have heard various reports from people who escaped from Singapore and I must say on the whole they are definitely good. They appear to be treating the prisoners reasonably well, and there is quite definite information that the horrors of Hong Kong did not take place in Singapore. The Japanese general is stated to be a Christian so that may mean something.

(Ed. Note.—This letter was written by Eleanor Barrett, wife of E. C. G. Barrett, M.C.S., formerly Eleanor Raymond, a graduate of Bishop's.)

S. NARIZZANO

shooting spasmodically to his head. She was a witch and he bewitched, and he was afraid. She was a fairy queen, for her soft presence wafted him to aerial spheres. He was blinded and could not see, his eyes were clouded and befogged. He struggled for reality, but through the shadows he saw only two fiery lines of red and a dash of ivory between. He grew angry with himself for this confusion, for this trembling, for this suppressed joy. He fought to tear his eyes from that banner of full-blooded skin. He cursed her lips and he longed yet more desperately for them, but he knew not how to conquer, and he was afraid. This was a strange passion, a new experience, one in which he had no knowledge, no understanding, only a driving motive—their possession. At their capture he would be dominant, his power of manhood would encircle her. He longed to have them and he knew they would be his but he hesitated uncertainly. He would, he must, he could not. Suddenly he had slipped, fallen, plunged into the pit where there was no turning back. His lips met hers, became bolder, more curious, more possessing. His manhood was realized and he felt a surge of joy at the discovery of his weapon of love. Now he was master, she the slave.

She was fifteen, he seventeen. It was his first kiss.

The Economic Set-Up

W. W. HEATH

For some time now I have discoursed, in inspired moments, upon the economic set up. This has finally resulted in a challenge from a few of my friends to explain exactly what my criticisms of the present system are, and what I would suggest in improvement. That they do this merely to fill up a certain amount of space in the *Mitre* is all too clear to me, but the burning message which I have to give, impels me to proceed with the task, regardless of all scoffers.

I have stated that the economic system is all wrong. It makes far too great demands on one's life. The present system seems to function purely for purposes of punishing us for having been kicked out of the garden of Eden. By this I mean that it gives us about as much personal freedom as the Romans gave their galley slaves. Even before the war our work made such demands upon us that everything else had to be secondary. This is an intolerable situation. In the new economic system which I envisage all this shall be reversed, and work shall be secondary to everything else. As a matter of fact, work may be abolished altogether. This probably sounds to many of the mundane like the dreams of a visionary. Already I hear them asking cynically "But how do you propose to bring about this change?" My answer to this is that, as a patriot, I cannot reveal all the details of my proposed system until after the war. It might interfere with the war effort. It might even land me in a concentration camp.

But though I do not feel disposed, at the present time, to lay bare all the details of a system which should electrify the economic and social world I feel perfectly free to criticise the present system. As I have said before, I consider that we have already paid too great a price for that stolen apple. I have always found work to be the greatest enemy of the soul, and in the new economic set up it shall have no place. I pity no one more than the worker, a victim of that diabolical disease known as ambition, which quickly kills the spirit. And yet that is what our present misguided economic system lauds above everything else. The hard worker is held up as a shining example to all, and little children are bidden to follow in his footsteps. Nothing has ever pained me more than to see youth corrupted with the false theory that work is the great virtue.

What has caused the present war? The Germans say the ambition of our capitalists. We say the ambition of the Germans. From these opposing charges, one thing at least is certain—ambition has caused this war. For this reason ambition is completely opposed to the new economic set up, and in violent opposition to all its principles. Therefore

ambition, that sinister force which turns happy men into dangerous citizens, shall be routed out of men's minds.

I realize that my proposed system will meet with bitter opposition. I anticipate great difficulties. Naturally those who will fight it the most relentlessly will be those whom work has benefited the most greatly. These enemies will be those who have exploited the work of others. Trace the source of all this commendation of work and ambition and you will find that it is inspired by the pompous old men who have grown fat on the labour and ambition of others. If I were one of these I too would spend my time writing panegyrics to the worker, and quoting sweet ditties about "the busy little bee". In the new system all this shall be changed, and any well meaning idiot who says "go to the ant, thou sluggard", shall be promptly ostracised.

Work is the great flaw in the present economic set up, but the present system has other terrible disadvantages. It retards matrimony. I do not mind this personally, having suffered grievous disillusionment at the age of thirteen when the woman of my dreams ran off with another man, but others, less prejudiced, maintain that it is very unfortunate that prevailing economic conditions often make it impossible to marry until middle age. I agree with this, and I have decided that in the new set up marriage shall be compulsory at the age of five. I shall do this chiefly to reduce the divorce rate, since I feel that marriage might be much more endurable if we had never known anything better.

You may see from this that I have decided to change not only the economic but the social set up. Except in a few instances, such as matrimony, everyone will be free to do as he pleases, as long as he is careful to do nothing. Obviously no public works can be carried out, but great things will be promised by the new socialistic-anarchist party, and in this respect it will differ little from present parties.

Hypocrisy shall be done away with, and as leader of the new party I shall be looked upon as the benevolent grafter, for I shall appropriate huge sums for recreational purposes, reserving special sums for travelling expenses. Since all these revolutionary enactments must be carried without work there must be a great deal of talking. The truth must be so confounded with falsehoods as to confuse everybody, myself and the opposition. Obviously I need lieutenants to carry out this great work, and I have in mind such men as Herr Gobbels and Hitler, if they are willing to recant on the subject of labour versus capital, since the new party will be against both.

All taxes shall be placed in the party funds, and no ac-

counts of them will be given. Should we be forced to hold a general election there will be such bribery that even the opposition will be out en masse, staunchly rooting for the socialist-anarchist party. Graft will be universally acclaimed since everyone shall partake of it, and anyone refusing to do so will be branded as corrupt and watched with extreme suspicion.

The army will probably be abolished as undemocratic and contrary to anarchists' principles, but if it is found necessary to maintain it, it will have no organizations, and all commissions (with the exception of liquor commissions) shall be abolished.

Something resembling a gestapo must be organized, chiefly to watch the farmers, who will have to be sternly dealt with to keep them from working. Much trouble is expected from them in this respect, and they will probably all be made party leaders, with unlimited opportunities for graft, just to keep them quiet. All present civil service members will be given no opportunity for graft, since it is felt that they will probably do well enough without the opportunity.

The party gestapo will have no other function than to see that the decree forbidding all work is obeyed. The townspeople will be checked, as well as farmers, but little trouble is expected from them. It is felt that the gestapo may ignore the colleges, and it is even expected that they will be held up as shining examples of what the new party desires. Degrees will be issued to only fifty percent of the college students, since it is felt that this will add to the value of a degree, and give the graduate a real chance for success. Only those showing no aptitude shall be admitted, and those few already in college who show this quality shall be expelled, preferably in the middle of the second term, immediately following the Frothblower's sleigh ride. Distinctions shall be issued to one percent of the student body—namely, to those learning the least possible in the longest possible time.

It is to be seen from this that something entirely different is to be expected after the war, though I have had time to provide but a glimpse of the shape of things to come. But I do feel that this offers something concrete to work upon after the war, and as such I submit it for consideration.

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Sherbrooke, Que.

Albert Trudeau, B.A.S.O.*Optometriste - Optician*

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You know, it's funny how when they're here
You don't think that in a month or two
They'll be swept into that bloody chaos
Of hell and hatred.

Now there's Robin, a pretty swell guy,
Even if he is a screwball and a materialist,
A fellow you're glad to call your friend
Where can he be.

Perhaps facing a Jap in the East
Or fighting for his life with the calculating Prussians,
Or even drilling his men with enthusiasm,
As he did everything.

Then there's wee Georgie McNeillie,
Always complaining of the work he had to do
But just never seemed to get around to;
A good little guy.

Remember how he'd get in debt?
Remember when his favorite girl wrote him?
How he would frown and moan or sing and dance,
But who wouldn't?

I drank a lot of coffee in his company
Maybe three or four times a day,
And it was fun. Just sitting there talking,
Mostly about nothing.

But who could forget Happy and his odd self,
Boy, could he bawl the "Admiral" out!
And his, "Oh, we're just good friends,
Nothing serious you know."

And then there's the tall suave boy, gone into the struggle,
But leaving quite an imprint on old Bish.
Yeah, that's Wilder, a smooth number
And a good label splitter.

Remember how he and Errol used to fight?
Errol would ask, "Why did they elect that bum?"
And Wilder would jolt him all the more
With his dry humour.

Next thing, we hear of friend Williamson, the Dean,
About to give up his freedom, not only for Canada,
No sir, he went and fell in love and now
He's getting married.

Ah, what's the use. I could go on all night,
Just sitting here and thinking back on the fun we had,
Good, clean, harmless fun too.
But a fellow just can't rave on about memories
Because I'm the only guy who's interested in them.

A Business Connection

The undergraduate of to-day is the business man of to-morrow and as such will require banking service. We welcome accounts of students, and an early association can be made the foundation of a lasting bank connection.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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We Serve the Eastern Townships

Did you say Harvest ?

R. J. CARPENTER

Most of us came back broker, wiser and more blistered.

The train trip West was memorable for the dirt, the cards, the liquor, and the sardines placed in open mouths while the unsuspecting innocents slept. Conductors were educated—the ones that played ball with the gang got along all right, but any trace of surliness prompted abusive treatment. One poor fellow lost all his lanterns and spittoons.



When some enterprising soul purchased some chalk to mark up our two cars with such slogans as "Come East and See Canada," "Regina, Here We Come," and "Bishop's in huge letters, train officials insisted that we erase the chalk. Everybody agreed with them, but it remained there just the same.

* * *

Then there was the second year chap who, when the train was stopped, leaned out and picked up a section gang's shovel, and when the train started up, carried it several hundred yards down the track before throwing it into a swamp. He was threatened with arrest and the last time we saw him, he was disguised in an old bath tub under a seat hiding from the railroad police who were searching for him.

* * *

And those upper berths, sans mattresses as we say, were hard.

* * *

Some how the diner missed the train, and we were forced to subsist on the C.P.R.'s gold plated ham sandwiches and coffee grabbed at various ten-minute stops along the way.

College spirit ran high—Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary stations and streets echoed with the B-I-S-H-O-P-'S cheers coming from some 75 strong throats.

* * *

Then there was the freshman who worked on three farms in two days—he certainly was in demand.

* * *

"Bishola" proved to be a blessing to the two chaps who were on the rocks financially—it relieved their situation, and also relieved the rest of us of any spare cash we might have had.

* * *

Imagine 2 percent beer, ha-ha! It has been determined that an average person could consume some four gallons and never feel it.

* * *

Remember the chaps who stayed in Regina and got jobs, professing to know the ins and outs of a combine—what does one look like anyhow, boys?

* * *

We understand that pigs are immune to .22 shells.



One of our freshmen was intending to provide himself with a free chicken dinner, and had even obtained the bird by underhanded means, but he could find no way to get it cooked.

* * *

Riding back east—some 2,000 miles, in a coal car certainly is the hard way to do it.

Mr. Yarrill deserves a compliment for his handling of the excursion. He was always willing to give assistance, and he was available at any of the odd times when we were looking for him.

* * *

There were only a few who did not get out to Banff.

* * *

Getting licenses in Winnipeg for obvious purposes consumed about half the stop-over time, and one chap was a little worried about what else he'd picked up there.

* * *

Then there was the lad who was forced to part with a piece of his beloved clothing to obtain extra money—for what?

* * *

A certain group has a football which they claim was used in running games on the Main streets of every large city between Lennoxville and Banff.

* * *

The only fellow who couldn't remember any interesting experiences of the entire trip lives in Lennoxville.

* * *

Remember the pair of freshmen who slept in a first-class berth and were quite put out when the porter woke them?

* * *

It's hard to spear small mice with a pitch-fork.

* * *

On arrival in Calgary, there were six lads who wanted jobs together as truck-drivers. One of them wanted to be the mechanic.

* * *

Bridge, 21 and rummy found favor in our "refugee cars".

* * *

We had a good time, but, to a man, were darned glad to get back.



Canada Year Book-

The 1942 edition of the Canada Year Book, published by authorization of the Hon. James A. MacKinnon, Minister of Trade and Commerce, has been announced by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The Canada Year Book is the official statistical annual of the country and contains a thoroughly up-to-date account of the natural resources of the dominion and their development, the history of the country, its institutions, its demography, the different branches of trade, production, transportation, finance, education, etc.—in brief, a comprehensive study within the limits of a single volume of the social and economic condition of the Dominion.

The 1942 Canada Year Book extends to over 1000 pages, dealing with all phases of national life, and including some articles on the effect of the war on the Canadian economy. Chapter titles give an indication of the content of the volume—Constitution and Government, Vital Statistics, Internal Trade, Labour.

Persons requiring the Year Book may obtain it from the King's Printer, Ottawa, as long as the supply lasts at the price of \$1.50 per copy. However, a limited number of paper-bound copies have been set aside for *ministers of religion, bona fide students and school teachers* who may obtain copies at the price of 50 cents, but these applications should be addressed to the Dominion Statistician, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa.

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Julius Caesar- (As It Should Be Taught)

S. DAY

If the class will kindly shut up for a while we can get on with the English period. As I told you guys and gals, today I will tell you all about Julius Caesar, just as I learnt it in the pen from a guy who got the hot seat the day I got out.

Well, it seems that in a certain joint, which was a lot tougher than the Bronx, there was a racketeer called Julius Caesar. This guy knew all the angles, so he was considered hot stuff by one and all. He had quite a gang of punks who did the dirty work, such as bumping off his old pal, and partner, Pompey. Now "Jules" was a very smart customer, and when he had his gorillas put the slug on Pompey, he became the top racketeer of the community—in fact of any community. He ran the protection racket, owned all the slot machines and he used to have a whole fleet of rum-running trucks. As you see from this he was considered a very important citizen, and a dangerous one.

Now it seems that there was a guy around town called Brute, who was a friend of everybody—including Jules. At least that is what Jules thought, and even Brute thought he was a friend of Jules, 'til a very low character, and somewhat of a stool pigeon called Casey started to work on Brute. This Casey told him that Jules was a heel and was going to make life like hell for all the boys, if something wasn't done. Now Brute was a good egg and he didn't want to see anybody bumped, but Casey was a smooth one to deal with and soon they planned to feed Jules some lead and take over the rackets themselves. While they were chewing the fat over this Jules was at the races at Luperical, with his young pal Tony, who was a jockey, it seems.

There were about a couple of dozen other thugs who wanted to kill Jules, so they threw in with Brute and Casey and planned the whole thing.

Well one day, when Jules had called a meeting of all the respectable racketeers (over \$25,000 a year), Brute and his gang decided to do the dirty work. The meeting had just got under way when the signal was given. The whole bunch pulled out their equalisers and started to blast away at Jules, who quickly bit the dust and said, "Brute, who's using the dum-dum?"

Now that Jules was out of the way some of the mob wanted to put the slug on Tony, too, but Brute said no dice, but they would go and talk it over with Tony and maybe he would join the killers. Tony didn't want to have anything to do with the guys who had bumped his pal Jules, but some of the boys were getting very fidgety with their forty-fives, so he pretended he was palsy-walsy with

one and all concerned. But he told them that he wanted to shoot his face a bit at Jules' funeral. Brute said this would be O.K. as long as he didn't say anything he shouldn't say.

Well in the meantime Octo, Jules' cousin, had come to the city to see what prospects there were for a few harmless kidnappings, and found out that Jules had been rubbed out. Tony and Octo were also pals and they decided to make it hot for Brute and his mob. Tony started things by his speech at Jules' funeral. It went something like this:

"Pals, citizens, gunmen, you just listen to me here,
Poor old Jules is dead,
You'll all feel the shortage of beer.

Jules smuggled in your hooch
And didn't charge you much
But now with Brute on top,
You'll only get cokes and such.

Sure Jules had his rackets
As everyone here has seen
But now he's dead, he has left you each
A brand new slot machine.

Now boys don't get sore,
Imagine what Brute would think.
But if you put the slug on him
Jules would be tickled pink."

That speech of Tony's was just what the boys needed to get them annoyed at Brute, so they grabbed their sawed-off shotguns and lit out after Brute, who had just taken it on the lam with Casey and the rest of the gorillas. They left Tony and his pal Octo to be the two big shots.

Now Tony was no angel and neither was Octo, so they started their rule of the rackets by bumping off anyone who was ever a friend of Brute's, including some guys who used to be their own friends.

In the meantime Brute had got quite a bunch of gunmen together, and he planned to have a showdown with Tony and his mob of cut-throats. But one day Brute found out that Casey had some kind of lottery racket going on whereby the gunmen lost their pay to Casey before they got it, but as these bums were pretty dumb when it came to mathematics they thought all was on the up and up. Well Brute got sore at Casey for this and had a swell scrap, in fact they nearly drew their equalisers but were stopped when someone brought in the scotch. This scotch was

(Continued on page 31)

Going Places ?

RIGHT NOW

Many young fellows
Are making their presence felt.

It seems more than coincidental
That these chaps dress well.

Their appearance is important.
It indicates to their associates
That they think well of themselves.

In the long run
Good clothing costs less
Than so-called "cheap" clothing.

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SHERBROOKE



Notes and Comments

K. L. FARQUHARSON

"A college carrying on in wartime is a greater thing than the records show." It is with these words in mind that Bishop's has entered into the fourth year of the war. And so it is that we find ourselves once again within its portals. It would be false to say that the war has not affected Bishop's for she too is playing her part, and yet it would not be untrue to say that this year we are entering the college with a greater hope of victory than ever before. Upon our return we notice that the sub-staff, although somewhat changed from last year, has taken pains to have everything in perfect order for the seniors and their new protégés. Physically, however, there has been little change in the college. The goal posts on the now-forsaken football field sag with that same forlorn look so characteristic of the 1941-42 season, the light in the upstairs hall of the Old Arts building is still burnt out, and the fire escapes still creak at four in the morning. But in spite of this we are all glad to be back.

Accordingly, the first thing we must do is to extend a greeting to the freshettes and the freshmen. Indeed they are worthy of a hearty welcome for they have, each and every one of them, earned themselves a place in college life. To arrange the former in order of pulchritude would be a job that not even the rashest senior dare undertake for they are all, beyond a doubt, a very fine addition to the ranks of the weaker sex at Bishop's. As for the latter, they have, after a rather riotous start, finally settled down.

Those of us who arrived at College somewhat early this year were surprised to find that the faculty of the college had undertaken to prepare an aptitude test for the freshmen in order to help them in their selection of courses. From all reports this proved a great success among the newcomers for none complained of having his or her plans for a career thwarted. It is rumoured, however, that some of the more inquisitive members of the faculty challenged one of their fellow men to attempt the test. The results were, to say the least, rather surprising. Anyway don't be surprised if you find psychology being taught in the mathematics lecture room. Following the aptitude test there was a garden party for all the members of the university who had returned. It was an excellent affair and succeeded admirably in its purpose, namely, to give the freshmen a chance to get acquainted. Two days later the Principal gave his inaugural address of the year. He extended a welcome to all and exhorted us to start right at the beginning and to work hard throughout the year. He warned us that there would be temptations but that if we applied ourselves

diligently to our studies we would reap the rich rewards. He then declared the college officially in session.

The first thing the Seniors noticed this year was that there is amongst us once again an esteemed member of our faculty, who, because of illness, was unable last year to take part in last year's college activities. This year, however, he has once again taken up his familiar position behind the desk in the History lecture room and is carrying on with a new set of students, a new outlook on life, a new V for victory button and an up-to-date set of jokes about "Der Fuerher and his gang" with which he never fails to arouse our laughter. To you Professor Boothroyd we say, "Glad to see you back".

Due to the wartime activities of the college, football has officially been suspended for the duration. Yet Bishop's is not one to balk when a challenge is made. Accordingly when Sherbrooke High School threw down the gauntlet Bishop's rallied and sent forth a team to play. The results of the game you can read in the sports section. More important than the score was the spirit with which Bishop's greeted the occasion. The attendance at the game was almost 100%. Nearly every supporter wore purple and white ribbons or some other token to represent the college, and many Bishop's banners could be seen flying on the sidelines. It is good to see such spirit in the college, and although our sporting activities may be somewhat limited this year, it is hoped that they too will be supported with the same enthusiasm.

The freshman introduction dance, at which, according to tradition, the Seniors meet the freshettes was held on September 28. It was a grand affair with the gymnasium being decorated in a truly autumn vein. Several members of the faculty were on hand to welcome the couples. For the freshettes and their escorts, this was their first college dance. For the Seniors it was the first social event of the college season. It was truly a festive gathering and so large was the attendance that it seemed as though the whole of the college had turned out for the occasion. At intermission the new members of the University were formally inducted, all being required to sing a song. Throughout the dance several of the unoccupied seniors could be seen looking over the freshettes, and the freshettes coyly overlooking them. All in all everybody agreed that the dance was an outstanding success and that it was a sorry moment when Giz Gagnon and his boys packed up their instruments and vacated their leaf-covered bandstand. To those, however, who found the night still young, the Rose Room pro-

vided an outlet for the excess energy and much later in the morning our college boys could be seen cautiously seeking their beds, tired but happy.

Shortly after the Introduction Dance a call came down from Mackenzie King and his boys in Ottawa. Apparently the crops were rotting in the fields of western Canada and he thought that perhaps the men of Bishop's might be able to rush out and save the situation—if they could be supported by a few other universities from the eastern provinces. A meeting was immediately held in order to consider the matter and upon gathering the boys learned that McGill had already volunteered 500 men. The ins and outs of the matter were discussed and then the meeting was adjourned until the following day. On Friday, October 9, the boys once again met with the faculty. This meeting was short and to the point. Upon an early vote it was decided to suspend lectures until November 4, and that the party would leave on the following Sunday, from Lennoxville.

The men left on time and by the time it had passed through Montreal they had amounted to 77 under the capable guidance of Prof. Yarrill. The trip out west was rather quieter than the boys had predicted. Several things, however, became apparent: (1) That "Bown" had a girl in every station; (2) That "Sandy" was still toting his dilapidated chess set; (3) That Cyril didn't know, most of the time, whether the train was going east, west or just spinning like everything else. The boys managed to get around the great lakes in good order and into Winnipeg. In that fair city they formed a chain gang and having thus transported their luggage into another "Iron Horse" proceeded into the prairies. Between Winnipeg and Regina nothing much happened but upon arrival in the latter town something in a skirt whistled and three of the freshmen mysteriously disappeared. And so the trip continued with the boys continually removing the fuses in order to get a good night's sleep, and gently cursing the conductor who was either waking them at all hours of the morning to punch their tickets, or rapping vigorously on Professor Yarrill's door and yelling, "You can't do this to me—I'm running this train."

Upon arrival in Calgary the boys were allotted to various farms. It would be impossible to follow them as they spread out in little groups over the prairies but here are a few of the printable reports received. Ian Scott says, "My sole delight was watching Bruce's jaw muscles move"—since there was a cow around perhaps this was a case of mistaken identity. "This stooking is a lot more than its tied up to be"—another of Gillings' puns no doubt. Then there was the familiar sight of Pat running frantically around trying to find his runaway team.

Finally, however, the weather turned bad and the boys were forced to return home. As Gale put it, "I'm going back to 'Bish' where the outhouses aren't filled with snow."

On Saturday, November 7, 1942, the swift, efficient

panzer divisions of Bishop's "Female Forces" swept down in a surprise attack on the unsuspecting male occupants of both the New and Old Arts barracks. Dressed in armour befitting the ancient Britons, not forgetting that these worthy people painted themselves extensively with woad, they invaded the college doors at an early hour and demanded complete surrender. Having already armed themselves with a couple of bottles the men were at first inclined to resist, but, when the scouts determined that both forces about even in numbers, they disguised themselves in costumes similar to those worn by local farmers and attempted to filter through the enemy lines. This ruse was not successful, however, and the boys' troops were captured at the foot of the stairs and having been drugged with a new potion, rumoured to be (L2O5V4E), were led quietly away to the gym. Here they were shown the gruesome spectacle of one of their fellow men who had just that afternoon been hung by Colonel Aitken and her subalterns, following his daring attempt to escape. At this sight the masculine army became somewhat subdued, and as punishment were forced to engage in some tribal dances. Gradually, however, the girls control of the situation was undermined and suddenly, around eleven o'clock, the boys regained command. This was a cause for celebration and rations were extended to allow for the serving of doughnuts and apple cider. Shortly after this peace was declared between the warring factions, and the battle broke into scattered engagements, some of which centered about the city of Wilbryn and others as far north as Mount Pleasant.

There are, around this college, two very famous organizations which have not, as yet, come into prominence during this year. The first is the Glee Club, which has only just organized for the season. It hoped this year that the club will be able to keep up its fine record of 1941-42, and perhaps extend their program somewhat. Further it is planned to incorporate the girls and boys Glee Clubs into one organization that will work together throughout the terms. The column at this time wishes to commend the fine concert given by Miss Elizabeth Macdonald, Miss Dorothy Stafford, Mr. G. Goddard and Mr. J. Scarth at the Ploughing Match banquet early this year, and to compliment Mr. Blackstock for arranging and conducting this performance in such a fine manner.

The other organization which is carrying on so quietly under our very olfactories is the Chess Club. Those of us who were fortunate enough to visit sanctum sanctorum of Sandy Mills and Dick Tomlinson last Thursday, November 12, might have seen these two brave gentlemen assisted by their two cohorts, Ian Scott and Lloyd Patch posing as exponents of the game of chess and attempting to subdue a team of very efficient players from Windsor Mills. The games lasted late into the night and when finally the last

checkmate was declared it was found that our boys had been forced to bow to superior forces. However, some valuable lessons were learnt and after a slight change in tactics and some further practice they hope to engage more successfully in a return match.

Around the College there are many other social gatherings almost too numerous to be mentioned. Here and there a couple look lovingly at each other and familiar sights such as Ronnie Smith in the chem lab are forever greeting our eyes. We feel, therefore, that these things should be jotted down in order that others too may take notice of them. For instance we would like to know what Mr. 7 to 1 and his cohort in the Old Lodge do with themselves all the time, and why they come out of their "Inner Sanctum" only at night. Is it the same old attraction or has something new been added. . . . Moreover, if any of you are getting tired of hearing "Take it off" continually bellowing forth from the common room, allow me to assure you that the blame rests on the head of a tall "Blond Bomber" known as "Goof". . . . Then there is that good looking freshman with a pipe full of tobacco and a room filled with a potent mixture of smoke and gas . . . We would like to know whether Mr. Rabbit is really interested in a certain bunny. . . . Then again there is that freshman who is getting tired of being kissed good-night on the forehead . . . she must stand, according to our calculations, on the third step . . . Is that man in the Old Lodge a chip off the old block or is a new

day dawning . . . And in case you see a man running around yelling "Oh where, oh where, have our goalers gone", that's Jimmy Giroux . . . Incidentally he predicts a big year for Bishop's. . . . Then again who is that freshman who is supporting two freshettes although neither of them know it yet . . . Or perhaps the members of the "Petunia Pig" can tell us who Murgatroyd and Sasafrasia were . . . or was somebody just stuttering . . . And what two blonds got together on Sadie Hawkins day—It was truly a startling revelation . . . Innocence is its own defence and according to Parchesi sources . . . J. P. has no defence. . . . And finally, if you really want to see something drop into the Rose Room . . . our actor friend who parts his hair in the middle can be located under any table playing "Spin the bottle".

And so we conclude this column. We hope that we have been able to represent adequately your activities at Bishop's during the first part of this term. And let us remind you that you only get out of college what you put into it—so let's put our all into it and have a fine year.

In closing—

Another year,	It's not a lot,
Another term,	So grin and bear,
A subtle quip	And don't, my son,
To make you squirm,	Get sore at me
A little jot	It's all in fun
From here and there,	As you can see.

JULIUS CAESAR —(Continued from page 27)

naturally some that Jules used to brew in the governor's old swimming pool, so very soon they all turned a dull chartreuse and past out on the floor. Pretty soon Brute woke up and who should be standing in front of him but Jules' ghost.

"Hello, Brute," said the ghost.

"Hello, ghost," said Brute.

"I'll meet you at Phil's bar," said the ghost, and to his embarrassment Brute said, "O.K., it's a date." The next day Brute had a wow of a hangover.

Casey and Brute had quite a mob of killers with them so they decided to have a good healthy scrap with Tony's gang and get it over with. The gunmen, under Brute and Casey, armed themselves with various gadgets such as tommy guns, blackjacks, automatics, sawed-off shot guns and home-made bombs and started off down forty-second street towards Tony's headquarters. A blind beggar saw them coming and told Tony's gang, who got ready in a similar manner. Then the scrap began. At first Brute and

his boys got the best of the fight, but Tony came back strong and cleaned up.

Poor Brute was very disheartened over this. His pal Casey had made one of his own men shoot him, so he wouldn't be caught by Tony. This made Brute determined to kill himself, so he ran into Phil's bar and ordered a double scotch—straight. This, he figured, would kill anyone, just as it had killed his wife. But Brute just wouldn't die from it, though Phil's liquor could kill the best of them. Then Brute got a brain wave. He asked Phil for a glass of milk and they both died from the shock.

Well, kids, as you know Tony and Octo became the big shots, until Tony got mixed up with a doll called Cleo, and he went to the dogs.



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SPORTS

E. G. STEVENS

Hindered again by the restrictions accompanying the war—even more severely than before—Bishop's has tried to maintain an interest in athletics, chiefly of an intermural and informal nature.

RUGBY

This year there was little or no talk of fielding a rugby team, but when the challenge came from Sherbrooke High School for an exhibition game, players and spirit were not found lacking at Bishop's.

On September 26, the first and only football game of the season was played at the Sherbrooke parade grounds when the University team defeated a fighting High School aggregation 10 to 1. Having had but one practice before the game, the Bishop's squad relied upon their weight for successive line plunges which wore down the Sherbrooke team.

Bishop's received the opening kick-off and ran the ball back ten yards as the start of a powerful march toward the goal line. Plunges by Stevens and Lynn brought the ball into the Sherbrooke territory, where Johnston booted a long ball into the end zone where Day covered it for Bishop's first five points. The convert failed.

In the second quarter, Bishop's threatened but did not come close enough to score. Long end runs featured the High School attack with long gains, and Campbell kicked over the goal line for one point.

Half-time saw the well-trained Bishop's team panting on the grass smoking cigarettes and one or two claimed they were too tired to go back. However, when the whistle blew for the third quarter, the line-up was complete again except for one man who needed another two minutes rest.

In the third stanza McMaster pulled a quarterback sneak and gained 45 yards, placing the ball on the Sherbrooke one-yard line. MacDonald in a powerful plunge put the ball over. The High School tried many forward passes, but gained little yardage. Stevens intercepted a pass from the high school and was nearly away for the third touchdown when he was stopped by Campbell's famous around-the-neck tackle.

McMaster handled the team capably from his quarterback position, his favorite and most-used play being "Give it to Moose and go like a —!"

Bishop's defensive play was strong with High School's bucks gaining little ground and their passes seldom being completed. Backing up the line, Day's work was outstanding, and Lynn, Tyler, and the other linesmen proved too formidable for the High School. Bob Carpenter served as captain for the game.

The Bishop's line-up—McMaster, quarterback; Schoch, half; Johnston, half; MacDonald, half; Stevens, half; Carpenter, end; McLean, end; Abercrombie, middle; Tyler, middle; Lynn, inside; Scott, inside; Day, snap; Brodeur, Roy, Bown, subs.

GOLF

The annual golf tournament was won this fall by Charlie Worthen after he defeated Ian Scott in the play-off match. On September 12, about 12 of the college prominent golfers took advantage of a free day to stage the tournament, on the Lennoxville links. At the end of the 18 holes, both Worthen and Scott turned in medal scores of 89, and a few days later, Worthen defeated his opponent, to take the Lady Meredith trophy.

TRACK MEET

On October 3 the seniors soundly trounced the freshmen 51-39 in the annual field day, continuing the practice started last year. One of the highlights of the afternoon was the 220-yard dash when Peake and McMaster ran a dead heat. And the gentlemen contenders who merely removed their coats to participate deserve mention.

In the aggregate scores, Peake came first with 19 points, Day was second with 13 and Schoch was third with 10 points.

The Summary

100-yard dash: Peak, Frizzel, Lynn; time, 11seconds.
220-yard dash: Peak and McMaster, Moore; time 25 sec.
440-yard dash: Peak, Day, Tomlinson; time, 1 min. 2.5 sec.
Half mile run: Schoch, Paterson, G. Scott; time, 3 min. 6 sec.
Mile run: Schoch, R. H. Smith, Schofield; time, 5 min. 42 sec.
Mile relay: Freshmen, Seniors; time, 4 min. 12 sec.
Discus: Day, Carpenter, Spafford; distance, 79 ft. 4 in.
Shot put: Day, Tanner, Lynn; distance, 32 ft. 11 in.
High jump: Johnson, Tanner, I. M. Scott; hgt., 5 ft. 1 in.
Broad jump: Peak, Johnson, Tanner; distance, 18 ft. 4 in.

FIVE-MILE CROSS COUNTRY

The five-mile road race for the Mrs. McGreer shield was staged on October 8, with only two contestants participating. The event was won by Pete Schoch in 30 minutes 15 seconds with Dick Tomlinson coming second. It was the first time in several years that this trophy was competed for.

DUNN CUP ROAD RACE

The annual five-mile relay race for the Dunn Cup was staged over the usual course on November 19, with the

third year team, composed of Schoch, Tomlinson, Frizzell, Peake and Mills taking first place with a time of 29 minutes and 17 seconds. Second year came in second, and first year also ran. Pete Schoch recorded the fastest time for the mile distance, running his leg in 5 minutes and 24 seconds. The second year team was made up of Schofield, who had the second best individual time, R. Smith, Patterson, I. M. Scott and McDonald. Day, Johnson, Rabitich, McMaster and Davis competed for first year.

BASKETBALL

Because it was seen that the exams coming after Christmas would cut into their usual season, the university basketball team got a head start this year, and played their first game on November 20, defeating Sherbrooke High School on the high school court, 43 to 26. The team has all the members of last year's line-up, with the exception of George McCammon and Lou Hollinger, back in harness, and several newcomers will add to the strength of the aggregation. The Stanstead teams probably will be out of the basketball circuit this year because of transportation difficulties, but it was seen that the Sherbrooke Y.M.C.A., the R.C.A.F. from Windsor Mills, and the Princess of Wales Regiment plus the Sherbrooke High School and the University might form a league.

In the game against the High School, the University used two complete teams, alternating them at regular intervals. The college opened the scoring attack, but the faster High School players kept the unpracticed College team at bay throughout the first half, and scoring was irregular. At the halfway mark, the score stood at 14 to 13 in favor of

the High School. In the third quarter, the College using its first line-up forged ahead to a ten-point lead. Then the High School, led by veterans Charlie Budning and Fuller, staged a fast scoring drive which again nearly tied up the score. The High School's team was much the same as last year's, with Lorne Campbell at guard and Joslyn, Pye and McFarlane completing the team.

In the fourth quarter the High School was held nearly scoreless while the College team went out ahead to win 43 to 26. The first line-up scored 30 of the college's points while the second line got 13. Ken Jackson, the college's brilliant centre, garnered a total of 12 points, while his running mates Ed Stevens and Ian Scott collected 8 and 6 respectively. Completing the first line-up were Bob Carpenter and Keith McLean who each scored one basket from their guard positions. On the second line-up Keith Farquharson was the bright light, sinking four field goals and one foul shot for a total of nine points. Playing well with him were Mecredie and Bruce Fairbairn who each scored one basket. Pete Schoch, George Scott and Les Davis completed the second team.

HOCKEY

As the *Mitre* went to press, plans for the hockey season were getting under way. Ice on the college rink appeared to be only a dim prospect, but Manager Jimmy Giroux has been talking of using the Sherbrooke arena for a couple of early practice sessions. Lack of an experienced goaler may prove a serious problem, but it is understood that there is some material among the freshmen.



Bishop's and the War

W. R. WRIGHT

When Bishop's opened its doors for another academic year the war had just started on its fourth year. Along with the rest of the civilian population we are feeling more and more the effects of the war on our daily life. Since College closed early last summer the rationing of certain products such as tires, gasoline, tea, coffee and sugar has gone into effect. Many other products are difficult to get and some luxuries have disappeared completely from the market. There is for instance, at the present more truth than poetry in that old song which starts, "Yes we have no bananas". All this is undoubtedly a good thing for it makes us who are far from the scene of battle, think that these are abnormal days. In his inaugural address the Principal emphasized how fortunate we are to be able to carry on our university life in these days. It is to be hoped that we all make the most of our opportunity.

HARVESTING

The highlight, to date, of the war effort here is the harvest excursion to Alberta, which most of the men students indulged in. In order to make possible a response to the Government's appeal for students to help with the western harvest, lectures were cancelled from October 10 until November 4. Under the supervision of Mr. Yarrill the Bishop's party left Montreal on the night of Sunday, October 11. Mr. Yarrill made his headquarters in Calgary. Most of the Bishop's men worked on farms in the vicinity of Olds, Alberta, some fifty miles or so from Calgary. Snow brought most of the work to an abrupt halt before the threshing was completed. Many of the students made use of their time off by having "a look around" while they had the opportunity. Banff seems to have been the centre of attraction. By November 4 most of the harvesters had returned to the lecture room and had exchanged their pitch forks and overalls for books and academic gowns. In the recent issue of a Canadian periodical reference is made to the student harvesters and a list is given of those universities which sent students out West. Bishop's is conspicuous by its absence. This, we feel, is unfortunate for through closing down for nearly a month both our faculty and our students showed the fullest possible co-operation with the Government on this matter. The Christmas holidays and the Easter holidays are to be considerably shortened and the Christmas examinations commence on January 7.

THE C. O. T. C.

The work of the Corps has naturally been delayed as a result of the October furlough. Through lack of time for

practice the Corps did not turn out for the Remembrance Sunday observances in Lennoxville. However, C.O.T.C. personnel mounted guard at the War Memorial during the ceremonies. The Corps is for the third year under the command of Major Church. Lieut. Harold Frizzell is Second in Command and Messrs. Langford, Yarrill and Patch are the Platoon commanders. A Sergeant's course has been substituted for the Common to all Arms and Special Papers. The recruits are taking Basic Training and some men are taking advanced training. An assault course is being built on the College grounds. We have no doubt that the training gained there will have practical application around the College buildings in the "wee sma' hours of the morning".

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

The sale of War Savings Stamps, so well begun last year, has been resumed under the direction of Morse Robinson. He is being assisted by Elwood Patterson. Why is it that the Shedites always get these jobs? Can it be that they are the only ones to be trusted with so much money? We hope that all at Bishop's will back up the efforts of Morse and his stamp salesman. When two and two make five it's a good investment and it all helps to stamp out the Axis.

MAGAZINES

The collection of magazines for the soldiers is under the direction of Elwood Patterson. Unruly freshmen please note. They are sent on to the Y.M.C.A.

THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN

We at Bishop's were glad to see this loan go over the top with a bang. At a special meeting of the Students' Association three hundred dollars was voted for the purchasing of a Victory Bond. In 1956 a reunion of the classes of '43, '44, and '45 is being planned. We'll be seeing you there.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

SHERBROOKE DAILY RECORD

*The Only English Daily in the
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Alumni Notes

Births

BUICK—At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on 27th September, 1942, a daughter to Mr. D. K. Buick, B.A. '30, and Mrs. Buick.

PATTEE—At the Homeopathic Hospital, Montreal, on 23rd August, 1942, to Mr. F. Lyle Pattee, B.A. '31, and Mrs. Pattee, a son.

PHARO—At the Sherbrooke Hospital on October 21, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Merritt C. Pharo (née Frances E. Baker, B.A. '39) of Thetford Mines, a daughter. Mr. Pharo received his B.Sc. degree in 1940.

MACARTNEY—On 9th November, 1942, at Ottawa Grace Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Linton Macartney (née Evelyn Browne, B.A. '36), a daughter, Dorothy Linton.

ROYLE—At Catherine Booth Hospital, Montreal, on 3rd June, 1942, to the Rev'd E. Cecil Royle, L.S.T. '35, and Mrs. Royle of Arundel, Quebec, a son.

SCOTT—At Barrie, Ont., on 19th August, 1942, to Lieut. H. J. Scott, B.A. '37, R.C.A.M.C., and Mrs. Scott, a daughter (premature).

STARNES—At the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, Montreal, on 8th August, 1942, to Lieut. John Kenneth Starnes, B.A. '39, and Mrs. Starnes, a son.

Marriages

ARMSTRONG-SHAVER—The wedding took place in St. Matthew's Church, Ottawa, on 22nd August, 1942, of 2nd Lieutenant Milton Erle Armstrong, B.A. '33, to Miss Dorothy Shaver. The Rector officiated, the blessing being pronounced by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa. The bride was attended by her sister, and the groom by his brother, Mr. Harold Armstrong. Lieutenant and Mrs. Armstrong, after a short honeymoon, left for the West Coast where Lieutenant Armstrong is stationed.

CARR-EARDLEY-WILMOT—The marriage took place quietly on 1st August, 1942, at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec, of Barbara Rose Eardley-Wilmot, B.A. '35, eldest daughter of the Rev'd Canon and Mrs. C. R. Eardley-Wilmot of Quebec, to Leading Aircraftsman John Franklin Carr, son of Mrs. John Carr of New Liskeard, Ontario. The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Quebec, the Rev'd A. H. Crowfoot. After a short wedding trip, the bride and groom went to Ottawa, where Leading Aircraftsman Carr is at present stationed.

COLLINS-CROOK—The wedding is announced of Miss Mary Louise Crook, M '40, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crook of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. John McPherson Collins, Aviation Cadet, United States Army, on 12th September, at Springfield.

W. R. WRIGHT

COOPER-PATTERSON—The marriage took place in August of Surgeon-Lieutenant Everett Alexander Cooper, B.A. '35, M.D., R.C.N.V.R., son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Merrill A. Cooper of Ormstown, Quebec, to Miss Noreen Miriam Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald A. Patterson of Outremont. Mrs. Cooper is a graduate in Arts of McGill University.

CROMWELL-MACKENZIE—The marriage took place at St. Peter's Church, Quebec, on 15th August of Miss Eva Mackenzie to Mr. Rufus Edwin Cromwell, B.A. '31, the Rev'd P. R. Roy, M.A. '06, L.S.T., officiating. The best man was Mr. Oliver Cromwell of Cookshire.

DYER-DARRAH—The marriage took place on 27th June at Sutton, Quebec, of Miss Marjorie Ellen Darrah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Darrah, to Mr. George Chester Dyer, B.A. '32.

FULLER-DUNLAP—The marriage took place on Sunday, 18th October, 1942, of Miss Minnie Maria Dunlap, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Brown Dunlap, to Lieutenant John Peters Fuller, U.S.N.R., B.A. '31. The marriage took place in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D.C.

HAYDEN-BRAITHWAITE—At St. John's Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass., on Saturday, 21st November, 1942, the marriage took place of Miss Grace Mary Braithwaite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Braithwaite, to Ensign Ralph Henry Hayden, Jr., B.A. '41, son of the Rev'd and Mrs. R. H. Hayden of Pittsfield. Mrs. Hayden is a graduate of Colby Junior College.

JAMES-HUNTING—The marriage of Ruth Emily Hunting, B.A. '39, H.S. Cert. '40, daughter of Mrs. Hunting and the late William H. Hunting of Huntingville, to Mr. Charles Newton James, H.S. Cert. '40, son of Mrs. James and the late Rev'd E. C. James of Lachine, took place at Huntingville in the Universalist Church, on 27th June, the Rev'd R. L. Weis of North Hatley officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. M. C. Sewell, Mr. Douglas McIver of Montreal was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Ross and Lloyd Hunting.

MAGOR-ALLEN—The marriage took place on Saturday afternoon 5th September, 1942, at one o'clock in Bishop Strachan School Chapel, Toronto, of Margaret Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Allen, to Second Lieutenant Lincoln Stoddard Magor, B.A. '40, son of Mrs. Magor and the late R. J. Magor of Montreal. The bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Bimel of Sarnia, Ontario, was her only attendant. Mr. Robert Magor was the groomsmen for his brother, and the ushers were Lieutenant Conrad Por-

teous and Mr. Henry Bowen of Montreal, Mr. Hawkes Robinson of Newmarket, and Mr. Charles Bimel of Sarnia. **MAYHEW-PERRY**—At the "Willows" the home of the bride's parents in Ayer's Cliff, the marriage took place on 15th August, 1942, of Miss Marian Ascha Perry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Perry, and Mr. Henry Carl Mayhew, B.A. '27, son of Mr. William Mayhew and the late Mrs. Mayhew of Bury. The Rev'd D. H. McFarlane of Rosemount United Church officiated. The bride and groom will reside in Montreal where Mr. Mayhew will resume his duties as principal of one of the city's schools.

MORROW-KERR—The marriage took place on 1st August, 1942, at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Ontario, of Miss Eleanor Bensley Kerr to Captain George Maxwell Morrow, Canadian Dental Corps, M '36. The ceremony was performed by the Rev'd Dr. N. D. Macdonald. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James W. Kerr, and Mrs. James W. Kerr was matron of honour. Lieutenant William A. Unsworth was best man and the ushers were Mr. Russell Weir and Mr. Douglas Marrs. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which Captain and Mrs. Morrow left on a wedding trip to Northern Ontario.

MURRAY-GROOME—A naval wedding of much interest took place at King's College Chapel, Halifax, on 20th June, when Miss Elsie Groome, B.A. '38, H. S. Cert. '39, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Groome of North Hatley, became the bride of Sub-Lieutenant John Clayburn Murray, R.C.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Murray of Saint John, New Brunswick. The guard of honor was composed of friends of the bridegroom of the V division which graduated from H.M.C.S. Kings on the same day. The bride was given in marriage by Sub-Lieutenant Christopher C. Love, R.C.N.V.R., formerly of Bishop's College School. Sub-Lieutenant Murray is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick. A reception followed the ceremony at the Carleton Hotel, Halifax. Later the bride and groom left on a trip to St. John's, Newfoundland.

SCHOCH-RIDDELL—The marriage took place on Tuesday, 11th August, 1942, at Arvida, Quebec, of Lieutenant Arnold N. Schoch, B.Sc. '40, to Miss Edith Louise Riddell, daughter of Surgeon Lieutenant and Mrs. A. E. Riddell.

SMITH-DUNN—The marriage took place on 19th September, 1942, of Miss Nan Virginia Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Dunn of Montreal, and Mr. Charles Lonsdale Smith, M '38. Both are graduates of McGill University.

STEVENS-McDOUGALL—The marriage took place on 15th of August, 1942, at St. James' Church, Three Rivers, of Lieutenant Trevor C. Stevens, M '40, and Miss Agnes Robina (Nancy) McDougall, B.A. '38, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDougall. Mr. Edgar Stevens, M '43, acted as best man for his brother.

WILSON-BAINBRIDGE—At Goring Church, Goring, England, on Saturday 30th May, 1942, the wedding took place of Flying Officer Christopher Wilson, M '37, to Miss Norma D. Bainbridge, daughter of the late Colonel Norman Bainbridge, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Bainbridge of Streatley-on-Thames. The bride is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.

AMEY-HASTINGS—On Monday, 12th October, 1942, in Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, the marriage took place of Miss Norma Evelyn Hastings, B.A., to the Rev'd Harry Amey, B.A. '40. Mrs. Amey is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto.

Engagements

WILLIAMSON-THOMPSON—Mr. and Mrs. James Edmund Thompson of Lennoxville announce the engagement of their daughter, Catherine Edith Thompson, B.A. '41, to Lieutenant James Dean Travers Williamson, B.A. '42, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Williamson of Georgetown, Delaware. The marriage is to take place in St. Mark's Chapel, Bishop's University, the latter part of November.

Deaths

The *Mitre* records with regret the death of Pearl Beswick, who for several years was a waitress in the College Dining Hall. She was going to Newfoundland on the S. S. Caribou to join her husband who is with the R.C.A.F., when the ship was sunk by an enemy torpedo.

Mrs. Beswick was a courteous and efficient waitress. Her husband was formerly an employee of the College. Mrs. Beswick's body was recovered and the burial service was held on Saturday, October 24, in the United Church, Lennoxville.

General

The following Bishop's men have recently been ordained to Holy Orders.

CRAIG—On Trinity Sunday, May 31, 1942, the Rev'd A. B. Craig, B.A. '41, was ordained Priest in Guelph, Ontario, by the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

ADAMS—On Trinity Sunday, May 31, the Rev'd Leon Adams was ordained Priest in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa.

APPS-TURPIN—On the Feast of St. Barnabas, June 11, Mr. H. I. Apps and Mr. Reginald Turpin, B.A. '37, were ordained Deacons in St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

CLARK—On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, Mr. Percy Clark, B.A. '42, was ordained Deacon in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa.

MACKIE—On the Feast of St. Luke (transferred) October 21, Mr. Robert Mackie, B.A. '41, was ordained a Deacon in St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, by the Lord Bishop of Quebec.

WOODARD—A. T. Woodard, B.A. '37, has completed his training in Clinton, and has been commissioned as Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F.

CUTTELL—The Rev'd Colin Cuttall, B.A. '37, of the Mission of Wabamum, Alberta, has been appointed Bishop's Domestic Chaplain and travelling missionary in the Diocese of Quebec.

GRAY—The Rev'd W. T. Gray, L.S.T. '38, formerly Incumbent of St. Paul's Church, West Sherbrooke, has been appointed Rector of St. Peter's Church, Cookshire, and was formally inducted by the Bishop of Quebec on September 30.

FORD—The Rev'd John Ford, B.A. '38, has been appointed to the Mission of West Sherbrooke and has been replaced at Kenogami by the Rev'd C. C. Campbell, M '36.

MARSTON—The Rev'd J. Guy Marston, B.A. '41, is now in charge of the Mission of Sandy Beach. Mr. Marston was formerly Assistant-Curate of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.

The Rev'd Colin CUTTALL, B.A. '37, has been appointed part-time Chaplain to Military District No. 5. Mr. Cuttall is now attached to the Diocese of Quebec.

The Rev'd Claude SAUERBREI, B.A. '24, L.S.T., late of the Diocese of Rangoon, has been appointed Chaplain to Bishop's College School.

The Rev'd W. J. BELFORD, B.A. '36, has been appointed to the parish of East Hatley.

Michael HORTON, B.A. '33, has been appointed Copy Editor of the *Washington Times-Herald*. The paper has a daily circulation of 225,000 and frequently prints eight editions.

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Exchanges

T. MANNING

Due to the vast needs of war, college life has been subjected to many changes. War councils, and campaigns to collect salvage have been formed in many colleges. According to the McGill Daily of November eleventh the calling-up of Arts men is expected soon. It was stated in an address given by Mr. Wright, assistant-director of National Selective Service, that all able-bodied men would be restricted to university courses which would fit them to be technical officers in the armed forces or key specialists in war industry. This casts a somewhat different light on the situation than we had expected.

Stories of the harvest excursion and pictures illustrating it seem to be popular in the November sixth issue of the *Silhouette*. In a headline advertising a Harvesters' Hop, they distinctly say "Party Beardless". This gives one to think that more than the Bishop's men raised healthy beards out West.

Remember, all you chaps who think that the C.O.T.C. takes too much of your time, that the Co-eds of many Canadian universities are undergoing similar military training which is perhaps even more severe.

"Fifteen Students Make Blood Donations," such is the headline of one article in the *Argosy Weekly*. Why don't we arrange to do this at Bishop's? Surely there are many of us here who would never miss a pint of blood and that pint might save the life of some poor Russian fighting for his life and ours.

Seniors, if you were attending Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, you would have to polish your own boots after

November sixth as freshmen duties cease on that date.

The following are the exchanges received:

McGill Daily
Queen's Journal
Le Carabin, Laval
Xaverian Weekly
The Acadia Athenaeum
The Gateway, University of Alberta
The Bates Student
The Argosy
The College Cord
The Silhouette, McMaster University
College Topics, University of Virginia
Brunswickian
The Manitoban
Queen's Review
Trinity University Review
The Adventurer, Magee High School, Vancouver
The Record
The Ashburian
Revue de l'Universite d'Ottawa
The Yale Literary Magazine
Loyola College Review
College Times, U. C. C.
King's College Record
Arta Ridleiana
Dalhousie Gazette
Quebec Diocesan Gazette



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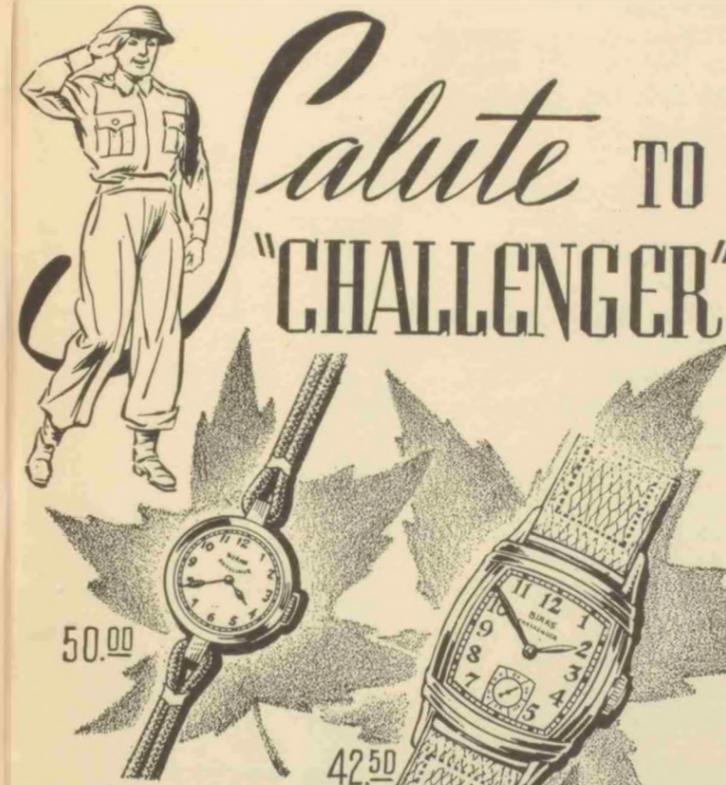
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