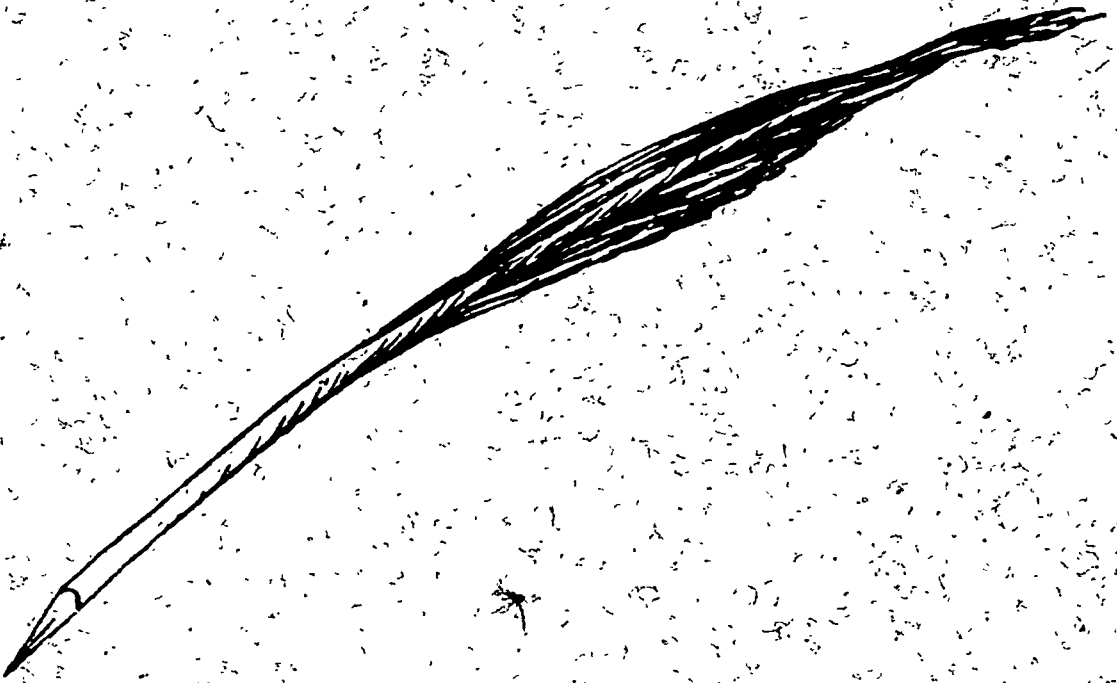


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XO / XI

FALL NUMBER
1920

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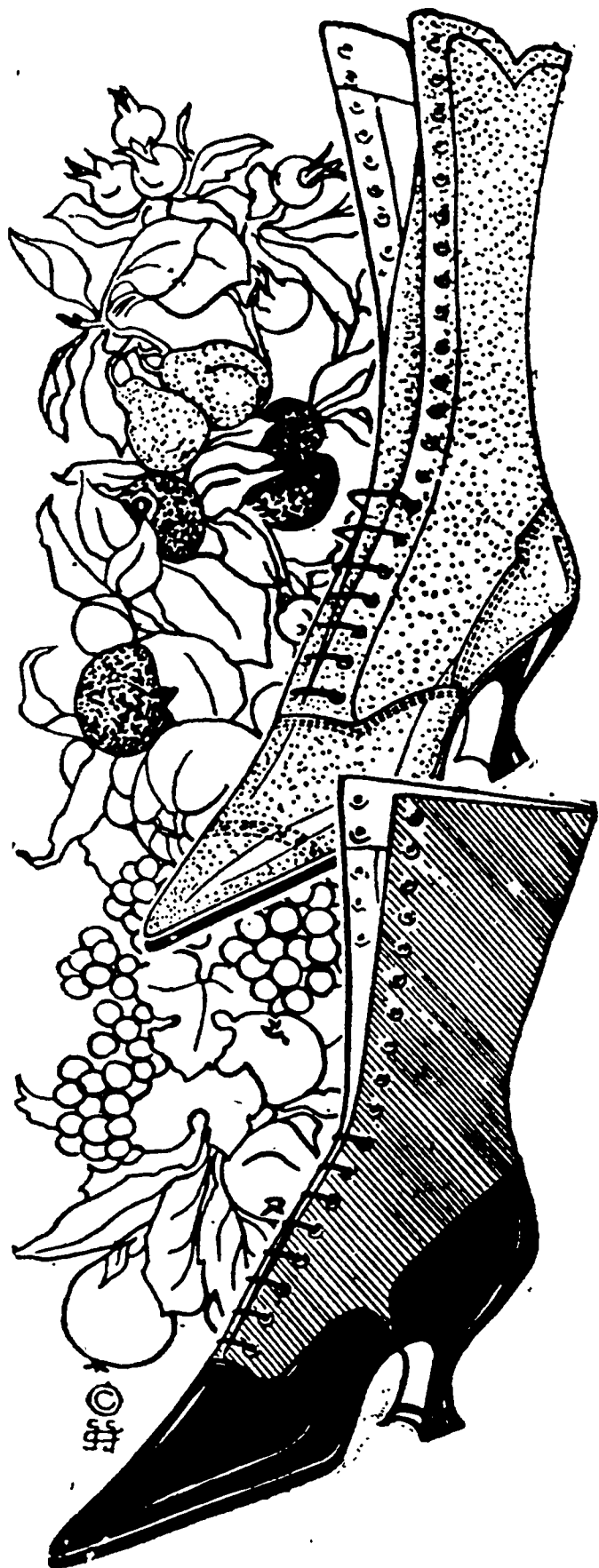
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. FORSHAW '22.

“Then our evening, ushered in by the blaze of a cheerful fire, and which with its alternations of reading and talking, brings us at last to bedtime.”—Arnold.

The Literary Department, though still in its infancy, is growing to one of importance. This has been due to the efforts of former editors of this department. It is also our earnest desire to still foster its growth, so that in future no one will have a desire to skip over its pages. Though the aim of the department will be similar to that of former years, there will, however, be more encouragement given to the development of the literary talent within the college. Therefore we desire your co-operation, by sending in your manuscripts to the department.

LA GOULUE

A. H. P. '18.

Had you been in Paris thirty or so years ago, and had left your scruples with your ticket stub at the wicket at Saint Lazare as you passed out into the kaleidoscope of the city, you would probably sooner or later have visited the “*Moulin Rouge*.” Everybody used to then. No one does now. True, you can still sip your *aperitif* at the cafe of the same name, (and your glass will be smaller for the celebrated name over the door). But the theatre is gone, gone up in smoke and down in ashes. The actual mill still remains, it was of iron, and the wooden effigy of Mimi Pinson, patron saint of pagan Paris, still inclines towards where her wooden cage and wooden birdie used to hang. The moon and the stars are there too—such a yellow moon!—but the rusty skeleton sails turn no more, and the name, once so expressive is perpetuated in but a third-rate cafe. The “*Moulin de la Galette*,” with its gambling tables is in process of demolition now too, I believe, and some progressive “*nouveau riche*” is turning the euphony of the name to profitable account, and now runs the “*Moulin de Chanson*,” where, to quote its advertisement, “*on move du rire*.”

But I am wandering, as I have always been inclined to do when under the shadow of the Butte. Let me see—we were at the Moulin Rouge and the time was thirty years ago. Yes, the square looked very different then! The ruddy sails of the mill swung methodically above in the flare of many lights, as the gay crowds crushed along the Boulevard Clichy from both directions. Across the sea of crawling *fiacres* and brisker turn-outs, intermingled with thousands of hurrying figures, you may read three names, in huge black letters legible from the opposite side of the square: "Casque-d'or," "Grille d'égout," and "La Goulue."

These three are the elect of Parisian théâtre-frequenters for tonight, and how long will the erratic favor last? The unaccountable fickle spume of whim has won for each of these a thousand francs a night. Unaccountable? Pass the red curtains and crush to a table, if there is one at liberty. Hear the acclamations, greeting the feature act. Witness the three eccentric forms, uncannily lithe with tight black bodices and red-lined ballerinas. Watch and admire, if you can, the antics—are they more?—of those erratic limbs. As an artistic exhibition it may have defects, but avow its worth as a show of athleticism. They say none has ever lived to do more perfectly "*le grande ecarte*" than La Goulue. There must be invisible wire work somewhere! Can human muscles exercise such prodigious control over limbs, or is illusion at work? No, she leaves the stage and now amongst you all and the tinkling glasses of "Veuve Cliquot" repeats the last phase of her extraordinary dance. Whatever it be worth, the ability is there, and to the proprietor of the hall it is worth one thousand francs a night.

Besides, she is a charming woman; no one will deny that. And wine-mellowed "*depute*" and fuddled gentleman from Passy, forgetful of her birth, mindful only of a pair of remarkably dark eyes, and cheeks flushed with pardonable pride, touch the supple shoulders and are delighted to have their fingers rapped with the bejeweled black ostrich fan.

And as the idolized dancer steps into her victoria and nestles down among her flowers, weird, wise, wooden little Mimi Pinson smiles vacantly upon her, even as she still smiles upon rowdy little *midinette*, peeky-faced war-widows and despair-haunted girl-mothers of Monmartre—smiles always upon old Paris from her little wooden window in the charred old mill.

* * *

That great new crude monument "l'Eglise du Sacre Coeur," dominating Paris from the Butte of Monmartre, is

the centre of an intricate labyrinth of short, narrow, steep, and very old streets. The maze is bounded by five boulevards forming an irregular circle. Take your stand today at any point on this circle, say where the Boulevard Magenta becomes the Boulevard Barbés, and you will find variety enough in those converging streams of life to occupy you for hours, even be you not an observer by nature. But if you are not an observer of humanity, if you find no fascination in crowds, you will probably be whiling away hours looking through plate-glass at jewels in the Rue de la Paix, or ambling among expensive looking foreigners between La Concordé and l'Etoile, or scratching your head over cubism in some byway off Fauburg Saint Honoré, or looking around the Place de la Bastille for the Bastille.

But if you love crowds and love to mingle with them away from the sightseers' beaten track, you will find no better place than under the Metropolitan bridge of Barbés-Rochechouart. There are not many Parisian types you will not see pass by in the course of half an hour. And none will appeal to you as more picturesque than one old woman who will surely pass you if you linger long enough. I dare not venture an estimate of her weight. She heaves into sight, spies you, and steers between the traffic towards you with her ponderous baskets of *nougat* and chocolate. Her voice is weary and incessant, her manner of doing business brisk. It is not often she tells her story, and when she does I believe it is only when she discerns in her hearer a tactful sympathy. Pity she abhors. She is a philosopher, misanthropically inclined. Her name is La Goulue.

What alchemy possesses Nature that she can evolve so grotesque a tree from so dainty a sapling? What temple is this to house a spirit once all frivolity and ambition?

She has painted for me in vivid words—with a constant eye for prospective customers—her past successes, dwelling rather on her triumphs than on the prosperity which accompanied it. Perhaps this is because the latter is conspicuously absent today. Not that La Goulue evinces abject poverty—by no means. Her apron is always white; the old-fashioned, tight-fitting satinette blouse shined and prim; and the *nougat* is appetisingly enough laid out in her baskets. But it is easy enough to believe the steps by which she has descended, for down she has unmistakably come. Popularity wanes even quicker and just as unaccountably as it waxes.

The feature act by which in her own words, "*j'ai fait cavalier Paris*" dropped to a mere preliminary or "chaser" at

cabarets of the "Black Cat" and "Dead Rat" type. Then her looks and lightness left her, and with the little capital remaining from the extravagances of more flourishing days a booth was established at the annual fair at the "Place de la Nation." Here La Goulue was flamingly advertised as tamer of savage lions. This venture did not long prosper, and the barraque gave place to an unpretentious confectionery stall with which she followed the fairs to well-nigh every French town of consequence.

The years passed, and found her back again in the Metropolis of which she had been the sensation, lined up in the Rue Custine (where I first met her) or thereabouts with the score of different kinds of "*marchands des quatre saisons*" (merchants of the four seasons) with two-wheeled barrow in the gutter, her bonbons competing with *petit-suisse* and vegetables, shoe-polish and dried fish for the sous of the housewives of the quarter.

And now even the barrow, last symbol of business stability, has vanished. She is left with her baskets, her *nougat* and her memories.

"I will show you my son," she said to me with motherly pride, and the chubby hand dives into the vast bosom producing a yellowed photograph of a big youth in tights with arms folded and brutal look. A rawhide, symbol of his lion-taming profession, hangs from his huge hand, the hand that penned in childish writing across the corner: "*A ma petite maman cherie.*" I looked at the dear little mother as I handed her back her cherished souvenir. Poor soul! she has her love left her. Off she goes towards the Place Pigalle and on to the Place Blanche, past the old blackened mill and newer cabarets and casinos where other days have brought other favorites and the hoardings are plastered with the names of such as Pomponette, Polaire and Mistinguette. I have seen her pass the doors of music halls and casinos where such as there are now drawing their crowds. Never does she turn to scan the bills of her successors; never seeks shelter from sun or rain beneath their gaudy marquises. These scenes of her triumphs hold no interest for her now. Poor La Goulue! She will soon die in some attic she now calls home, and her weary bulk be laid to rest forever.

FLORAL EMBLEMS

The idea of flowers being chosen as emblems originated with the Orientals, as, indeed, what does not. Flowers they have always used as a means of expressing their feelings, and it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. Our almond-eyed friend must get a distinct shock if, when calling on his lady-love, he sees she is wearing, say, a sprig of ice plant in her hair, when he appears with a rose in his buttonhole! But, you see, that does away with a lot of tiresome explanation and argument, as the Oriental never brings argument into conversation.

Now, as regards our choice of a floral emblem, this—in a new country—should always be that of a native flower, in preference to a cultivated one. The native wild flowers seem more ours in a way. And, as they say “there’s honor even among thieves,” so a country having chosen a certain flower as an emblem, the right to that particular one is theirs. An unwritten law, I suppose, but binding nevertheless. No other country would dare to claim our Maple Leaf, nor the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, Shamrock of poor Ireland, Fleur de Lis of France, Pomegranet of Spain, Chrysanthemum of Japan, the Lotus of India and Egypt. Then in the United States, Nebraska has chosen the Goldenrod, Iowa the Wild Rose, Michigan—fragrant Michigan—the Apple Blossom, Vermont the Red Clover, and so on, throughout the states of the Union, each has its floral emblem. When one thinks about it, one cannot help admiring the way these people honored the flowers growing in their midst.

“O see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower.”

Those of us who love the things “out of doors” must look at all nature’s marvels, from the point of view of the young naturalist, who when advised to visit different countries to study nature, replied, “I can be happy anywhere in the months when things are growing,” and most fascinating months they are, every day something new to take note of. The time comes all too soon when the fascinating sounds of nature will be over, and the flowers we loved so have changed to their wonderful seed, and the birds leave us for their winter quarters, and all nature again will be wrapped in sleep.

Of course, the great wonders we see on every hand in nature, are arranged in so perfect a manner that our finite minds cannot comprehend them, and the more we try to

explore and try to get at the hidden principles wrapped up in every little prairie flower, and weed, the greater our wonder and astonishment, and it is not at all likely that we shall, in this world, become fully cognizant of the laws by which such marvels are governed. Take plants, for instance, aren't they "just a collection of wonders"? Everything about them is so perfectly adapted to the places where they grow, and last, but by no means least, to the purposes that they are intended to answer in the great scale of creation. Even the insignificant looking little seed vessels, if closely examined, are things of wonder, every one exhibiting such care and design, all unmistakably showing supreme superintendence of an Almighty Artist and Designer.

—EDITH PAGET MANUEL.

Edmonton, Alberta.

ACADEMIC VALEDICTORY

J. H. JOHNSON, Ac. '20

With the surge of events yet another class has passed the last milestone in its academic training. Today the members of the Graduating Academic Class of 1920 must bid farewell to the old paths and the old associations. We regret to leave the past behind us, for there was much of pleasure in it, much that we hold dear; but the universe rolls ever onward, time is fleeting, the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before us, and we must pass on.

But, Alma Mater, before we go on, we would like to express our appreciation of what you have done for us. The self-sacrifice of your teachers has been a revelation to us. We know that in the days gone by we were often listless and unappreciative. Our response must have been disappointing and discouraging to them, but their efforts have not been entirely in vain. We have caught at least a spark of their devotion, and what it may accomplish in us time alone will tell.

We shall always cherish the friendships which we have formed within your halls. We know that they will be enduring. With the passing of a few short months our class mates are scattered near and far. Some we may not meet again, but these will ever be held near in memory. They will never grow old or decrepit, but will exist for us in their strength and vigor as we knew them here.

Some of us have forsaken your halls at the call of the world, but we have felt your moulding influence and take your

attitude with us. Though the past can teach us much, we feel that it is the future that holds the possible for humanity. It is not through imparting a mass of detail that education generates the force that moves the world, but rather in developing the spirit of investigation, that love of learning which is more important than the learning itself. We feel proud that you have developed this spirit in us, at least in some measure.

And we who come back to your halls come not to seek a substitute for honest toil. We read a lesson in the faces of those whom we pass in the street. How few there are who shirk their responsibility! How many who bear their load uncomplainingly, even though they be broken in the carrying. We know that gift is contrary to the law of nature. Nowhere in the wide world can any pleasure come to us but through the cultivation and use of those faculties bestowed upon us. How may we see with them all that can be discerned by the finest senses? How can we "pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?" This is to live, and this is what we know you have to teach us.

To those who follow we wave an encouraging hand. The way will not always be easy, but by perseverance you will surmount the obstacles. Profit by our experience and employ every moment, for time is the stuff life is made up of, and wasted time is wasted life. Hours have wings, flying up to the author of time bearing news of our usage. We can not entreat one of them to return or slacken its pace, yet the reward of well spent time is never withheld.

The past has taught us that it is not the warriors but the thinkers who are the moulders of human destiny; not Rameses, Alexander or Napoleon, but Aristotle, Plato and Christ. The true scholar has the planet for his pedestal, the adventurer nothing broader than his own shoes. We stand surrounded by what is and peer forward toward what is to be. We think we can distinguish those things that are worth while from those things that are not worth while. O Alma Mater! this you have taught us.

Farewell the association of Matric. 20. Farewell the joy. Farewell the trouble. But, Alma Mater, to your spirit we can not say farewell, for we are a part of all that we have seen. Your influence will go with us to the end.

ACADEMIC COMMENCEMENT POEM

MARIA GRANT, AC. '20.

Methought I looked into the past and saw
A lengthening line of youths and maidens fair,
The illustrious classes of the years gone by.
And there among them was one more wise and fair
Than any that had gone before—a maid
Upon whose brow was writ in letters bright
Class Twenty.

Within her hand a ponderous book she held,
Upon whose pages were written many things.
As yet the book was closed and sealed, because
The child had not known how to break the seal.
As she approached the portal she was met
By a tall figure grave and dignified,
Who led her to her place among the classes
Gathered there in a quest like to her own.
In accents kind and firm the figure spake:
“My child,” she said, “if you will let me
I will help you. I am Knowledge.
I will break the seal from the closed book,
And teach you all the truths now hid therein.”
And thereupon she took it in her hand
And slightly broke the seal, releasing but one page.
And placed the book again before the child,
Who cried, “Here is but one page of the book,
And I would like so much to see it all.”
But Knowledge smiling said, “Study well the first.
In time the second shall be opened unto you.”
So was the child content, and learned from day to day
Each lesson which was opened to her sight.
But there were other teachers in the school,
Who taught her many things besides what Knowledge
taught.

And the child became not only skilled at books.
But learned to run and play at sturdy games;
So that in her face the bloom of health did glow.
And those who knew were heard to say of her.
“There is a maiden full well trained
To meet the stern perplexities of life,
Emotions are controlled by reasoning thought—
Her clear young mind doth understand the book.
Which is but slowly opened to her sight;
Her gentle easy manner courts our ease.

She is a pleasing person to be with.”
And so time passed, and the child grew,
The book was drawing near unto the close,
And the maiden, once content, began to wish
To go out now into the great wide world.
To put in practice there the many truths
Which she had learned while living in the school.
So that, one day, when Knowledge came to her,
Addressed her in a voice of wistful pride:
“My child, the book is drawing to a close,
Your time among us here is all but spent;
A few more days and you will go alone
Back into the world from whence you came.
However, when you came you leaned on it,
But now it will expect to place on you
Some of its burdens.” The maid at once rejoiced,
And clapped her hands, she was so happy at the thought
Of going out, she did not listen to the words
Of deeper truth that knowledge would have told.
But went about her daily work and sang,
And counted over, oft, the busy days
Until the time of her departure should arrive.
But when the morning did at last appear,
To her extreme surprise the maiden sighed;
For that which she had longed for did not seem
So bright, when gazed at from a closer range.
And when she would have said farewell to all,
Quite suddenly she realized, at sight of Knowledge,
That while she had been living in the school
This woman had been mother unto her.
A strong love had sprung up between the two;
And then the eyes of both were filled with tears.
And the maiden could not think to speak a word.
But Knowledge grasped her hand within her own.
And said: “My child, farewell. While you were here
We, everyone, did try to teach to you
The elementary truths which help you live:
But if what you have learned while here does not
Help you to live to help your fellow men,
Your time within these halls has wasted been.
So now go forth with what new-strength
You have attained in body and in mind:
Remember that you have a special task
Which none but yourself can e’er fulfil.”
Then they clasped hands in last farewell.

And the maiden turned and hastened down the path
Where years before the child had entered in.
She was departing now a maiden grown.
And as she passed she looked once back,
Regret and joy both mingled in her heart.
A new-born courage urged her on to serve,
The thrill of youth's adventure held its sway.
But with it all one thought was utmost yet:
The halls which she had loved and left behind
Were worthy of the best that she could give.
And for their sakes at least she must succeed.

A VISION

I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright:
And round beneath it Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

—H. VAUGHAN.



NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

Plans for a greater Brandon College in regard to buildings are just in the offing. But already the faculty is coming to us so as to be ready, and the college has been fortunate enough to get new members to the faculty who are specialists and excellent lecturers in their work. The "Quill" is glad to welcome them to Brandon College and hopes that they may spend many pleasant years with us. The following necessarily brief notes give us an introduction. They will not need one to us, for already in class they have probably met us and sometimes to their sorrow.

Prof. J. Howe comes to us with quite a reputation as a student, athlete, and teacher. He proudly asserts that he is a "son of the soil" and claims relationship with the famous "Joe Howe" family of Nova Scotia. With our usual generosity, however, we won't hold these two failings against him.

Mr. Howe is an honor-graduate of Acadia University, where both as a scholar and an athlete he established an enviable record. His alma mater, loth to let a good man go, immediately on his graduation, appointed him to a position on the faculty of Acadia Academy. For six out of the eight years spent in the academy Mr. Howe was resident master, and there again his elder brotherliness and keen interest in clean sport gave him a warm place in all of the fellows' hearts.

Next we find him returning to Yale, where he had already spent two years in under-graduate work, in order to pursue post-graduate studies in his chosen field of history. While there Mr. Howe gained first hand knowledge of the Americans, and he has still very pronounced opinions about them which he loves to air in class, much to the delight of the senior students.

From Yale he went to the Saskatoon district, later becoming senior master in history in the Saskatoon Collegiate. For two years he had carried on his work with marked success when the call of Brandon College reached him, and straightway he arose and came to us.

We welcome Prof. Howe to our college. Already as principal of our academy and as coach on the campus he has found his place in our college life and activities. In his own brusque manner he has said that he likes our ways and we are glad. May his days with us be many and may they be full of joy.

Our appreciation of the work of Professor Evans in the Department of Chemistry in the past year is of a high order. We were sorry to see him go and feared the innovation of a new professor in chemistry. Our new lecturer, Mr. J. W.

Hill, M.A., has quickly allayed our fears; in fact, we have already grown to appreciate the acquisition of his person to our faculty. His pleasing personality, his deep interest in the spiritual activities of the college life, combined with his efficient training, lead us to believe that President Whidden has made a real "find." He is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and a post-graduate of Yale. He has had practical experience as chemical adviser in making oil tests in Alberta and in other chemical work in Saskatchewan. He was on the faculty of the University of Montana for two years. This, we believe, is a good indication for a successful, pleasant and profitable year in his department. Mr. Hill is also chairman of the Boys' Work Branch in Brandon, and is taking an active part in this important work. Hats off to Mr. Hill!

Philosophy is a difficult subject to instil into the minds of students and especially the minds of practical Westerners. But Mr. Hemmes, who has taken over the Department of Philosophy, has already proven that he can make philosophers of no mean order out of all those who desire to delve into the mysteries of this subject. Mr. Hemmes brings to us the latest in philosophy from the University of Chicago, where for the past three years he has been taking post-graduate work in that subject. He is a graduate in Arts from Rochester University and in theology from Rochester Seminary, and during a year of post-graduate work at the Seminary won a highly prized fellowship which entitled him to two years of further work at Chicago.

We hope that his stay in Brandon College may be as long and pleasant to him as we know it will be profitable to us.

In different ways we are closely linked with McMaster. Now it is an examination, again an educational policy. Sometimes we scold when she entices away from us our leaders of thought; but more often we have to thank her for the gift of bright minds and strong personalities.

This time it is Mr. Elmer D. Renaud, B.A., who has accepted the position of instructor in English made vacant by the resignation of Miss Fraser, last Spring.

Mr. Renaud is an honor graduate of McMaster of the class of '14. He has the distinction of holding specialists standing from the Faculty of Education (Toronto University). While pursuing his studies with the Faculty of Education he was also doing post-graduate work at McMaster. Mr. Renaud has had successful teaching experience, and his ability as a pastor is marked indeed. Many kind words have come from the McMaster authorities indicative of the high esteem in which

he is held there. We have not been long in discovering that he has a keen mind, a capacity for work, a thorough appreciation of his subject, and a keen interest in all departments of our college life here.

Mrs. Renaud, too, has already won a large place amongst us. We welcome you both to our college community.

Mrs. Ruth T. Ames, B.A. (née Miss Ruth Tillatson) comes to Brandon College from the land of the Stars and Stripes to enlarge the staff of our Science Department. Mrs. Ames was born and educated in the State of Wisconsin, graduating from the State University in 1917. Her special work in her undergraduate course was in biology, and after graduation she spent part of two years in post-graduate work and governmental research in plant pathology. Last year she taught botany at her alma mater. Mrs. Ames was married just before coming to Brandon on September 9th, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Ames as well to our college circles.

Our good friend Miss Cline needs no introduction to us. We just want to shake hands with her after her year's leave of absence. Already she is at her old tricks of stealing all our hearts away with her ready smile, her repartee and her funny little readings that she may be persuaded to give occasionally, and this year it is going to be a case of "Do't agin, Miss Cline."

Miss Kathleen Moffatt, A.T.C.M., who has returned to Brandon College is a teacher in the Music Department, needs no introduction to Brandon. Miss Moffatt was for several years one of Mr. Wright's most brilliant pupils, and graduated from his department with Class '19. Since then she has had a very large and promising class in her home town, Elgin, who saw her go from them with keen regret. In spite of the long hours of practice spent in solitary confinement which her course entailed, Miss Moffatt always found time to take a very live interest in all college activities during her college days; so students as well as faculty are more than glad to have her back against among us.

We have all met Mr. Everton, our new Registrar, but in that first short meeting with him, he discovers all about us, but we learn nothing of his past. Let us turn the tables on him for once.

Mr. Everton is a graduate in Arts from Manitoba University and in theology from Rochester Seminary, and he has taken post-graduate in the University of Chicago. His desire to fit himself for Christian service led him to put himself through at a time when getting an education on one's own was more difficult than at present.

Mr. Everton taught in Vancouver after his graduation at Rochester, and those who saw his abilities there asked him to take over the principalship of Okanagan College, Summerland, B.C. He very skilfully piloted that already storm-tossed vessel over turbulent waters until the gale which struck British Columbia very hard finally forced O.K.C. under. Largely through Mr. Everton's hard and careful work, the running expenses of the college's last year were met for the first time in its history. So all the wizards of finance are not in New York.

Before he came to Brandon College, Mr. Everton was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Strathcona, Alta., only leaving that work because he felt that there were still greater opportunities in assisting in the Christian education of young Western people.

He is well fitted for his present work. A strong personality and a sincere Christian spirit are worthy assets when coming in close contact with students. Also the knack of being able to attend to every detail and fine memory are necessities in office routine. It will be no use trying to tell him you have paid your examination fees already if you have not—this from one of experience.

All of us who have not yet met Mrs. Everton should hurry and do so, for we are missing the privilege of knowing a very charming lady if we do not. We extend a hand of good fellowship to both of them and bid them welcome to our college group.

Dr. Freeman and his work as Educational Secretary are already well known to our readers.

He is a graduate in Arts of Acadia University, and in Theology of Rochester Theological Seminary. Last year McMaster University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in recognition of his unique services to the Baptist Churches of Western Canada.

It is unnecessary to urge the claims of our college upon those who are intimately acquainted with her activities. But there are many in her wide constituency who have but an inadequate conception of her merits. Dr. Freeman is engaged in bringing to these a fuller appreciation of the position that Brandon College justly claims in the esteem of progressive citizens. He is endeavoring, both to secure for the college the financial support of her friends, and to induce young people to come and participate in the opportunities her students enjoy.

The big enrolment of students this year is an indication of the success that is attending his efforts. We confidently feel that

through the work of Dr. Freeman the people of the West will gain a complete understanding of the distinctive contribution that our alma mater is making to the elevation of Canadian standards of life and citizenship.

Our college staff has been materially added to by the advent of Miss McIlquham as dietitian. She is a graduate dietitian of McDonald College, Guelph, and she knows just how to keep the roses of good health on everyone's cheeks and if, perchance, they should fade by reason of any one of us getting ill, Miss Chapman, Clark Hall's new nurse, is here to bring right back again. Clark Hall looks quite efficient with a white-capped nurse, and it is a wonder that Brandon College boys are not ill all the time.

We are glad,, too, to welcome Miss Lindsay back. She is at present demonstrating in the Registrar's office what an efficient training Brandon College can give in her Business Department.

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EDITORIAL

We feel quite officious in taking up the editorial pen, even though a bit shaky, and from now on that grand sounding editorial "we" will be worked hard. We hasten to extend a hearty welcome to Brandon College to all new students, and of course are glad to see so many of the old ones back again. Our welcome is somewhat belated but is all the more hearty because a pleasant acquaintance between us has already sprung up. With all of us comfortably settled down again, prospects are bright for another big year in our old Alma Mater.

THE REFERENDUM

The results of the recent Referendum in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Nova Scotia have been very gratifying to those who have the best interests of our country at heart. Autonomy is now granted to these provinces in the control of the liquor traffic. It is to be hoped that the Provincial Legislatures will wield their power in the right direction.

Liquor legislation has gone ahead with great strides during the past few years and it is well abreast of public sentiment. More educational work must now be carried on until all the people see clearly that the only right kind of control is the entire abolition of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. True, we have this kind of legislation in Manitoba, but at the same time many good people in our province are not willing to go as far as our Manitoba Temperance Act does go. It is not unlikely that, because of this, the future may see some modification of this Act. We hope not. In the meantime, let us carry on further educational work that we may keep our province in the vanguard of the army of progress.

THE GYM

How is the Gym. Fund? This is a question that is asked on all sides, and it is good to be able to announce that it is no longer a babe, but is rapidly growing to maturity. During the past two winter terms it increased in a very satisfactory manner and now might be compared to the snowball which, as it becomes larger, continually gathers an increasing amount of snow to itself.

The committee, ably headed by Chas. Whidden, during the summer collected over a thousand dollars in cash and pledges. They were assisted in no small degree by a concert party, consisting of Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Venn, Miss Greig and Mr. Stone, who gave much of their valuable time to giving concerts in aid of the Gym. in many parts of the province. Their excellent work cannot be praised too highly.

The grand total of cash and pledges on hand approximates \$10,000.00, and there is a big winter ahead. The work of the Gym. committee has been reorganized and they will shortly lay their plans before the student body.

The committee have some high cards in their hands now and (this we whisper is a very reliable rumor) soon after they play them our dreams will materialize and our long wished for Ggm. will no longer be a vision but a reality.

The "Quill," to stimulate the latent literary talent which must exist somewhere in our cosmopolitan student body, will award a prize for the best story or essay written by any student in the college. All manuscripts must be in by March 15th, and we wish that as many as possible be in before the Christmas issue comes out, in order that the best received up till that time may be published then. The winning story or essay and the second choice will be published in the Spring "Quill." We hope that all the students will take part in this contest, not alone for the prize, which will not be unworthy of the contest, but mainly to try out their young wings with which they some day may soar into the highest realms of literature.

RUGBY 1917

IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

He slumbers: but his living words sing on,
Lighting for ever the dark hearts of men,
The hearts of men on whom his presence shone
Living, who'll never see his like again
In this world, and strange hearts that caught no gleam
Of the golden spirit until his radiant death
Blazoned it over all the earth, a breath
Of singing fire from sunset seas of dream.

O singing fire, O starry words that sang
A moment through his lighted blood, and live
When he who gave you loving life is dead,
For ever to that fallen golden head
For ever to that fallen golden head
Starry and singing and deathless life you give.

—WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

COLLEGE GOSSIP

LESLIE O. HARRIS '21

After the long summer vacation we are glad to get back again to work at our studies. Our Alma Mater is welcoming with open arms a large representation of old boys and a host of humble, wide-eyed, unsophisticated Freshies who have flocked from all parts of the Dominion to the good old college.

THE RECEPTION TO NEW STUDENTS.

This is a time-honored custom, generally looked upon by the older students as a painful duty, though this idea is speedily forgotten when the momentous night itself comes.

The reception room and dining room were transformed into a fairy world—a slight exaggeration perhaps, but nevertheless a very gratifying one to those who labored to decorate them. The reception room was filled with a gay crowd of ladies in rustling silks and satins, and gentlemen in high collars and shiny boots, both* painfully attempting to appear at ease. Presently, however, games were started which overcame the frigidity, and soon the rooms resounded with noisy merriment.

A short program was given in the chapel to which all gave creditable attention, considering there was to be some slight refreshment in the dining room. Here the genial warmth of coffee and comforting feeling of sandwiches and cake caused all to feel a large benevolence towards their fellow creatures. Conversation then became general like the great plague of medieval times, and everyone radiated good humor like a copper kettle on the hob.

Towards eleven o'clock the assemblage broke up, having lustily given the several college yells, and left the perspiring clean-up committee to its mournful duty of clearing away the remains.

*Both boots, apparently.—Ed.

INITIATION EXPERIENCES.

Under penalty of a severe reprimand from Judge Warner, we freshmen are trying to explain the really inexplicable feeling which we experienced. Marching down town with our countenances blurred and half a dozen tin cans tied to our backs leaves an impression which baffles description. Freshman Peddicord's feelings became very painful, so he says, when shooting the gauntlet; but most of us were most terribly humiliated when sweeping Rosser avenue with all the Clark Hallettes looking on. At the college, Scotty Graham distinguished himself by eating an enormous supper to drive away all thoughts of future torture. Having assembled in room "F," we awaited in terrible suspense that half of the programme which no freshman will ever forget. Our feelings when brought up before Judge Warner were also very tense. The short programme and the refreshments were perhaps the worst part of the performance. We found it hard to forgive the worthy members of the student body who, we believe, disfigured some of us; and the mention of silver nitrate now is absolutely the last straw. After being branded and allowed to promenade up a plank, we were not given very long to wail over our misfortunes, but were hurried out to a second gauntlet, much worse than the first, from which many of us suffered untold agonies for hours. As a conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity to thank the old boys for applying, free of charge, that clean and adequate hair tonic, which was the last and most memorable item on the programme.

Chris: "Among the prominent signs of a backward civilization that the college has removed is to be included my magnificent moustache."

Vic.: "Yes; now I see you as you really are."

Earl J. King: "Everybody out to help roll the tennis court."

Everybody: "Aw! Step on it, Earl."

Oly to Pete, who is operating the Victrola: "Put on 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen!'"

FIELD DAYS—PAST AND PRESENT.

Field Day presented an appearance somewhat similar to the lists over which King Arthur presided or which the fair Berengaria graced. The rounded muscles of the athletes suggested toilsome days of apprenticeship; their simple garbs were similar to the plainness of the knights' armor; the events were as picturesque and as well contested as the shock of battle in the mediaeval tournament; the long rows of spectators supported their parties as enthusiastically as the ladies of the nobility applauded the knights who wore their favors. In contrast to their chivalry, our love of sport stands predominant; in answer to the dispersed cries of the medieval spectators, we have the uniform, inter-departmental yells. The gold and green of the tasselled skull-caps of Arts '23 speak eloquently of Robin Hood and his archers and the day when King John gave the silver to the winner of the archery contest. But merry men must eat, whether in the Middle Ages or in modern times; and so, on Field Day, there was the booth, with its keepers who traded in foaming meads, sweetmeats, wild buffalo flesh and fine wheat-en cakes, making it possible to sup daintily for a small recompense. Thus, both in spirit and appearance, our modern Field Day has its precedents, and history repeats itself.

—

Coffee is now reckoned among the high explosives by the B. C. hikers.

—

Lorne Smith at 6.30 am.:

Oh! sleep it is a blessed thing,
 And hard it is to break;
 So I'll sleep till the gong doth ring,
 Nor rise for Field Day's sake.

—

Before Mr. Evans' departure for the University of Chicago, the boys presented him with a gold penknife and chain. Mr. C. C. Stone, while making the presentation, expressed, as fully as words allowed, the feeling of the boys toward their former resident master. Mr. Evans was, at all times, esteemed by everyone who knew him, a check to the lawless, an inspiration to the good, and a store of values.

HALLOWE'EN.

A small detachment of college boys revived an ancient custom on Hallowe'en. Under the leadership of the Senior Stick, "Oly," the brave little band exacted toll from stern-eyed professors by the simple method of bearding these lions in their dens and giving the locomotive yell for "A-P-P-L-E-S" for their just and fixed rights. The Brandon Municipal Street Railway detailed a conductor to transport the foot-sore youths from Prof. Howe's residence to the corner of Tenth and Rosser, where the well-disciplined young army found themselves in the heart of Brandon. They then selected those wealthy merchants to whose well-being they had often contributed, called at their places of business and accepted small tokens of their regard. The return journey via Clement's closed the evening's programme. The hardy little band had covered itself with glory by its endurance and strict adherence to international law and army discipline.

Elizabeth Greig: "I have to write a long, weary, tortuous, wildly imaginative dissertation on 'The Insane: Their Habits and Chief Delusions!'"

Glen Clark: "Man, know thyself."

Fred Westcott (optimistically, on waking up beneath the bed on Hallowe'en): "Aw shucks, I was going to make my bed tomorrow, anyway."

A FEW NOTED PLAYS AND THEIR PLAYERS

Daddy Long Legs—Stade.

The Little Minister—Church.

The Tailor-made Man—Barber.

Green Stockings—Maria Grant.

It Pays to Advertise—Magnusson.

The Weaker Sex—Amelia Gronberg.

Mrs. Pat and the Law—Elizabeth Greig.

Mice and Men—Muriel Bullock.

A Bachelor's Romance—Jim Smith.

The Rainbow—Ora Magnusson.

Herb Robertson (doubtfully, after Reg. Cresswell's report on Lumsden Beach conference): "Shall we sing a hymn now?"

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE SPIRIT?

(A Freshman)

I see a glowing in the dead of night and someone remarks "That's the old college-spirit!" I hear someone pro-claiming "All aboard for the cat," and a shout of "That's the old spirit!" Every weekend I see J. R. Crosswell walking rapidly across Clark Hall and I hear Pete exclaim, as he looks down the long dark passage after Mr. Crosswell, "That's the spirit, Pete!" On Field Day, when Jim Smith won the running record jump, I heard the enthusiastic seniors exclaim, "That's the spirit, Jim!" This spirit is remarked on in so many different ways, times, and places, that I feel almost inclined to give up the ghost. Lloyd Williams has assured me that after I have seen here half a term I shall know all about it. Therefore I will avoid encounters with the phantom and try to be satisfied to wait, fortified by this assurance.

TO THE LATIN DEPARTMENT.

"Gritum tu em gudant plenti,
 Sere et tu em gudant strong:
 Never learn geta stand in,
 Angler ever word that's wrong.
 Makem funk and makem worry,
 Makem -imp nights and study,
 Makem wun derwat cher thinking,
 Never learn getoo hopeful,
 Never sayther doing well:
 Makem wish they hadn't cum here,
 Makem wishu were—at home."

Miss Cline (in public-speaking class): "What is the mat-ter with you, Mr. Barber: can't you speak louder? Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

Mallory: "I got 'A' on my French test last day."

Lewis: "Honest?"

Mall: "Oh, no: in the usual way."

Tailor (to Mr. Lager, measuring him for a pair of trou-sers): "Hold the end of this tape measure, Mr. Lager: I'll go around and be back here in a minute."

Several hikes to the Assiniboine River have been organized. Camp-fires, eats, yells, song, Ford and unclassified jokes have made up the programmes. The chaperones have been the best possible and conducted the expeditions with the minimum of labor and effort and the maximum of negotiable, original jokes and songs.

The Senior Arts students were entertained at Dr. Whidden's residence early in the term. The evening was spent in music, games and refreshments. All report an enjoyable time.

Now that the elections are over the vital question of the hour is: "Do you sing 'Johnny Smoker' or 'Alouetta'?"

I wonder who the freshman was who mistook Kelly for the janitor.

Friend (in election speech): "Much to my sorrow I am opposed by the most bigoted idiot that ——"

Johnsn (interrupting): "My opponent, ladies and gentleman, is the best specimen of an addle-pated, hare-brained ——"

Mac (in chair): "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Don't forget that I am here."

CLASS STONES.

Arts I (Freshman)—Emerald.

Arts II (Sophomore)—Blarney stone.

Arts III (Junior)—Grindstone.

Arts IV. (Senior)—Tombstone.

ELECTIONS.

The Students' Association of Brandon College held their annual election of officers on the last Friday of October. This election was unique in that for the first time in the history of the Association the Senior Stick was elected by acclamation. The general opinion of the students was that there was none other good enough, so the office was wished on Mr. H. Olsen without a dissenting voice.

The incident speaks highly for the judgment of the electorate. Already Mr. Olsen shows signs of developing that dignity which is compatible with such high office, and it is certain that with time he will acquire a grace and aplomb which will make his predecessors gasp.

With the office of Senior Stick definitely settled, the real battle was for the position of First Vice-President, the aspirants for glory being Eloise Manthorne and Sybil Kerr. Both took the mean advantage of employing their personality upon the disgruntled electorate. The effects produced upon some of the residents of Brandon College was amazing.

Feeling ran high as the appointed day drew near. Impassioned orators appealed to the heedless passers-by from any point of vantage obtainable. At the final campaign meeting the oratory was delivered in volley and rapid fire. Eloise was revealed as a marvel of clear and lofty intellectualism, but when later evidence disclosed the fact that Sybil had once smiled sweetly upon Earl King, the electorate was quite disarmed.

The day of the voting the opposing forces gathered in force. Everything pointed toward a grim and determined struggle, but the graceless debacle of J. Peterson and J. R. Cresswell spread consternation and dismay among the loyal supporters of Eloise. Nevertheless the remainder rallied, and acquitted themselves in a manner eminently satisfactory to themselves and their redoubtable opponents.

The following were finally elected to their respective positions of glory and tribulation.

President and Senior Stick—Mr. H. Olsen.

First Vice and Convenor of the Literary Committee—Miss Sybil Kerr.

Second Vice and Convenor of the Debating Society—J. H. Johnson.

Secretary of the Association—Miss V. Johnson.

Treasurer—Mr. Jones.

CLARK HALL

MARIA GRANT '24.

"Here we are! Here we are! Here we are again!"

Once again we return to our old home, ready for a winter of hard work, after a long summer holiday.

Many of our sisters have not returned, but we have new members, who, although they do not take the place of the absent ones, make places of their own in the family circle. To these we extend a very hearty welcome, and hope that by this time they feel very much at home.

And being one family, let us all, both old and new, remember the responsibility we hold with regard to our household. We must not forget that all our actions reflect back on our home, Clark Hall, and let us govern ourselves accordingly.

INITIATIONS.

A note of awe was struck among the Freshettes when a notice appeared on the bulletin board for all new students to meet in the gym. for the first physical training class, signed by E. Cline. (One would not have thought it of her, but she did it). Some of the students with a highly developed curiosity bump actually looked forward to the performance.

At the first tinkle of the bell when the hostesses were assembled in the hall—

"You heard as if an army muttered,
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,
An the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling
As out of their rooms the Freshies came tumbling.
Sweet ones, small ones, brawny ones, lean ones,
Bright ones, sad ones, happy ones, green ones,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers"—

As they descended the stairs with a "theirs-not-to-reason-why" expression in their eyes, they were met by the grave and dignified seniors, juniors and sophomores, who lent much tone to the occasion.

The first disfigurement came in the form of camouflaged cold cream. The yeast was left out so there was no fear of a rising. After bowing to their superiors—humiliating, to say the least—the Freshies were led around the campus, doing their best with the vocal organs to inform Brandon who they were.

On their return, songs were taught in the reception room, as the girls were taken in turn to receive individual initiation. Touches of paint here and there gave great color.

Each girl, after being blindfolded, was led into the chamber of horrors, which will forever hold fond memories. The eating of worms and being whirled from dizzy heights to shake hands with the college spirit were gruesome indeed, but the cold bath proved quite re-freshing to most of the freshies.

Having been branded and put through the fiery furnace, the girls returned to the gymnasium, where eats were served and final instructions given for the following day. The next morning the girls woke to the realization that they were on the last lap, so made the best of it. It would be impossible to describe the sight—they had to be seen to be appreciated, for one could not tell if they were coming or going. Great taste and originality in color schemes were shown in the choice of shoes and stockings, and the charming coiffures would make any Parisian gaze with jealous eyes.

At the end of the perfect day the new girls emerged, Freshettes no longer, but real college students, deserving of the name Buck-ettes.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

On Saturday afternoon, October 23rd, the ladies of Clark Hall held their annual reception in the Clark Hall reception room. Mrs. Whidden and Mrs. Wilkins, together with the new members of the staff, received the guests. The rooms and tables were beautifully decorated with white and yellow chrysanthemums, while the senior resident girls served the dainty refreshments.

On Saturday afternoon, October 30, Misses Muriel Shewan, Bea Hall, Tena Turnbull and Sybil Kerr entertained the faculty and girls of Clark Hall and the Annex at the home of Mrs. Shewan. Although the afternoon was cold and dreary outside, it only acted as a foil for the warmth and brightness which met all as they entered the house and were welcomed by their jolly hostesses. The tea-table, prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, was presided over by Mrs. Wilkins and Miss Turnbull for the first hour and by Miss Venn and Miss Taylor for the second hour. The dainty refreshments were served by eight of the Clark Hall girls.

While the girls sat chatting in the drawing room and den they were entertained by soft music from victrola and piano. Everyone had a delightful time, appreciating especially the pleasure of visiting a home, and feeling that the bond of friendship between the outside and inside girls had been strengthened.

On Saturday evening, October 30th, Miss Cline and the Annex girls entertained the students and faculty of Brandon College and Clark Hall at a delightful Hallowe'en party. Most of us had expected a formal tea, so great was our surprise when we were asked to remove our hats and coats. From top to bottom the house was gay with Hallowe'en decorations, and we were permitted to promenade through the rooms. All evening on the third floor an anxious crowd waited patiently in front of a very dark and suspicious looking room, for it was here that three "magicians" were revealing the future to all those who were brave enough to venture in. Not only were we allowed to walk around and enjoy ourselves, but we were also given an opportunity to show our ability in securing apples which were suspended on strings and showed a very great desire to spring from our grasp. After we had enjoyed these pleasures to the utmost our hostesses, all in dainty Hallowe'en costume, served refreshments in the reception room, and they certainly were delightful — coffee, sandwiches and pumpkin pie. What could be more appropriate and enjoyable? Everyone left having thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Mrs. Greenwood (inquiring about the musical ability of her daughter): Do you detect any genius in my daughter Zetta?

Prof. Wright (coldly): Madam, I am not a detective.

ATHLETICS

E. J. KING, '23.

Yes, athletics have certainly come into their own this fall. Probably not since pre-war days have we had so much enthusiasm displayed over sport. "Let's go, boys," is an expression we constantly hear as Tom Mallory leads out his veterans of the soccer field, Prof. Howe starts his track team around the course, and Crawford tries to get the boys out to play off the tennis tournament.

Everybody, both the old boys and the freshies, are taking a new and live interest in the "world of sport," and the ladies of Clark Hall are waxing into veritable Amazons as they lustily wield the clubs in that favorite game of theirs—ground hockey.

The elections of Athletic Association have not taken place as yet and, to speak the truth, we are loth that they should, for it will be with a spirit of much foreboding that we lose our able president—Evan Whidden. He has done so much for this phase of our college life during the last year and this fall, that we feel great difficulty will be experienced in getting anyone to adequately take his place. However, let's hope for the best!

Fortunate indeed we may feel to have with us this year Prof. Howe, formerly of Acadia University. He is a sport from the ground up and a real athlete. He holds the running broad jump record for the Maritime Provinces. The Athletic Association appreciates very much his help and advice and promises not to leave him idle for long at a time.

Herman Olsen, the chairman of the Field Day Committee, deserves all praise for the excellent athletic meet he so ably put through, despite the unfavorable weather. Elmer Mallory, with his lieutenants in Senior Arts, Junior Arts and Hash, is giving soccer a foremost place among our sports. Cranston, our convenor of basket ball, promises us a worthy team to uphold last year's fine record. King has been doing his best to work up a good live tennis tournament, and Johnny Hart says, "Just wait till the ice gets here, and we'll show those Brandon puck chasers how our boys can play hockey." Rugby has been dropped in order to give more time to soccer.

Sports and studies have been known in college circles to conflict.

The Athletic Executive—not the Senate nor the Faculty Executive, notice—is coming to realize that in the conflict it should support the studies to a very considerable extent if it wishes to function properly. The reasons are obvious. First, and most obvious: The Athletic Association is a part of an institution which puts studies first. Secondly, if the Association allows men on a senior team to fail in their work, the chances are very strong that that team will have to be built from the bottom up the next year, and so on year by year. In the third place, if men on a senior team even become lax in their work, they are apt to decide after the year is over, to quit the sport in the future, or to quit studies and college life altogether, or to take up studies in another university—in any case, a hard knock to the Athletic Association. In the fourth place, if the Athletic Association gives studies their due recognition, the Faculty, which has been found “a very present help” in times past, will give athletics their due recognition. Fifthly, it is usually the conscientious student who makes the reliable athlete; and so on we might go.

To conclude these few rather virtuous lines, may the Athletic Executive urge that the budding athletes, and the mature athletes, and the retiring athletes, who are the worst offenders in many cases that all take the “long time” view and give a turn to the book as well as to the ball. In so doing they may be assured that they are making their biggest contribution toward putting Brandon College on the map in the athletic world.

SOCGER.

Those of us who expected a big season for soccer have in nowise been disappointed. Under the supervision of E. Mallory football has received a premier place among our sports. An inter-department schedule was drawn up and the first game between Hash and Junior Arts ended in a tie after a hard and fast tussle.

The next contest saw a picked team from the college combatting the R.C.M.P. By sheer luck the Mounties made a goal, which prove to be the winning score.

To return to the inter-department schedule, Senior Arts and Hash met in a regular scheduled game. The Hash defence was practically impregnable with the two Friend brothers at full back. However, Jimmie Smith, who is always on the job, managed to slip in the winning goal.

Junior Arts, aided by the services of Hugh John Kennedy, who was seen chasing the ball with a green Fedora on his head and a pair of "land packers" on his feet, attempted to take the measure of Senior Arts. They were forced to bow before the supreme play of the Seniors to the tune of 2-0.

Hash and Junior Arts, who had played a tie game in the first half, now hooked up in the first game of the second half of the schedule. Although the play was very even the game ended with Hash leading 1-0.

All hats off to the Senior Arts football team. The boys played hard and consistent football all through the schedule and won the football cup. They demonstrated their right to the cup by playing a tie game with Hash, although according to play the Seniors should have won easily. Should Junior Arts defeat the Seniors in the last game, the cup would still be won by the Seniors.

With the keen enthusiasm that is being shown, and the fine weather prevailing, every indication is that football will be continued and that one of the best seasons of this sport will be experienced.

TENNIS.

Once more Autumn with its balmy days has come and almost gone, but it has left to the tennis enthusiasts of Brandon College memories of many happy hours spent on the courts. Tennis has ever been a popular game with both students and faculty, but up till this year we have been seriously handicapped by having only one court. When the fall term opened this year a movement was started to make a new court on the grounds adjacent to the old ones. Our worthy athletic chief, Evan Whidden, was on the job early and, ably assisted by his lieutenant, Earl King, convenor of tennis, soon had the work well under way.

The rest of the chaps were introduced to shovels, rakes, hoes, etc, and by some hypnotic influence Evan managed to keep the acquaintance up until his men had the court in very fair shape. The new court will soon be as good as the old one. for already it is quite fast.

Tennis has been well patronized all the way through this term. The tournament, which started early in the fall, is not yet quite completed, but with the co-operation of the weather controller it soon will be. A few finals yet remain in which to discover the best player in the school. What games have been played have been closely contested and fast; and if it should happen that tennis were stopped now because of old man Winter, we have had a mighty successful season.



BASKET-BALL.

The best indication that basket-ball will have a big run this year is the fact that the college men generally are taking an interest in it. There are dozens instead of fives who want to get on the "Y" floor. New material is already shaping up. A good class of basket-ball and keen interest is promised for the inter-class league. "Hash" has taken the first step to victory by arranging for exclusive and regular practices.

Prospects for an effective senior team are bright. Considerable of last year's material is at the disposal of Captain Riley, and Beaubier, Cranston and Whidden and others are expected to make a strong bid for senior positions.

The Brandon College basket-ball team has two aims: first, to take the Cornell trophy, the emblem of basket-ball supremacy in the city, and second to compete successfully in an inter-university series. The team has special and deep longing to wipe out the double, though not ignoble, defeat inflicted by the University of Manitoba last year.

Give them the support that they deserve and the old gold and blue will not be dishonored.

FIELD DAY.

It is quite generally agreed that our Thirteenth Annual Track and Field Meet, held on October 22nd, was the most successful we have had for some years. We were glad to see so many new men in this fall, but especially are we glad that among them are a few very promising men for track and field work. When they have had a little more training under our very efficient trainer, Professor Howe, we feel confident that we will have suitable material to represent our college in the larger meets.

Plans had been made to hold the meet on the Exhibition Grounds, but the big problem of getting on good terms with the Weather Man is still unsolved. Right up to the morning of the 22nd weather conditions were ideal, but on the last hour he failed us. However, with the Arena close at hand we were not left entirely in the lurch. Preparations were soon made for an indoor meet. The Arena served the purpose well, the greatest objection being the shortness of the track, rendering it impossible to set any good records in the races. For the first time also we were granted the whole day for sports, the forenoon being given to the ladies and the afternoon entirely to the men's events.

The events were as follows:

Standing Broad Jump—1st, M. Scarth; 2nd, J. Beaubier; 3rd, J. Smith. 8 ft. 9 in.

Running High Jump (open)—1st, M. Scarth; 2nd, A. Stade; 3rd, J. Smith. 5 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

50 Yards Dash—1st, J. Beaubier; 2nd, J. Smith; 3rd, A. Derby. 6 1-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—1st, J. Smith; 2nd, C. Whidden; 3rd, A. Stade. 17 ft. 5 in.

Hop, Step and Jump—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, J. Smith; 3rd, E. Whidden. 34 ft. 9 in.

220 Yards Dash (open)—1st, H. Bottley; 2nd, E. C. Millard; 3rd, A. D. Stade.

Mile Relay Race (open)—1st, College; 2nd, Collegiate; 3rd, Y.M.C.A. Time, 4 minutes 28 seconds.

Pole Vault—1st, J. Boskai; 2nd, M. Scarth; 3rd, G. Clark. 8 ft. 2 in.

Boys' 50 Yard Dash—1st, H. Henderson; 2nd, M. Moffatt; 3rd, Williams. 6.3 seconds.

Boys' Broad Jump—1st, Henderson; 2nd, M. Moffatt; 3rd, L. Williams. 14 ft. 11 inches.

Faculty Event (Race)—1st, Mr. Howe; 2nd, Mr. Logan; 3rd, Mr. Morse.

Shot Put—1st, M. Scarth; 2nd, C. Riley; 3rd, J. Smith. 31 ft. 9½ in.

Tug of War—1st, Junior Arts.

Mile Race (open)—1st, E. C. Millard; 2nd, A. Derby; 3rd, E. Whidden. Time 5 minutes 7 seconds.

We were glad to see such a number of our college men entering into the open events.

The following won medals:

A. D. Stade—Grand Aggregate.

W. M. Scarth—2nd Aggregate.

A. D. Stade—Freshman's Award.

E. C. Millard—Mile Race.

E. Whidden, A. Derby, L. Smith and A. R. Stade—Open Relay Race.

W. M. Scarlet—High Jump.

H. Bottley—220 Yards Dash.

A. D. Stade—Individual Championship Cup.

The convenor, H. C. Olsen, and the good committee are to be commended for the success of the day. We suggest that a weather prophet be also put on the committee next year.

The entertainment in the evening took the form of a promenade through Brandon College, a programme in the chapel, and finally a lunch in the dining room. At the programme the medals were awarded to the respective winners.

—

Lost—An umbrella, outside of Clark Hall door, by a fellow with a bone handle and a broken rib.



CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL KEITH '23.

“We're out for gore! We're out for gore!
Keep it low! Keep it low!
Let her go!”

And all the girls intend to let her go. Mabel Gibson, as convenor of athletics, set the ball of sports rolling very fast and it received such impetus from so many enthusiastic supporters that its momentum is continually increasing.

Let's all give the ball such a push that it will roll over obstacles and crush defeats.

Strange as it may seem this big ball of sport is made up of various smaller balls—such as a basket-ball, a ground hockey ball, and several tennis balls. We do not profess to be jugglers, but just the same the tennis tournament has given the tennis balls no peace, but has whipped them to and fro over the nets. Basket-ball also has been kept in lively motion, games being played off between the different departments. So when the time comes for inter-collegiate games, we'll be out for gore.

FIELD DAY.

Let us have girls!
Girls who can walk and girls who can run;
Girls who can jump and girls full of fun;
Girls who are athletes and sports, every one;
Let us have girls!

To have a sound mind in a sound body—such is the motto of the Brandon College girls, and, that the sound body may be developed, athletics claim a large place in their life. As a test of their athletic ability comes the annual College Track and Field Meet—a much appreciated event of the college year.

Track and Field Meet came this year on Friday, October 22nd. The morning was to be devoted to girls' events, taking place on the Campus, but, as frequently happens, students purposed but Father Weatherman disposed—it rained. Some far-seeing person, however, had prepared for just such an emergency by engaging the city Arena; and so, at nine o'clock crowds of enthusiastic students were to be seen hastening toward this much frequented centre of sport and enjoyment.

Here a company of chivalrous youths with pickaxe and shovel were already gallantly engaged in preparing for the coming events.

And such events! Take warning, boys. Judging from the straight-from-the-shoulder stuff displayed by our basket and baseball throwers, many a chap will in future have to walk the straight and narrow path or experience the matrimonial bliss of Jiggs.

Inspired by the enthusiastic cheering of her supporters, Bessie Bridgett gained first place in baseball throwing; Isabel Copeland won second, while Annie McLeod was a close third. the score standing:

Bessie Bridgett, 142 feet.

Isabel Copeland, 125 feet.

Annie McLeod, 118.6 feet.

There were other ball throwers, however, as the long distance basket ball throwing score indicated. It read:

1st—Annie McLeod, 59.10 feet.

2nd—Eunice Death, 58.7 feet.

3rd—Jean Doig, 58 feet.

By this time much enthusiasm was being shown. There was a special reason. The girls were competing, not only as individuals, but as departments—Senior Arts, Junior Arts and Hash. At this point the Junior Arts girls congregated in order to outdo, by their yells, the Senior Arts students who were ranged along the fence. And now, even the most unobserving could not fail to see that in one respect at least Junior Arts had outdone its rivals. Every member of this energetic department wore a green cap trimmed with gold and carried a cane decorated with the department colors, white and blue. If boosting was to win the day, Junior Arts would do its share.

But to proceed. Can girls jump? Just read the score card for the running broad:

1st—Hazel Keith, 12 feet 3½ inches.

2nd—Gertrude Bridgett, 11 feet 11 inches.

3rd—Eunice Death, 11 feet 6 inches.

Or this for the standing broad:

1st—Hazel Keith, 6 feet 8 inches.

2nd—Annie McLeod, 6 feet 3½ inches.

3rd—Edna Calverley, 6 feet 1 inch.

Or yet this for the running high:

1st—Olive Freeman, 3 feet 10 inches.

2nd—Hazel Keith, 3 feet 9 inches.

3rd—Gertrude Bridgett, 3 feet 8 inches.

Everyone enjoys a race. So the interest increased when the girls lined up for the fifty yards dash. It was a dash, too. In this case the score read:

1st—Hazel Keith, 7 seconds.

2nd—Annie McLeod.

3rd—Bessie Wright.

This was followed by the inter-department relay race, which the Senior Arts representatives won. Much excitement was evinced here as Junior Arts, the second, when threatening to take the lead, lost out through a slight mix-up.

And then came the quarter-mile walk. Is there any difference between a walk and a run? Well, just try a walking race and we wager you'll be in doubt. In this case Beatrice Clendenning won a victory, Eva Calverley came second and Bessie Wright third.

The splendid example of the contestants of this last mentioned race was as this point followed by the student body, which engaged in a race with Father Time. It was twenty-five minutes past twelve. Would they or dinner time reach the college first. Evidently the student body won, for all finally arrived at the dining room goal.

And now came the all-important questions: Who had scored the greatest aggregate of points? Which department had won? In this connection let us say that the student gaining first place was credited with five points, the second with three, and the third with one. The aggregate of the points won by all the students of any department indicated the standing of that department.

The suspense was finally ended when it was announced that Hazel Keith had scored the greatest aggregate of points—in all, twenty-one, and that Junior Arts had won the day with a total of 54 points, while Senior Arts came second with 38. Hazel was awarded the medal for largest aggregate. Hazel also won the Freshman's medal for greatest aggregate, but according to custom it went by reversion to a worthy second, Olive Freeman.

Junior Arts felt that their caps and canes had not been in vain when they learned that the inter-department cup was theirs. Brandon College girls are proud to add to their ranks their two stars in athletics, Hazel Keith and Olive Freeman. All unite in saying, too, "Three cheers for Junior Arts, and a tiger!"

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

LOIS STRACHAN '23

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."—Disraeli.

As yet we have received none of this year's exchanges, but gratefully acknowledge Spring numbers of "The Sheaf," "McMaster Monthly," the "Argosy," and Acadia Athenaeum."

In the May number of the "Acadia Athenaeum" there is an interesting article written by one of the students on "Thrift." The following paragraphs are taken from it:

"The real meaning of thrift is 'care and prudence in the management of one's resources.' It is, then, not a mere word, but a virtue as well. Furthermore, it must have begun with existence, for when man found it necessary to provide for tomorrow as well as for today, then did he discover thrift.

"Previous to the war both the word and its practice had almost gone into oblivion, but during the last two or three years it has once more sprung into prominence and has been heard on all sides from pulpit, parliament and press, under the guise of 'war economy.' At the present day its practice is still being strongly agitated as an absolute essential to the great period of reconstruction on which Canada has but lately embarked.

"And there is thrift of time. Benjamin Franklin has said that 'time is gold,' and truly it is in this rushing, bustling age. One way in which an effective saving in time can be accomplished is by order—'a place for everything and everything in its place'—order and system in both business and household, for time lost cannot be regained."

And in conclusion:

"If, through the agency of war, Canada has learned to realize the great value of thrift, then truly can it be said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' for out of the welter of this war with all its outpourings of blood and treasure, the nation shall have come forth a chastened people, strong in the mastery over self-indulgence, into a simpler and more wholesome manhood, a higher and more glorious civilization."

Jimmy one day smelt chlorine
 To see if chlorine sours.
 Chlorine did as chlorine does.
 Amen!—please send us flowers.

Willie studied chemistry!
 He studies it no more.
 For what he thought was $H^2 O$
 Was $H^2 S O^4$

—Exchange.

—
 NOW.

One looks behind him to some vanished time
 And says, "Ah, I was happy then, alack!
 I did not know it was my life's best prime—
 Oh, if I could go back!"

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow,
 To some glad day of joy that yet will dawn.
 And sighs, "I shall be happy then, I know.
 Oh, let me hurry on."

But I—I look out on my fair today;
 I clasp it close and kiss its radiant brow.
 Here with the perfect present let me stay.
 For I am happy now!

—Selected.

—
 MY CREED.

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city, which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work is work wherever we find it, but that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself—not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do—not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

—The "Argosy."

- 1918—Miss R. Bambridge is principal of the school at Bowman, Man.
 —Miss R. McDonald is teaching in Bladworth, Sask.
 —Miss M. Sherrin is teaching in Winnipeg, Man.
- 1915—Donogh—Ashworth. On Tuesday, July 27th, in Brandon, Mr. W. R. Donogh '15, was married to Miss M. I. Ashworth, daughter of M. and Mrs. J. Ashworth, Brandon.
 —Born: To Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Herbert, Vancouver, B.C., August 22nd, a son, Douglas Bruce.
 —Mr. and Mrs. O. U. Chapman reached Los Angeles, Cal., in June. Mr. Chapman is assistant pastor of the First Baptist church in that city.
- 1914—Mr. J. R. MacKay, Saskatoon, Sask., and Mr. James Moffatt, University of Indiana, were among the graduate students during the summer at the University of Chicago.
 —Miss K. Johnson has joined the staff of Brandon Collegiate Institute.
 —McKee—Gerrand. On Wednesday, June 30th, Mr. J. H. McKee '14 was married to Miss E. M. Gerrand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gerrand, Miniota, Man.
 —Born: To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacKay, Saskatoon, Sask., on February 25th, a son, Ritchie James.
- 1913—Mr. T. H. Harris is doing graduate work at the University of Chicago.
- 1912—Mr. J. R. Evans, on leave of absence from Brandon College, is continuing his graduate study at the University of Chicago.
 —Hogarth—Little. On May 5th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Little, Brandon, Mr. B. Hogarth was married to Miss Grace E. Little '12.

—
 Miss Ethel McKay is teaching Expression in Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

—
 Miss Evelyn Hardaker is taking the two year Normal course at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

—
 Macpherson — Campbell. The marriage took place at Brisbane, Mains, Larges, Scotland, on June 17th of Ritchie Macpherson, of Brandon, to Mary Marquis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell.

Mr. C. L. Strachan and Mr. E. M. Dutton are registered for first year work in Dental at Toronto University.

Mr. W. J. H. Abey and Mr. B. Leech are among first year medical students at McGill University.

Alcock—Carey. On August 13th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Carey, Foam Lake, Sask., Mr. W. H. Alcock was married to Miss Valley Lee Carey.

Morse—Wilkinson. On June 29th, in Winnipeg, Mr. Brenton T. Morse was married to Miss Lillian E. Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson.

Miss Marie Brothers is in training in the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. R. Snell (née Miss L. Ziegler), Wheaton, Ill., on May 11th, a son, Francis Judson. z

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kerr (née Miss Daisy Fenwick). Brandon, Man., on October 4th, a son, John Cochrane.

Miss Jean Holt left Brandon in September, to resume her work in China.

Mr. H. Sneyd, Theology '08, of Yokahama, Japan, visited his Alma Mater in October. He gave a most interesting and instructive address, illustrated by lantern slides, of his work in Japan as General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

Miss Lulla Glimme has been appointed head of the Music Department in Concordia College.

On October 9th the Brandon Alumnae had afternoon tea together in Clark Hall, the guests of Miss J. Turnbull '15. Those present were: Miss M. Rathwell, 16, Miss K. Johnson '14, Miss M. Bucke '14, Miss G. Whidden '18, Miss I. Cumming '19, Mrs. B. Hogarth '12, Miss Leech '12 of Regina, Mrs. R. Brandon '13 of Regina, and Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins.

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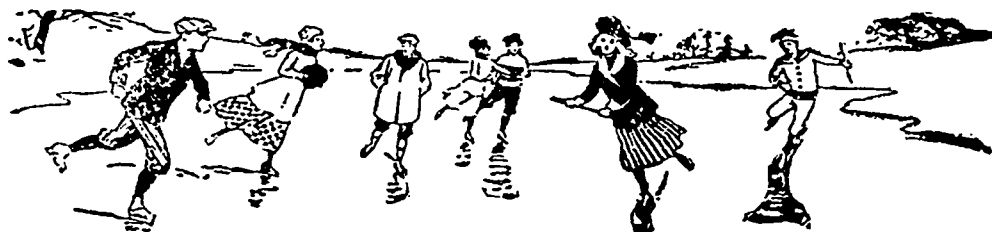


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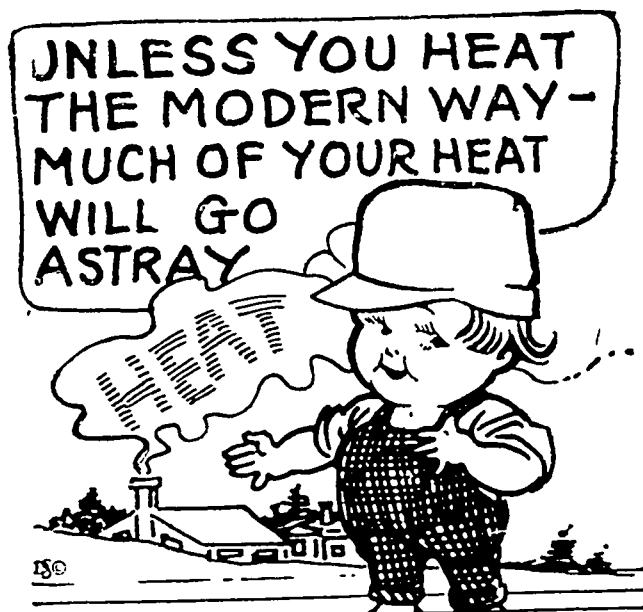
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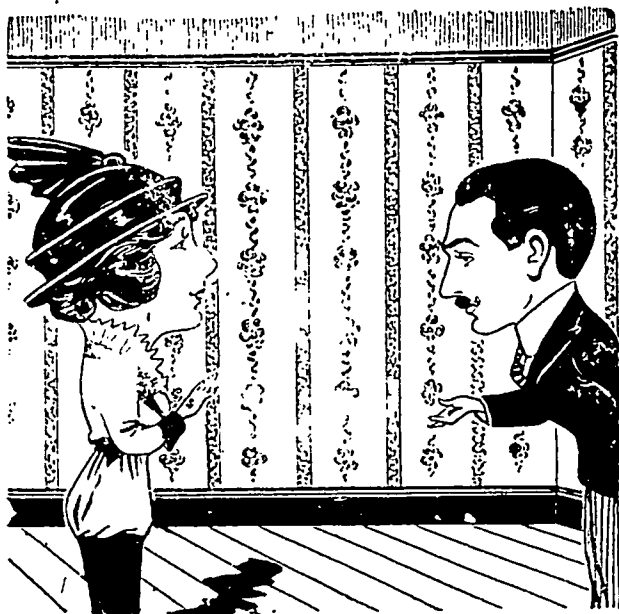
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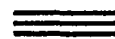
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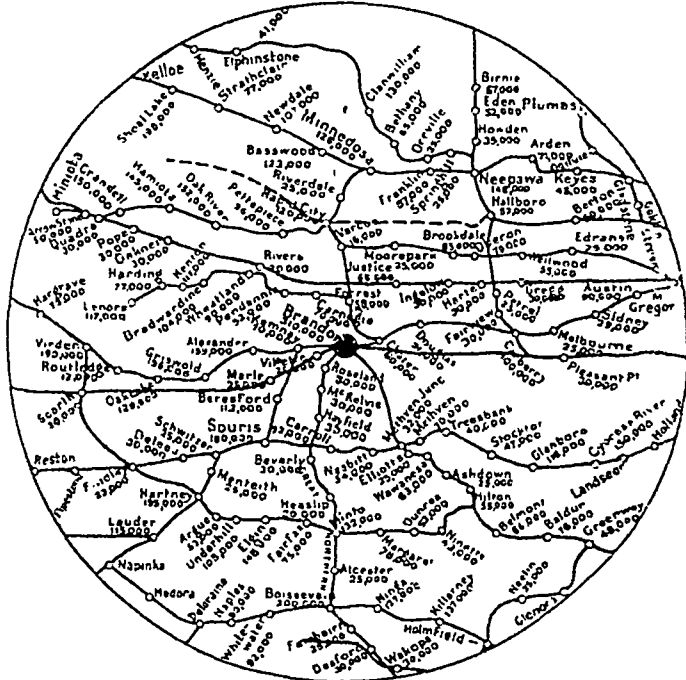
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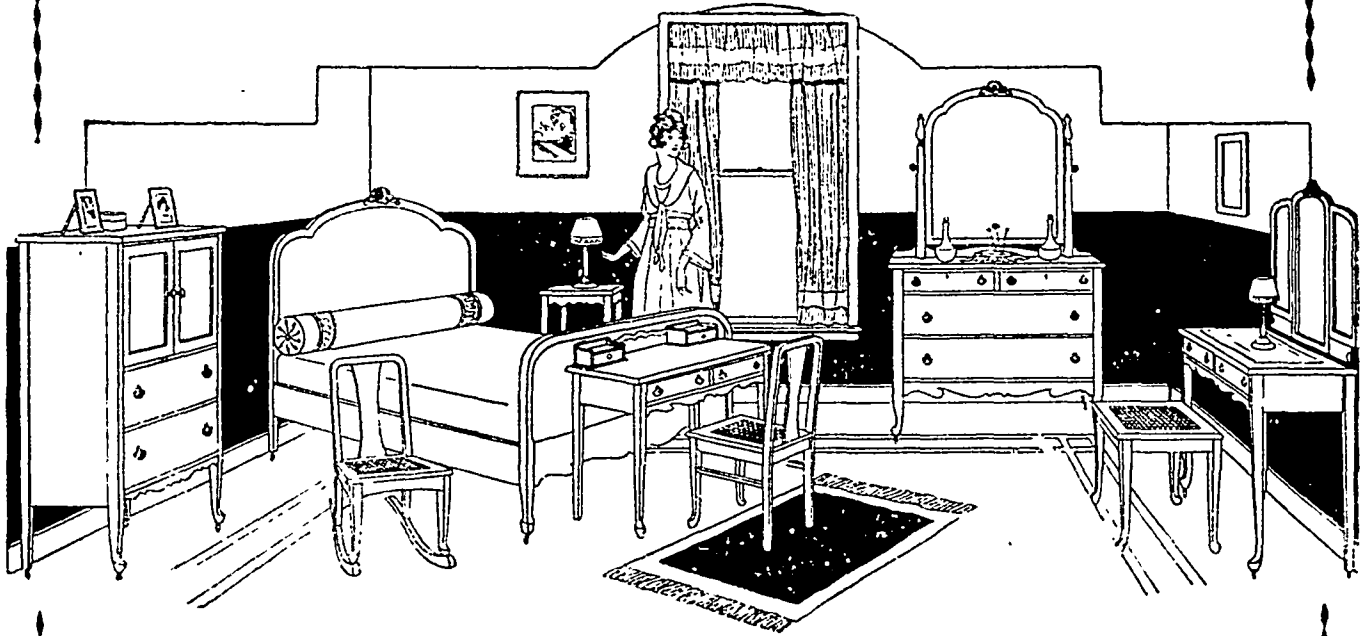
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