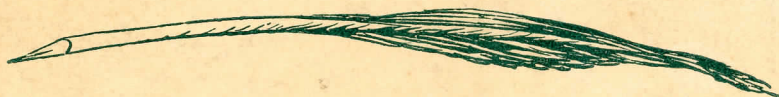


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COMMENCEMENT  
NUMBER  
1918

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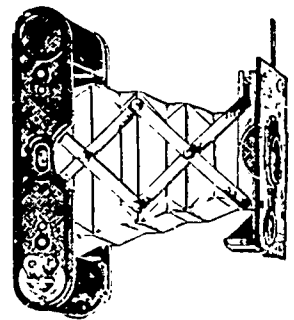
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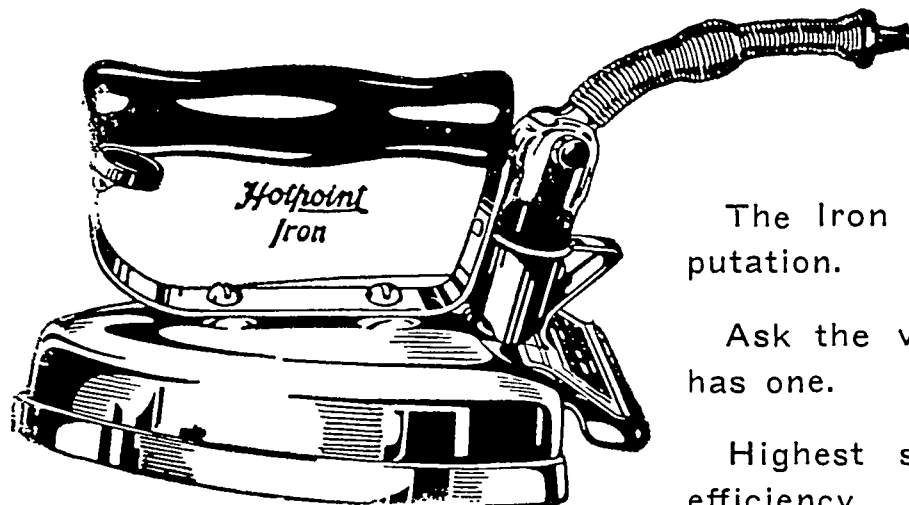
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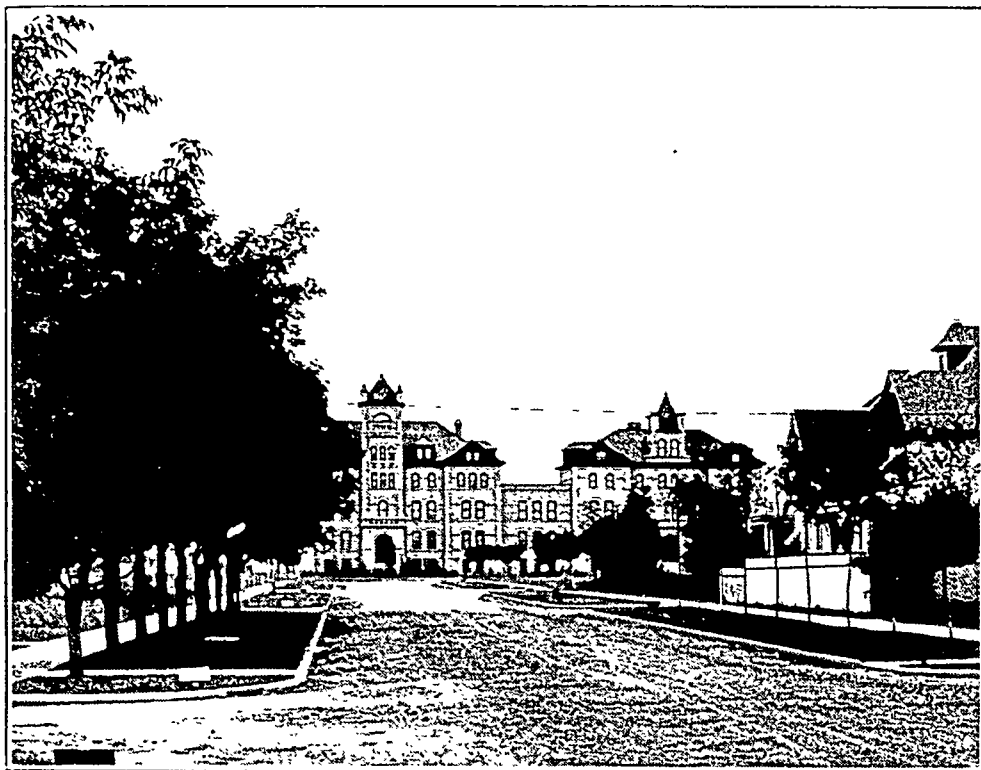
Brandon, Manitoba

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"



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Brandon College

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## COLLEGE SONG

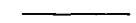
Hail our College, out in the Golden West,  
Take thou our fealty, now unto thee confest,  
Be thou, Alma Mater, now and forever blest,  
Hail! Hail! Brandon forever! Hail!

Through rich valleys rolleth Assiniboine,  
Where sunsets golden prairies as golden join  
Round thy fair prospects fondly the memories twine,  
Hail! Hail! Brandon forever! Hail!

# CLASS ORGANIZATION

## OFFICERS

- Honorary President .....Prof. W. A. Mackintosh
- President ..... Miss G. Whidden
- Vice-President ..... Miss B. Turnbull
- Secretary-Treasurer ..... Mr. D. S. McIntyre
- Historian ..... Miss R. Bambridge
- Prophetess ..... Miss J. Avery
- Poetess ..... Miss G. Whidden



## MOTTO

Astra castra, numen lumen.



## YELL

Astra castra, numen lumen,  
 Boomer gang a reen.  
 1—9—1—8  
 Year Eighteen.



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Dr. H. P. Whidden  
President of Brandon College



Dr. S. J. McKee  
Registrar



Professor W. A. Mackintosh  
Honorary President

# Brandon College Quill

THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL VIII

MAY

NO. 3

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BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL is published by the Students of Brandon College, Brandon, Man. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance; single numbers 25 Cents. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Christina Turnbull. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

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---

The members of the graduating class have been jointly responsible for this issue of the "Quill."

---

## CLASS HISTORY '18

*"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women in it merely players."*

Many theatres have seen the same play with different actors, and one of these, Brandon College, has presented to us an especially talented company. The actors who made up this Company '18 were stars, and their performance in the play which they presented will long be remembered.

The play began in the Autumn of 1914; the setting was green—very green. There were in the company thirty-two

actors and actresses who had registered for their debut in the Freshman year. Other companies stood about and smiled scornfully at this green group, but the green group smiled too. It felt very sure of itself and of its ability. This first act of the play found them in old Room F organizing—a new departure for a Freshman year. With John Hart as president, Eleanor Beaubier as vice-president, and Gwen Whidden as secretary, they started out bravely to break away from the ways of former companies. They did what no other company had done before in the first act, for they chose their colors, green and *white*, and silver class pins in which was cut their mark. '18.

Then one of the company was called upon to join the greater company for work on a scene of battle. All said good-bye to Andy Cumberland with heavy hearts and with a presentiment that many such scenes would follow.

During the first act the members of the company were found debating, first against Senior Arts and winning easily, again with Theology successfully, and as a result the banner was brought to Room F. To celebrate these victories a delightful "hike" was arranged to the Chalmer's farm by which the surrounding country was made acquainted with this brilliant group.

Shortly after this the quaking green company assembled to write its freshman's examinations. Results were not as disastrous as was feared, and the honor of the Vining scholarship fell to Jean Avery, the "ingenue" of the company.

The second act was opened with roll-call. Old members of the company now only numbered eighteen. Anna McChesney had decided to get married, some had grown tired and others had decided to try different spheres. Two new members joined the company to fill the places of those who had left.

By this time Company '18 was well known and had proved its good qualities in every line. The scene of the annual Field Day saw them instrumental in bringing the highest aggregate to Junior Arts. David Beaubier won the Freshman medal and the individual championship. The renown of the actors grew and they played various important parts. On the "Quill" staff four "Eighteens" figured, a President was given to Clark Hall Y.W.C.A., a President and three other officers to the Athletic Association, and many members were given to committees. The critics of the play particularly noted the capable manner in which Ruby McDonald acted as convenor of the menu committee for the Arts banquet that year.

In honor of John Hart, president of the company, who was going to join the Princess Pats, the troupe "hiked" to the



Experimental Farm. After Christmas, Bruce Steele was sent off with the best of wishes for a safe return, as he, too, had joined the greater company.

At the end of the year, after rehearsing psychology and Latin for days, the members were examined, with the result that the production was successful.

When next the company met, their act was called "Third Year." They found that the greater company had called more of their members, Rae Smale and Kenneth Campbell having joined the 196th Universities Battalion and David Beaubier the 181st. Others played entirely new roles. Arthur Pullen starred as Editor of the "Quill," with four others supporting him. Eleanor Beaubier acted as President of the Literary Society, while Bessie Turnbull and Duncan Scott McIntyre contributed to the society as "Critic" editor and as vice-president respectively. Leslie Glinz played the lead in the Debating Society, and Gwen Whidden in the Clark Hall Literary Society. The public became aware that on Field Day Company '18 boasted prominent players. Leslie Glinz won three medals, and D'Arcy Cook, a new member from the McMaster theatre, was awarded the Freshman's medal. Two members of the company, Leslie Glinz and Jean Avery, then played important parts in the Inter-collegiate debate. When the players took their Christmas vacation, Mildred Sherrin joined the Normal theatre in Calgary. Shortly after this Bruce Steele, who was with company '18 on its formation, returned from the greater company in France and paid a short visit. He then went to Winnipeg where he became a member of the medical company.

At the close of the season as usual, examinations were presented in order to test the efficiency of the members and train them to play still more difficult parts.

The company met again at the opening of the theatre in 1917, knowing well that it was to play its last and greatest part. Charlie Whidden was playing at military headquarters in Winnipeg, Arthur Pullen with the C.A.M.C., and Leslie Glinz and Alex. Nichol as soldiers of the soil. The rest studied with a will, knowing that this was to be their last season together, and were fortunate in being under the management of Gwen Whidden.

Sadness came to Company '18 when they received news that Andy Cumberland and Ben Cunningham, two of the original members, had been killed in action. Rae Smale, having played his part in the greater company, paid us a flying visit in March, and then left us to spend some time in Winnipeg.

The admiring audience, which had seen '18 playing for

the last four years, honored them with a banquet, and all the members of the company felt that it was more than they deserved.

Shortly after this the company presented to the keenest critics the greatest production of their lives up to the present, and when the result was announced every member of the company was to be congratulated on what he or she had accomplished.

---

### CLASS '18 SONG

There is a gang of noisy folk, noisy folk,  
 You think perhaps they're just a joke, just a joke:  
 But we think they're just the best has ever been,  
 And people call them Class '18.

Chorus:

There are several may-be teachers, lawyers, doctors,  
 writers, preachers.  
 Oh, what brainy, brainy creatures are this Class '18!  
 You'll see them soon throughout the world, all the world;  
 Dark ignorance shall be down hurled, be down hurled.  
 Yes, this brainy tribe immortal will shine,  
 And on their banner this design—'18.

This class consists of damsels fair, damsels fair,  
 With shining eyes and silken hair, silken hair:  
 And boys who think these girls are the whole cheese—  
 I beg your pardon, did you sneeze?

We don't call this much of a song, of a song,  
 It's neither good nor very long, very long;  
 But if you think our brains are very few,  
 Dear friends, we think the same of you.

---

"Labor is good for a man, bracing up his energies to conquest,  
 And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless;  
 For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges."

—Tupper.

## Jean Marion Avery



*"She is young and of a noble, modest nature."*



Every age has its important personages, and Class '18, Brandon College, claims the distinction of having a twentieth century mathematical genius. In an early year of this century Jean Avery made her appearance in the town of Austin, Man., still her home.

Public school work was regarded by Jean as merely an incident, so after completing her third class work in Austin, she journeyed to Brandon College in the Fall of 1913. A second class certificate was soon creditably obtained and, packing her Matric. languages in where they would fit, she started out with Class '18.

Having a remarkable leaning towards mathematics, we found her nipping off an inviting scholarship blossoming boldly in the desert of Arts I. All the way through her course, her taste for the select was noticed by the way she calmly rode the first class camel at the head of the class caravan.

In her Junior year Jean made a departure from the ordinary round of duties by stepping in and helping bring the honor of victory to Brandon College in the Inter-collegiate debate with Winnipeg. By her success on that occasion she proved her capability on the public platform.

The Senior year found Jean the only member of the previous "Quill" staff reporting for duty. She was assigned the inconspicuous but all-important office of Business Manager. Her tact and practical turn of mind did a great deal toward making our college paper a success. Yet Jean has not been too busy to enjoy social life and to form many friendships.

Conjectures regarding her future are quite in order. There is a probable normal course, a hint of special mathematics, and the result of all this put into practice in Japan. But whatever it may be, the hearts of Class '18 go with her in well-wishing.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Haunt: The "Sun" Office.

Forte: Mathematics.

Pastime: Sleeping.

## Reita Wood Bambridge



*"There's little of the melancholy element in her!"*



Reita Wood claims the pretty little town of Souris, Man., as her birthplace, and indeed that aforesaid town deems itself fortunate in mothering such a wise child. After one year's schooling at this place, she moved to a farm near Griswold and here started out on her quest for knowledge. Her entrance work completed, Reita spent one year at home, and then took her third and second class work at Griswold High School the following two years.

In the Fall of '13 Reita entered the sacred precincts of Clark Hall. Here she worked zealously at the French and Latin languages, flavoring these terrors with music. This progressive young student, unwilling to resist the chance of a college education, started her Arts course the following year. French, History and Political Economy appealed to her most of all, but even non-required subjects seemed a necessity. These latter, however, did not prevent Reita from piling up a nice record of good standings.

The social side of life was by no means forgotten, and Reita's ability along these lines was not long in manifesting itself. Decorating for Arts banquets and promenades often fell to her lot, and it was always done in a cheerful and tasteful way.

In 1916 Reita was the winner in the Clark Hall silver medal contest for public speaking, and the following year she won the gold medal in the annual Brandon College oratorical contest.

We wish Reita every success in the future, and feel confident that her influence will be wide-spread.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Saying: "This is a queer world."

Aspiration: To visit France and study "les Francais."

Failing: Yellow.

## Lucy Eleanor Beaubier



✦

*“Women will love her, that she is a  
woman  
More worth than any man; men that  
she is  
The rarest of all women.”*

✦

Eleanor considers herself a Brandonite, but we scarcely see just why she should, since she has spent her life up to the present experimenting on places and folks from Winnipeg to Vancouver and from Brandon to France. Now

after four winters in our city, she contemplates chicken-ranching either in the South Sea Isles or the Peace River district.

During her four years of college life, Eleanor has been up and doing. When a little bit of “originality” was needed, a little bit of “push,” she was there to give it. Every department of our college life has been affected by her directly or indirectly.

Her first year found her on refreshment committees, for she had had experience at the Agricultural College in Winnipeg, and such experience proved valuable for skating parties, promenades and hikes. Enthusiastic at tennis, she was also one of the ground hockey eleven who won the cup for Arts.

Second year brought many “outside” interests, but there was time for more committees, for people knew that Eleanor could be depended upon to carry things through successfully. She also took an active part in debating, and capably filled the position of President of the Clark Hall Y.W.C.A.

Third year found her occupying the most important position of our student organization, that of President of the Literary Society, and as first “Lady President” she proved that the “Lit.” could be run successfully without a man at the head.

During her fourth year Eleanor has again been interested in all which will go to the building up of student organizations and to the general well-being of her Alma Mater.

Wherever she may be and whatever she may do, we know that she will meet with more than ordinary success.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Saying: “That’s dellasoo!”

Failing: Attending committee meetings.

Favorite Haunt: The “Allen.”

## D'Arcy George Cook



*"This honest creature doubtless  
Sees and knows more, much more, than  
he unfolds."*



When he was born, we don't know ; where he was born, we can't say—anyway, that doesn't matter. His achievements and adventures make up for uncertainties in minor respects. He meandered round "Merrie England" in his teens. The public school at Chippenham not suiting him, he moved his

person to Littleton, where he also graced the public school.

Now it stands to reason that as time went on he grew in reason and stature, which qualifications entitled him for enrolment at High School, Portway, Bath. Here in his second year he earned the College of Preceptors' certificate, and in his third year the general proficiency prize.

In course of time, 1913, he came to Canada. Seven months on a farm were enough to arouse his natural disinclination for work, so he took the first train for McMaster, 1915. Field day arriving, he won the medal for the mile run. The summers he occupied in pastoral work at Gobermary, Ont., and Mulgrave, Que. In the summer of '16 he found himself at Austin, Man., holding down the pastorate of the Baptist church. The same Fall he landed on the steps of Brandon College, and the close of Field day found him admiring himself before the mirror in which sparkled the Freshman's medal for the highest number of points. The third year passing, found him surveying with satisfaction the Hebrew scholarships. Summer pastorates at Virden and Kenton Baptist churches followed.

The Field day of 1917 closed leaving him possessor of the gold medal for the highest number of points for the total exertions of the day. He has also been convenor of football and Field day activities. With all this D'Arcy George Cook ought to do well.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Saying: "Well, professor——"

Failing: Philosophy.

Haunt: The mail wicket.

## Ruby Elspeth Margaret McDonald



✦

*“While I remain above the ground, you  
shall  
Hear from me still, and never of me  
ought  
But what is like me formerly.”*

✦

A true daughter of the prairie, Ruby came to us from a farm near Napinka. The little country schoolhouse near her home boasts of being the place which first gave this child a yearning for the things that are to be learned from books and teachers. The Napinka school and Brandon Collegiate also claim a share in the early education of this industrious student.

After a Normal course and a short time teaching, we find Ruby at language study at Manitoba University, preparatory to starting out with Class '18 at Brandon College. From the very first she won for herself an enviable reputation as an industrious and untiring worker in almost all phases of college life. By her work on the Y.W.C.A. executive of 1915-'16 as convenor of programs, Ruby showed that she had a deep interest in that work.

In social duties, too, Ruby has always expressed a willingness to help anyone and everyone. She has made many good times for other people and also entered into the fun herself. Her work on committees has always been done with the greatest care and thoroughness and has been rewarded with the consequent success. During the term '16-'17 Ruby was second vice-president of B.C. Literary Society and filled that difficult position in a very praiseworthy manner.

Just what the future has in store for this important member of our class we cannot say, but we are not afraid to prophesy a brilliant and successful career.

### SNAPSNOTS:

Favorite Saying: "I'll just see to that."

Ambition: To reach the top of the ladder.

Haunt: Art's study after eleven.

## Duncan Scott McIntyre



*"The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted."*



With the coming of the new century occurred an event of unusual significance in the annals of the West. Near the thriving little town of Miami there appeared a child of wonderful promise who has come to be known as "Scottie." Starting at an early age to public school, he was at once the delight and pride of his teachers, whose

only regret was that he passed on too quickly to another grade and thus out of their care.

His high school career was a series of brilliant successes. On the playground and in all boyish mischief he was as remarkable as in the classroom. But he could not satisfy his thirst for knowledge in Miami, so repaired to the fount of all learning, Brandon College. Here he aroused the amazement of both students and professors by his youthful appearance and precocity. Nothing was too difficult, and no lesson was too long for Scottie. Even Latin, that bugbear of Junior Arts, held no terror for him. Political Economy was a path of roses from which he plucked the most promising bud in the shape of a scholarship.

What the future will bring we cannot know, but we venture to prophesy that Scottie will be successful in whatever vocation he may choose.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Song: "Work, for the night is Cumming."

Failing: Forgetting class meetings.

Amusement: Getting "firsts."



## Marjorie Alleen Sherrin

✦

*"Fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life in peace  
and war."*

✦



As one of Canada's fair daughters, Marjorie made her appearance on this planet in the famous town of Souris. In this miniature city she received her primary education in the public school and collegiate. While in the latter institution Marjorie fulfilled her duties on the executive of the literary society

in a manner worthy of remark, so we believe. However, large as Souris was and many as the opportunities were for the use of talent, they were not extensive enough to satisfy the desires of this ambitious young lady. After much contemplation she ultimately reached the conclusion that Brandon College was the one place which would slake her thirst for further knowledge.

Consequently it was with the warmest of welcomes that Class '18 received her within its folds. During her career in college she has ever held the interest of her class a heart, although she has never put them before the welfare of her Alma Mater. She has always been ready to lend a helping hand whenever and wherever she saw an opportunity. She indeed belongs to the great Empire of Silence, which is the greatest trophy in Carlyle's works and in which, although little is said, much is done with a willingness characteristic of the true giver.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Haunt: The "Olympia."

Favorite Saying: "Wait for me."

Chief Occupation: Sketching.

## Bessie Euphemia Turnbull



*"Who is it that says most? Which can  
say more  
Than this rich praise, that you alone  
are you?"*



Bessie, early in life, decided to leave Hartney, the place of her birth, and sojourn to and reside in Brandon. As was and is her habit, she acted on her decision and came to stay. She spent many delightful hours in Brandon public schools and Brandon Colle-

giate, but when, during her last term there, she was introduced to Brandon College and Clark Hall "lits," she forsook forever the Collegiate and in the famous year of 1914 joined the Freshman class of '18.

The least fresh of all the Freshettes, she speedily won for herself an acknowledged place in that class. The hockey field, the tennis court and the basket-ball floor were from the first the scenes of Bess's greatest activity. A keen sport herself, she endeavored to interest everyone in College athletics. Not only in sports, but on committees of various sorts do we find her. In the year '16-'17 she was elected Editor of the "Critic," and that year the Literary Society had one of the best "Critics" in its history. Unanimously elected Delta of the Delta Gamma Sigma, she has filled both a position as genial hostess and as general peace maker.

Whatever may lie in her future we can trust her to see the fair and square thing and to do it.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Pastime: Entertaining the Delta Gamma Sigma.

Failing: Her guitar.

Pet Phrase: "I thought I'd die."

## Susan Gwendolynn Whidden



◆

*Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain;  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain.*

◆

Gwen Whidden, who has been so active in all college doings for the past six years, was once like everyone else—a baby. She was born at St. Stephen, N.B., lived in Galt until she was three years old, and then came to Brandon, but only for a short time. Leaving here, she went to Dayton to live and there she attended public school and took her first year academy work.

Then, much to the joy of all who knew her here, she came back to Brandon and entered Brandon College, finishing her Academic work and beginning and ending her Arts course. College to '18 without Gwen would never have been college, and an Arts course would have been a sunless, mournful drag.

But Gwen is not cheerful and nothing else. She is active and has certainly "done her bit" in more than just fighting. While in Academy III she was elected Secretary of the B.C. Literary Society, and the following year was convenor of Clark Hall athletics. Ground hockey and tennis received such a push that they are still going, although we can hardly imagine them going as swiftly as heretofore. During the year she was President of Clark Hall "Lit," the whole society swung into line catching some of the influence radiating from the President.

War came with all its disturbances, and we turned to see Gwen at the head of our patriotic society, devising ingenious ways to raise money to help our boys and interest the girls in knitting and packing boxes. She it was who organized our patriotic bazaar and success was the result.

But above all, as President of '18 does the class appreciate her. Every meeting has a definite and useful purpose. So dependent on her is the class, that one often wonders what the members will do when they haven't Gwen to fall back on.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Favorite Saying: "Three cheers for the government!"

Haunt: "The Wildcat's Inn."

Failing: Out when she should be in.

## Walter White



*"But there's more in me than thou understandest."*



Walter White was first known to posterity at Cheltenham, England, where he received his public school education. But his was an adventurous spirit, and imbibing radical notions he left the old land to cross into the new life of Western Canada. Being of a studious temperament, he pursued and completed his matriculation work extra-

murally. Visions of fame led him to enter the Freshman year of Class '17. For two years he became a devoted scholar, disdaining all the frivolities of life. So diligent was he that he plucked the general proficiency scholarship of the Second year from his class-mates.

Fate interrupted his course at Brandon College, and for ten months Walter remained an absentee from the college, taking first class Normal at Saskatoon. Then he penetrated the wild woods of Alberta, acting as principal of an Indian boarding school. Returning from the West he entered the Junior year with the famous Class '18. His scholastic ardor unabated, he won the Philosophy scholarship of the third year.

A great change has come over Walter in his Senior year—it remains a great mystery for most of us. Whispers are afloat that the college co-eds have something to do with it. Under such circumstances we are unable to predict his future, but we hope it will be a happy one.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Failing: Strolling.

Favorite Saying: "Good morning, Miss So-and-So!"

Pastime: Giving advice.

## ARTS '18 OVERSEAS

During the first year of the quest of Class '18 for the sheepskin, two of the members felt the call to another and higher duty. Andy Cumberland went first, followed very shortly by Ben Cunningham, both boys carrying with them the good wishes of this class-mates. They took up their new task cheerfully, and it was only after a period of much service and usefulness that they laid it down in the fields of Flanders. The members of Class '18 will always cherish the memories of these two, their first volunteers.

Early in the Fall of his second year, Johnnie Hart, our class president, felt the conviction that fighting for liberty and truth was even more necessary than the work he was accomplishing in Canada. Though he has been through many battles and has suffered many hardships, we are glad to know that as yet he is quite well.

With the firm resolve to do what he could in the great struggle, Bruce Steele, the same Winter, left us to join the 11th Field Ambulance. Splendid reports were received of his progress, and one of the happiest occasions on which the "clan" gathered was to welcome him back from the front, unfit for further service, but strong enough to enter Manitoba Medical College, where he has very successfully completed his second year in medicine.

The 196th Battalion claimed two of our boys, Rae Smale and Kenneth Campbell. Ken is now in the Flying Corps, but Rae, who unfortunately was seriously wounded, has returned. It is a great satisfaction to us all that he purposes finishing his Arts course next year at Brandon College.

When the 181st Battalion went overseas, Dave Beaubier went with them as a lieutenant, and is now in France—a true soldier, Dave.

Late in the third year Charlie Whidden took up work at military headquarters, Winnipeg, feeling that he could relieve someone for active service.

During the Summer, Arthur Pullen joined the Medical Corps, soon after leaving for overseas.

Leslie Glinz and Alec Nichol, feeling that they also were needed for active service, withdrew from the college circle, becoming "soldiers of the soil."

While as a class we have felt the loss of these boys from our midst, we can not but feel a pride in the knowledge that out of our class have gone eleven boys to help bring about the

triumph of right in the world. We eagerly look forward to the time when we shall welcome them all back again. In the meantime, we can only assure them of our abiding interest and affection.

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## HISTORY OF THEOLOGY '18

The Fall of 1915 was marked by the advent of four theological students to the halls of Brandon College: Messrs. Reid, Scott, Stott and Pepin. These students, noted more for age than beauty, started toward the coveted goal. Their equipment was a little knowledge and a big desire. The Spring term witnessed the coming of Mr. Bisson, who joined the class and waved their colors.

Spring examinations revealed the fact that these worthies were ready to attempt a second year. In the Fall of 1916 the class re-organized with two members less, but the coming of Mr. Riggs helped to maintain both class interest and spirit.

Spring examinations placed Messrs. Riggs and Pepin in the race for the final drive, and in the Fall of 1917 the work was again resumed. Good results have been obtained, and future years only can tell what they shall be.

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Jeremiah, Hezekiah,  
 Matthew, Luke and Paul;  
 Theology, Theology,  
 Hallelujah Hall,  
 Faith, Hope and Charity,  
 Long oats and poverty,  
 Ah me!



## Helier Pepin



*"Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best shall come back to you."*



Years ago, a score of summers or more, a little boy stood watching those huge cabbage plants growing on one of the famous Channel Islands. There his little imagination grasped the possibilities of great things, and just in time to save him from abnormal development in such surroundings, his parents took him to England to the burgh known as Chatham. There the lad grew under the shadows of shipping and ship-building. Thus it is not strange that years afterwards he took kindly to the ocean wave.

After varied experiences in Old England, where he preached his first sermon, he at last drifted westward. He came to Brandon College in November, 1915, and entered upon the English theological course, which he has now creditably completed. Already his voice has been heard on four continents preaching the gospel, but the last two summers he has confined his labors to Aneroid and Quill Lake, Sask., whither he was sent as student pastor.

During his course he has taken a deep interest in the religious and literary phases of college life. In 1917, he was the leader of the successful team in the Inter-collegiate debate. He served on the "Quill" staff during this last college year. His lively interest in college fun and functions will not soon be forgotten.

The subject of this biography is well supplied with "Pep," as his name shows. We can forgive him for his poetry because of his other splendid gifts.

We wish him a joyous life of service in his chosen vocation.

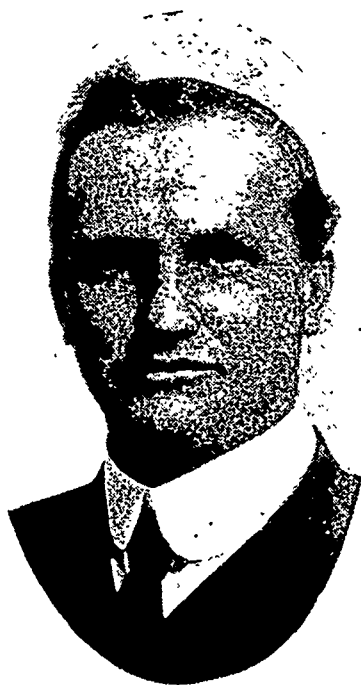
### SNAPSHOTS:

Pastime: Printing pictures.

Favorite Haunt: The iron door.

Failing: Midnight cup of tea.

## Herman Dionysius Riggs



✦

*"I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly that will put me in trust."*

✦

In the long, long ago, there was left one fine morning at the little log cabin of a worthy couple in the Ottawa valley a wee baby boy, Herman Dionysius Riggs. Strong and lusty waxed the child. At the proper age he was sent to school where he became fabulously well-informed. Later entering Woodstock College, he matriculated in 1898. Here he met his hero, the famous author of the "Christology of the Hebrews." When Herman wasn't working, he could nightly see his hero, all spic and span, departing on his courting expeditions to the home of his future bride. From this experience he learned the ways of love. Leaving Woodstock, he proceeded to McMaster University, where he graduated in Arts in 1902.

He now turned his longing eyes toward the West, and found congenial environment in Southern Manitoba. The lessons in the tender passion he had learned through the window, he now made use of. Success was his, as a little farm with chickens in the Okanagan Valley shows.

All that he ever achieves, in coming to college, or in his life's work, will be due largely to the practical help and encouragement of his wife. For this let him thank the professor.

### SNAPSHOTS:

Pet Saying: "As I told my people in a recent sermon."  
 Failing: Week-end trips to Hartney  
 Favorite Resort: "The Strand."



## CLASS PROPHECY

And it came to pass that all the maidens and stalwart youths of Class '18 did upon a certain Thursday night lay down forever their well worn examination quills and proceed into pleasant paths of peace and rest. On that same eve did the Seer lay himself down to rest, but alas! he was troubled by divers dreams. Then did the Seer in his wrath inscribe on a parchment of marvellous tissue his dreams and cast them from him. But one of the maidens, an early riser, did behold the manuscript and bore it in triumph to her friends, who translated with zealous ardor the ancient scroll. And the Class Prophet read it aloud. Thus saith the Seer: "Unto my troubled vision there did appear a cloud of dust from which shot forth a car, and in the car a youth did sit, tall and slender. And it so happened that an old man, who did sit on a stone by the road, cried unto me, 'Dost thou not see? Yonder passes the Honorable Doctor. He is famed through all this country and now returns to the land of his fathers. See, here is a card which he did give me.'" And I read thereon,

D. S. McIntyre, B.A., M.D., F.R.C.S.,

Post-graduate in Cardiac Disorders

Special Attention to Flutterings of the Female Heart.

Offices: Third Floor Cumming Bldg.

Much did I marvel at this wondrous card, but my astonishment turned to deep awe when I did find myself in a massive church. The pulpit was occupied by an eloquent preacher, and as he turned I did recognize D'Arcy George Cook, B.A., B.Th. The sermon seemed strangely short, and as I walked up the aisle to greet my friend the church was gone and I was on Broadway. A bookstall did block my way, and as I did strive in vain to pass, my hand did knock off a yellow volume on which was inscribed in brilliant letters, "The Unravelled Mystery," or "Divinity," by Reita Wood Bambridge—lovingly dedicated to Eleanor B. As I glanced through it the pictures did appear to be oddly familiar in style and lo! in a corner did I perceive a name, M. A. Sherrin. This did startle me greatly, for I had had many visions of Marjorie among the pots and pans—of Guelph Agricultural College—but another glance sufficed to convince me that "once an artist always an artist." I would fain have stopped to buy and read the book, but strangely enough the street began to rock and lo! I was in a cabin on my way to Europe and Paris. Through Paris I wandered bewildered in the maze of a language foreign to my ears, but the Louvre beckoned, and as I stumbled there through

room after room of paintings. I did perceive two young ladies, and to my surprise they did turn and speak to me in English. I ran to embrace them, but stopped short at the sight of Eleanor B. and her friend Reita Wood. We did proceed into the next room to confer together, but they disappeared down a corridor, and I was standing in an operating room. A patient lay on the table and over him bent a kindly face and two capable hands did administer the anaesthetic. The surgeon did turn and it was Bessie Turnbull. As I did reach forth my hand to touch her, I felt my hand taken, and as I looked down a tiny Japanese looked up, a smile in his bright eyes. He led me to a little room, and there did sit the teacher, a small creature, whose spectacled eyes did lift enquiringly at my approach. Jean Avery, if you please! She did nod to me, did smile, and proceed with her class, as I did wander around the room. In the very corner a gust of wind did blow into my path with mysterious omen a card and thereon I read:

S. Gwendolyn Whidden  
Lady Principal  
Acadia Seminary  
Wolfville, N.S.

I put it down hastily and escaped into the fresh air to ponder on these marvels. And as I did pass down the street the ships coming in and going out of port did tell me that this was Vancouver. On one outgoing ship a hand waved and I did recognize Ruby McDonald. A bystander did tell me that she had been commissioned to improve sanitary conditions in Constantinople, and would take up her work there at once. And there did appear unto me a vision of Constantinople spotless and robed in white, when why! here did approach a wedding procession and the bridegroom, who could it be but Walter White! He did appear to limp slightly, but straightened as the minister did proceed with the ceremony. As I did advance towards the altar and did salute the bride and shake hands with the bridegroom, behold, I did awake to find myself grasping a torch. This dream having troubled and escaped me for four long years, I did then resolve to write it down and cast it forth from out my presence.

And the class prophet said, Amen!

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“I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.”—John Milton.

**CLASS POEM**

Come, all ye knights and ladies gay,  
And listen to my roundelay:  
How once in days long past was seen  
A court—they called it Class '18.  
This court was rich in maidens fair  
And knights with black and shining hair.  
The maidens fair were wondrous wise,  
The knights looked on with tears and sighs  
To see the wisdom rich and rare:  
'Twas marvellous in those maidens fair.  
They looked and sighed, 'twas all in vain,  
Such learning they could ne'er attain.  
But nobly strove they all for fame  
And round about made known their name,  
'Till to the country's farthest bound  
The noise of '18 did resound.  
Full many, at their country's call,  
Their armor took from off the wall,  
And rode abroad o'er sea and land  
A strong, a brave and chivalrous band.  
As true knights all they fought for right,  
For freedom, honor, truth—not might.  
And some who went did ne'er return  
Free life for all mankind to earn.  
And all who went did nobly strive  
To have their knighthood's vows survive.  
Full many rode not forth at all,  
But stayed within the castle wall,  
Where studies wiled the hours away  
With sport and feasting all the day:  
Where knights and ladies all day long  
Conned o'er their books and joined in song:  
Where storms were few and sun shone bright,  
And all was peace, both day and night.  
There was Sir Duncan, young in truth,  
And yet a wise and noble youth.  
A tall and canny Scot was he  
As e'er was found on land or sea:  
A knight who charmed both young and old,  
In tourney and in battle bold.  
And good Sir D'Arcy, mild of mien,  
A kindlier knight was never seen.  
With hope sincere and vision wide,  
He went through all the country-side

And over valley, hill and moor,  
He carried truth to rich and poor.  
A worthy man, Sir Walter, too,  
Who sought to learn all that was true.  
Much time he spent amid his books  
And oft exploring eery nooks.  
Nor times, nor climes, meant ought to him,  
So that his learning grew not dim.  
Of the maidens wise and fair  
Was one whose learning proved most rare.  
The Duchess Ruby was her name,  
Of noble race the lady came.  
Industrious she the livelong day,  
As all her court of damsels gay.  
Fair Marjorie in her bower sighed  
To hear the sound of knights who ride,  
To hear the clang of steel once more  
Come echoing through the great hall door.  
For life was drear in castle hall  
With the armor gone from off the wall.  
But ladies fair and wondrous wise  
Must needs endure and drown all sighs.  
So Lady Bess, from day to day,  
Soft music to the court did play.  
And many a night when storm was high  
Was banished the dark and gloomy sigh,  
For she charmed her listeners near and far  
As she drew sweet notes from her guitar;  
And with a heart more good and kind  
Was never music rare combined.  
The Lady Reita, of great fame,  
To ancient lineage held full claim,  
Told marvellous tales of peace and war  
And of the knights who travelled far:  
Recounted dreams of noble deeds,  
Of warriors brave and charging steeds.  
And oft when studies grew most drear  
Her tales and dreams brought much of cheer.  
The Lady Eleanor, with grace  
Moved through the court from place to place,  
Made gay each heart with her bright song,  
Dispelling gloom and righting wrong;  
A maid more true, more good, more kind,  
In any court one ne'er could find.  
Last but one—the youngest fair,

With dark brown eye and braided hair,  
Was Lady Jean: much versed was she  
In numbers charmed and mystery.  
Through all the court the wonder grew  
That her small head held all she knew.  
The last of this great court I ween  
Was known as Susan Gwendoline.  
'Twas long ago this court was seen,  
This court which all called Class '18,  
But still the knights and ladies gay  
Are sung in many a minstrel lay.  
For knights who at their country's call,  
Their armor take from off the wall:  
And knights who go not forth to fight,  
But stay to help maintain the right:  
And ladies gay who strive to do  
What's wise and strong and good and true,  
Must always live in verse and song,  
Forgotten ne'er through ages long.

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## VALEDICTORY

Many a sad and weary hour has throbbled itself away into eternity, sobbing its way into oblivion on the bosom of that limitless ocean of events that men call history, since we as a class joined hands on that noteworthy day in the Fall of 1914. These hours tinged with the martial tones of a great nation's needs and calls to duty, have left behind them the faintest glimmer of great and noble deeds which the hurrying, bustling 20th century, caught up in the claws of the greatest of wars, is all too apt to forget. These hours with their ups and downs, their pleasures and their worries, recall to our minds many a noble victory over that which tends to mitigate the effects class room lectures have led us to believe to be ethically and morally proper, and they also remind us of many a grimly fought defeat in which we have grasped the truth only to have it torn from our all too puny intellect.

The birthday of Class '18 was a bright, sunny, calm day in the Fall in which the bumper crop of the recent era was harvested. It was a day fitted for the arrival upon the stage of history of such a bright bunch of boys and girls, and in some cases of young men and young women. For the majority of the class, this day marked the opening of a college life with its

broad vistas of opportunity, which it was the right of the student to peacefully seek out and attain.

On the first morning, each one of us thought that Brandon College was a picturesque building, constructed on the basis of some form of architecture of which a faint recollection clung to our minds after our dip into the realm of high school history. In other words, we saw it through the eyes of an interested spectator, who delighted in the works of men's hands. The entrance presented a pre-eminent front; in fact, so pre-eminent that to some there was a shudder of dread as to what kind of stone walls we were to encounter after we had passed through the opening which the aforesaid entrance afforded. The college was a mere structure of brick, well joined together by mortar, which had stood the weathering of time. And as for Clark Hall, well, the boys did not dare to look in that direction.

After we had met the professors and passed through the process of registering, our view of the college took on a slightly different color. We saw, as it were through the medium of an X-ray machine, that there was something behind the stone walls. We began to realize that these walls only afforded a protection for a something which they enclosed, which was far more valuable to the individual mind than the appearance of the building itself.

Our attitude changed still further after the first day's lectures had passed into the background, as representatives of past history. Our anticipation of these lectures had been such that we looked on the class-room as a place with hard work written on every blackboard and in which every word of the professors' would add daily to the gloom and misery of life. However, after the four o'clock bell had rung on that eventful first day, our self-drawn pictures of the dreary existence which it would be our fate to experience throughout our college course had begun to fade away, and by the end of the first week they were replaced by pictures which were facts and in which work had taken the throne of pleasure and enjoyment by storm, because of the co-operation of the students and the teachers who tendered ready assistance.

So the first year passed off and the Freshman's green became daily dimmer and dimmer, until after the Spring exams, were over it had disappeared altogether. However, in the Spring term two of our members heard the call to battle for the right and for Britain's freedom and they unhesitatingly took up the duties of a freshman in a far greater job. These freshmen soon became seniors and showed their true valor by

their willingness to pay the greatest cost and laid down their lives for the sake of home and friends. Nor must we forget to mention one of our most honored members who was pleased to change her name. Thus our class was not lacking in wisdom of choice.

The sophomore and third years passed away as time rolled on. During this period, more of our boys became heroes and threw aside books to grasp the hilt of sword and butt of rifle. The spirit of the class became no longer one which demands pleasure at all costs, but one which was determined to do all possible to serve those who were fighting our battles.

We entered our fourth year and had the experience of being so-called serious seniors, and I tell you it is not altogether so serious as one would conclude from hearing empty descriptions about our various attitudes to all subjects. Seriousness was present, but not in such a way that it would tend to exclude all other qualities and assume a monopoly in men's descriptions of us creatures.

Now as we, from this pinnacle of fame, look back upon our college career, which has passed away all too quickly, we realize that what our parents have continually drummed into us about our college life being our happiest, is really correct in the fullest sense.

The college has become a part of our very existence, and we leave with many a fear that we may never experience such a good, honest time in life as we have here. In our Alma Mater we have been living as members of a great family, each a brother or sister to the other. Herein lies the advantage of Brandon College over others: because although the college is small, a feeling of brotherly love one for the other pervades the atmosphere of the institution. The college itself has become to us people who have spent a few years within its fold an institution, which by its hearty Christian fellowship is making a great contribution, as one of the most fundamental agencies of social control. This contribution is not limited to the small community which surrounds the college, but it goes forth, north, east south and west, wherever the students go. No student can go out for the summer's work without carrying with him or her the feeling of wanting to help another. Our attitude as a class to our Alma Mater has become one of gratefulness for this fellowship, and as members of the family it is our most ardent desire that as we go out in life, we may not forget what was the Brandon College spirit, but rather be so staid in strength that we may be able to cultivate that spirit as we meet others in our work who have not felt it.

We as a class must pass on, each member going his own way, and we only trust that the transition wrought by time may be to a richer and better life. Each will have to take up the burden in his sphere of life, and in this time of national crisis, this burden will be very great. But we must man ourselves to the task and go forward a little each day. It is with a feeling of happiness and rejoicing that we realize that the goal to which we have striven is in sight and that we may take our places as workers of the world. The training bestowed upon us by our Alma Mater has strengthened us for our task, and we must go forth, determined to make practical the ideals of life as they have been emphasized, both in class-room and in the social life of the college.

As a class we would like to express our gratitude to the members of the faculty for their constant interest in our welfare and progress in life. If we were to carry forth one ideal from our contact with these men and women, it would be that greatest of all ideals, namely, that of Christian service. They have led us forth to see the seriousness of life and have taught us what is our true duty towards humanity. They have led us to witness examples of Christian life, in their own lives, as they have gone about their daily duties, and in this way have been living manifestations of the spirit of our Alma Mater.

One of the greatest advantages gained here in our college life has been that of association with fellow students. It is a pity that they are not all here today, but a great number of them are over in Flanders, doing their duty with utmost constancy. These have already realized one of the great purposes of life and are manifesting their love of true freedom in the most powerful and practical manner.

To those who are left, we would ask that they may willingly take up and finish those duties which we have left undone. We in our fields of labor, though they may be near or far, will spread the name of the college in order that those present may be joined by others who will help uphold the name of Brandon College.

As a class we will also soon separate, and something should be said of our attitude to the life of the time. Our duty in life should essentially be one of service to mankind. We should endeavor to further the business organization in the world so that a man in business need not make himself a knave in order to prevent the world from making him a fool. While we live out the ideals which we have built up through our college career, we must at the same time remember that our education has only begun and we must not forget that self-education,



in the fullest sense, should be a note of our lives.

Our class motto is "Astra castra, numen lumen," which being translated into English is "The stars our camp, the Deity our light." Our spirit of ambition has been greatly increased by our contact with our Alma Mater, and our motto bears powerful witness to this fact, life development, with us, means not material progress, which can be readily estimated through the medium of dollars and cents, but it means the development of the individual soul, which can be measured only by means of "all instincts immature," and "all purposes unsure," as well as by the vulgar mass, called work.

In conclusion, we may say that the remembrance of the days spent in college will go forth with us as constantly as the latent effects work themselves out into deeds.

Farewell!

—D. S. McINTYRE.

There is a beauty at the goal of life.

A beauty growing since the world began  
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife.

Till the great human soul complete her span.  
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,

The currents of blind passion that appall,  
To listen and keep watch till we discern

The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;  
So to address our spirits to the height,

And so attune them to the valiant whole,  
That the great light be clearer for our light,

And the great soul the stronger for our soul;  
To have done this is to have lived, though fame

Remember us with no familiar name.

—Archibald Lampman.

## THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The Baccalaureate service for 1918 was held in the First Baptist Church on Sunday evening, May 5th. The service was conducted by President Whidden, assisted by Rev. Mr. Newcombe. Rev. Dr. Baird of Manitoba College, formerly Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, introduced as a pioneer in religious education in the Canadian West, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon. A solo by Miss Wilson added greatly to the helpfulness of the song service.

The familiar text, "Give me now wisdom and knowledge" furnished the theme for a timely message given with not a little power and impressiveness.

In Solomon we have a character difficult of analysis, at once the richest and the meanest of men. Through his character runs the meaner, more sensual nature of his mother, Bathsheba. Outwardly devout, he is inwardly sensual; outwardly fascinating, inwardly he is mean and selfish. From youth to age, he never escaped from his worst enemy, himself.

After the accepted sacrifice at Gibeon, Solomon made, in his vision, his great choice, "Give me now wisdom and knowledge." It was a choice only relatively right. As against riches and power, it was the better choice. It was, however, not absolutely right. Solomon made a kingly choice; wisdom, political sagacity were necessary if he was to rule his people aright. But he forgot the manly choice of David, "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord." He must needs be a man before he can be a king. "He that ruleth his own life is greater than he that taketh a city." Rudolph of Austria, of brilliant gifts and imposing presence, went down in shame to a suicide's grave because he could not rule his own life.

Solomon was at once the wisest and most foolish of men. The wisest man, he put the fool's cap upon his own head. His faults were those of the great. He was no coarse sensualist, but was ruled by ambition; hence his innumerable foreign queens. His great crime was that he sought only felicity, success and advancement.

At the end we find Solomon with every desire gratified but discontented at heart. This is the old truth that happiness comes not for the trying and he who aims at it will miss it. We see it in our own age, at once a pleasure-seeking and pessimistic age. No age has striven so hard for pleasure and no age has surveyed itself with so little optimism.

In the great choice before us, if we answer, "Give me to know Jesus Christ," we shall be wiser than Solomon.

## CLASS DAY

The class of '18, being anxious to conclude their college year with all appropriate ceremony, introduced to Brandon College a "Class Day." Perpetuation of this special day by subsequent classes is ensured because of the successful introduction given it this year by the graduating class.

Exercises were held in the chapel on May 6th, a large number attending, although weather conditions were by no means favorable. The speeches were excellent, the songs were pleasing, and the unveiling of a frieze, presented by the class in memory of their boys in military service, linked up the present with the memories of the past.

The program was opened with the Alma Mater song, sung by the students; followed by the chairman's address, Mr. Mackintosh, the honorary president of the class, acting in that capacity. While it would be impossible here to reproduce his speech verbatim, the central thought may be grasped from a sentence aptly quoted, "The mind is not a vessel to be filled, but a hearth to be lighted." Reita Bambridge then read the class history. With her long scroll of closely written matter, she reminded one of a scribe of the middle ages, rendering in a manner romantically Bambridgian an account of the great productions of Co. '18 in the Brandon College Theatre.

Between the interval of the Class History and the Class Poem, Miss Kathleen Moffat pleased the audience with some of the music which she so ably renders. Miss Susie Lamont also added a great deal to the music of the afternoon with a vocal solo.

The Class Poem, a tale of ladies fair and chivalrous knights, was read by Gwen Whidden, after which the Class Song was given by the members of Class '18. The Class Prophecy, composed and read by Jean Avery, caused a great deal of amusement. Perhaps, as she foretold, Duncan S. may become M.D., F.R.C.S., with offices in the Cumming Block, some day in the future.

All felt the humor of Miss Cline's reading and greatly enjoyed "Aunt Izzy's Motor Madness."

The event of the afternoon was the Valedictory given by Duncan Scott McIntyre. His speech was carefully prepared and delivered, fitting the occasion in its wording and dignity.

The final ceremony was the unveiling of a memorial to the members of the class in military service, some of whom have fallen. Gwen Whidden with a few well-chosen words performed the ceremony, after which the National Anthem concluded the first Class Day in Brandon College.

## COMMENCEMENT

A large and appreciative audience at the City Hall, on May 7th, witnessed Class '18 receive the degree of B.A. from Dean Farmer of McMaster University. Class '18 commenced their college course just two months after Canada was plunged into war, and their line has been broken many times by the spirit of patriotism which has claimed eight of their gallant young men.

Thinned by the ravages of war, depleted by the "soldiers of the soil" movement, and reduced by the Goddess of Matrimony, the original thirty-two members of the class have dwindled down to the nine members who received diplomas on Tuesday evening.

After the devotional exercises, which were conducted by Rev. A. F. Newcomb, the degrees were conferred by Dean Farmer in Arts and a diploma in Theology presented to H. Pepin by Dr. Whidden. The medals and scholarships were then announced and the medals presented to D. G. Cook in Special Philosophy, D. S. McIntyre in Special Political Economy, and Miss R. McDonald in Special History.

In his address to the graduates Dr. Whidden congratulated them for having successfully completed one item in their life's program. He complimented them upon the fact that they possessed that enduring strength, which had enabled them to stay long enough with their Alma Mater to receive diplomas. "We are sorry to lose you. When you came to us you were not exactly seniors, but you have shown by the dignity and grace with which you have carried yourselves for the past four years that the time spent within the walls of our institution has not been in vain. Go forth now and give to the world what you know, make the world greater and better, and your lives will be worth living." Dr. Whidden made reference to words recently uttered by Samuel Gompers, labor leader in the United States: "Boys, I would like to say to you tonight that, notwithstanding the perplexing circumstances I have often been placed in during the course of a very long life, I have always tried to do the right." The world is calling today not only for character but the incarnation of conduct which is the embodiment of right feeling and right thinking. "When you are tempted not to do the right," said Dr. Whidden, in conclusion, "remember the gallant young fellows that have gone from your company. My parting words to you are, Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you."

The educational address of the evening was delivered by Dr. J. H. Farmer. The great need today was men of intellec-

tual competency, men and women with disciplined minds who could sit down and study problems and think them through to a successful issue. Proceeding with his inspiring address, Dr. Farmer emphasized the fact that while some still felt that a liberal education was all right for those entering the professions but useless for business men, the idea had been exploded during the past twenty-five years. It was now recognized that a college course was essential for a business career.

It was, however, a questionable blessing to educate men who did not possess good moral character, since it made them more efficient in wrong-doing. We have a national example in Germany who, on account of her defeat at the hands of Napoleon, laid plans for national education and efficiency. Soon, however, a lust for power and conquest seized Germany, and her spirit became divorced from the spirit of the Nazarene, and plunged the world into a hellish war. We now see a nation, strong and mighty, but divorced from brotherhood, truth, love and God.

Dr. Farmer, in conclusion, urged that education must not be separated from Christian character. It was the business of all colleges like Brandon College to bring the students into a Christian environment. We must not seek the wrong kind of ambition. Ambition must be taken to the cross of Christ, crucified and buried, and raised the third day in the spirit of Paul, who said, "I shall make it my ambition to be worthy of the cross of Christ."

At the conclusion of the exercises in the City Hall, a large number of the citizens and friends of the college attended a reception given in Clark Hall.

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## BRANDON

(ACROSTIC)

Born on the breast of the prairie, she smiles to her sire—the  
the sun,  
Robed in the wealth of her wheat-lands, gift of her mothering  
soil,  
Affluence knocks at her gateways, opulence waits to be won.  
Nuggets of gold are her acres, yielding and yellow with spoil,  
Dream of the hungry millions, dawn of the food-filled age,  
Over the starving tale of want her fingers have turned the  
page;  
Nations will nurse at her storehouse, and God gives her grain  
for wage.

—Pauline Johnson.

## CLASS MEMORIAL

We, Class '18, take pleasure in leaving to our Alma Mater a permanent scholarship of twenty-five dollars for the highest first-class standing in History, of the third year Arts.

We have been asked many times how we succeeded in making this a permanent thing, and for the benefit of our readers we will explain.

College bonds were bought by the different members of the class to the amount of \$400, the interest from which will yield this yearly scholarship. Should no one in the third year win this scholarship, the disposal of the money will be left to the discretion of the Brandon College senate.

The class also has left in the chapel a frieze, as a memorial to the members of the class who have gone into military service. For us who cannot go into the fight it is a special privilege to be able to do something to show, in even so small a way, our appreciation of those who are representing us "over there."

## THE CLASS TREE

Monday morning, May 6th, witnessed the planting of our Class tree. This cedar tree is, as yet, a hardy looking scrub, but in a few years we prophesy—well, we think that probably no one will be able to enter the Clark Hall door, because of the spreading branches of "the '18 cedar tree."

Also, in a few years, we believe, Clark Hall will be well covered with a Virginia creeper. If you look for the roots from which much of the beauty comes you will find it in the little nook between Clark Hall and the Academy III class room: there will also be a sign, on which you can still trace the letters, "Class '18."

"It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,

Which you can read and care for just so long;  
But presently you feel that you will die

Unless you get the page you're readin' done,

An' turn another—likely not so good;

But what you're after is to turn 'em all."

## ARTS DINNER

The Graduating Class of '18 say that the banquet given in their honor by the undergraduate members of Arts and Theology was one of the occasions of the year which they will long remember. They wish to express their thanks for the enjoyable time.

The following program was rendered:

	King and Country	
Dr. Whidden		"God Save the King."
	Our Guests	
Don. Forsyth '19		Jean Avery, H. Pepin
	Vocal Solo—Marie Cameron	
	Alma Mater	
Dr. New		Zoe Hough '19
	Our Boys in Khaki	
Dr. MacNeill		Rae Smale
	Vocal Solo—Miss Wilson	
	Our Ladies	
Glen Clark '21		Tena Turnbull '20

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## THE ALUMNI LUNCHEON

Tuesday, May 7th, was the occasion of the annual Brandon-McMaster Alumni luncheon. This was held in the Brandon College dining-room at 12.45, and although there was not a large attendance of former graduates, those who were present and the new members were greatly pleased with its success.

After the dainty luncheon, the President, Mr. R. McQueen, welcomed the graduates of '18 into the association in a speech full of wit and meaning. On behalf of the new members, Miss R. McDonald expressed the pleasure of the class upon entering this, to them, new organization. She showed that it was the desire of the class to profit by the lessons it had learned and to ever hold before its eyes the ideals of its Alma Mater.

The chairman then called for a silent toast in honor of the boys of Class '18 and of Brandon College who have fallen in defense of their country.

Dr. Farmer, Pro-chancellor of McMaster, addressed the gathering, and during the course of his remarks called attention to the fact that Class '18 is the first graduating class whose college course has fallen wholly within the period of the war. Although as yet we see the end of it dimly, it is to be hoped

that before another class has graduated, war shall be a thing of the past. His whole address was helpful and inspiring, and those who were present will remember his words.

Mr. Elsie, a graduate of 1907, then spoke a few words from the standpoint of an alumnus of old standing. He made the new members of the association feel the real value that their course would have for them in the business of life and his words were much appreciated.

Dr. Whidden then added his word of congratulation and pointed out that Class '18 is proud of having given eleven of its members for military service. He paid high tribute to these boys whose ideals had called them from their work here to a harder but nobler service elsewhere.

After the National Anthem, the annual business meeting and election of officers took place. The new executive is as follows:

Honorary President—Dr. A. P. McDiarmid.

President—Miss Maynard Rathwell.

1st Vice-President—Miss Bessie Turnbull.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. D. S. McIntyre.

3rd Vice-President—Mr. H. Pepin.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Vera Leech.

Alma Mater Committee—Rev. O. U. Chapman, Miss Marjorie Sherrin, Mrs. R. Brandon, Mr. E. H. Clark, and Rev. W. C. Smalley.

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O! pathless world of seeming,  
 O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal  
 Is more my own than ever was the real.  
 For others Fame  
 And Love's red flame,  
 And yellow gold: I only claim  
 The shadows and the dreaming.

—Pauline Johnson.



## DELTA GAMMA SIGMA

With the first fall of snow and the moving of Eleanor Beaubier to top flat, the girls of Third Year Arts and two others, May McLachlan and Eunice Whidden, decided to form a society for their mutual pleasure. Accordingly, with deep secrecy in the most remote corner of top flat, the oath was taken, the by-laws passed, the roll signed, and initiation dispensed with. As a sign of distinction the members sewed on the left sleeve of their gowns a band of glorious green. Meetings were held with great frequency, although one member, Mildred Sherrin, departed to Calgary. During the winter of 1917 the society took part in stunt night and produced a grand opera which won the dinner offered by Dr. McGibbon. The dinner was a grand success, and the opening chord of the chorus still serves as a roll-call for the players. Wishing to show their practical use the girls cleaned as well as possible the library and many a gay afternoon was passed among the dusty books and shelves. In the fall of 1917, the honorary member, May McLachlan, having graduated, did not return, but the remaining members congregated at Bessie Turnbull's to organize. Bessie was unanimously elected Delta, Ruby, Gamma, and Reita, Sigma. This was the first of many enjoyable meetings. Directly after mid-year exams, the girls held a socialistic party, a Marx centennial, and invited the fourth year boys and a few others to celebrate the occasion with them. On one occasion, they spent an enjoyable afternoon with the ladies and wives of the faculty and board, and on many other occasions the dining room welcomed their double table. During the winter they reproduced their grand opera at a Lit. As they separate for divergent points, they still hold together as a permanent society.

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This is the law of being  
That links the threefold chain.  
The life we give to beauty  
Returns to us again. —Bliss Carman.

## SOCIETY NOTES

The girls of the graduating class were entertained to supper by Miss Madge Struthers, at her home, Friday, March 15th. The happy time spent by the girls will not soon be forgotten.

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Miss Helen McDonald, B.A., was the hostess at a tea in honor of '18 girls. An hour or so spent in knitting and chatting was very much appreciated.

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Miss Eunice Whidden entertained the girls of Class '18 during examination time to a supper in the college dining-room. All had a pleasant time and are very grateful to Eunice for helping to break the monotony of the exam. period.

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Monday evening, May 6th, Miss Whiteside was at home to the girls of the graduating class with their mothers and friends. A very pleasant evening getting acquainted and knitting was spent. The girls wish to thank Miss Whiteside for her kindness.

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Saturday evening, May 4th, Dr. and Mrs. Whidden entertained the graduating classes to dinner at their home. The table was decorated with the class colors, green and white. A delightful time was spent, both around the dinner-table and during the evening.

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I strove with none, for none was worth my strife:  
 Nature I loved and next to Nature, Art:  
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
 It sinks and I am ready to depart. —Landor.

## ADVICE TO OTHER CLASSES

We, who have just finished our course, feel that having been through the mill, we should give some advice to those who may follow us, in order that they may find the task more easy and profit by our experience.

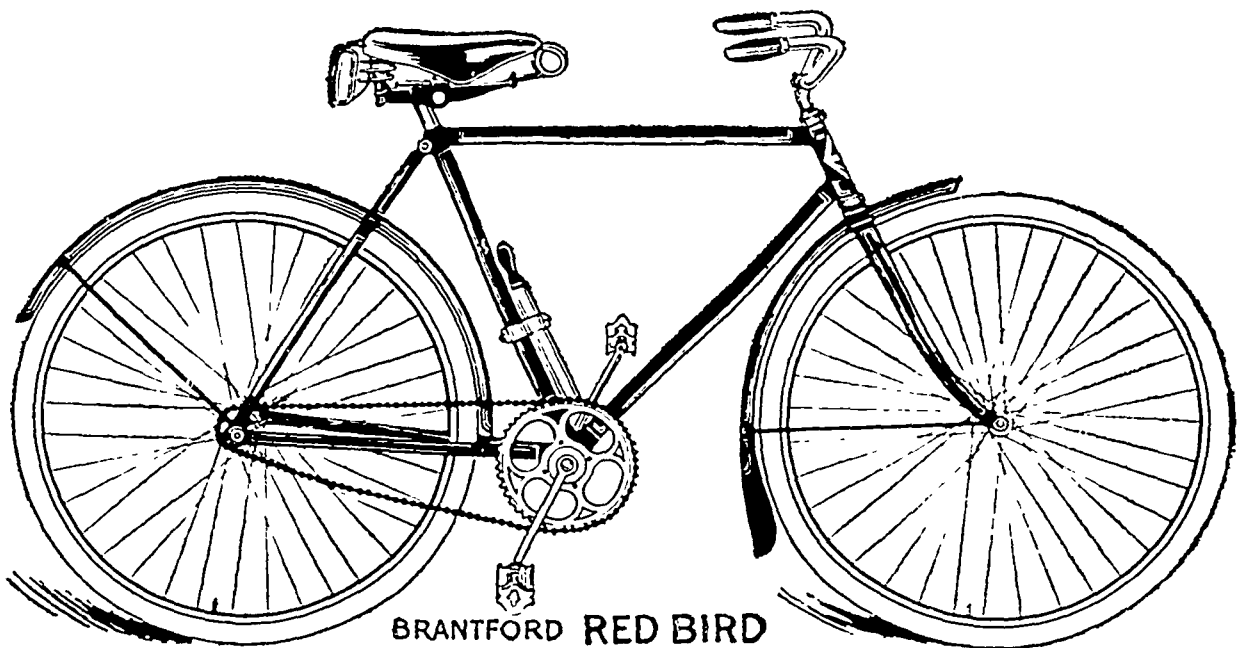
Theologians, try not to look as if you were bound for some other region to which you alone were going: you may by some chance meet some of your friends there. Hop around and enjoy yourselves. Give the co-eds a good time and make them think that to be a "theolog" is not as bad as it sounds. Avoid talking religion: the other man may not think as you do, but he has a right to his own opinion. Sympathy goes a long way, so hand out a little once in a while and it will be appreciated and so will you. Preach if you will, but do it in the church. People will go to hear you and you will be successful.

Now, Freshmen, you have passed from one stage to another. Act accordingly. Work off a little of that greenness. You may have met a Caesar, but there is Cicero to come, and you are only beginning to learn. Get away from the idea that there has never been a class like yours. Many hope there never will be again, and this applies to every Freshman class. Keep this in mind—you can't know everything and likely never will. Watch the Sophomores and copy them. They have more experience than you and can teach you one or two little things. When you find Latin or mathematics sticking you, do a little work. It likely will help you along and is nothing to be ashamed of. You'll feel worse if a "sup" is handed out. Have a good time before you get some sense, for after, you may feel like a funeral every time you think how crazy you were. Help the seniors along. Always approve of everything they do and let the sophomores and juniors fish for themselves.

Let the sophomores be careful. Freshmen may be green, but some of them may not be as green as they look, and a knock from you may mean your finish. Because you are taking on new subjects, like logic, psychology and political economy, do not believe you are very wise. Some people have studied Hebrew and Chinese. Look as if you felt at home in your gown. By the time you are a sophomore you should look upon it as a necessity—not a novelty. If it rips or tears, do not waste time mending it. Some time, if you become famous enough, it may be hung in a museum, so make it look ancient and well worn. Have a good time. Learn your yell, and when you are at hockey matches or basket-ball games, let the natives know who you are.

And juniors, always remember there is more expected

from you than any other year. You will fill offices. See that it is not the honor alone that you covet, but work when you get it. Always remember, a swelled head is a failure, and if you have forgotten what you have learned, you don't know as much as some sophomores. Do not talk over others' heads. The people to whom you are talking perhaps learned all you know and more before you were born. Be careful that you never let anyone guess how easy your work really is. Sit up until 4.30 a.m. at least one night in the week; read a novel if you will, but look wretched enough the next day to extract a little sympathy from your fellow students. Grumble a little about your outside reading in certain subjects and try not to do quite all that is assigned. Never tell a professor that another book is as good as the one he recommends. No doubt he has read them both.



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## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF '18

### *Apology.*

We, the members of Class '18, went to a lawyer on April 25th to have our will drawn up. He assured us that it was a simple matter and the requirements were two: first, we had to have something to leave, and second, we must be in our right minds. Of course, this requirement spoiled everything, as a few of our members became embarrassed and left the office; so we had to draw up our will in the best way we could and hope that it will prove satisfactory to our heirs.

Brandon College, May 11th, 1918.

We, the members of Class '18 of Brandon College, weak and shattered in mind and body as a result of our last great struggle, but nevertheless with a clear memory of all we have done and left undone in the past, do hereby cancel the will we made in the spring of 1914, and any prior to that time. We look trustfully to the future, and hope for much we have not yet experienced, believing that we must go on, impelled by the ambitions which have been given to us in the world which we are about to leave.

To our beloved freshmen we do hereby bequeath much joy and laughter, much respect for the seniors, much scorn for the sophomores and juniors: use these gifts wisely and ye shall progress until ye pass into the next year well noted by all. We also bequeath to you snow-shoe hikes, tea parties, etc., for perhaps Cicero says "Epulabar igitur cum sodalibus." Freshmen, ye shall read Cicero and follow therefore such advice as we have quoted. Added to this, we leave you much third-rate literature which goes by the name of "The Soup Ticket." This shall be remitted to you semi-annually by the professors. Guard against receiving too much of this literature and rejoice when ye receive a limited quantity.

The sophomores shall receive the great quantity of bump-tiosity which we did possess when struggling where they are now. Ye shall inherit the mania to inscribe your names on college walls, on chapel benches, and on another's books. Remember always that these afore-mentioned books are without doubt to be handed down to posterity, so write neatly, for we who bequeath to you this mania require it of you.

Among the juniors shall be divided the spoils of war. These shall consist of dangerous sups, various offices which shall require your strength and youth. Ye shall also receive many delightful tests, and we request you to show much joy when they fall due. Moreover, there shall be given to you a new

dignity which ye shall wear continually. This dignity shall bring in large interest and in a short time ye shall be convinced that the college cannot continue without you.

Senior students, we leave to you our greatest gift—the sight of the goal. Study hard, for we leave in your memory the example of your great and illustrious predecessors, and follow carefully in their foot-steps. Further, ye shall receive the deference which is your due from those who are not in your class. We warn you to see that this is constantly paid. To you is given also much worry and work, and this ye shall receive in great quantities before your finals.

We bequeath the college and all it contains of brains and books to the professors, that they may continue to expound and impound as they have heretofore.

This, then, is our last will and testament. Amen and amen.  
—CLASS '18.

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# *Government Standard* **FLOUR**

Manufactured by

## **Maple Leaf Milling Co., Ltd.**

AND CONSERVE FLOUR FOR THE ALLIES.

Phone 2949

Brandon, Man.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

**ANY FAMOUS INSTITUTION**

must naturally pride itself on the quality of learned educationists produced inside the walls of such an institution.—

**SO WE PRIDE OURSELVES**

on the quality of our eatables, knowing full well that the experience taught our customers by our "chef" will redound to our credit. Our quality means *the best we can buy* cooked in a wholesome manner, tastily served by waiters knowing their business.

**OUR COFFEE IS THE BEST**

**THE METROPOLITAN CAFE**

911 Rosser Avenue.

Courtesy Always

**THE HANDY STORE**

For Choice Fruits, Chocolates,

Biscuits in large variety, and

Stock of High Class Groceries

**DAVID WILSON**

Phone 3384.

1608 Princess Ave.

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**W. E. CRAWFORD**

JEWELER

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

833 ROSSER AVENUE

Brandon Manitoba

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"

## Where Do You Stand in This Community

"YOU ARE JUDGED BY  
THE COMPANY YOU  
KEEP."

Everybody knows how true is the saying, "You are judged by the company you keep." There is absolutely no doubt about it. In seeking a position, or in making new friends you are measured by the appearance, character and reputations of former associates.

It's a question of advertising. The way you advertise yourself determines your local standing.

To successfully advertise yourself, be particular in the selection of your associates—the clothes you wear—and YOUR CAFE.

YOU ARE MIGHTY  
OFTEN JUDGED BY  
YOUR MEAL TICKET.

## **AAGAARD'S Cafe**

29 EIGHTH ST. PHONE 2001

If you have Heating  
or Plumbing Prob-  
lems to Solve, bring  
them to us.

We are  
Specialists

## **Jas. E. Yates & Co.**

406 Tenth Street.

Phone 3399

## **INSURANCE IN WAR TIME**

The North American is still issuing policies for young men between twenty and thirty-five years of age.

Some Companies

Have Discontinued.

Many young men during the last six months have secured policies because of the likelihood of their going overseas. We would advise those who have not yet insured to lose no time. Every condition will be fully explained.

## **J. E. MATTHEWS**

District Manager

15 CLEMENT BLOCK

## **Oh! You College Students**

Are you as particular for your Fancy Sundae Dishes, Delicious Drinks and Home-made Candies as you are in your class at the College?

Don't forget our latest style of Tea Room and Ice Cream Parlor.

Will you begin to be a customer of ours?

## **THE NEW OLYMPIA**

My lady's favorite Tea Room  
and Ice Cream Parlor.

Phone 3099. 110 10th Street.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

Satisfaction and a Welcome Always Await You at the

# REX CAFE

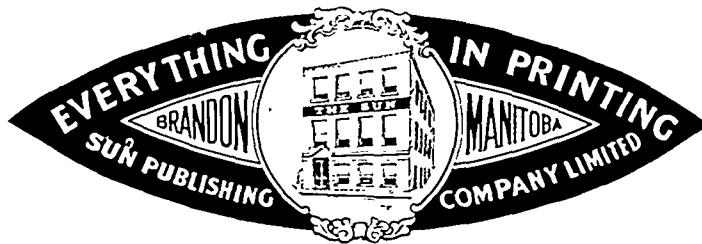
WE NEVER CLOSE

PHONE 3183

119 TENTH ST.

BRANDON, MAN.

## THE PRINT SHOP



WHERE MOST OF THE  
BEST PRINTING  
COMES FROM

ESTABLISHED 1885

# J. S. Laughton & Son

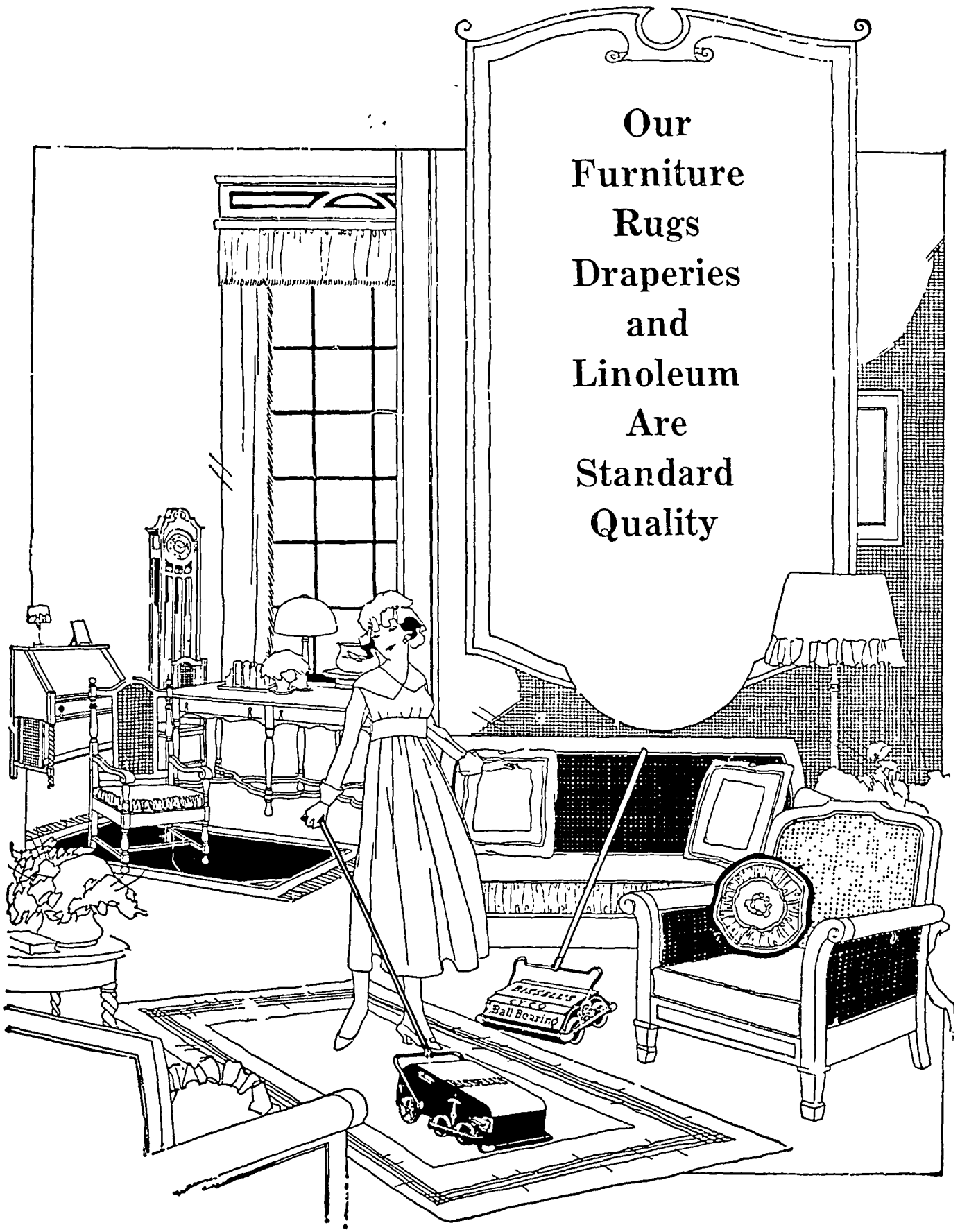
## Merchant Tailors

701 ROSSER AVENUE

PHONE 2910

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Our  
Furniture  
Rugs  
Draperies  
and  
Linoleum  
Are  
Standard  
Quality

OUR PRICES ARE CONSISTENT

**MACPHERSON & BEDFORD**

716 Rosser Ave.

Brandon

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"



# Some of Our Leading Lines

Victrola and Edison Amberola Instruments and Records.

Stringed Instruments and Accessories.

American and English Magazines and Papers.  
Stationery.

Fountain Pens.

Pipes and Tobaccos.

Wholesale and Retail

Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos.

YOUR PATRONAGE WILL BE APPRECIATED

## Jory's News and Cigar Stores

817 ROSSER AVENUE  
137 TENTH STREET

PHONE 2871  
PHONE 2874

# Over the Top

Fashion Craft College Models for Spring 1918  
win the approval of students who know. Snappy,  
correct and new.

**\$22 to \$30**

NOW ON DISPLAY

# John A. McDonald

ROSSER AVE.

COR. NINTH STREET

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

# Clark Hall

THE GIRLS' RESIDENCE OF BRANDON COLLEGE

A FOUR-FOLD LIFE: MENTAL, PHYSICAL, SOCIAL,  
RELIGIOUS

Five College Departments:  
Arts, Theology, Academy, Music and  
Expression, Business

MISS E. R. WHITESIDE, B.A., Lady Principal

Ask for Calendar C. Address—

The Registrar, Dr. S. J. McKee.

Canada Food Board License No. 8-889.

# Reid's Grocery

We carry a complete stock of the very best quality  
FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES,  
TABLE DELICACIES, ETC.

We cater to Students and our guarantee goes with every  
purchase.

Phone 3177.

639 ROSSER

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# PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

BRANDON, MAN.

July 22 to 27, 1918

## AN EDUCATIONAL EVENT

WORTHY OF THE PATRONAGE OF EVERY CITIZEN  
INTERESTED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN  
CANADA

### Many Educational

FEATURES HAVE BEEN ADDED FOR THE

### Boys and Girls



Secure a Copy of the Prize List.



FOR INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT ATTEND THE

## Provincial Exhibition

R. M. MATHESON,  
President

W. I. SMALE,  
Secretary

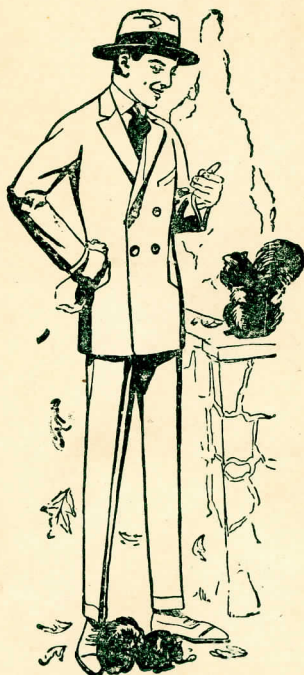
"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"



SUN JOB PRINT, BRANDON, MAN.

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER IF HE ADVERTISES IN THE "QUILL"

## Always look at least as Smart as you are



A young man with the biggest part of life ahead of him should never let his knowledge of other things overshadow the importance of personal appearance.

It isn't only important to know things to succeed.

It is almost as important to look as though you knew things.

A good appearance is magnified as an asset when you consider that the investment required to maintain a good appearance is little greater than the cost of dressing poorly.

We aim to dress successful men always by always giving the younger man the kind of furnishings and clothing that will help him to gain the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

# S. A. THOMPSON

The Fit-Rite Store

933 Rosser Avenue

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WHEN YOU THINK  
of  
**COMFORTABLE  
CLOTHING**

THINK ALSO  
of  
**H. W. Ball & Co.**

COMFORTABLE SUITS

COMFORTABLE UNDERWEAR

COMFORTABLE HOSIERY

COMFORTABLE HATS OR CAPS

COMFORTABLE SHIRTS

COMFORTABLE GLOVES

all at

COMFORTABLE PRICES

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**H. W. BALL & CO.**

712 Rosser Avenue

Brandon

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