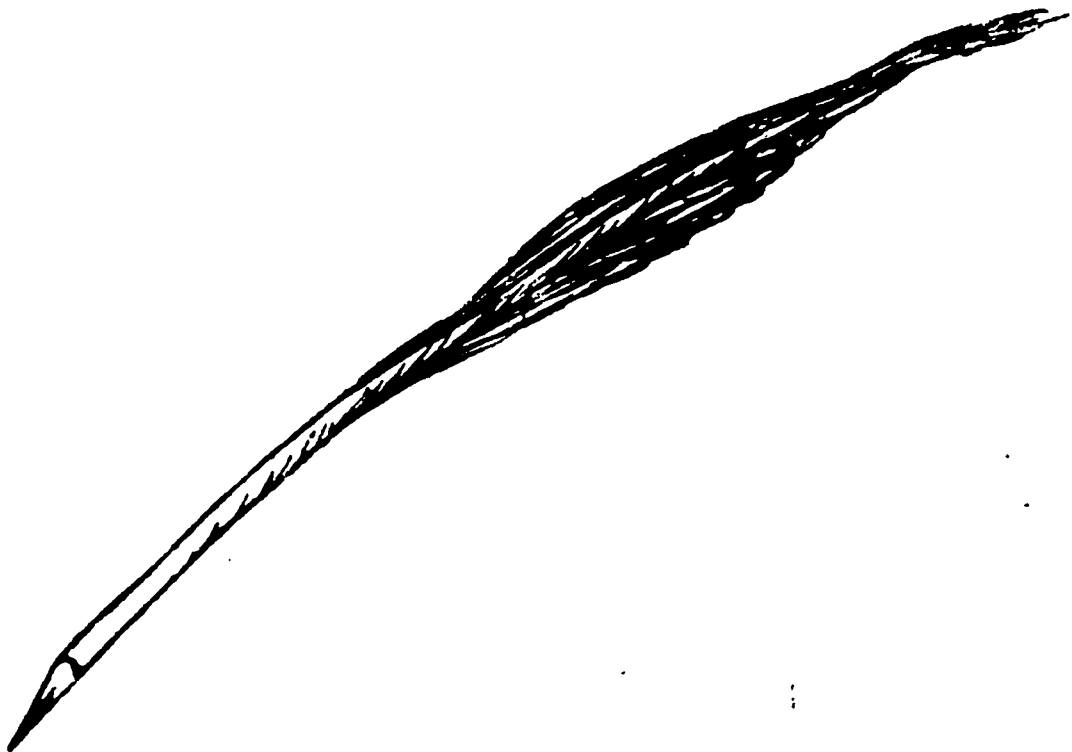


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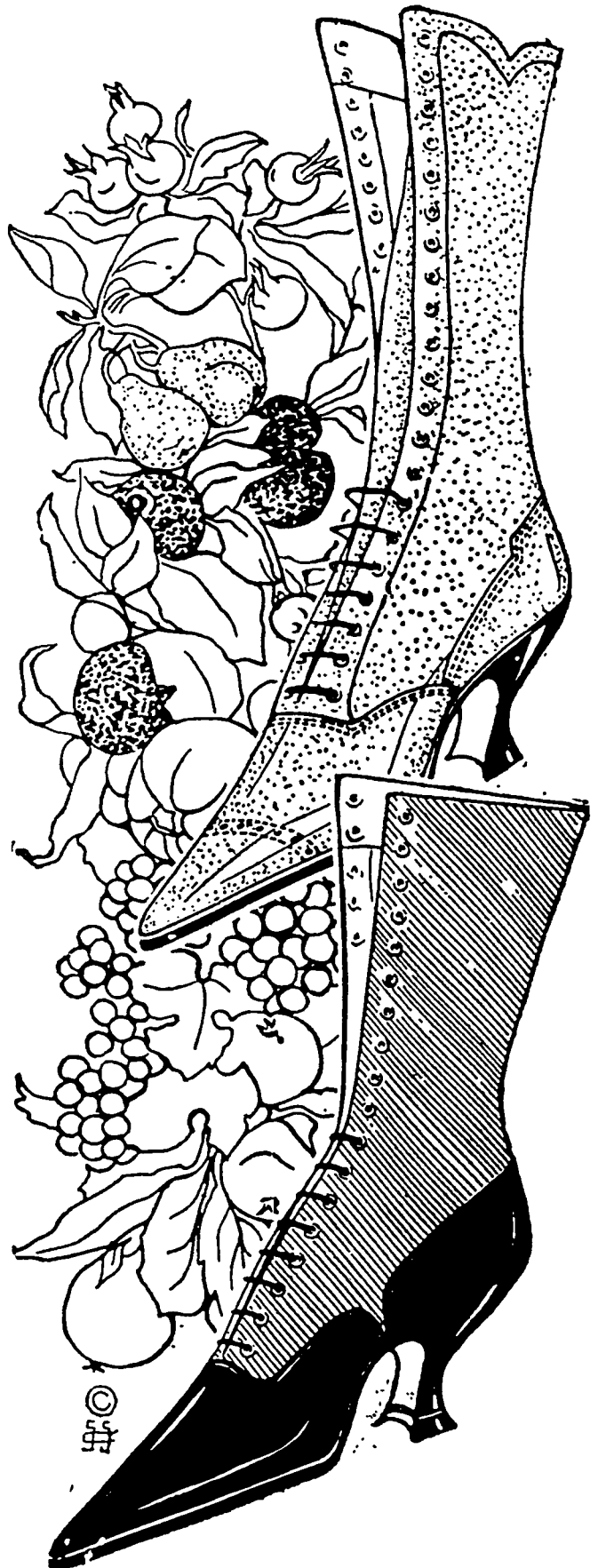
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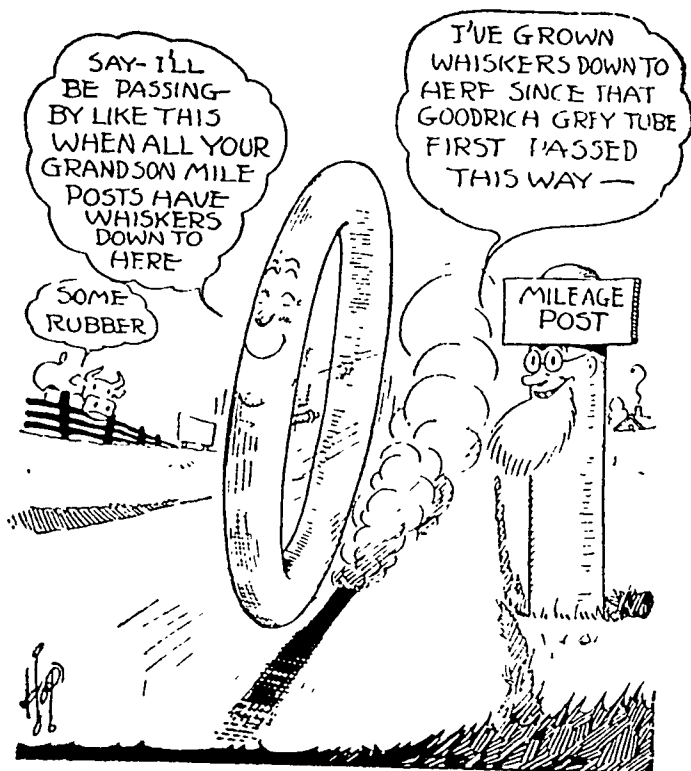
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CLASS '20

President—Clarence Morgan.

Hon. Pres.—Dr. C. W. New.

Vice-Pres.—Adelia Sanford.

Sec.-Treas.—Corday Mackay.

* * *

MOTTO

Bene Facere.

* * *

COLORS

Silver and Blue.

* * *

YELL.

Bene facere. Cal-a-ma-zoo.

Razzle 'em. dazzle 'em,

Silver and Blue.

'Thrifty, nifty, make 'em go,

Nineteen-twenty,

Class 2—0.



Dr. H. P. Whidden
President of Brandon College

Foreword

The College Graduate goes out into a new world today. Its unsettled conditions must not confuse him but urge to fuller discipline in order that he may find a stronger hand to every worthy enterprise. Error must be overthrown and truth made triumphant. Material resources must be developed and made to minister to man's spiritual nature. Canada calls upon the sons and daughters of Brandon to go forth and play well their part.

Howard P. Whistler



Dr. Harris L. MacNeill, Dean of Arts



Dr. S. J. McKee
Registrar



Professor C. H. Lager



Professor T. R. Wilkins



Miss Georgia M. Newbury
Department of Expression



Miss Jean Fraser



Miss J. M. Turnbull



Professor H. A. Logan



Professor Chester W. New, B.A., B.D, Ph.D.

It has been officially announced that Dr. New is leaving Brandon College to accept the chair of history in McMaster University. This will cause sincere and deep regret to all those who really know Professor New.

Professor New came to Brandon College in January of 1913 to take up the work in history. At the end of that college year he was appointed Professor of History and has carried on the work of that department with great efficiency since. Dr. New is an honor graduate in Arts of Toronto University, a graduate in Theology of McMaster University. He took post-graduate work both at Oxford University and at the University of Chicago, receiving his doctor's degree from the the latter university in the fall of 1913.

Every man has his personal peculiarities which to his neighbor seem unnecessary and loosely attached appendages which might and should forthwith be shaken off. But if that same neighbor is even slightly self-conscious and introspective he will know on second thought that such things stick like burrs and are not easily shaken off. We all have our share. Possibly some people fondly dream that they are free, but it is a dream. The question rather is, do the elements of strength overtop these idiosyncrasies leaving a workable balance on the right side? There can be no possible doubt as to what is the answer to this question in Dr. New's case. No doubt he is absent-minded. He would not successfully deny that under

oath even if the story of his trying hurriedly and desperately to get a second collar buttoned over one already on be apocryphal, or that other story of his answer to the train conductor when going out to preach for Sunday. Dr. New, the story goes, could not find his ticket and when the good natured conductor, after waiting some time, said, "Never mind; it doesn't matter," Dr. New answered, "Oh! but it does matter, for I must know where I am going." Such stories, I say, may be apocryphal. But those of us who have been at chapel and after the usual awkward pause and the glance from President Whidden, seen Dr. New suddenly rise and give out hymn number 142, do not have to depend on these apocryphal stories.

But when one considers his elements of strength, few if any on Brandon College or any other faculty have a bigger working balance on the right side. It is not by any means merely a matter of his academic knowledge and ability as a teacher. He is a master of history not only in an independent and scientific way, but in a way which enables him to be always breezy, helpful, and popular, not only in the class room, but in debate, in mock parliament, in the churches, and on the platform in extension and other lectures and addresses. He was interested and active in athletics also, not only among the college students, but among the boys in the city. He is a man of high ideals, deeply interested and active in questions of community improvement, and moral and social reform. He has a strong inclination to politics also as to which though frank in criticism he is fundamentally constructive and progressive.

One might continue to enumerate and dwell upon his elements of strength, for they are many, but space does not permit. He has an independence and vigor of idea and expression which one would soon feel but not long resent if one gets to know him, for back of all there is a fund of helpfulness, kindly interest and generous good will which leads one to admire and love him. Mrs. New also shares his popularity on her own account. College and city alike will keenly regret their leaving and hope for their swift return. We wish every good success to Dr. and Mrs. New and their family.

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

VOL. X

JUNE

NO. 4

THE QUILL is published four times yearly by the students of Brandon College. Some are already appointed to the new staff and a good QUILL is assured for next year. Get your subscription in early. \$1.00 a year; single issues, 25c.

This Number has been edited and managed by Class '20. Extra copies of Commencement Number can be had by applying to Dr. S. J. McKee, Registrar.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Fred E. Howard.
Assistants Jean Cameron, Corday McKay.
Associate Editors Everybody.
Consulting Editor Olive A. C. Wilkins, B.A.
Dr. C. W. New, Honorary President.
Business Manager Leonard C. Nelson.
Assistant Charles G. Whidden.
Advertising The Lot of Us.

EDITORIAL

*"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Alma Mater, fare thee well."*

Class '20 has gone. It was inevitable that we should go, and yet we went very reluctantly. At this time, dear readers, some of us are in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, and we all feel that we are far from home.

So much has been said in praise of Alma Mater, and yet not too much can be said. If we could sum up all the best that has been spoken by our one hundred predecessors, graduates in Arts, it would but partially express our sentiments at this time. We are the latest alumni. But in the pages following we shall give you, in a quiet and unostentatious manner becoming Class '20, just a little concerning ourselves, and in leaving Brandon College remembrance will ever hold fast the memories of happy school days and friends.

"Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life."

David H. Beaubier



★
*“Exhausting thought,
 And living wisdom with each studious
 year.”*
 ★

Dave Beaubier is one of the outstanding members of this group. He is one of those who claim Brandon as their birthplace. His public school work was taken in different parts of the West, but he returned to Brandon for his high school and college training.

In the fall of 1914 Dave joined the ranks of Class '18. For two years he worked faithfully, completing his first and second years of Arts and incidentally winning the general proficiency scholarship for his class in 1916.

June 1916 found him in the army. He received a lieutenant's commission with the 181st Battalion and went with them to England. From there he was transferred to the 52nd Battalion in France. Dave was wounded at Amiens, invalided to Blighty, patched up again and returned to France once more.

With April 1919 Dave became a “civvy.” The return of peace permitted a return to Brandon College. That fall found him linked up with Class '20, and he has shown himself to be a worthy member of that famous group.

In addition to his studies, he has taken an active part in athletics. Field Day proved him to be the best all-round athlete in college, and bestowed upon him the grand aggregate medal. The senior basket-ball team this year found him a vital part of their defense, and the athletic executive have appreciated his assistance.

Beyond a doubt, Dave Beaubier is destined to become one of the leading lights of the day, and we have no fears but that he will ably uphold the noble traditions of Class '20.

Favorite Haunt: The “Y” gymnasium.

Pastime: Studying.

Hero: Charlie Chaplin.

Ethel Annie Bolton

✦
"So young, so gentle, and so debonnaire."
 ✦



Ethel can boast of belonging to that class of Canadians known as Irish-Canadian. She was born at Rounthwaite, which for the sake of the unenlightened we might say is about sixteen miles from Brandon, southeast of the famous Brandon Hills. Here she lived on the ancestral acres until the age of seven when she came with the family to seek better educational facilities in the nearby city. And she has put all such of which Brandon could boast to good use ever since. Ethel commenced her school career in characteristic fashion by entering the third instead of the first grade, thereby getting a good start, which she has never lost. Needless to say, public school did not detain her long, nor Collegiate either; so at an early age she passed through the iron door for the first time and found herself not only a freshman but, better still, a member of Class '20. And for four years she has gone in and out the same door, through the same halls, and up the same stairs—sometimes, it is true, a trifle hastily, for the bells have a habit of being ahead of time!—in quest of knowledge.

In her third year Ethel was president of the class and led the members safely through the usual dizzy whirl of social functions and class activities. Vacations found her teaching in summer schools in Saskatchewan, learning many useful things about youthful minds and new-Canadians which will stand her in good stead for her future career. Ethel's ambition is to become an Inspector of Foreign Schools in order to put her theories into practice. She has already started out to attain this aim, for she is teaching this summer in one of Manitoba's foreign schools. We understand that she intends to take first class Normal in Regina next fall in order to consolidate her position in the teaching profession. Ethel's classmates will always remember how they envied the speed of her pen during lecture periods as well as endeavors to decipher her cherished "code." Nor will they soon forget the tap at the door at 9.10 which announced her coming.

Pet Phrase: "It doesn't matter."

Ambition: To meet a real live cowboy.

Favorite Topic: Reconstruction.

Stella Bolton



"Talking little—thinking much."



This quiet, unassuming young lady was born at Rounthwaite, Man., where she received her first public school training. The remainder of her early education was obtained in Brandon public schools and Collegiate. Stella entered Brandon College in the fall of 1915 as a member of Class '19, but having decided that she would rather graduate with the famous '20 group, she attended Regina Normal during the winter of 1918-'19.

For several months, after the completion of the Normal course, Stella was engaged on practising what she had learned regarding school management. However, there was not enough work about school teaching alone, so she decided to take up part of her college course extra-murally. Although a very successful and much loved teacher, Stella's own thirst for knowledge had not yet been satisfied. Accordingly, she entered college again last fall to complete her Arts' course.

During the years spent in college, Stella has shown herself to be a good student, a successful debater, and a ready helper in all college affairs. She has always been interested in all phases of college life, particularly in the Mock Parliament sessions ("There's a reason"). In 1917-'18, Stella very ably filled the office of treasurer of the Clark Hall "Lit."

Quiet, dignified, possessing a kindly disposition and a practical turn of mind, Stella has done her part to uphold the honor of the class. We could make a guess as to what her future occupation will be, but will refrain from doing so here. However, whatever it may be, we are sure Stella will make it a success.

Pet Saying: "Do you really think so?"

Handicap: Twenty blocks to college.

Chief Characteristic: Punctuality.

Orval Earl Calverley

✦

"Energy and persistence conquer all things."

✦



"Cal" has had a very varied experience and moved around a great deal. He was born at Hayfield, Man., attended high school in Orillia, Ontario, the reason of his removing thither being that at his tender age the Manitoba winters were too rigorous. He returned, however, to the West and in the fall of 1913 joined Class '17. His studies were sacrificed for the time being when he enlisted in the summer of 1915. After three years of honorable service overseas with the 12th C.T.M.B., during which time he was wounded and received a decoration, "Cal" sailed home again. This time he came to reside at Ninette, Man.

In the fall of 1919 this much travelled and worldly wise fellow joined Class '20 and was chosen president of the class. His energy and all-round ability were soon noticed and "Cal" was given various things to do. He managed the senior basket-ball team, and was president of the athletic committee. "Cal" would debate any subject debatable and so figured prominently as leader of Mock Parliament and in inter-class debates. The "gym" fund also received much impetus from his enthusiasm in its behalf. "Cal" is unobtrusive, naturally reticent, yet he has qualities which inevitably brought him recognition. He has been a consistently good student, a willing and competent worker at any task assigned. He has energy and a fine earnestness. It is impossible to predict for "Cal," as he moves around so rapidly, and there are many things which he could do successfully.

Chief Affection: The basket-ball team.

Most Onerous Duty: Conducting Class '20 meeting.

Usual Remark: "It's just like this."

Jean Ferguson Cameron

✦

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in
woman."*

✦



Jean, although born in Bruce County, Ontario, has lived the greater part of her life in Calvin, North Dakota. She calls herself an American Scotch-Canadian. For some reason she has a great fancy for the Scotch. In 1915 Mr. Cameron decided to send his daughter to Brandon to continue her education. We admire his taste in sending her to the land of the Maple Leaf. Ever since her entrance into Clark Hall Jean has held a large place in the hearts of the Clark Hall teachers and girls. In fact, it was not long before Brandon College also caught the disease, where it reached its most acute stage in the second term of her final year.

Class '19 profited very much by her company for three years. But Jean was not able to return to college in the fall of '18, as she expected to have to report before Christmas for training in the American Army Nurses' Corps, in which she was a volunteer. This break in her course was fortunate for both Jean and Class '20, which she joined upon her return to college in the fall of '19.

The chief contribution Jean made to college life has been her untiring work, first as a member of the Y.W.C.A. executive and later as its very efficient president. She has also played a large part in all branches of college life and helped many times to make college functions a real success. This year she was one of our able representatives at the great World Student Convention at Des Moines, and with the others brought back a very fine report and part of the spirit of that great gathering.

Jean will be missed this coming year in Clark Hall and possibly for certain reasons more so in Brandon College.

Favorite Occupation: Stringing H(e)arts.

Elizabeth Greig



★
*"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides."*

★

Undoubtedly the two most significant events of the last decade have been the European war and the phenomenal career of Miss Elizabeth Greig. The great war has passed into history, and the history of Miss Greig is now being written. The picturesque little town of Howick, Quebec, became instantly famous when Elizabeth finally consented to be born there. After public

school in the home town and matriculation at Ormstown Academy, her eagerness for adventure, and incidentally, learning, brought her to Brandon College.

Elizabeth's college activities have been numerous and varied, and in all she has been uniformly successful. As a student she has not only carried a full Arts course, but is also graduating in Expression this year. Elizabeth has an immense capacity for work. The huge amounts which she is able to "cram" at the eleventh hour have been the despair of those of us whose powers of assimilation are considerably weaker. Yet Elizabeth so happily combines work and play that she loses none of her vivacity and remains "buxom, blithe and debonnair." Her versatile talents have been expended on everything, from answering the Clark Hall door bell to delivering a Valedictory address. She was president of Junior Arts in her sophomore year, one of the immortal "flu" nurses of the fall of 1918, on the "Quill" staff two years, president of Arts 1919-20, and one of the four student delegates to the Des Moines convention.

Elizabeth is a student volunteer and intends entering the foreign mission field. If genuineness, energy and all-round ability are the essentials, Elizabeth is one of the few who can "fill the bill."

Habitual Saying: "Honest now, I'm scared stiff."

Diversion: Giving concerts in aid of the "Gym" fund.

Indoor Sport: Telling ghost stories.

Fred E. Howard



✦

*“Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in
her time.”*

✦

Fred is a native of Wheatland and the pride and hope of that whole countryside. He took his high school work in Rivers and in 1915 became a member of Class '19. In the year 1919, after returning from the R.A.F. at Toronto, he joined the illustrious Class '20.

Fred's achievements are as diverse as his nature. This year he has been the editor of The “Quill.” In athletics he “stars” at tennis and ping-pong, while his gentle, loving and emotional nature finds scope for the display of its genius in dramatics and college stunts. He is versatile and capable. As a student, he is able and industrious.

Fred is a man of varying moods. At times he is a bit gloomy and critical. But as a rule he is high-spirited, cheerful and entertaining. We will long remember Fred by his cheerfully ironical and very original remarks. If they usually centred about femininity, no matter—the girls never did object. That he has an exceedingly novel sense of humor, everyone who has heard him in mock debates will agree. Fred is the implacable enemy of all moth-eaten and dusty platitudes. His element is ridicule. False pretension, petty frills, self-esteem furnish ready material for his irony. And withal he is a man of high ideals and lofty conceptions, in spite of his apparent hostility to many orthodox theories.

It was his early ambition to become a monk. But he has now abandoned all thoughts of that seclusive life for something more human. It is his desire to take further work in history. We wish him all success.

Emotional Outburst: “Isn't she nice? I like her!”

Indulgences: Eating chocolate bars and going to shows with “Pat.”

His Fondest Ambition: To make ping-pong a national sport.



Corday Mackay

★
*"Liked here, liked there, liked every-
 where."*

★

Kenton has been made forever famous in being the birthplace and home of Corday Mackay. Reports tell us that Corday's best loved pastime was riding horseback across the prairies near her home or composing impossible romances in a secluded corner of nature's world, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." In Kenton she received her public school and part of high school

training, entering Brandon College in 1913 as a member of the Academy III Class of that year. She distinguished herself early in her college career by winning the prize in the "Quill" Essay Contest, a suggestion of her more than ordinary literary ability.

After having completed her Academy work and Normal training, Corday taught for two years and proved herself a worthy member of the noble group engaged in that profession. In 1916 she returned to Brandon College and because a part of the original Arts Class '20. In her freshman year she was president of her class and a very successful student. Corday is to be congratulated on her success in the work of second year, most of which was taken extra-murally while teaching high school at Kenton. In the spring of '19 she had the honor of being the first to win the Class '18 special history scholarship.

In all phases of college life, whether it be executive work, plugging philosophy or upholding the strong end of an argument, Corday has been very successful. Her arguments in sociology class periods have been most enlightening and will long be remembered by her class mates as a real contribution to their work in that subject. She is noted, too, for her very intelligent discussions of questions of woman's rights and her place in industry.

Whether Corday continues her pedagogical pursuits or engages in journalistic work, she will do well. She has ability and ambition that spells success and a personality that will always win for her many real friends.

Favorite Expression for All Occasions: "It's simply wild;"

Greatest Abhorrence: Pink teas.

Pastime: Arguments in the library.

Ethelwyn Irene Mackay



✦

*"Her air had a meaning, her movement
a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze
on her face,
And when you had once seen her fore-
head and eyes,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her
truth."*

✦

Born on a farm near Kenton, Man., the heroine of this little story received her public and high school education in the home school. After several years spent in such various activities as teaching, developing her talent for painting and increasing in household experience, her persistent devotion to her early educational ideal led her to enter Brandon College in the fall of 1915.

Possessing extraordinary talent along many lines, Ethel found it difficult to choose a course, but finally decided to enroll in the Expression Department, where her splendid success has proven the wisdom of her choice.

Though other calls frequently interfered with her college training, necessitating the deferring of the realization of her ambitions, she cheerfully faced the difficulties that arose in her path, and successfully reached her goal among the inspiring ranks of Class '20.

Though Ethel declares she has no use for platform work, her ability in this sphere has been abundantly demonstrated in her delightful readings and clever renderings of the most difficult parts in sketches and plays both in Brandon College and in outside places, where she has won fame for herself and her Alma Mater, while her graduation recital leaves aside all doubt in the matter. If past endeavor may be taken as an indication of future accomplishment, there can be no doubt of the success of her future career.

It is her intention to take post-graduate work in Expression and to teach in a girls' college in Hawaii. The sincere esteem and best wishes of her classmates go with her in her chosen career.

Life-long Regret: That she is not Irish.

Latest Venture: Domestic Science.

Chief Occupation: Taking care of Corday.

Robert Wellington McBain



★
*"Silence is deep as eternity;
 speech is shallow as time."*

★
 Not Bobbie, nor Duke, but just plain "Mac"—always the same. We have not been informed why he chose Hamiota as the particular spot on the prairie to make his debut, but nevertheless 'tis not ours to reason why, because he is nothing if he is not logical and consistent.

Urged by his ambitious spirit and drawn by the splendid opportunities in the education line and the beaming countenances of several fair damsels in Clark Hall, Mac entered Class '17 in 1913. Maths, languages and philosophy were his honor subjects—class functions and the boys his specialty. Football and washing dishes after a bun feed were his chief athletic achievements. Never boatsful, always faithful. Autumn, 1915, saw Mac a candidate for President of the "Lit" and a winner by one of the largest majorities in the history of the college. He had the happy faculty of carrying the job with facility, honor and dignity.

February 1916 saw Mac in uniform—a soldier of the king, and one whose record we have reason to be proud of. After the Armistice, the University of Edinburg was graced by his presence, where he won the hearts of several Scotch lassies—not to mention professors and classmates.

Besides finishing his Arts course, Mac has completed his first year Medicine in Toronto this year.

It will be with no small degree of pleasure that we will watch the future of one who has endeared himself to the hearts of all of us. Strong, efficient, consistent, and cheerful—we hail him as an honored member of Class '20, his graduating class.

Failing: Beating the Chinaman out of his laundry bill.

Pet Phrase: "I've promised, so I must see it through."

Ambition: Another trip to Bonnie Scotland

David McNaught



"Just David."



This David, who could pose as a hero for any writer's pen, was born at Rapid City, Manitoba. His early childhood and school days were passed in that same town and there he won a reputation for being a good scholar and a popular all-round fellow.

It was a great day for Brandon College when Dave entered her life. He came late the first year, but soon made up for lost time, carrying off a high standing on his examinations. Since the first day he entered Brandon College he has been the friend of all. Wonderful were the stories he could tell and blood-curdling were his war-whoops when he became excited over any college game. It would be useless to enumerate Dave's doings—it would be an endless task. His originality surpassed all others. Committee meetings, class work and "stunts" all claimed Dave's attention, and he was right on the job. Sports were not neglected in his category, and Dave's curling will long be remembered.

In the Spring of '18 Dave joined the Flying Corps, and at Toronto Camp he distinguished himself as a flyer. He has been a good student, a popular all-round sport, and for the original Dave we believe there is a bright and worthy career.

Recreation: Selling tombstones.
 "Dearest" Possession: His appetite.

Clarence Albert Morgan, "Pat"



✦

*"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine:
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
No mightier transports move and thrill."*

✦

"Pat" is a Brandon boy and received his elementary education at the local public school and Collegiate, joining Class '20 in the fall of 1916. He is the only original Class '20 boy to finish the course. "Pat's" athletic abilities immediately brought him recognition. In his first year at college he won the freshman's medal on Field Day and came within one point of winning the individual championship. He has been a mainstay of the senior basket-ball team.

"Pat's" reticence and his aversion to afternoon teas, dinners, etc., are well known. At social functions he was conspicuous—by his absence. Frills and flounces bored him beyond endurance so that he was reputed to be somewhat of a cynic. Yet much of his shyness was really camouflage. It is an absolute fact that he walked into the library unassisted and asked a girl to go to the "show" with him. How is that for timidity? However, it must be admitted that the proceeding was unusual and that he ingloriously glories in his "heart freedom."

He was a critical student. He was usually one of the disputants in class discussions, and his iconoclastic tendencies would abolish such "twaddle" as dinner gowns, ragtime, etc.

"Pat" has every requisite to success, and upon setting out he will take with him the good wishes of a host of friends.

Favorite Saying: "Oh, go on. I do not."

Pet Aversion: Parties.

Latest Venture: Tennis.

Leonard C. Nelson



"He hath a high and noble countenance."



Leonard was born in South Dakota, was in high school at Moose Jaw, Sask., and went back to the U.S.A. just long enough to put in a year at the University of Minnesota. As he grew older and his judgment matured, he decided to come to Brandon College, joining Class '19 in its junior year. Leonard's next move was to Toronto, where he enlisted in the R.A.F. We

last knew him as one of the Graduating Class '20.

Leonard's years at college have shown that he came imbued with the true college spirit, which manifested itself whenever support was needed to make a "howling success" out of an activity which would have been "just medium." Everything he does is characterized by energy and thoroughness. In addition to the business management of the "Quill," he had countless other "jobs." He was a mainstay of the college "Y."

Leonard's keen intellect, gentlemanly bearing and invariable good sense commanded our respect, while the true sportsmanship which he displayed in all branches of athletics in which he was interested, and his genuine modesty justify the continued popularity which he enjoyed.

We are expecting big things of Leonard. His aptitude for political economy predicts triumphs for him in the business world. He has a natural gift for persuading people—he used to ask us to conduct vespers. His personality will carry him a long way in the esteem of the public.

Pet Name: "Elsie."

Genius: Writing letters.

Favorite Haunt: La "Prairie"

Victor Emmanuel Nordlund



✦

*"With more than mortal powers en-
dowed,
How high he soared above the crowd."*

✦

'Twas upon the bleak and desolate plains of Texas that Victor Nordlund made his first appearance in this great world of ours. But he soon wearied of this southern home and migrated northward to the sunny realms of an Alberta home-stead near Wetaskiwan. He easily made his way through the Wetaskiwan and Camrose schools and secured a first class Camrose Normal training. Even then, however, his lofty ambitions could not be restrained and after some experience in leading the wayward youth of Alberta and Saskatchewan along the narrow path of knowledge, he journeyed eastward and allied himself with the illustrious sophomores of 16-17.

His educational career received a temporary check, however, when in answer to his country's call he enlisted and spent several months in training. After the signing of the Armistice he decided to favor us once more with his presence and in the fall of '19 joined himself to the now historic Class '20.

Throughout his years among us Vic. has made his influence felt in every sphere of our college activities. As Secretary-Treasurer of the Y.M.C.A. and later as its President, as Chairman of the Student Body and as Chief Librarian, he has commanded the love of the junior students and won for himself the lasting appreciation of his classmates. In debates, Mock Parliaments and class discussions he has always figured prominently, and we shall not soon forget his weighty utterances.

Whatever the future may hold, whether the pulpit or the classroom shall lure him on, we are confident that success shall crown his labors.

Characteristic Expression: "It's a great old world."

Favorite Haunt: The Library.

Supreme Satisfaction: That he has tasted the joys of life.

Adelia Sanford



"A fell clever lass and bonnie as wise."



In the town of Virden there is a quaint old stone schoolhouse which will no doubt one day be one of the historic places of that town. For here Adelia Sanford first gained a reputation for being always head of her class which she has never lost. Here, too, she must have got her first training in public speaking at the Friday afternoon concerts, thus building well for the future. After taking second class at the

Virden Collegiate. Adelia came to Brandon for Normal training, and that, I am sure she will agree with us, was an event in her life. Then she went back to Virden and got her first class, distinguishing herself by taking the district scholarship. The teaching profession claimed her next for some time until the fall of 1917, when she arrived at Brandon College to add lustre to the sophomores of '20.

In sophomore year, although not a resident student, Adelia made her presence at once felt by her abilities as a student and by winning the gold medal in the annual oratorical contest. In her junior year she had the honor of holding the senior student position—president of the Literary Society. Under her able administration the Lit. not only carried on most successfully during a trying year, but the present efficient Students' Association was outlined and organized. The plans of the the Students' Memorial Gymnasium are also due to the work of her committees.

This year Adelia has acted on the Main Gymnasium Committee and attended an endless round of meetings in the interests of that most worthy movement. Moreover, she has been a very able president of Senior Arts besides doing a considerable amount of teaching in the Academy. All who know her will agree that as a student she is a marvel, for "firsts" just naturally come her way in one and all subjects. The General Proficiency scholarship last year was of course just an accident.

Nickname: "Teddy."

Failing: Perseverance.

Greeting: "I have to go to a committee meeting."

Future: Fruit farming in B.C.

Charles Canong Whidden



✦

*"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed:
For what I will, I will, and there's an end."*

✦

Charlie is a native son of Manitoba, Morden being first favored by his presence. But that community was not wholly to his liking; so he persuaded his family to go elsewhere. At Dayton, Ohio, he began his education, continuing as far as first year high. He then answered the call of his native province by entering Academy II. of Brandon College. Charlie began his college work by entering Class '18. Early in his junior year he recognized the merits of Class '20 and longed to be one of them. As he has ever had a keen eye for values, he saw that by spending two years in military work he could become one of them. It was in the fall of 1918 that Class '20 welcomed Charlie as one of their number.

During his sojourn at Brandon he has been a ready and willing worker. He has added much to the esprit de corps of the class and institution. Almost every college activity has owed a large measure of its success to Charlie's untiring efforts. His services have not all been rendered in the limelight, as his work lay in executive capacities, the results of which we have seen, but seldom is it known to whom the honor is due. During the last two years he has been an untiring worker on the Memorial Gymnasium Fund Committee, acting as chairman the past year. For three years he has been connected with the business department of the "Quill" staff. He has held prominent positions on Y.M.C.A. and athletic executives.

Charlie is now hard at work in the interests of the Memorial Gymnasium. He plans to begin the study of Accountancy in the near future in Winnipeg. All his friends join, not only in wishing but also predicting every success for him in his work.

Characteristic Saying: "Tell him to phone me at 1001 as he comes in."

Chief Occupation: Attending committee meetings.

Claim to Notoriety: Citing precedents.

Zoe Ellen Margerrison Hough, M.A.



✦

*"Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does."*

✦

✦ Class '20 is glad to welcome Zoe into its ranks. Zoe was an outstanding member of Class '19, and her classmates predicted success for her in her intention to take her M.A. It was accomplished, and now what next? Who knows? Zoe has always been a clever student, and it shows much ability to be able to take an M.A. in one year extra-murally, especially when housekeeping at the same time. Zoe was unable to be present at Convocation and her degree was conferred "in absentia." She has expressed her desire to be an active member of the class, to share in the class gift, and we feel that she has a real place amongst us.

For the benefit of new readers we might state that Zoe is an American born. At her initial appearance there must have been much hubbub in Hubbard, Minnesota since in everything thereafter she has been a "leadin' lady." At the age of eight she came to Canada and made her home in Central Butte, Saskatchewan. Zoe joined Class '19 in its sophomore year and astounded everyone by learning enough psychology to win the scholarship. She was immediately pronounced a prodigy. In third year she won the proficiency scholarship and an "honorable mention." In the college activities she was equally efficient.

Zoe is at present teaching school at Grayburn, Sask. What has she been doing? Zoe herself says, "My occupations since last fall have been so varied that no erudite collegian could ever appreciate their magnitude." So what's the use recounting them—but, my, how those M.A.'s can talk!



Rev. Charles Bradford Freeman, M.A., D.D.

The addition to the ranks of Class '20 of Charles Bradford Freeman has brought added fame to an already famous class. Dr. Freeman was one of the early ministers to journey to these western prairies, coming to Edmonton first in 1896. His father, Rev. David Freeman, was one of the earliest graduates of Acadia University. So Dr. Freeman tells us that his denominational pioneer spirit began over eighty years ago.

Dr. Freeman attended Horton Collegiate Academy, the preparatory department of Acadia, continued his work in Acadia University, taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1891.

After pursuing study in Theology at MacMaster University during the years 1891-93, he held a pastorate in Nova Scotia from 1893 to 1895. Dr. Freeman then entered Rochester Theological Seminary, from which institution he was graduated in 1896. During the latter part of that year he came to Western Canada. Subsequent pastorates which Dr. Freeman has held are at: Roland, Man.; Moosejaw, Prince Albert and Saskatoon. Also he was for a period Superintendent of Home Missions in Saskatchewan.

Dr. Freeman, we welcome you into our midst and feel that you have done us honor by coming amongst us.

THE ARTS BANQUET

The Arts banquet in honor of the Graduating Class '20, held in the Prince Edward Hotel on Friday, March 12th, was one of the occasions of the year that will long be treasured in the memories of the class, who hereby wish to express their appreciation of the honor done them at that time. The following program was rendered:

	King and Country	
The Chairman, Dr. Whidden		God Save the King
	Graduating Class	
B. Clendenning '21		A. Sanford '20
		E. Mackay '20
	Vocal Solo—Miss Maud Wilson	
	Our City	
L. Harris '21		Alderman Coleman
	Alma Mater	
W. Rathwell '15		Dr. New
	Reading—Miss Georgia Newbury	
	Our Heroic Dead	
	"To live in hearts we leave behind	
	Is not to die."—Campbell.	
W. Abey '21		E. Manthorne '23

EXPRESSION BANQUET

The Expression Department held its annual banquet in honor of the Expression graduates in the college dining-room, on Monday, March 29th. After the dinner the following program was given and a most enjoyable time was spent:

	King and Country	
Dr. MacNeill		God Save the King
	Our College	
Stella Bolton '20		Mr. Darrach
	Solo—Miss Babel Buker	
	Our Expression Graduates	
Chris. Riley '21		Elizabeth Greig '20
	The Memorial Gymnasium	
E. J. Church, Martie.		Mr. Harris
	Our Gentlemen	
Leila Smith '21		Fred Howard '20
	Sketch	
"Engaging Janet"		Junior Expression Students

The caste of "Green Stockings" were also guests on this occasion. The Expression Department has had a very successful year and has made a real contribution to our life.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of 1920 was delivered by Rev. C. B. Freeman, of Saskatoon. The First Baptist Church was filled with students and their friends and the friends of the College. Dr. Whidden conducted the service and, after calling on Rev. M. L. Orchard to offer the Invocational prayer, introduced the speaker of the evening. The choir rendered special music, and Miss Wilson sang very effectively "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

Mr. Freeman chose for his theme Deborah's denunciation of Meroz: "Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." After tracing the development of the chosen nation amid the clash of arms, through the experiments, the errors, the struggles, the defeats and victories, to the emerging of a national consciousness and the glories of David's kingdom, Mr. Freeman explained that the time indicated in the text was a very critical time in the history of God's Kingdom. Years of oppression had disarmed and depressed the tribes. They stood as helpless before the Canaanites as the Belgians before the Germans.

The same forces of evil, hatred and lust oppress mankind today. The Great War has destroyed some tyrannies, but has brought some fresh ones into being, and great areas of life are still untouched by Christian ideals. The Great War is past, but a greater war confronts us—a moral struggle with the crime and folly of an evil time. Mighty are the forces of wrong, and we must remember that God ONLY is sufficient to defeat the evil: but remember, too, that God ALONE is not sufficient—God must have the cooperation of man. Deborah called her countrymen to the help of the Lord against the mighty: the same call comes to every one of us today.

Whatever calling life may be followed, whatever sphere is occupied, let it be our ambition to annex that area to the Kingdom of Christ. If the key to the great human problems confronting us today is fundamentally spiritual, let the Church, God's appointed instrument of the Kingdom, have a large place in your affections and service.

In closing, Mr. Freeman made a plea that the ambitious student would enshrine the ideal of service in his life as the true interpretation of success. The curse of old was pronounced

upon those who, because of cowardice or indifference, refused to join the conflict.

“We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
 Shun not the struggle—face it, 'tis God's gift.
 Say not, ‘The days are evil. Who's to blame?’
 Stand up! Speak out! and bravely, in God's name.
 What matters it how deep entrenched the wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how long?
 Faint not! Fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.”

CLASS DAY

Of the various features that go to make up the attractions of Convocation week, there is none that lends itself more to human interest than the Class Day exercises. Not only is this true of the Valedictory which avowedly expresses the emotion of the graduate at parting with college and college friends, but also of the other numbers that appear on the program on this occasion.

1920's Class Day bore ample evidence of this, and those who were privileged to be present at College Chapel on the afternoon of May 17th were agreed that the exercises were of a high order. The story of the important role that the class had played in making history; the marvellous picture of the future of the class-mates, that the beardless Omar revealed to his wondering audience; and the imaginative reach of the poet as he sang to a topic so pleasing to his muse—were all most instructive and entertaining, and quite fulfilled the expectation of the interested. Indeed, the afternoon will be remembered—as every Class Day function should be—as a climax to all the happy events of four years of college life—years in which so much has been painted into the common background, and in which there has grown up a personal intimacy sufficiently close to permit of the casting aside of diplomatic and conventional language in favor of words that are direct and to the point and that are not calculated to the smothering of any part of the truth.

Dr. New, the honorary president, acting as chairman, expressed himself as very much at home with the class. He felt that he knew its members well—had watched their mental reactions for years, and in a few well-chosen words he advised

them now to cherish friendships formed at college—not forgetting those friends who speak from the pages of books—and to carry on with true courage, confidence and sympathy.

The valedictory as rendered by Miss Greig was very pleasing. Class '20 is fortunate in being able to call on its own accomplished elocutionary talent for such a part.

The choruses and solos gave variety and were much enjoyed.

The program was as follows:

Chairman's Address—Dr. New.

Violin Solo—Mr. Weaver.

Class History—Adelia Sanford.

Song: "Where, oh, Where?"—Class '20.

Class Poem—Fred Howard.

Vocal Solo: "One Fleeting Hour"—Mr. Stone.

Class Prophecy—D. H. Beaubier.

Song: "How Often We Think of the Old Days at College!"—Class '20.

Valedictory—Elizabeth Greig.

Song: "Brandon"—Class '20.

CLASS POEM

You know the legends of days of old,
 Of fiery dragons and heroes bold;
 Of Hercules and the golden fleece,
 And the garden parties they held in Thrace.
 Perhaps you have fancied fairy romance
 Of beautiful maidens and young gallants;
 The manor hall and the minstrel song
 Of knights who jousted all day long.
 Of Mother Goose and her nursery rhymes
 You've probably heard a dozen times;
 Of the red-headed girl who fired the house,
 And the piece of cheese that caught the mouse.
 How Jack fell down when he hadn't "oughter,"
 And broke his crown and spilled the water;
 Of Dame Hubbard's poor wee doggie. What!
 You've had enough of this tommy-rot?
 I think you're right. I never could see

Any sense in all this mythology.
Of other topics there must be plenty,
And now I'll talk about "Class Twenty."
The graduates and pride of the college,
They have a wondrous store of knowledge,
And indeed deserve some praise
Since they're now full fledged B.A's.
In everything they did excel,
But I shall not attempt to tell
All the things that each has done,
But discuss them one by one,
And shall state concerning all
Incidents which I recall
From my acquaintance with them here,
Especially in their final year.
Now, Calverley, class president,
Was also leader of parliament.
Finally lost his position, 'twould seem,
Through a very injudicious scheme
By which he proposed to tax old maids—
He should have known better at his age.
And Dave McNaught, how all would throng
To hear him sing a comic song!
Dave's hearty handshake and thunderous laughter,
He could get anything he went after.
And Charles Whidden—now just watch him.
See how he'll build our Memorial "Gym."
At lectures he was sometimes seen,
If meetings did not intervene.
That stalwart youth with Socratic air,
With "blase" manner and wavy hair,
Is Beaubier, Class Twenty's seer.
An athlete and student without a peer.
Charlie and Dave went together fine.
Took the girls out for a walk in line.
This is Charlie's usual recreation.
But for Dave 'twas indeed an innovation.
Ethel McKay, sweet, silent creature,
It seemed to be quite against her nature
To argue and scold; but when she recited
She really would get quite excited.
And Ethel Bolton, precocious child,
The way she took notes was simply wild.
Elizabeth Greig, there's none beside her.
It is impossible to describe her.
Indeed a multiple personality

Who even knows her nationality?
And Mr. McBain, prim, proper, polite,
Our acquaintance with him is so very slight
That in speaking of him I must be prudent,
But he is a former Brandon student.
Now I perceive it will take too long
To comment on all as I pass along.
So concerning the rest, let me say a word
About little things that daily occurred.
How Jean and Fred in English seven,
Held long debate concerning heaven,
And Mrs. Wilkins was so perplexed,
Wondering what they would argue next,
"Teddy" Sanford would have nothing to say
While knowing it all—that's just her way.
And oh the furore and excitement
Over the socialist indictment.
How Corday denounced the bourgeoisie
And anathematized plutocracy!
Pat said the system was nefarious,
The laborer's life was so precarious.
Jean and Vic nearly had a spasm
At Corday's and Pat's iconoclasm.
Charlie looked very comprehensive,
But to Leonard Nelson 'twas most offensive
That some of the class were so radical,
He always championed capital.
Victor Nordlund would get Zoe Houghy
When Stella decided the room was stuffy,
And asked to have the window raised.
Poor little Ethel was simply dazed
By the dreadful remarks McNaught would pass
When he sat beside her in English class.
Our History 9 was a seminar
Where constitutions we'd make and mar.
Pat said 'twas just hot air and twaddle
To make students study Aristotle.
The "Republic" was an incredible story,
For Plato's ideas were à priori.
Stella Bolton cured every ill
By the simple rule of the general will.
Elizabeth Greig had nothing to say—
That remains a mystery to this day.
But usually her interests ran
To Hobbes' original state of man.
Every point was so much disputed

That soon Class '20 became reputed
 For much discussion and long debate.
 But in everything that did relate
 To Alma Mater we could agree
 In perfect unanimity.
 We boosted athletics, supported the "Gym,"
 Every one of us knows the McMaster hymn
 Since we went to chapel every day:
 But it's rather boastful to talk this way.
 And to leave you thus brings deep regret.
 But in days to come we shall not forget.
 Memory will cherish to the end
 Each kindly teacher and student friend.
 To Alma Mater we promise true
 In whatever we think, or say, or do.
 "Bene facere" shall be our aim
 To prove worthy of our college name.

—Fred Howard.

CLASS HISTORY

Class '20 began its career in Brandon College in 1916. Then the fortunes of war hung in the balances and Canada was calling her best men to take their places in the ranks. Brandon College did her part, and Class '20 made its contribution to her Alma Mater's gift of men. The result was that Sophomore '20 was considerably smaller than it had been as a freshman class, but in the junior and senior years the class welcomed back a number of the khaki boys. With these and several additional lady members, the class number has been raised beyond that of the original '20 enrolment and is now the largest graduating class in the history of Brandon College. As well as the Arts graduates, there are two graduates from the Expression Department.

Our class has had the usual varied experiences common to all college classes, the trembling uncertainty of the freshman group, the unwarranted confidence of the sophomore, and perhaps a small share of the dignity that belongs to the senior years. But nevertheless war conditions have made the course of the class progress unusual, one of ebb and flow and certainty, as that of the whole college has been.

During the war years, when our college numbers were comparatively small, the task of keeping up the activities of the college was a difficult one. Our Literary, Debating and

Athletic societies did not flourish as they had done in pre-war years, but they were kept alive and have succeeded in making real progress during the last year and a half, again measuring up to and beyond old standards.

The "Quill," too, has been published regularly and has maintained its high standard of literary worth, in spite of the many obstacles with which the editor and staff have been confronted. With the increasing growth of these groups, the need of a more compact, centralized college organization was felt. In 1918-19 plans were made to reorganize the student body under the name of "The Students' Association of Brandon College," and to make all other organizations responsible to the executive of the central association. This plan has been put into practice and has proved to be an efficient system. Our Senior Stick has kept in touch with each of the many phases of college activities and has proved worthy of the trust placed in him.

After the Armistice was signed the students of the college expressed their desire to commemorate in some material way the work and sacrifice of our boys who served overseas, particularly those who will not come back to us. A strong student movement was started, the aim of which was to erect a gymnasium which, as well as being a fitting memorial to our college heroes, will answer a keenly felt need of our expanding college group. Class '20 has been able to share with other classes in the task of raising the sum required for the erection of a gymnasium building which will be in keeping with other fine buildings that our college board are planning to erect. We almost wish we had come on the scene a few years later so that we might enjoy the privileges which future classes at Brandon College will have; but there are some decided advantages in belonging to Class '20.

Our class has not been a noisy one, but we have made ourselves heard several times during 1919-20—as most classes do when they are hailed by that fine appellation—"the seniors." The Arts banquet, all in our honor, first suggested the wonderful and dreadful fact that we had reached our senior year. There was no small feeling of regret when we realized that college days were nearly over. Dr. New, our honorary president, and Mrs. New have been with us at most of our social functions, and in their usual good way have always made the merry group merrier.

Exams are all over! Each anticipated a wonderful sensation of relief, but such was not the case. Instead, there was a vague, uncertain, inexplicable feeling of regret when the last examination on that imposing looking time table had been

stroked off and we faced the last day of college. We have still the joy of real participation in convocation activities, and all the glory of being the chief actors in the stirring scenes of those days. Then a big farewell to class mates and other fellow students, to the worthy members of the faculty, and to our loved Alma Mater.

—Adelia A. Sanford.

CLASS PROPHECY

Awake! Arts Twenty wide their talents throw
To all the world, where all the four winds blow,
Where'er the shrinking dollar is discussed,
And where one hears the limpid English flow.

I dreamt on past achievement of the class,
When many a sturdy lad and buxom lass,
Both in and out the college, far and wide,
Found easy luckless rivals to surpass.

Then to the future turned and found the key,
And rent the veil past which I could not see:
Some mighty praise awhile of me and thee
There was—and then some more of thee and me.

Then to the rolling heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What future bliss has fate supplied
The members of Class Twenty now adrift?"
And—"A fame above all others!" heaven replied.

Straight to the upper skies did I adjourn,
Our happy fate, our future fame to learn:
And to you now reveal it—this I tell
To make ambition's flame more fiercely burn.

Fair Ethel Bolton's fate I now reveal:
How she men's hearts shall with her smiles steal:
She has mine now; I know she has the rest.
For all the boys have told me how they feel.

But should she coldly spurn our fervent love,
The gods shall send dire vengeance from above—
A troop of howling schoolboys be her curse,
A blight which nothing mortal can remove.

Warn'd of thy fate, O Ethel, be more kind!
 Turn not thy back on love, be not so blind!
 Smile sweetly on, but often more this way,
 And please the poet who thy warnings li'd.

Thy sister Stella to great fame is bless'd,
 On her shall burdens of the country rest:
 For Ottawa shall be her future home,
 The Ladies' Party be her interest.

The Ladies' Party shall to power go,
 And finance shall be her portfolio;
 The income tax shall soar to dizzy heights,
 And revenue rise as Penn ne'er hoped 'twould grow.

When rates on excess profits quickly rise,
 Orval shall view the law with hateful eyes,
 And league with Clarence Morgan to attempt
 The overthrow of Stella by surprise.

For Orval shall be a mighty financier,
 Clarence a politician without peer:
 Yet their bold plots shall Stella easily thwart,
 And evil opposition fill with fear.

Behold! beneath the blazing Indian skies,
 A queen with dimpled cheeks and bold brown eyes,
 With Johnny Hart shall wander in the fields
 Of scarlet poppies—contented, there she dies.

Oh, Jean! the happiest of our thrice-bless'd group,
 Spend not all hours in love—to natives stoop
 And lift to Christian bliss and future life
 Th' untutored Indians soon round thee to troop.

But come! Your thoughts to Argentina turn,
 The future doom of laughing Lis'beth learn,
 How she shall pampas skim on foaming steeds,
 And how Vaqueros' love for her shall burn.

The natives of the Rio negro cry
 In vain for Christian faith—and heathen die;
 A southern grandee Lis'beth's hand shall win,
 And other luckless suitors ever sigh

You know, my friends, how Corday loves to boast
 George Horace Lorrimer shall yield the Post
 To abler hands—ah! Corday, spoken true!
 Thine be the honor, honor more than most.

She with a printer's proof, a Persian cat,
 A green eyeshade, the season's "scoop"—and "Pat"
 Beside her, teasing, flirting—still too shy,
 Ah, what career suits Corday more than that!

Adelia's talent Virden's school desires,
 But she, alas! to married bliss retires:
 The trustees rage, the pupils mourn her loss.
 At her defection Froebel's ghost suspires.

Not all shall happy be! One of this class,
 Nam'd Frederick Howard, shall fair fortune pass;
 The Brandon Daily Sun shall be his curse,
 Not history can such tragic fate surpass.

Mourn not, O Fred! But make thy bravest show,
 Heaven shall recompense for fortune's blow:
 Though doom'd on earth to sad obscurity,
 In upper skies thy lot shall not be so.

Avoid McBain! Avoid him, all who hear;
 Avoid McBain, if life to you is dear!
 For he a heartless surgeon soon shall be,
 And operate on people far and near.

His carmined hand a surgeon's lance shall grasp,
 While on the table luckless patients gasp:
 They know their final hour is at hand,
 To bloodless lips their dearest friends they clasp.

Sad to relate, McNaught shall soon reveal
 The atavism he doth now conceal:
 The blood of Wamba courses in his veins,
 Heart-easing mirth shall be his earthly weal.

Though motley be his due, yet he shall wear
 The finest English broadcloth: his sole care
 Shall be to think of jests for "Judge" and "Life."
 Ah, Fortune! Fickle Fortune! art thou fair?

The pulpit Leonard Nelson shall ascend,
 And fallen men from evil ways shall mend;
 Should any of Arts Twenty sink from Grace,
 Let him his thoughts toward surpliced Leonard bend.

In days to come, bold Leonard shall command
 That cigarettes must vanish from our land;
 Thy classmate, Leonard, craves for mercy now,
 And supplicates with nicotine-stained hand!

Victor, attend! For teaching is thy fate,
 O'er many a scholar thou shalt rule in state,
 With jealousy shall Pestalozzi rise
 From his cold grave, and thee as rival hate.

Yet pedagogy shall not be thy forte.
 The "strap" shall be thy first-love and thy sport,
 And every morning for thy keen delight
 The luckless pupils shall with pain contort.

Now, Charley, know thy fortune! Thou shalt be
 A wizard of finance; Accountancy
 Thy future love, and livelihood as well;
 No business error shall escape from thee.

Thy present worth with future fame doth mate,
 For gossip in the college doth relate
 How thou, by Sines and Tangents, canst resolve
 If meat deliveries are under weight.

Indeed, we know, by geometric scale,
 That thou canst take the size of pots of ale;
 And by thy feats in mathematics cause
 Professor T. R. Wilkins to grow pale.

The world in Ethel I. Mackay shall see
 The favor'd daughter of Melpomene;
 For though Expression now her bias finds,
 The later passion shall be tragedy.

Expression is her stepping stone to fame,
 And Broadway signs shall blazon out her name;
 Her rendering of Desdemona shall
 Make Julia Marlowe quit the stage for shame.

As for myself, my secret I retain,
To speak of future honors would be vain;
To speak of future ills would only cause
Some ribald laughter—after that, some pain.

Alas! that we must part in some few days,
That each can sing no more the other's praise;
We men that in the college gained such fame,
Can not a Coca Cola's price e'en raise.

Ah, friends! could you and I with luck conspire
To pass at college one more year entire,
Would we not rule the roost, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

Now see the Third Year Arts, still young but vain,
The Third Year Arts becomes the Fourth again:
How oft hereafter sighing shall they look
Through this same college after US—in vain.

And when, dear friends, with grief abroad we pass
Among B.A's star-scattered on the grass,
And in the toil of life shall pause to think
Of college chums—just one thought for our class.

—Tamán Shud.

—David H. Beaubier.

VALEDICTORY

Hail! Brandon College, our Alma Mater! Today we, the members of the Graduating Class of 1920, gather in these well-known halls to bid thee a last farewell. It is with joy not unmingled with sorrow that we come to this parting of the ways. Life is a journey, and for four years the journey of our lives has centred in thee. Before we respond to the clarion call to march on to unknown ways, we would endeavor to show thee something of our appreciation for all thou hast done for us.

As we turn the pages of the history of our sojourn—a history not in records that moth may destroy and rust may corrupt, but in the lives of thy students—we realize how great has been our privilege and how immeasurable thy kindness.

The path has not all been easy to tread: it did not always lead through quiet valleys, and it often seemed long and hard. There were mountains of difficulty at every turn. There were moments of bewilderment and doubt, hours of toil when we would plod our weary way across the desert where there seemed nothing but sand to grind: but there was many an oasis where we mingled with our friends and forgot the grinding process in the joys that surrounded us. The desert passed, the river Examinus faced us. Our great and good guides, the professors, were left on the bank and we had to enter the seething waters alone: however, much of the teaching of these guides went with us, and although some of us had little light ahead, one by one we reached the other bank and enjoyed another holiday.

We cannot say farewell, Alma Mater, without saying more about our guides who travelled with us, encouraging us when we were disheartened, aiding us when we were weary, sharing our joys and sorrows, ever guiding, ever keeping before us the ideal of lives spent in the service of others. They will always have a large place in our affections and memories. Whatever good we may do, to whatever degree of success we attain, we would give much of the praise to our guides. They have taught us and we have learned from them for life that—

“These three alone lead life to sovereign power:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control.”

There is another company we would like to mention—that company, Alma Mater, known in thy halls as the Board. They have blazed the trail for us to follow. They are worthy pioneers who have done much for thee and for us. Their work does not all lie in past marches: we can see it extending far into the future, with future students benefiting by their labors.

As we boldly marched along our four years' journey, we saw footprints of former students—some planted in the shifting sands, but many left upon the well-beaten path of knowledge. Some have taken paths we could not follow, but many have just passed on ahead, and we see their good work on every hand. As we stop a moment and glance back, we see hastening up the many winding paths promising youths and maidens, all hurrying, climbing; and it all comes back to us—our own climbing and hurrying; so we wave an encouraging hand and beckon them to follow.

Looking into the future, O Alma Mater, we see thy halls swarming with anxious knowledge-hungry students. We see them living and working within walls that were only dreams to us. They may do greater work, they may win fame and honor for thee, but none can love thee better, none hold thy memory more dear than Class '20.

Today, O Alma Mater, we hear the call, "March on, march on!" and we must go on, but not alone, because we take with us something of thy spirit. To thy daughters thou art the ideal of perfect womanhood; thou wilt help them to be—

"Perfect women, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Thou hast taught them that they have a mission in life—"to uplift, purify, and confirm by their own gracious gift, the world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor to degrade and drag down and oppose forever."

To thy sons thou art the ideal of true knighthood. Under thy teaching they "will reverence their conscience as their king." Their glory will be in redressing human wrongs, and thus they will wear the white flower of a blameless life.

Having learned these lessons, we come to a turn in the path of our journey and we pause to wave a last fond adieu. No matter where our paths may lead, the wings of remembrance will bear us back to Brandon College, our Alma Mater. In imagination we will again unite in the dear "Hippi Skippi" and "green and black," and as the years roll by we will cherish still increasingly the memory of the years spent here. Whatever we do, wherever we go, our motto, "Bene Facere," will still go with us. We will endeavor to live up to it as a privilege in playing a small part in a world program, because we saw it lived out in the lives of those we revered and loved at Brandon College.

Salve, Brandon College! Salve, Alma Mater! Long may the blue and gold wave in triumph! Salve atque vale! Vive valeque!

—Elizabeth Greig.

GRADUATION RECITAL

The graduation recital in Expression of Miss Elizabeth Greig and Miss Ethel Mackay was given in the Collegiate Auditorium, on Monday evening, May seventeenth. This pleasant event of Commencement week was especially interesting to those of us who for several years have enjoyed their readings at Brandon College Lits.

Both Miss Mackay and Miss Greig are talented readers, but with gifts so different that the work of one only enhances by contrast the interest in the work of the other. We have long known Elizabeth Greig as a clever reader, but never before did we appreciate her keen interpretation of character and her marked dramatic ability. These qualities were especially noticeable in the scene from "Mice and Men," a scene containing many varied characters and requiring a careful study of human nature. Miss Greig made each character, with her own peculiar foibles and faults, live. In delightful contrast to this scene and to the happy, vivacious action monologue, was "The Lady of Shalott." Ever a favorite, the poem gained new beauties through the sympathetic interpretation of the musical accompaniment by Mr. Wright.

To the lover of literature and of Browning and to the student of human weakness and strength, no number was so enjoyable as the reading of "Andrea del Sarto" by Miss Mackay. Her interpretation was interesting and satisfying. For the lover of children, Miss Mackay read three old favorites with sympathy for child moods, and for the child spirit in mature man. In contrast to the keen presentation of the complex nature of Andrea and to the portrayal of the simple child life, Miss Mackay read the witty and sophisticated scene between Lady Teazle and Sir Peter from "The School for Scandal."

Mrs. Wilkins, whose sweet songs are a very real part of Brandon College, assisted with two groups of songs. "Coolan Dhu," with its beautiful harmonics, and "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree," with its sad haunting melodies, were especially charming. In some respects, however, the song most interesting to a Brandon College audience was the lyric, "I Love You," the composition of Mr. Frank Mathews, a member of the Brandon College faculty.

PROGRAMME

An Action Monologue:

A Man, a Maid and a Dress-suit Case *Belle Marshall Locke*

ELIZABETH GREIG

Andrea del Sarto

Robert Browning

ETHEL MACKAY

Vocal Solos:

- a. Coolan Dhu *Leoni*
 b. Ah, Je Veux Vivre, from "Romeo and Juliet" *Gounod*
 c. Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree *Spross*

MRS. WILKINS

"The School for Scandal"

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Act II, Scene I

ETHEL MACKAY

"Mice and Men"

Lucette Ryley

An arrangement of Act III

ELIZABETH GREIG

Vocal Solos:

- a. I Love You *Mathews*
 b. The Blue Bells of Scotland *Folk Song*
 c. Chancon Provencal *Dell-Acqua*

MRS. WILKINS

a. The Children's Hour

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

b. The Lost Kiss

James Whitcomb Riley

c. The Barefoot Boy

John Greenleaf Whittier

ETHEL MACKAY

The Lady of Shalott

Alfred Lord Tennyson

ELIZABETH GREIG

Musical Accompaniment by Mr. W. I. Wright, B.A.

—

"THE PIPER"

The Piper

Elizabeth Greig

Veronika

Ethel Mackay

Scene—At the Cross Roads near Hamelin Town

Introduction

Miss Newbury

THE ALUMNI LUNCHEON

At one o'clock, on May 18th, the ninth annual luncheon of the Brandon College-McMaster Alumni Association was held in the college dining-room. After a delicious menu had been enjoyed, the president, Mrs. R. J. Brandon '13, of Regina, acted as toast mistress. In her chaarmingly earnest and sincere way, she proposed the toast to King and Country. For a few moments our thoughts were turned upon those of our number who had gone out to serve king and country during the days of war, and then we were led by the speaker to feel the responsibility of our not failing the illustrious example of their devotion. In response, the National Anthem was sung. Rev. W. C. Smalley '12, in his toast to Alma Mater, commented upon the loyalty which characterizes every Alumnus of Brandon College. Coming in contact with more of our graduates than almost any other member of our number, he was able to assure us that the bond between fellow Alumni Alumnaeque was a very real one, although circumstances prevented many of our membership from being present with us at our annual gathering. The speaker closed with a tribute to the members of the faculty of our Alma Mater. His words were silently endorsed by each of us whose privilege it has been to study under such men as our professors. President Whidden, in responding to the toast, gave us glimpses of his Alma Mater, Acadia University, and showed us just how much the spiritual side of a student's university may mean to him. He referred to his dreams for the material expansion of Brandon College, which dreams are approaching nearer and nearer to realization. Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins' rendering of the favorite old Scotch song, "Loch Lomond," was delightful. The toast to Our Guests, proposed by Miss J. M. Turnbull '15, was responded to by Dr. Gilmour in his happy, genial way. He pointed out how very valuable an asset the alumni of an institution are to it and what support they can give to the president and their Alma Mater. Miss E. Greig '20 then read an attractive narrative of a college escapade. The toast to Class '20 was proposed by Mr. G. F. Fisher '15. The fact that, in reality, the graduates of this year are standing at the "commencement" of life, and the need that there is in the world for men so trained and equipped, was the theme about which his words and thought centred. Mr. F. Howard '20, after indulging in a few reminiscences of undergraduate years, voiced the determination of Class '20 that it should not fail to measure up to the ideals which it has learned to love during its course.

The luncheon was followed by the annual business meeting

with the president, Mrs. Brandon '13, in the chair. The officers for the year '20-'21 were elected as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Dr. A. P. McDiarmid.

President—Miss J. M. Turnbull '15.

1st Vice-President—Mr. G. F. Fisher '15.

2nd Vice-President—Mr. L. A. Glinz '19.

3rd Vice-President—Mr. F. E. Howard '20.

Sec.-Treas.—Miss G. S. Whidden '18.

Alma Mater Committee—Mr. C. G. Whidden (chairman),
Mr. D. H. Beaubier.

COMMENCEMENT 1920

On Tuesday evening the eighteenth of May, a capacity audience filled the City Hall to witness the time-honored ceremonies and to hear the excellent addresses in connection with the annual Commencement exercises of Brandon College and the special Convocation of McMaster University. After the long procession, led by the graduating class, followed by members of the faculty, platform guests, the Pro-Chancellor and President Whidden, had filed in, the opening prayer was offered and the graduates were then presented for their diplomas. Prolonged applause gave evidence of the interest and appreciation of the audience as the young men and women kneeled before the pro-chancellor and were proclaimed Bachelors of Arts in McMaster University, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. The degree of M.A. was conferred on Zoe E. M. Hough, and the degree of D.D. on the Reverend Charles B. Freeman. Diplomas were also granted in Theology and Expression, and announcement made of scholarships and prizes.

The President's address to the graduating class was a message of confidence and inspiration, charging them to go out to do honor to their Alma Mater, to crystallize for themselves the ideals they had learned, subtle recognition of the highest in life, of the impelling forces which lead men and women to make the world better, not poorer, because they have lived in it. While gowns, caps and diplomas are mere symbols, the college is confident that, possessed of these, the students will go forth to give their best in service to their country and their God. They will "carry on," not as mere dreaming idealists, but as practical idealists, in whatever walks of life they choose—heads in the clouds, feet firmly planted on the

earth, hearts pure and true. In the development of her national resources, Canada's greatest asset is her men and women. She needs young lives that can pass the great test—not merely graduation—but the ability to “carry on” for country, for Alma Mater, and for their fathers' and mothers' God.

Pro-Chancellor Gilmour brought greetings from many Eastern friends of the college, who send best wishes for future prosperity. He then spoke of the appeal of the universities of today. Tracing their rise from mediaeval times to the present, he pointed out the two types that have grown up—the state university and the denominational or Christian college. At the present time the universities of Canada are facing a crisis and a great mission. Four important factors in the life of the country are being provided by such colleges as Brandon. The college stands for: first, *intelligence* and the training of men and women for enlightened leadership; second, *comradeship*, which must solve the vital modern problem of co-operation, through good-will and mutual understanding; third, *courage*, such as our boys showed in Flanders, and such as we now need increasingly at home; and fourth, *real religion*, with Jesus Christ as the centre of our thoughts and lives. May Brandon College go forward, and help to develop intelligence, comradeship, courage, and the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ!

In closing, Dr. Whidden announced with regret three resignations—Dr. S. J. McKee, who has been a “Pilgrim Father” in Western Canadian education; Dr. New, who goes to McMaster, and Miss Fraser, who responds to the call of duty in her home circle. The President also spoke briefly of the rapidly enlarging Brandon College, and sketched the plans for expansion by which the College Board hopes to build here one of the best, truest and most useful colleges in the British Empire.

SOCIAL EVENTS

In the early part of the fall term the class met one evening at the home of Charles Whidden for the purpose of organization. The first part of the evening was spent in discussion of various class affairs and the election of officers, after which Mrs. Whidden served most delicious refreshments.

As a number of returned soldiers had joined us, this was the first time the class, as a whole, had been together. In spite of the fact that we did feel a little unacquainted, a very pleasant time was spent together.

On the evening of Nov. 11th, 1919, Dr. and Mrs. New entertained the graduating class. Our host and hostess had determined that "no flower should blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air," as far as athletics was concerned; so each member of the the class was given a chance to display his or her athletic ability. The evening's entertainment took the form of an indoor field meet, consisting of races, tennis, jumping, and wrestling matches. Dave Beaubier, as usual, carried off the aggregate medal, while as a just reward of her endeavors, "Ted" Sanford carried off second prize in the form of a rag doll. When the various phases of the field day performances had come to an end, Mrs. New served a very dainty lunch, which was very much enjoyed by the hungry athletes. and we all with one accord proclaimed Dr. and Mrs. New a royal host and hostess.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 24th, 1920, the young men of Class '20 escorted the young ladies of the class to the Allen Theatre, where we allowed our thoughts, for a time, to be carried away from books and examinations. After leaving the theatre, the young ladies were much taken by surprise when they were ushered into Aagaard's Cafe, where a most delicious lunch awaited them. The evening was one that was much enjoyed by all the members of the class and also by their worthy chaperons.

The girls of Class '20 entertained the boys of the class and a number of the faculty members at a taffy pull in the gymnasium, March 10th, 1920. The girls were attired in over-all aprons, while the boys appeared without coat or vest. The first part of the evening was spent in playing various children's



games, such as "Poor Pussy," "Wink," "Grunt," etc. Later on, in spite of the fact that the taffy was not boiled quite enough, we all managed to pull some of it, but had great difficulty removing traces of it from our hands. When at last the feat was accomplished, we divested ourselves of dignity and were seated upon the floor, where we partook of the lunch served by the girls of the class. After lunch, Mr. Allen took a flashlight picture of the happy group, which shall serve as a souvenir of the occasion.

On Saturday evening, March 13th, 1920, at a meeting of the "Lit." the first three years of Arts actually had the nerve to ridicule the stately seniors. The first scene was a faculty meeting in which the members of the graduating class were pretty thoroughly discussed, while the last scene was a class reunion ten years hence at Adelia (Sanford's?) home. The whole program was a great success, and perhaps in course of time the graduates will forgive those who took part.

At noon on Friday, May 7th, 1920, Mrs. Wilkins entertained Mrs. Whidden, Mrs. New and the girls of the graduating class at luncheon at the Prince Edward Hotel. The girls were much interested in the stories which Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Whidden and Mrs. New told of their college days and a most enjoyable social hour was spent together.

Dr. and Mrs. Whidden entertained the graduates at a delightful dinner in their home on Saturday evening, May 5th, at 6.30. The tables, with its decorations of blue and silver candles, white flowers and class ribbons, looked very inviting. The menu was truly enjoyable, while wit and humor scintillated around the board. After the dinner the class members held a class meeting at which Dr. New was unanimously elected honorary president for life, Mr. C. A. Morgan was made president, Miss A. Sanford, vice-president, and Miss C. Mackay, secretary.

Alarm clocks were busy rousing the dignified seniors at 5.30 a.m. Saturday, May 8th. A picnic breakfast on the banks of the Assiniboine had been planned, and at 6.30 a.m., the class, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. New, Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. Logan and Mr. Evans, was ready to leave Clark Hall. Mr. Evans

kindly offered his car as a means of conveying the food and cooking utensils to the desired spot. When all the party had arrived at their destination, wood was gathered and a fire built, upon which eggs and bacon were fried. Coffee also was boiled, and we have the recollections of seeing Dr. New toasting one lonely slice of bread. While we were preparing and also while we were partaking of the bacon and eggs, numerous pictures were taken which will serve to remind us of Mr. Evans' methods of making smoke come out of the stove pipe; of Mrs. Wilkins' and Mrs. New's ability to fry bacon and eggs; of the time Fred, on account of bad behaviour, had his face washed by some of the young ladies; of Pat's frantic efforts to rescue "Ted" and Elizabeth as they were about to lose their balance on the river bank, and of Mr. Logan's views on Domestic Science.

After all the utensils had been packed and after the members of the class had acquired for themselves everlasting fame, by carving their names on the trees, the picnic party returned home, proclaiming May 8th, 1920, a never-to-be-forgotten day in the history of the class.

CLASS TREE

It was not a class tree. We chose a beautiful clinging vine—the Virginia creeper—to symbolize the sentiment of Class '20. It was the afternoon of Thursday, May 20th, and although not all of the class were present, a root was planted under the chapel windows for each member of the class and one in the centre for Dr. New, our honorary president. And just as the vine will ever grow closer, and cling to the college walls, so will Class '20 affectionately remember our Alma Mater and memories of those happy days will deepen and strengthen that affection.

CLASS GIFT

The class gift will be a cash donation of \$800.00 towards the Gymnasium. Our Memorial Gymnasium is a certainty, and although we shall not see the completion of it, yet are we glad to make our contribution.

"AS IS"

Some live in the memory of "As used to be," some think of life "as ought to be." The pessimist talks of good "as never will be." But the true, courageous, normal soul meets the world "as is."

The spirit who gets the most out of the experiment of living is the one who takes each day as a game of golf. Life is like this noted sport, for the play on the ball must be "as is." You stand on the tee with a well defined idea of what ought to happen. you know the motions, you see the direction, you address the ball, you try the stroke. It may be a clear cut drive or it may be hook or slice that lands your ball in some bad territory with a poor lie. In either case you must play the ball "As is." The ball in the fair green may be poorly played, while the hard lie may challenge your skill and result in a perfect stroke. The interest in golf is sustained because the ball must be played "as is."

The student must play each day "As is." You stand upon the diploma tee with all the theory of the stroke perfect. but the days carry you out upon the links of life. Your first attempt to do the world's work is your chance at the world "As is."

Why waste time in useless musings about the "used to be"? Why rave in haughty superiority about the "As ought to be"? Select from your powers and talents. trained for the day. and make ready for some step that appropriate club and play the ball of opportunity "As is."

The game of life is full of uneven ground and distracting hazards. Long drives and careful approaches, restrained efforts and accurate putts, are not alone confined to golf. but also apply to living. The city or town in which you live and work may lack much for which your nature longs, but why be miserable. unhappy and inefficient. play the ball "As is."

You may meet the limitations of money. the distresses of ill-health. You may find yourself surrounded by hazards not of your own making. with injustice and unfairness marked plainly upon them. Why rant about the "ought to be" till weak and exhausted? Play the ball in the game of life "As is."

You may discover that your dreams have not come true, the world does not seem to be restless about giving you a high and noted place. You discover a deep and wide valley between you and the mountain peak of fame that seemed so near just over the foothill. You discover the difference between the solid foundation of experience and the inspiring enthusiasms of ambition. you become lonely and insignificant in a sphere of

strangers. Why halt, and grow discouraged? Why contrast the first attempt with the dream of the first tee? Grit your teeth, pull yourself together, address the task, and inspired by the truth of God, play the day "As in."

—G. M. N.

THEY'RE OFF

In characteristic manner Class '20 dispersed. The prosaic members departed most unceremoniously, while others were loath to leave and lingered for several days. In the first class we might mention Jean, "Teddy," Dave Beaubier, Calverley, while the sentimental class included Ethel, Stella, Corday, Elizabeth, "Pat," Fred, Leonard, etc. Corday was accompanied to the station by several of her devotees and waved a tearful goodbye as the train pulled out for Winnipeg. Jean, Teddy, Charlie and Orval went off without even emitting a sob. The Bolton girls, Fred and Leonard, being of a very affectionate nature, lingered longest, and remained as long as any congratulations were forthcoming. Even Elizabeth and Pat were dejected. It is hard to be grown-up and have to leave home. That's what we are doing, but you will hear from us again. We have done great things, as we have already told you, "but what we have done is but earnest of what we yet shall do."

THE STUDENTS' GYMNASIUM

A gymnasium! At last it is to be a reality for our college. Words fail us when we try to say how glad we are that those who in coming years will make our Alma Mater their college home, are to have the privileges and benefits that a gymnasium will make possible. Recognizing as we do how closely related is a healthy body to an active and receptive mind, we foresee greater things in store for future students, and we are glad indeed that our memorial to our fallen comrades is to take such a form.

Reference has already been made to our gift of this year. We count it an honor to be privileged to co-operate in this way, and we as members of the graduated class of this year have no hesitation whatsoever in saying to every ex-Brandon student in Western Canada: "Get under this thing. It's your undertaking. Let us make the 'Gym.' a reality for next Fall."

The Summer committee is headed up by Kelly Stone. Chas. Whidden is travelling secretary for two months. Money is coming in. The \$8,000.00 mark has been passed, and still on we go. Keep up the good work!



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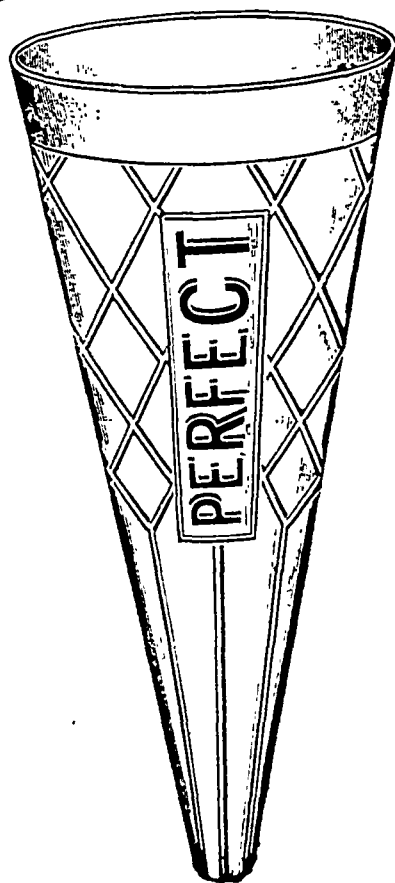
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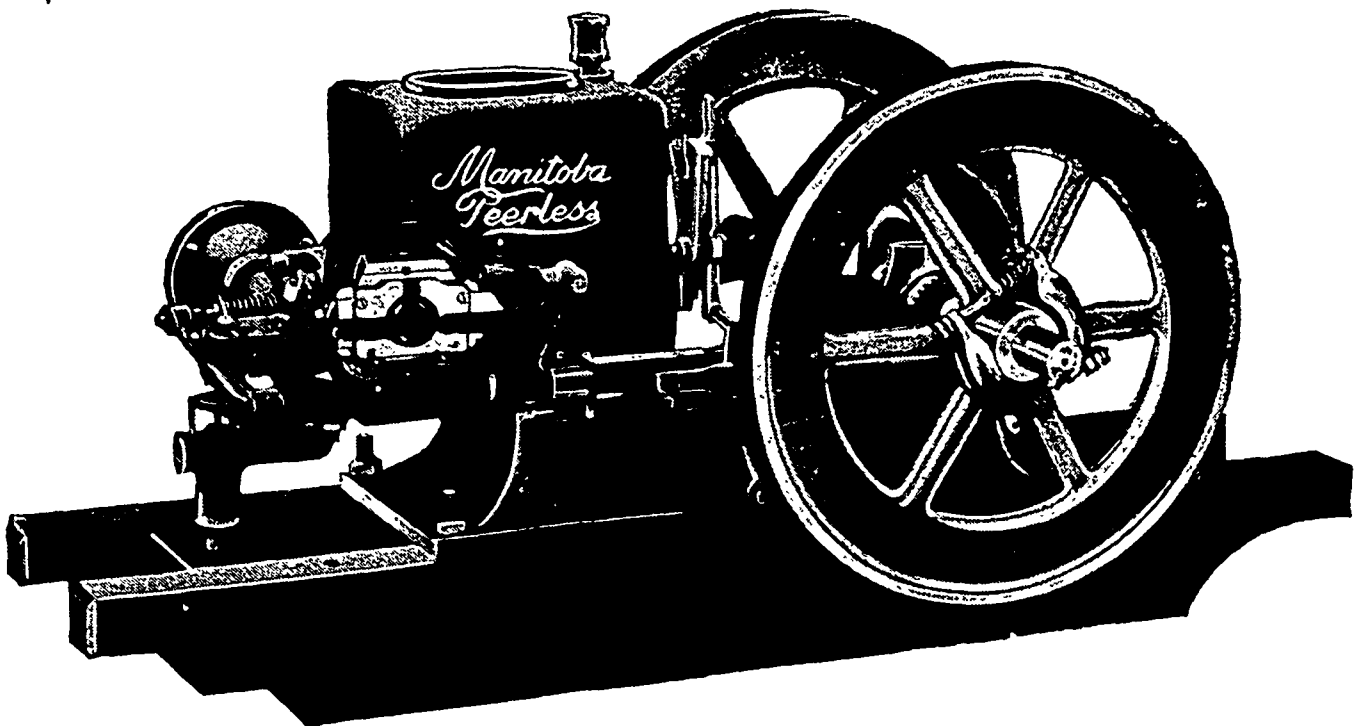
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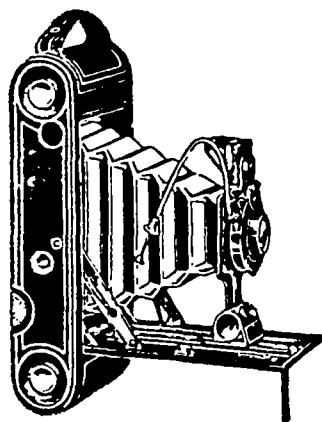
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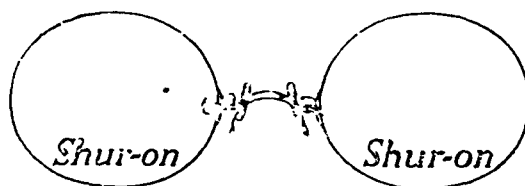
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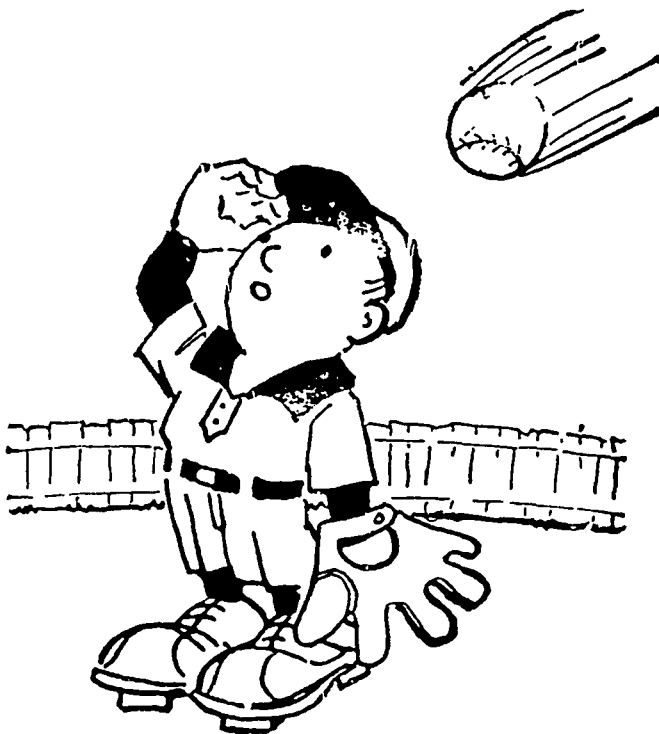
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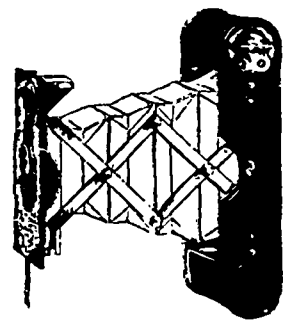
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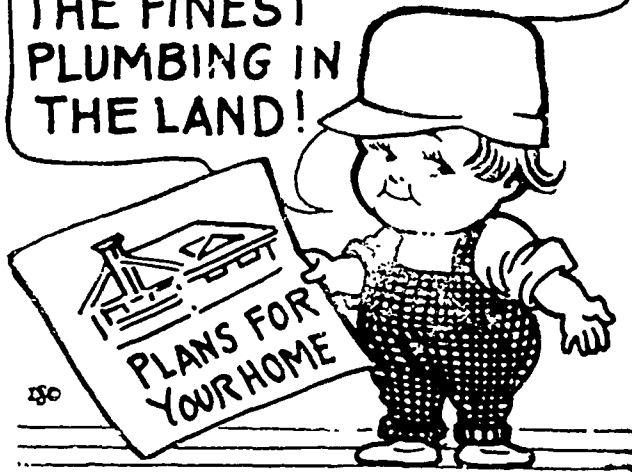
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