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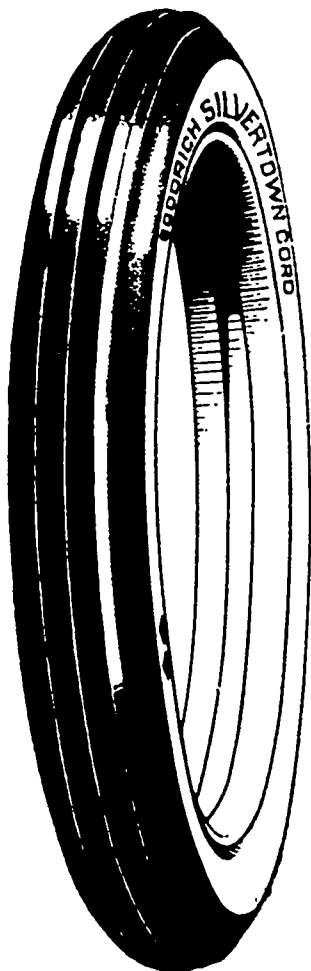


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TABLE OF CONTENTS



	Page
Gene Stratton Porter.....	9
A Prayer	11
A Windstorm on the Prairie	12
Our College Song	17
Ten Thousand Years Ago	18
Editorials	22
College Gossip	28
Clark Hall.....	37
Athletics.....	41
Clark Hall Athletics	46
Latitude and Longitude	49
Alumni-Alumnaeque	54



Brandon College Quill

GENE STRATTON PORTER

By REV. R. L. LOWRY

"None whose inner eyes are open," says Eva Martin, "can walk through an April wood illumined by the pale glory that rises from a host of primroses without fancying that the hand of some heavenly gardener has been scattering star-dust there." It is surely a divine touch, for which we can never be sufficiently grateful, that opens our inner eyes to see the beauty of the world lying close around us. The writer can well remember a drive he used to take in the early hours of the summer mornings over a road leading through a patch of burnt timber land. At first it seemed a desolate stretch showing only charred tree stumps with ragged undergrowth filling the spaces between; but later, under the touch of Gene Stratton Porter's Limberlost and Medicine Woods it changed suddenly and that bit of road became a panorama of delight. Beside the blackened tree stumps arose the pure chalice of the Morning Glory, and a rich profusion of clinging vines shot through with the glowing colors of woodland flowers turned the undergrowth into a bower of beauty.

In these days, when rapid travel threatens to turn the world into a magnified back yard by robbing our scenery of the charm lent by distance and inaccessibility, there is laid upon us the necessity of seeking a glory in the commonplace and an enchantment in the things close at hand. We are under a deep debt of gratitude to the Gene Stratton Porters who have unveiled the beauties of our "Limberlost" and "Medicine Woods," charming us afresh with the song of the cardinal and hermit thrush, revealing to us the fascination of insect and animal life and opening our ears to the myriad voices of nature.

To Gene Stratton Porter all nature is full of wonder. Some critics tell us that her fields and forests and their life are unreal, the creations of an exuberant imagination unchecked by even an hour of actual contact with the wilderness. It is interesting to know that even while her critics were writing she was far in the cool depths of her loved woods gathering roots for her garden, enriching her collection of rare and beautifully colored moths or listening with rapt attention to nature's thou-

sand voices whispering messages of truth and life. In the words of A. Louis Fraser she

“Companied with quiet, and was stirred
To the soul’s deeps by Beauty’s gaze; who heard
Unseen pipes play where we heard none.”

She is more akin to Galileo who discovered that the world is a star than to his bitter Jesuit opponents who said, “The earth is not a star, but a most vile place, full of dirt and wickedness, while the stars are the glorious creations of God.” If, therefore, in the presence of the glory revealed to her she fails to preserve what Ruskin calls “a controlled emotion,” dare we blame her? “The eye,” says Victor Hugo, “sees six thousand stars; the telescope sees one hundred million suns; the soul has seen God.” Our author sees with the soul.

Though Gene Stratton Porter is fascinated by the world of nature around her; though she loves the trees and the flowers and the birds and all the varied life of forest and field, yet she loves humanity more. Her love of nature must yield precedence to her love of men and women. Speaking to the Girl the Harvester says, “You could worship at the shrine of the pokeberry bed, you feel holier before the arrowhead lillies, your face takes on an appearance of reverence when you see pink mallow bloom; but which of them would you have hesitated a second in uprooting if you could have offered it to subdue fever or pain in the body of the little mother you loved?” The Girl replies, “You worship all this beauty and grace, but you carry your treasure to the market place for the good of suffering humanity.” Her heroes and heroines are wonderful; they are clean, strong and wholesome in body, mind and soul. “The Harvester is impossible,” said a man to his friend. “What a pity,” was the reply, “he is so fine.” The moving picture shows and certain classes of literature have dragged the sanctities of life through the mire; to Gene Stratton Porter, love, marriage, home and religion are sacred things.

In an age when recreation is fast becoming dissipation and happiness the unattainable object of fevered pursuit, we are indebted to this author for calling us back to simple and fundamental things again. Ruskin said: “To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breaths over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy; and I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this . . . The world’s prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in

no wise." This, I think, would be a fair statement of Gene Stratton Porter's creed, and how beautifully she teaches it. Like Drummond's sermons, it sings its way into our hearts and makes us better.

To the literary critic or the ultra prosaic soul this author may have many and serious faults, but to the average man or woman, boy or girl, she presents in a simple and winsome way what some have been pleased to call the ultimate realities—Truth, Goodness and Beauty.

A PRAYER

W. E. ORCHARD

O God, we thank Thee for the world in which Thou hast placed us, for the universe whose vastness is revealed in the blue depths of the sky, whose immensities are lit by shining stars beyond the strength of mind to follow. We thank Thee for every sacrament of beauty; for the sweetness of flowers, the solemnity of the stars, the sound of streams and swelling seas; for far stretching lands and mighty mountains which rest and satisfy the soul; the purity of dawn which calls to holy dedication, the peace of evening which speaks of everlasting rest. May we not fear to make this world for a little while our home, since it is Thy creation and we are a part of it. Help us humbly to learn its laws and trust its mighty powers.

We thank Thee for the world within, higher than we dare to look, deeper than we dare to plumb; for the great kingdom of the mind and the silent spaces of the soul. Help us not to be afraid of ourselves, since we were made in Thy image, loved by Thee before the worlds began, and fashioned for Thy eternal habitation. May we be brave enough to hear the truth, strong enough to live in the light, glad to yield ourselves to Thee.

We thank Thee for that world brighter and better than all, opened for us in the broken heart of the Saviour; for the universe of love and purity in Him, for the golden sunshine of His smile, the tender grace of His forgiveness, the red, renewing rain and crimson flood of His great sacrifice. May we not shrink from its searching and surpassing glory; nor, when this world fades away, fear to commit ourselves to that world which shall be our everlasting home. Amen.

A WINDSTORM ON THE PRAIRIE

By E. M. W. '21

None would deny, perhaps, that on the sea-coasts, or amid the mountains, or even in our lake-studded woodland districts, nature provides spectacles of sufficient grandeur and power to absorb the interest of the most indifferent observer. But it would not be so generally agreed that nature offers to man any such inspiring exhibitions on the brown prairies of our western lands. Yet as those who live on the prairies will testify, any such denial finds its origin mainly in ignorance. The prairies alone can rival the sea in presenting to man a view of nature exerting the full sweep of her powers from horizon to horizon; and truly her presentations are inspiring. I would like to attempt a description of her in one of her wilder moods, and in so doing feel obliged to intersperse the description with a few glimpses of ordinary life as led by surveyors working on the prairies.

We purposed leaving camp early one bright morning in May. We had some twenty-five miles of track to travel on our rattling, barking jigger. The jigger balked, as had been its wont of late, and caused the chief to say unutterable things. We pushed and cranked by turns and finally were led to agree with the chief. It was a full hour later that we pulled out of town at a rather uncertain and convulsive pace; and the pace became more uncertain as we proceeded. For the first ten miles of the journey the motive power necessary to propel the jigger along the tracks was supplied more by our sturdy legs and shoulders than by that detestable little engine. To make matters worse, a breeze began to creep up from the west. The already perturbed spirit of our chief became more perturbed, for in any considerable wind surveying is inaccurate if not impossible, and this little breeze somehow seemed potent of bigger things. We jogged on resolutely, however, the engine at last taking hold in a most commendable manner. When the full twenty-five miles had been covered it was mid-morning with a stout wind blowing. A glance at the face of the chief told us that it was utter nonsense to entertain any thought of turning back. We should work in the wildest of hurricanes. Instruments were unpacked; the rodmen shouldered their rods preparing to walk the tracks, and the level was set up.

We were in a most picturesque part of the country. To the south and west the treeless, rolling plains stretched away and sloped up to the horizon. They were dotted with the horses and cattle of a prosperous ranch. The wide, wild stretch drab and grey and green was startlingly broken in three

spots by sloughs of deep indigo blue. To the north and east was the Saskatchewan River Valley with its wide grazing plains stretching to our feet. There was the river itself, here sparkling in the sun, there softly reflecting the blue sky. Sands had begun

“To hem his watery march, and dam his streams and split his currents.”

There were alkali flats. There on the far side of the valley was that indescribable and typically, western river bank of brown clay, rendered distinctive by its deep precipitous ravines. From our distance they appeared but purple shadows serving to break the brown wall into alternately upright and inverted cones of irregular and fantastic shape, and to transfer a bank of mud into a crude and giant frieze.

Our attempt to work proved fruitless. Rods could not be held steadily; the tripod on which the instrument rested shook in the wind, and we were forced to suspend operations. We would wait until the wind died down. That painful twenty-five miles was not to be for naught. But by this time the horizon was already dimmed. Hazy yellow had taken the place of hazy blue. The wind increased as we waited, and the yellow haze crept up into the sky threatening the beaming face of the sun. Immediately dust began to irritate eyes and nostrils. That was enough for the chief and for ourselves. We packed instruments, mounted the jigger and started for camp. Pushing was unnecessary for the first part of the way. We were on a grading twenty or thirty feet above prairie level. The force of the wind provided ample locomotion whenever the engine demanded relief, and the combined efforts of both drove us along at an easy and comfortable rate. I sat on the back with feet dangling over and, in spite of physical discomforts caused by flying dust and sand, enjoyed the whole wild scene.

The wind had increased to its full force. It was not a gusty, fitful blast, but a power that swept the whole face of the land as far as eye could see. The earth seemed astir. It was on the move. The mighty breath of heaven had whisked up the very landscape and sent it carousing through the air. The sun became almost completely hidden. The river basin had become transformed. The fissured bank was only visible for short seconds of time through rifts in the driving clouds of dust. The river itself was scarcely more visible; it seemed stagnant and sickly. But the sandy alkali islands had sprung into glorious life. The wind bore down upon them and maintained a persistent and resistless pressure. Each island was relentlessly but gradually swept away and up and the valley

was decked with plumes whose stems lay in fine even lines pressed close to the parent islands, and then expanded and burst upward and forward over the river into copious feathery foliage. Each isle boasted one such plume. The foliage was almost imperceptibly absorbed and whisked away into the yellow clouds of dust, but it was replenished from sources apparently inexhaustible, and the plumes were in truth fixtures in the scene. They were tied to their little islands and swayed and changed shape in the wind as do clouds in the sky.

The face of the prairie had also been marvellously altered. One slough only was now visible, a dull, sickly gem in a duller setting. The horses and cattle that we could see as we passed along were in small groups, backs to the wind, yet indifferently nibbling away at the prairie grass. The lower sky was a steady driving stream of yellow dust. In the upper reaches the dust was caught up by deploying winds and advanced in great billows with rounded and upturned fronts. The occasional protesting scream of a curlew lent an element of wildness to the scene. Everywhere on the plain was movement. As far as eye could see were bounding, leaping, rolling balls of tumble-weed, big and little, grey, brown and black. Nature was uprooting and down-planting. Where they all came from it is hard to conjecture. But it needed no great flight of imagination to picture them as wolves descended from the north now scattered over the prairie and moving relentlessly in one direction bent on destruction. In truth, these bounding balls of brittle fibre were bent on real destruction. Countless millions of seeds of the Tumbling Mustard and the Russian Thistle were scattered broadcast that day over farm lands well prepared to receive them.

As we moved on we came to a district partly homesteaded and fenced off. There we beheld in a more unusual and amusing way than previously the relentless workings of nature. Early arrivals among the weeds had caught in the fence wires. Those that immediately followed settled behind them. The picture that met our eyes was that of massed formations of Russian Thistle and Tumbling Mustard lying along the fences and serving as inclines up which the more fortunate reserves nimbly skipped and then leapt to the other side. It was no little source of amusement to see a big brown Russian trample his brothers, reach the top of the incline, become entangled among projecting arms and limbs, hesitate for an instant as if waiting for breath, and then shake himself free and leap whirling into the air, landing some thirty or forty yards ahead, to go bounding across the plain. (The claim has persistently been made that a large specimen of Russian Thistle set free in Alberta

with a note attached was in a short time recovered on a farm in Eastern Manitoba).

In places the task of the weed army was not so simple as above described. The fence mayhap was high and many weeds had fouled in the wire and few had gone over. No matter, the check was only temporary. Weed pressed on weed and at that instant when the wind burst into a special fury fence posts snapped, down went the barrier and over surged the mass to scatter its vile seed. Many miles of fence erected at the cost of much labor to homesteaders were thus cut down. The railway embankment on which we rode was the only barrier which blocked effectively the progress of Mustard and Thistle, and it was only where the embankment was high and flanked by deep pits that the weeds could be completely trapped. In such places they gathered to a depth of ten or fifteen feet, and were at a later date burned by railway employees.

As we neared the camp we passed more and more cultivated farm land. Ploughed fields offered a loose surface to the wind and the dust became increasingly irritating. It was not unusual to see sand settling along the fences and binding tumbleweed with it. Some days later when we travelled the same route there were many hundred yards of fence submerged in sand so completely as to leave only the tops of the posts visible.

Needless to say, when we reached camp there was canvas flapping about the ground. The cook, black faced and black aproned, tried hard to meet us in a resigned and indifferent sort of way, but it was rather too much for him. He continued to not "give a damn" about the whole situation in general, as it could not be helped, while all the time he vehemently "damned" everything in particular. He was a conscientious chap and took a just pride in his cook-tent and in his work. We learned that he had had a promising batch of bread in the oven when his tent went over, and that it was still there (in the same state of depression as the cook), and could stay there.

During the following two days the storm continued in a considerably milder form and allowed us a lazy time of it about the camp. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and so even realizing that a vast amount of harm was actually done to the country during those windy days of May. I must confess that I shall always look back on them with a feeling of pleasure and thankfulness for their presentation of a picture that no hand can paint and incidentally for their provision of rest for a weary soul and a lazy body.

VINING.

The musical score is written on four staves. The top two staves use a treble clef and the bottom two use a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music contains several triplet markings, indicated by the number '3' above groups of notes. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and some dynamic markings like 'p'.

The above is a facsimilie of the music to "Hail Our College" as written by Mrs. Vining.

OUR COLLEGE SONG

Hail, our college, out in the golden west,
Take thou our fealty, now unto thee confessed.
Be thou Alma Mater, now and forever blest,
Hail, hail, Brandon, forever hail!

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

—Vining.

“Vining”! What does “Vining” stand for? It stands for a quiet cultured lady, a musician of very high rank, and her husband, a Doctor of Science, with a mischievous smile and a kind heart. For a number of years prior to 1915 they lived at Brandon College. They took a keen interest in all college activities and endeared themselves to all who knew them.

To Dr. and Mrs. Vining, now of Vancouver, we are indebted for the accompanying verses and music that have for some years now been recognized as our college song. Concerning the writing of it, Dr. Vining said in a recent letter, “The words of the first verse first took shape on a walk by the Columbia River here in B.C., near the rapids at Castlegar Junction, and the tune was shouted many times to the coyotes and red squirrels here in the depths of these fir woods before the other B.C. ever heard it. The second verse, I guess, originated at Brandon.”

It is interesting indeed to have this word from the Doctor concerning “Hail Our College” which has come to be so much a part of us that no college function would be complete without it.

For ourselves of the present and those in the past who have sung it, we take this way of thanking Dr. and Mrs. Vining for the gift of a song that is distinctive and that expresses the spirit of our college “out in the West.” We are sure, too, that the much larger body of the future will continue to sing it with pride:

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO

J. W. H.

An old song, familiar to everybody, begins:

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight.”

It is a petition that most of us utter when we find the days of youth departing, and the gray shadows gathering. But it is never answered. We are never in reality master of Time. It will always have its way with us.

In the realm of imagination, however, it is our servant. There we can make it perform our will if we know the right presto to utter. Let us, then, forget the dull prosaic to-day; dull and prosaic because it is to-day and ours. Turn backward. Time! Wind up your web of yesterdays! Take us back ten thousand years!

Eight thousand years before Christ and we are standing on soil that is to be one day part of the Province of Manitoba. In that hollow before us will rise in the far distant future the city of Brandon. But many changes will take place before its day. The waters that cover its site must be drained away, the barren plains, fresh from the plowing of the glaciers in the age just past, must be clothed with grasses and made fit for human habitation. We are standing facing east on the margin of a vast, level plain. Before us a great lake stretches eastward and northward far beyond the limits of our vision. It is a lake nearly three times as large as Lake Superior. No craft of any kind floats on its surface, but here and there great blue-white icebergs are to be seen, floating down from the ice barrier to the north, where the great Keewatin Glacier is retreating back to its point of origin near Hudson's Bay. The outlet of the lake is to the south where a stream flows into the Mississippi. An ancient stream, ancestor of the Assiniboine, enters the lake by a wide estuary just north of where we are standing.

Only a few stunted, semi-arctic plants are to be seen along the lake shore. A great army of plants and animals is, however, pressing up from the south. Its advance will be slow. For though there is sunshine in plenty, yet the fresh glacial drift needs weathering before it is entirely suitable for plant life. The animal population is of course dependent on the plants for food and cannot advance more rapidly than the commissariat department. Man has not yet made his appearance in America.

Many years pass. The great ice field, that has covered all Canada and extended far into the United States, has entirely disappeared. With its going, channels are opened up to the

northward, and the great lake, now known to geologists as Lake Agassiz, is drained little by little. As it sinks, it leaves behind it terrace after terrace to mark its descent. As the waters lower the channel to the south is left high and dry; henceforth the waters must find an outlet to the northeast into Hudson's Bay. As it drains away, the grasses and flowers, which have now arrived in force, occupy its bed. The hardier trees make their arrival from the east and south in their journey westward, which will for many years continue. The Saskatchewan river, which at one time probably flowed into the Missouri, changes its course and enters the northern end of the lake. The ancient lake has at last reached its present levels and is divided into numerous smaller lakes. The largest of these are Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis. The Rainy Lakes are also occupants of the old lake bed.

Lake Agassiz, one of the largest bodies of fresh water ever on earth, has gone. Its records, however, remain, and may be deciphered by those trained to read the rocks. The creatures that lived in the ice cold waters and the plants that grew along its shores are preserved for our inspection in the mud of the ancient lake.

Dig down under the Brandon streets and you find the sand of the lake shore. Go down to the flats and you will find the mud formation of a lower terrace. Where the Assiniboine cuts through this lower formation one may find many different kinds of mollusks. Mussel shells are to be found in great numbers, many of them so brittle from their long sojourn in the mud that they drop to pieces when exposed to the air. During a two hour expedition to the river bank just west of the 18th street bridge, I found five different species of snail-shell, most of them of minute size, imbedded in the lake formation, about six feet below the surface of the soil.

Ancient bones are also to be found in this mud. They are mostly of fragmentary nature and were probably washed from some of the older formations by the waters from the melting glaciers. However, I do not suppose that any thorough search of this region has been made, and it may be that a careful search will reveal skeletons of mammals that lived when the waters of the lake still covered the upper terraces. If any fish lived in Lake Agassiz one should be able to discover some record of their lives in the deposits.

This is a splendid opportunity for the students of Brandon College. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that has not wished for a chance to explore an unknown? We all long for the chance to be "the first that ever burst into that silent sea." The North and South Poles have been located through

the great efforts of a great number of explorers who set out for that goal. Here at our doors is a great region with a flora and fauna only partially known. An extinct life it may be, but none the less interesting because "it has had its day and ceased to be."

There is another aspect of this work of exploration. The story of Creation is written indelibly on the rocks. It is fragmentary, but is in the nature of a diary and we can read the story of each stage—one might almost say of each day's work—if we know the language. Of course one may make mistakes in deciphering the words as well as there being many pages absent, but the story makes intensely interesting reading nevertheless. Let us catch the spirit, then, of John Muir, one of the greatest of the men of the last century, who said. "I would go down on my knees and barefoot to learn something more of the way the Lord works."

Of all the acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads us to abandon a good cause because it is weak, and join a bad cause because it is strong.

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate you are sure to wake up somebody.—Longfellow.

I love no peace which is not fellowship, and includes no mercy.—Mrs. Browning.

Not what has happened to myself today,
But what has happened to others through me—
That should be my thought.

—T. D. Blake.

If a man does not know to what port he is steering, no wind is favorable to him.—Service.



"Quill" Staff 1920-21

Standing, left to right—Maria Grant '24, Clark Hall; Leslie O. Harris '21, College Gossip; H. Staines '23, Assistant Editor; A. Derby '23, Advertising; C. Hembling, Matric., Subscription; J. H. Forshaw '22, Literary; D. G. McKnight '23, Business Manager; E. J. Church, '24, Asst. Advertising; Lois Strachan, Exchange; E. J. King '23, Athletics.
 Seated—Hazel Keith '23, Clark Hall Athletics; Miss J. Turnbull, M.A., Alumni-Alumnaeque; C. Riley '21, Editor; Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins, B.A., Consulting Editor; M. Bulloch, Subscription.

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EDITORIALS

It is with some regrets as well as with the pleasure of accomplishment—however unworthy—that the present staff relinquishes its duties on the "Quill." Brandon College has had another chapter added to its history and we hope that its varied life and activities have been in a measure faithfully portrayed both to the friends outside who are interested in our Alma Mater and to those who will in future years blow the dust off the back numbers of the "Quill" and boldly delve into the realms of the history of Brandon College when it was a smaller and less auspicious looking institution.

Looking back over the past year one might truthfully say that on the whole it was highly successful. Every branch of college life has prospered. Very gratifying records have been made in class work and examinations which should form the main part of our life here. Athletics has flourished among girls and boys as never before. Particular sports may have been

upheld in the past by stronger teams, but higher averages in all branches of sport have never been made. The inter-class competition in track work, tennis, soccer, hockey and basketball has been the big stimulant and has proved itself to be worthy of continuance in future years. Social life has been as brilliant as ever, for Brandon stands pre-eminent in entertainments and social festivities. Social functions have been regulated better than in other years and it has been proved a success to control to some degree social activities so that they do not monopolize more than their fair share of time. Debating has not been up to the mark. The fault lies not with the debating committee but in lack of competition. There has not been the great incentive of inter-collegiate debates. Neither is there enough interest anywhere nowadays in the art of public speaking, nor does there seem to be time for reflection and discussion of subjects of academic interest. Let us work for a greater development of public speaking in future years. The spiritual life of the college has been given an impetus by the new Student Christian Movement. May it lead to a greater realization of the spiritual needs in the fuller student life and to a spiritual awakening on a grand scale!

We have made excellent progress. The past two years have seen departures made from the old routine of our life, but they consisted in laying the foundation for a greater student life in a greater Brandon College in a greater Canada. With this excellent start made, there is no reason why progress should not be continued in the future, so that better and still better facilities will be given to students coming here for an all-round, four-square development.

There are some leaders of men whose greatness is readily recognized by the multitude because of the essentially public nature of the work in which they are engaged. There are other men and women, equally great, whose true worth is justly estimated only by those who know them personally. They wield a powerful and far-reaching influence over those with whom they come into daily contact. To meet them is to be impressed. To know them is to be inspired. Of this latter class is Dr. S. J. McKee, our senior Professor and Registrar, who tendered his resignation to the College Board at its semi-annual meeting last spring.

In relinquishing his active duties Dr. McKee closes a busy

chapter of a life of unfaltering loyalty to lofty ideals of service. He is one of those men who by their splendid unselfishness keep alive our faith in human goodness in an age of aggressive materialism. His absolute honesty of purpose, kindly sympathy and generous helpfulness have won for him the affectionate esteem of those who have learned to call him friend. During his forty-eight years as a teacher at Woodstock, Rapid City and Brandon he has been the friend and counsellor of hundreds of young men and women who are better through having known him.

It was in the fall of 1872 that as a young honor graduate of Toronto University Mr. McKee joined the staff of the Canadian Literary Institute (now Woodstock College), where he continued as a successful teacher until 1881. At this time his health failed, and due to the influence of a few friends he was led to move west to Manitoba, where he took up a homestead near Rapid City. It was here that the late Dr. Crawford a year or two previously had established Prairie College, which during the short time of its existence made such a fine contribution to the pioneer life of the new west. In 1882 Mr. McKee joined the Rev. G. B. Davis in promoting an Academy, which was the immediate successor to Prairie College, founded and conducted as above stated, by Dr. Crawford. A few years later Professor McKee began to realize that it would be greatly to the advantage of his educational work for him to locate in a larger and more accessible centre. Consequently in 1890 he moved to Brandon and opened the Brandon Academy, where amid many difficulties and discouragements he carried on his splendid work for some nine years as a private enterprise. During this time he confidently looked forward to the day when the Baptist people of Western Canada would establish on a permanent basis a college which he hoped would be located in Brandon. In 1899 his hopes were realized in the organization of Brandon College under the auspices of the Baptist Convention of Manitoba and the Northwest, and by reason of the generous contributions of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davies and Mrs. Emily Davies. Professor McKee was at once made a member of the faculty of the college and became the senior associate of Dr. A. P. McDiarmid, the first President of the College. For the first 21 years of the life of this institution Dr. McKee watched and toiled, often with impaired health, but always with confidence and unstinted devotion. Now he has laid down the heavy burden in order that his physical strength may be conserved. The full measure of the service rendered both by Dr. and Mrs. McKee can never be recorded, but we all join in expressing heart-felt appreciation of the splendid contribution they have

made to the cause of Christian education in Western Canada.

In these days when progress is the note being sounded everywhere, it would not do for Brandon College to remain stationary in growth. So it has been decreed by the powers that be that our Alma Mater shall be mightily extended in power and influence. To accomplish this end, an ambitious yet not unattainable extension scheme has been adopted.

Plans have been made for the erection of a number of buildings which will constitute a large and comprehensive educational institution. There will be a science building, a gymnasium, convocation hall, library, academy building, chapel, girls' dormitory, and a central heating plant. According to the present plans, the first unit of the science building, the memorial gymnasium, the girls' dormitory and the first unit of the central heating plant are to be built during the coming season. These buildings will be so placed that when the others are completed, the whole will form a great college laid out in the most approved style of university construction. The buildings will be erected about the campus, which will form the quadrangle in the central part of the grounds. The style of architecture will be that known as the Collegiate Gothic. When completed the college will be a wonderful asset in all respects to Brandon and the surrounding district. It is anticipated that it will take fifteen or twenty years to fully realize the plans, yet that length of time is short in the growth of a nation or a permanent institution such as this will be. It is expected that the number of students in attendance will be increased to about a thousand.

The prospect is an exceedingly fair one to reflect upon and the possibilities are magnificent and inspirational. What may we not expect from a student body numbering one thousand! What prowess in athletics, what skill in debate, what genius in music, what ability in literary arts and, greater still, what a contribution to the citizen life of Canada! Trained men imbued with the spirit of Brandon College are needed for leadership in our land to day.

Finances form the first consideration in a plan of this kind. This problem, however, was largely solved by securing the services of Mr. Sparks as campaign manager. Mr. Sparks is an expert in the matter of obtaining money just for such a purpose as this. Five hundred thousand dollars are required immediately. Of this Brandon city is being asked for one hundred thousand. The rest is to be raised outside the district. Sixty-five thousand dollars have already been secured

in town and the students are at present successfully engaged in raising the other thirty-five thousand. When this amount is pledged, the rest of the work will be easier, for it is the first step that is the hardest in a campaign of this kind.

The students' efforts to raise the necessary amount for a memorial gymnasium are meeting with success. With the generous offer of twenty-five thousand dollars that Mr. Sparks has made, provided the students raise ten thousand more than is in the treasury at present, the gym. should be a reality next fall. Three thousand has been raised in the college this year, and it remains with the gymnasium committee and our numerous alumni to secure the other seven thousand. If this can be done, the gymnasium will be built.

The work of financing a project such as has been put on foot is hard and often discouraging. The men behind it, however, are not the kind to be hindered by small obstacles in their paths. But there must be sympathetic co-operation on the part of the friends of the college and the general public in order to make this thing the success it should be. After all, it is for Canada the work is being done. Every person who contributes to this work contributes to the nation by giving the opportunity for more and more of our young people to receive an education and thus to pass out into the world more useful and more capable citizens.

Our year's record in the realm of debate is not such as to give us cause for self congratulation. The Debating Society has striven heroically to stimulate interest in what used to be, and indeed should be, an important part of our college training. But there seems to be a prevalent inclination to look upon debating as something of little worth. The debates which have been held have shown that there are a number of students who realize that they will possess a distinct advantage in future years if they can acquit themselves creditably as public speakers should occasion arise. But this number is much too small for an institution of the character of Brandon College.

It is difficult to conceive of a more convenient or effective way of utilizing a large part of the training we are getting than through the medium of public speaking, particularly that type of public speaking which is developed in debate. There was a time when large crowds of people could be swayed at will by a mere deluge of verbiage. That time is past, or at

least is rapidly passing. The general level of public intelligence is being raised, and the individual who desires to exercise a durable influence over the minds of his fellows must not alone be able to talk, he must be able to convince. There can be no training more specifically applicable to the practical duties of leadership than to study a contemporary problem, logically formulate opinions, and then give expression to those opinions through the medium of lucid and convincing public speech.

Canada, like other countries, is intent on progressive change and is looking to educated men and women for leadership. But educated minds can accomplish little in the world of affairs if they struggle in vain for adequate expression. If our education and training is to assist us in reaching the maximum of achievement it is not sufficient that we absorb a multitudinous aggregation of facts, we must cultivate the habit of independent thinking and the art of effectual expression. There are of course other methods than public speaking by means of which we may pass on the contribution which we have to make to the collective thought of our time. But the trained speaker can employ all these methods and in addition the medium of public speech.

It avails nothing to lament the omissions of the past except in so far as by doing so we are induced to behave differently in future. We hope that next year some concerted effort will be made to readjust our varied activities in such a manner as to give debating a place more commensurate with its unique importance.





L. O. HARRIS '21

“Discourse ought to be as a field without coming home to any man.”—Bacon.

(It is our intention to give a faithful account of all the events in Brandon College since the last issue of the “Quill,” and, following Bacon’s admonition, to gossip politely. Therefore it may be imagined what we really could have said had we been in a talkative mood.)

SPRING NOTES.

This is the issue in which the editors of the various departments of the “Quill” work off their exuberant spring feelings by heading up their sections with some amorous quotation and then following it up with a dissertation upon the beauties and intrinsic value of spring. Personally, we think that this is all bosh on their part, and think that they are just wound up and that they feel the need of release in some way. Also that they have to fill up their sections on account of being short of other ideas for this last despairing issue and so inflict their labored material upon an innocent public.

Spring never did appeal to us. It always brings with it a thousand and one evils, not the least of which are spring exams. When we realize that all that torture must shortly again be suffered, we feel like retiring to a quiet nook and bouncing a 45—90 off our bony cranium. Then, too, this mystic season brings out those gorgeous ties that are saved for the 17th of March. Even staid Gustav Fricklund proclaims his loyalty to Ireland by digging out a gadfly green tie which he dare not wear at any other time of the year, but yet hates to see go to waste. Spring brings boiled eggs—forever boiled eggs. Last spring we dreamed that we were lined up against a wall at daybreak and were being bombarded with boiled eggs, and we had not perpetrated any article like this either. And

April fool jokes are soon due. Every year our dignity is upset when we innocently amble down to breakfast—a trifle late, 'tis true—and some juvenile takes advantage of our preoccupation caused by rumination on the higher things of life, and gives us brown gravy and vinegar for coffee and then speaks of there being a lot of April fools in Academy I room this morning.

Spring brings dirty snowballs in our neck and ruins our linen collar (3 for 10c at the Chink laundry to wash) as we peacefully sit beside our open window speculating on the sociological significance of the extreme prevalence of dementia praecox; and it brings out the annual chapel announcement, will the boys kindly throw snowballs away from the building.

We admit that it has its good points. It gives Hembling a cold, and for some days his melodious notes cease, so that his voice does have a rest. We are afraid, and sometimes have quietly warned him of it that so much exercise will ruin what would otherwise be a delicious voice. Among all the rest of the benefits bestowed by spring the milliners are blessed and Clark Hall flocks in a body to church on Easter Sunday.

COLLEGE SKATING PARTY.

On March 4th all Clark Hall was at the Arena. Needless to say, Brandon College escorted her and the city turned out to watch her skate. The band was excellent and did its utmost to furnish a vehicle which would enable the skaters to be transported in state to those Elysian fields which Tennyson so wonderfully describes in his "Lotus-Eaters":

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass."

and

"And if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep—asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

Indeed these thin voices of the long-suffering students and the dulcet tones of the Clark Hallettes formed a delightful harmony with here and there a striking variation—a "j" sharp from the girls and a "d" natural from the boys when someone obtruded himself in some one's path, thereby bisecting his stride.

Then came a mad rush home for the "eats." Some were impolite enough to have two helpings of ice-cream, having gained it at the expense of our poor memory. The girls' gym. never held such a jolly crowd, and the waiters were never so

efficient and so much in demand. The aftermath, as Vic Mastberg described it while trekking on his lonesome way home to the "Y." was in itself worth abstracting oneself from his studies for the evening.

THE CARNIVAL.

The College Carnival was held in the Arena on February the 4th, and was a huge success. The attendance was large and at least \$120 was realized for the Memorial Gymnasium Fund. The prizes were of high value and were well contested. A special feature of the carnival was the two booths—one operated by a Clark Hall-College trust and the other by the King-Riley combination.

The attractions were of a high order and were well carried through. It is to be regretted that Jimmy Wilde, the fly-weight, sprained his wrist and could not appear. However, Jack Johnson's relief was so great that we firmly believe that it over-balanced the disappointment of the populace because the match was postponed. Throughout, the teams displayed an extraordinary amount of pep and the high nervous tension of the spectators never sagged for an instant. The "stars" were so numerous and so much to the fore that it is quite impossible to attempt to describe them individually. The chorus, for the success of which Kelly is responsible, tuned the exuberant spirits of the spectators to a harmonious pitch and produced that soberness of mind which a regulated fellow-feeling always inspires.

The costumes were varied and suggestive of the types of mind of them who wore them. Reg. Whidden, with his acute mind, represented a skeleton; Chris. Riley and Vic. Warner, with their statesmanlike qualities, represented John Bull and Uncle Sam; L. O. Harris, being rather dull, wore a Scotch costume; Evan Whidden, ever thoughtful of his friends, played the role of nurse; Pete was rigged out in a multi-colored dress, and Vic Mastberg represented "The Unknown" who was then acting a serial at the Allen. The tennis players showed minds on whose background love and the deuce figure and where skill and sport are evidenced. Very few of the skaters wore no costumes, and it is to be inferred that their minds were either disordered or blanks. Indeed, several skaters made up their minds, turned their coats inside out, and were in costume. In general, the ice was a blaze of color like an iceberg which glows in the rays of the sun or as an opal which is turned about under a strong light.

The college upheld its reputation and walked off with some

of the prizes. Miss Rixon, representing Class '22, was the best dressed lady; Miss McHattie and her partner, as a Scotch couple, took the prize for the best dressed couple, and Mr. Riley, as John Bull, received the prize for the best comic.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Arts IV.

Class '21 has been maintaining its social record this term, having been entertained at the homes of Miss Tena Turnbull and Miss Bea Clendenning. Each party began with a luxurious dinner which was followed by an evening's entertainment. Not all the time was spent frivolously, for class business was gravely discussed, the class future was planned and yells were chosen. Joe Wilcklund, the class secretary, can tell exactly what was done and by whom.

For ourself, our social attempts were rewarded with success until it came to the time when Bea ordered the bunch to dress peanuts in styles not yet in vogue in Paris. Personally, we had never realized till that moment how shameful and disrespectful it was for a peanut to go about devoid of decent covering. So urged on by the knowledge of the chilliness of the night outside and by the fact that we were in a formal social gathering, we did our best to do the Adam stunt and make the peanut more comfortable both in regards to feelings and to looks. It was, however, most refractory and did not respond to our noble efforts, and after reviewing our handiwork the group decided it was best to leave it in a state of nature. This enterprise, however, did in no wise detract from the excellent evenings spent at the homes of our hospitable classmates.

Arts III.

Class '22 was entertained by Misses Marion Hales and Florence Kennedy, and has also been conspicuous on Mr. Sykes' tobaggan slide. In all its social gatherings Arts III has manifested its brilliance and jollity in countless ways. Vic Warner, class president, is to be congratulated on successfully piloting the class through the troublous waters of social life, and for so well fostering the splendid class spirit which pervades the entire '22 group. There are more functions in store for the class yet, and doubtless will be enjoyed as much as the others have been.

Arts I.

Class '24 gathered on Wednesday, February 16th, for a

social evening in Clark Hall reception room, under the auspices of Professor and Mrs. Wilkins. Guided in their gambols by the competent hand of Mrs. Wilkins, the class had an enjoyable time. After many frivolities, the young folks remained for eats and were glad they did so. Following the refreshments, President Carter spoke and in an eloquent speech thanked their hosts for the splendid time the class enjoyed. Yells given in pantomime style followed Mr. Carter's effort, and the merry group dispersed with minds ready for the routine of the following days.

DEBATING.

On the evening of Friday, February 18th, the Mock Parliament met to consider a government measure, the purport of which was to relegate the Senate to the scrap heap of obsolete institutions. Despite the long catalogue of misdemeanors that the supporters of the government were able to muster against that much abused institution, the house was of opinion that under present conditions it is an indispensable adjunct to our political institutions. The government's audacious policy culminating in this invidious assault on the most effective constitutional check upon its own rashness, has alienated some of its own supporters. The full folly of their injudicious conduct was impressed upon Premier Cresswell and his followers when the government was defeated on the motion that this bill be read a second time. In seeking the destruction of the senate they succeeded in effecting their own fall.

THE ANNUAL ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The oratorical contest held in the First Baptist Church, on March 11th, ranks in merit with contests of the past which we remember with a feeling of pride. The Rev. M. L. Orchard presided, and the program consisted of three splendid student addresses, a sweetly rendered selection by the Clark Hall quartette, and an amusing reading delivered in pleasing style by Miss Leila Smith. The three addresses revealed marked indications of thoughtful preparation and were delivered in such a manner as to closely engage the interest and attention of the audience.

Miss Eva Calverley gave a delightful biographical sketch of the Empress Eugenie. She traced the course of the eventful life of this remarkable woman through the days of happy childhood and romantic youth, through years of glittering splendor and vaunted extravagance at the French Court till the Empire

was superseded by the Republic. Then followed a description of her secluded life in England, which contrasted strangely with the former days of gorgeous display and ceaseless publicity.

The subject chosen by Mr. James Smith was "Education, the Hope of Democracy." He urged that liberal education for the masses of the people would not only lead to increased efficiency, but would do much to ameliorate the seething mass of human misery which is the inevitable consequence of human ignorance. Furthermore, education would prepare the way for the realization of that inspiring project of a better world which recently received its baptism of human blood.

Miss Eloise Manthorne's address was a graphic character study of Napoleon Bonaparte, that wizard of military strategy and ingenious leader of men who, by the compelling force of his amazing personality, inspired his armies to superhuman achievements. She showed how the majestic poise of the Corsican Mountains and the extreme rigors of his daily duties, constituting as they did the influences moulding his early life, developed in him that iron nerve, limitless ambition and invincibility of purpose which later made him the hope and pride of France and the terror of the rest of Europe.

The contestants provided the judges, Mr. S. E. Clement, Rev. J. G. Miller and Mr. E. D. Renand, with a perplexing task in deciding which address merited first place. They agreed to award the coveted gold medal to Miss Manthorne.

The contestants provided the judges, Mr. S. E. Clement, tant events of the college year. It is open to students of all departments, and it is a unique honor to any student to be selected as winner of this contest. The "Quill" extends its hearty congratulations to the three contestants on the excellency of their orations, and especially to Miss Manthorne on her triumph as winner of the gold medal.

S. C. M.

After much profound thought and prolonged discussion, the temporary constitution of the Student Christian Movement has been accepted, and under a new name and a new executive what was formerly the "Y" flourishes as vigorously as before.

The old executive delighted us greatly with such meetings as the Salvation Army band gave us. This company of minstrels discoursed such pleasant music to us that we had much difficulty in applying ourselves to the weary round of work after the meeting. Nor must Mr. Renand be forgotten, who

pleasantly beguiled the aime with readings. Dr. MacNeill and Mr. Orchard also addressed us on other occasions. The new executive has started off well with an address from Mr. Lowry concerning the living of a full orbéd life. We must come and show our appreciation of the organization by our hearty and unanimous support of it.

LE CEROLE FRANÇAIS.

Rouge-noir, rouge-noir,
 Qui sommes nous?
 Qu'est-ce que c'est, qu'est-ce que c'est.
 Que parlez-vous?
 Est-ce français?
 Qui, c'est vrai,
 F-r-a-n-c-a-i-s
 Français!

The Cercle Français held its second meeting on Friday, March 18th, from four to five-thirty, in the chapel. The program opened with the chorus "Il était une Bergère." The main items on the program were the one-act plays "Une Prêtée Rendu" and "La Surprise d'Isidore." Both plays were excellently acted by all those who took part, and despite their lack of familiarity with the French tongue, the actors interpreted the situations in a very creditable manner.

Mr. King, as Isidore, starred in the longer play. Miss Turnbull is to be congratulated on the results of her hard training of the actors and her management. A chorus entitled "Le Printemps et les Fleurs" was sung by six girls dressed in French peasant costume. It was much enjoyed by all.

SPECIALTIES THAT HAVE BROKEN MORE THAN ONE HEART.

Joe Wicklund—Brown, pointed shoes, neolin style and spats.

Herb. Robertson—Gates-ajar collar and a red tie.

Earl King—Tie a la pump-handle with a horseshoe stick-pin.

Bill Lewis — Pompadour, well-brushed suit, congenial manner.

Tim Mallory—A sunny smile. Don't be a wallflower.

Clinton E. Crawford—Red hair and lots of sand.

Ken Guthrie—Yellow and pink checked silk socks.

Hugh John Kennedy—9 jazz bow tie and a band concert.

Muir Barber—A model man in a setting of ideals.

Glen Clark—Spats, a cane, plug hat, kid gloves, signet ring, flower in his coat, Jockey Club perfume, a clean shave, sporty tie, and a pleasant manner.

Armand Stade—Leap year.

Vic Warner—A large bank account.

Ross McDonald—A Ford runabout, intellectual conversation, refreshments.

James Smith—Eloquence and grace, intellect, things that appeal to yourself, and a picture in the photographer's window.

Harold Forshaw—A subjecting stare.

Pete—A tobogganing outfit and a taking manner.

Clarence Hembling—Monocle and swagger-stick.

Reg Frith—Well-curled hair, commanding stature, solemnity of expression.

Senior Stick—Beautiful dreams of a fairy world with just two nigger stories.

J. R. Cresswell—A Johnny-Hart curl.

Johnny Hart—A life program with room for two in it.

MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY.

The annual college play was held in the City Hall on Friday, March 18th, and fully upheld the standards set by the college plays of the past two years. It was produced under the direction of Miss Cline and proved itself to be a worthy testimony of her ability as an instructor in the histrionic art. Miss Leila Smith as "Martha" had the heaviest part to carry. The role was a difficult one, but Miss Smith filled it in an inimitable fashion. Not only was she Martha "by-the-day," but Martha on the spot at just the right time and with just the right word to help out a difficult situation. From the janitor to the rich hero, every part was excellently taken. All of the caste evidently appreciated the characters they were portraying and made the whole story live before the audience in a realistic and life-like way. Miss Cline indeed showed great foresight in her selection of actors for the various roles. That the music provided by Dr. MacNeill's orchestra was greatly enjoyed by all was shown by the hearty applause which greeted each number. Mr. Warner, who acted the more prosaic part of business manager, did his full share by filling the house to capacity. Mr. Carter, the property manager, and Mr. McDonald, the chairman of the play committee, deserve special mention for their hard work in preparation which contributed much towards making the play the success it was. The

net proceeds for the evening, in the neighborhood of \$200, will be given to the Gym. Fund. The caste:

Ma Slawson—Bessie Wright.

Martha Slawson—Leila Smith.

Steve Lundy—Ernest J. Church.

Claire Lang—Eunice Death.

Sam Slawson—J. R. Cresswell.

Frank Ronald—A. R. Frith.

Mrs. Allan Sherman—Hazel Keith.

Amy Pelham—Beatrice E. Clendenning.

Shaw—W. Lewis.

Allan Sherman—H. Staines.

Radcliffe Sherman—Donald Wright.

Martha's Children—Sammie, Andrew Clark; Mollie, Maria Grant; Sabina, Edith Ball; Francie, Eleanor Litch; Cora, Elizabeth Greig.

EUTERPEAN.

The Euterpean society is already well under way this year. Under the able leadership of Miss Moffat, nothing has been lacking to make every program highly interesting, instructive and entertaining to each member. The society meets fortnightly to enjoy a musical evening. Papers and lectures, illustrative of the different phases of musical art, are given, and young enthusiasts as well as maturer artists render either vocal or pianoforte selections, and not infrequently does a touch of genius appear. The purpose of the Euterpean society is to stimulate interest in the best music and to increase the appreciation of it.

THE FACULTY RECITAL.

Miss Venn, Miss Wilson and Mr. Matthews gave an eminently successful recital in the Collegiate auditorium on March 22nd. The house was filled to capacity and the audience was given a musical treat such as Brandon citizens do not frequently enough have the opportunity to enjoy. The program was very much appreciated, and the hope has been expressed on all sides that it may be repeated.



MARIA GRANT '24

In the great amphitheatre of time the seasons follow one another in swift pursuit in the race of the ages. As winter passes our box and spring comes into sight, we rise to our feet and applaud loudly. As in olden days time was recorded in terms of the Olympic games, so today this game marks a definite period in our lives. But for this, how should we know when to buy our new Easter bonnets, when to start wearing our rubbers, and when to commence plugging for final examinations?

With spring another school year is almost gone. Soon we shall be separating for our summer holidays. Although the parting will be a sad one, everyone should be able to bear up under the strain if she bravely keeps in mind the thought that she will be coming back in the fall ready to start another year's work.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Hattie Hall starts to work two nights a week.

Lillian Edmison arrives at class on time.

Eloise Manthorne has a far-away look in her eye.

Zetta Greenwood gets a new pair of rubbers.

Edythe Ball talks to herself continually. (This, however, may be the sign of something more serious.)

Muriel Bulloch (guessing what was on her place card):
 "Is it something about powder or boys?"

RECEPTION.

One of the most enjoyable evenings spent in Clark Hall this year was the evening in which the girls and faculty en-

tertained the soldiers' wives who were attending a convention in Brandon.

The guests were received by a group of the girls, and having been relieved of their coats and their babies, were ushered into the chapel where an entertaining program was rendered. Meanwhile the volunteer nurses were seen everywhere jiggling the good natured infants up and down at a dizzy rate in an attempt to put them to sleep.

One would expect to feel perfectly safe at least in a crowd such as this, made up of women and children. However, it had its dangers. One young lady was run down by a baby carriage and was lame for several days after.

After the program lunch was served in the reception room and again the babies were passed around to be inspected and admired.

Then the mothers took their children, thankful, no doubt, to be taking them home alive, and bidding us good-bye went out into the night.

Thus the novel evening was brought to a close and Clark Hall discarded her masquerade appearance of a children's home and took on once more her natural quiet and solemnity.

CONDOLENCES.

The girls of Clark Hall wish to express their sincere sympathy to Miss Alma Andrew and to Miss Beatrice Peck for the recent bereavements that they have suffered in the deaths of Mrs. Andrew and Mrs. Peck.

S.C.M.

The Y.W.C.A. as such no longer exists in Clark Hall. Last fall it was decided by the girls to adopt the new plan and become part of the joint organization known as the Students' Christian Movement.

Later in the year it was adopted by the boys. Only after careful consideration was it voted upon and the union formed. At present there are two joint meetings a month and two separate.

Dr. Patterson spent a week with us during which he gave four interesting and inspirational addresses.

Miss Lowe, Western Y.W. Secretary, also paid us a flying visit. We hope that she may visit us again soon.

Spring is here again! Evidences of it can be seen on all hands. This is the season of marbles, tops and balls. It would

seem that Bill Lewis is feeling particularly springlike. In Chemistry II the other day Mr. Hill said: "Lewis, name some bases."

Bill, who had been gazing out the window answered: "First base, second base, third base."

Mrs. Wilkins (in Eng. III): "Heroic couplet lends itself easily to epigrammatic phrases. Can someone tell what an epigram is?"

Gertrude Bridgett (volunteering): "Yes, an epigram is an inscription on a tombstone."

CLARK HALL ALPHABET.

A is for Alma, a studious girl,
 B is for Bessie, who's all in a whirl.
 C is for Chrissie, a good little sport,
 D is for Doris, whose hair is cut short.
 E is for Eloise, who "orates" with such skill,
 F is for Florence who can never keep still.
 G is for Gertrude, a bad little scamp,
 H is for Hazel, a dangerous vamp.
 I is for Isobel, a wild little child,
 J is for Jessie, who never gets "riled."
 K is for Kathleen, who is sometimes called "Kate",
 L is for Lois who rises at eight.
 M is for Mabel, what a life she has led!
 N is for Nettie, who is fond of a "Med."
 O is for Ora, with hair fair and curly,
 P is for Phyllis who gets up so early.
 Q is for Quiet Hour, when all girls are still,
 R is for Ruby who has a strong will.
 S is for Sybil, who's Pres. of the "Lit."
 T is for Tena, who knows quite a bit
 U is for all of Us, we're aristocratic,
 V is for Vera who lives in the attic.
 W is for Willa, who often goes home,
 X and Y are still unknown.
 Z is for Zetta, who's never alone.
 So here they are, the girls of Clark Hall
 We know that you love them, one and all.

IMAGINERY PICTURES.

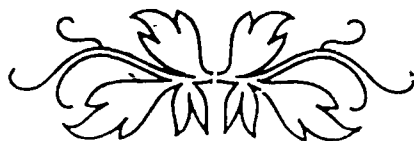
Picture Maggie if he were not tall,
 Picture Leila if she couldn't talk at all,
 Picture Barbar without a penny,
 Picture Smiley if smile 'e hadn't any,
 Picture Merle without a blush,
 Picture Fryklind in a rush,
 Picture Peterson not a circus,
 Picture Mary Henderson with flesh superfluous,
 Picture Ruby with eyes of green,
 Picture Mabel Overend lanky and lean,
 Picture Cresswell with a turned up nose,
 Picture wee Stade in evening clothes,
 Picture Zetta all tattered and torn.
 These are pictures as they ain't,
 Visions no artist could ever paint.

Muriel Bulloch's Grandmother—Dear, dear, it is sad how little girls know nowadays about work. I don't suppose you even know what a needle is for.

Muriel—Why, how absurd. It's to play the Victrola with, of course.

“One single idea,” wrote Emerson, “may have greater weight than the labor of all the men, animals and engines for a century.”

It is experience alone that supports the spirit and keeps the mind in vigor.—Cicero.





E. J. KING '23

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

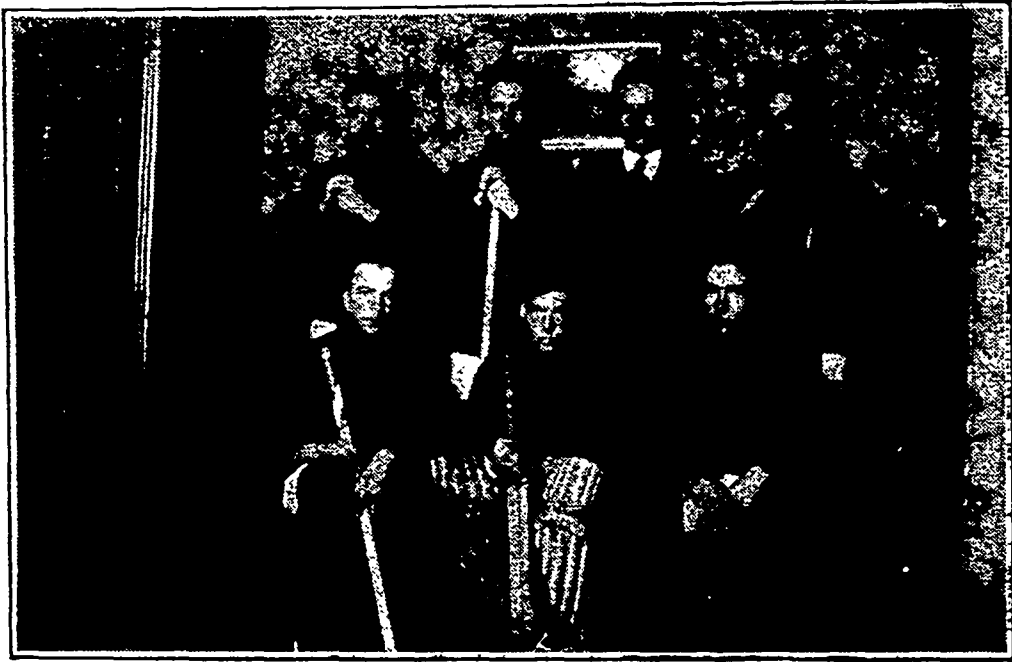
—Shelly.

With our time taken up with winter sports, that chilly season does not seem to linger long, and spring soon arrives. With its advent let us not get any languid spring feelings that will prevent us from continuing our athletics, but let us support them with unabated vigor. It is only by keeping the body fit that we can do our best work in exams, and if we are to make the marks in the spring exams that we should, then we must jump into football with both feet and with the same amount of enthusiasm into the baseball.

And remember to continue your sports throughout the summer if you wish to be efficient in whatever work you take up. If the seniors will permit it, let us offer this word of advice: Do not let the press of business, or the desire for honors in post-graduate work, or the ladies' tea parties if you are to be a minister, or any of the various activities of life lure you away from sports. Remember that they should not be limited to college life.

HOCKEY.

The College Junior hockey team has not exactly covered itself with laurels this winter, but has nevertheless made a very creditable showing in the city junior league. They are tied with the Monarchs for second place. Throughout the games Burke and Harris have starred on the forward line. Burke playing centre with Harris and Kennedy wings. Guthrie and MacNeill constituted a strong defence, while Gordon proved an able guardian of the nets. Hillicker and W. C. Smith acted as subs and played good hockey whenever on the ice.



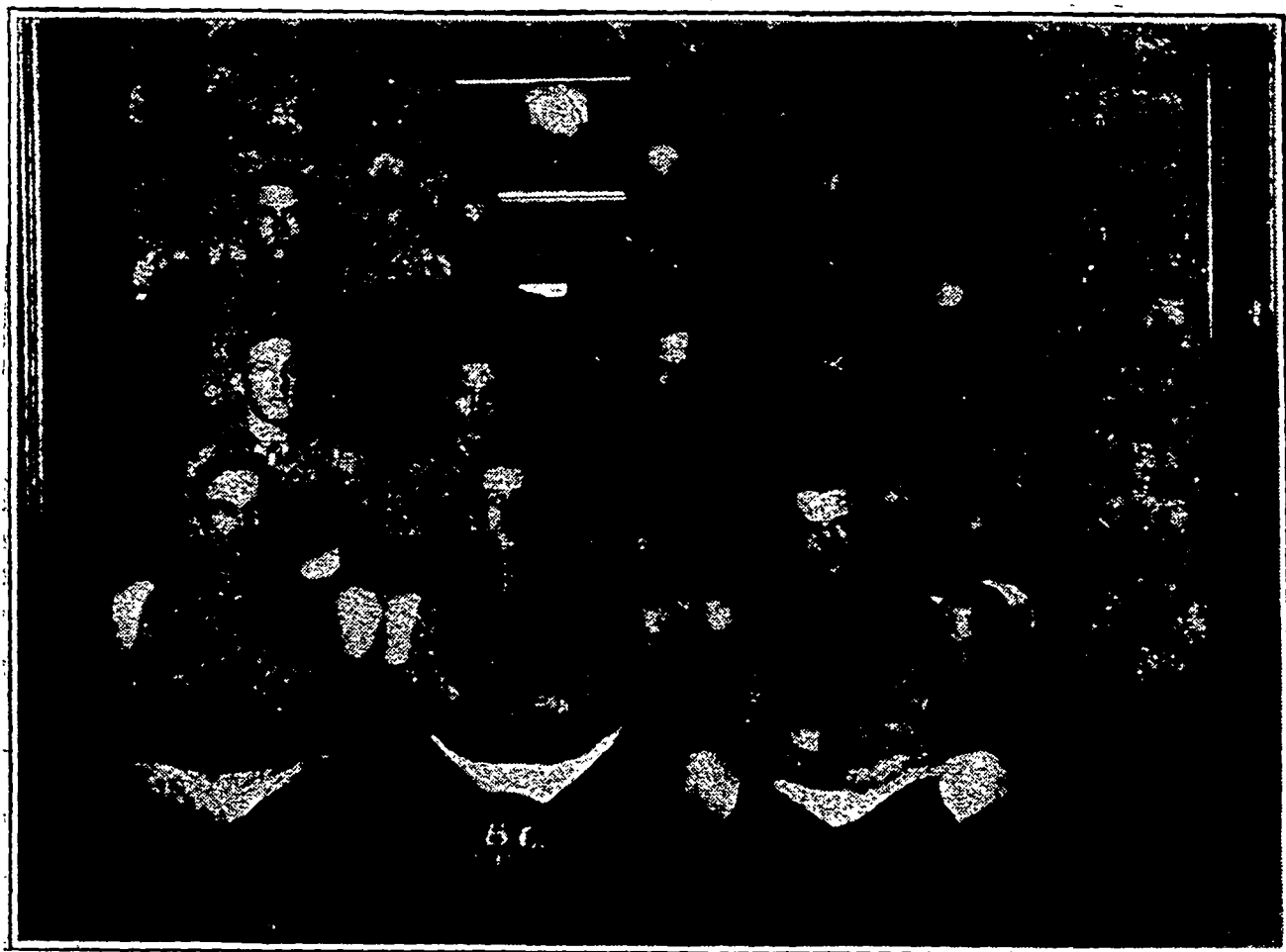
Hockey Team 1920-21

Bourke, c.; Smith, l.w.; C. Crawford, mgr.; Harris, r.w.;
Kennedy, df.; Gordon, g.; MacNeill, df.

On February 10th the hockey team, strengthened by the addition of Mallory, C. Smith and Mastberg, made the trip to Douglas, together with a considerable party of fans. Though the Douglas boys had somewhat the short end of the score, which was 8—2, they played a very good game. Some of the Douglas rooters were determined to put Mallory off the ice, declaring that he was an ex-Falcon player. The girls, under the guardianship of Mrs. Wilkins, were entertained at Mr. Greenwood's, while the boys partook of a sumptuous repast in the principal building of the place, which constitutes the post office, general store, etc. Giving the college yell and three hearty cheers for Douglas and all its inhabitants, the party left for home on the 12:30 train.

Perhaps you have not heard of the "stonewall" defence, but "list till I tell you" of Kelly Stone and Chris Riley, who so bravely defended the Senior Arts goal kept by that gentleman of fortune and, be it said, of leisure, John Hart. Though these two individuals didn't succeed in winning the inter-departmental hockey league for Senior Arts, we may say it was not for lack of trying. That famous solo rush of Chris' was second only to those of Amby Moran, the Brandon Senior defence man.

But who won the league? Junior Arts of course, with Hash a close second, while Senior Arts brought up the rear in the most gracious manner.



Football Team 1920-21

Mallory	Carter	Dr. MacNeill	Riley
Johnson	Hart	F. Friend	H. Friend
Stone	Smith	Whidden	

FOOTBALL.

Soccer. "Go it, College" will be the familiar yell from the side lines this spring, when, perhaps, the strongest line-up in the history of Brandon College will take the field against the stalwarts in the city league. The lack of football material so evident last year, is a minus quantity this year, and there is now a surplus to choose from. It is hoped that the glories of past days when such men as Bill Smalley, Dan Kippen and Dave Winton graced the campus, will be revived by our team this spring.

The contestants for the position of goal are Willy and Cranston. The odds seem to favor the basket-ball expert, whose eye is quick and hand sure, which are qualities most essential in a goalkeeper. The Friend brothers will likely hold down the full back positions. Five outstanding players make a bold bid for half-back positions. Johnny Hart is sure at centre-half, which will leave the left and right half back positions for competition between Kelly Stone, Johnson, Riley and Scarth. Should Scarth develop a sure kick, there is no better half back in town. Kelly is a favorite for left half. The for-

ward positions will also be open to competition. Jimmy Smith will again lead the attack at centre forward, while Tim Mallory and Hudson will prove a strong pair in attack as inside left and inside right. Tim's prowess is known of old, while Hudson comes from the West highly recommended. Evan Whidden will fill his old place on the left wing, while Mallard will be a valuable asset on the right. Carter will make a bid for a place on the forward line, but the odds seem in favor of the first five.

We are out for "gore" this spring. Don't forget! This is one of the favorable opportunities that come our way once in a while to win the city league. If you can't play, come out and root. Let the boys feel that you are behind them. With a little encouragement they will put Brandon College in the forefront this spring.

BASKET-BALL.

The first few games of the city basket-ball league proved very encouraging to the College team. The boys actually succeeded in running up a victory over the apparently invincible Togos, in the first game in January. A week later a second success fell to the College. Both games showed some fast and hard play.

February, however, saw a sharp reversal in form on the part of the Togos, and the College quintette gained no more victories at their hands. A defeat inflicted by the Y.M.C.A. did not, however, shut the College out of second place in the winning column. We deem it no disgrace to be forced from first place by such a brilliant aggregation as the Togos, and though the College would have liked to top the league, we yet feel it more or less of an honor to be forced out by such a fast team as that which, for some years, has held the Cornell trophy.

For the first time in some years we have had some real snappy inter-department basket-ball. Enthusiasm has reached a high pitch over the competition for the inter-department cup, and in basket-ball, no less than in other sports, have Fresh, Junior and Senior Arts striven doggedly for first honors.

The games have not been completed as yet, but if predictions be not far off, things look as if Fresh or Senior Arts are due to head the league. Junior Arts seems doomed to bring up the rear, but then who can tell—the Sophs and Juniors may, like the Togos, show a sharp reversal of form, and



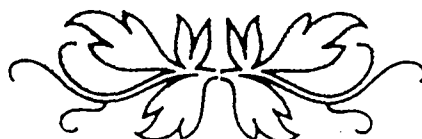
Basket-ball Team 1920-21

Riley, l.g.

Whidden, lf.; Johnson, c.; Smith, r.f.; Cranston, r.g.

then woe betide the sedate Seniors and over-confident Hashites.

Our Senior team has been very unfortunate in not securing outside games this year. A scarlet fever epidemic at Winnipeg spoiled, at the last moment, a trip to M.A.C., and because the Y.M.C.A. floor could not be secured for the night a game with Saskatchewan Varsity had also to be passed up.



CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL KEITH '23

Basket-ball and hockey have had a great season of it. Never before in the annals of her history has Clark Hall seen so much enthusiasm over athletics as this year. Not only have good teams been built up this year but, more important still, new talent has been developed for the years to come.

By constant practice at the Arena on Saturday mornings, under the able and amiable supervision of Mr. Logan, the hockey team has improved wonderfully; and basket-ball has greatly flourished, due to the intense interest taken in it and to the efficient coaching of Mr. Jas. Smith.

HOCKEY.

Do you remember what happened on February 14th last? Were you one of the many enthusiastic supporters of our ladies' hockey team on that date? If not, you missed an exhibition of ladies' hockey which you do not get the opportunity to see every day. Although the Saskatoon ladies walked off with the long end of the score, yet we cannot help but feel proud of the splendid defence put up by our ladies. Although the odds were against them, especially with regard to size, skating ability and stick handling, yet they were able in many instances to check their oncoming opponents in an excellent manner. Special mention must be made of Miss Ora Magnusson, who guarded the net for our girls. She may have let a few shots get past her, but did you stop to count how many she stopped? Miss Catherwood, the captain and centre of the visiting team, was the most outstanding player on the ice. Who would dare to say a lady cannot handle a hockey stick, after watching her perform?

However, despite the score of 12-1, we congratulate our girls for their good work and hope that some day they may have the honor of being winners also, and by as large a margin.

BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball, as well as hockey, has been at its zenith this year. "City of the Wheat, never know defeat," is our slogan. The players are all starring and have hung up a good record for our college. Our captain as defense seems as an impenetrable wall, ever towering above the poor forward. "Flabbergasted" describes that "opposing forward." Yes, Tena is there with the goods, everywhere and anywhere "à la fois." You

can't get over, under, around or about her without first laying her low, and that would be a feat in itself. Our centres would be hard to beat, always there with the goods and sure passes. Woe to the one who interferes. From guard to centre up to forward goes the pass. Just let Hazel bounce it once, and through the ring it goes. Hazel we'll hand it to you; it's that bounce that scores the goal. Ella has the speed and her long throw usually nets a ball. The guard may get the ball, only to find that it's a return trip to centre, having first gone through the ring. The Ump. takes it with "My ball!"

A series of games has been played with the city Collegiate this term which has kept the interest for basket-ball thoroughly aroused.

COLLEGE vs. COLLEGIATE.

February 10—The first game played at the Collegiate between Clark Hall girls and Collegiate was fast and showed good team work. Our "com" kept the Collegiate going and won us a score of 14-0. The Collegiate team was fast, but they lacked "com."

February 21—The second game showed a marked improvement in the Collegiate team, and on the Park School floor they made some excellent plays. The score finally ended 16-9 in favor of our girls.

February 24—The third and last game was swift and Collegiate are to be commended on their excellent defense. However, Clark Hall girls again managed to carry off the honors with a score of 18-0.

COLLEGE vs. WINNIPEG.

College Rah! Saturday, March 5th, saw the Blue and Gold team ready for action in Winnipeg on the Y.W. floor. Mr. Death of the Y.M.C.A., Winnipeg, refereed; Brandon girls gave their College Rah! and Winnipeg girls replied with the Y yell. The whistle blew, the game was on. The passes worked swiftly and the ball was netted for Brandon in the first 60 seconds. Winnipeg came back with a score for their side in the next. There was fast playing on both sides, but the limited floor space handicapped both teams in working out a good combination. The first half ended with a score 12-9 in favor of Brandon, Winnipeg getting one out of three foul throws. Miss Kathleen Death scored for Winnipeg and her incredible speed made her three baskets in swift succession. Miss Bjarnson netted a very neat ball from the centre line, winning hearty applause from all supporters. Brandon

guards held down the opposing forwards, making swift, strong passes to centres. This was evident when a Y.W. centre intercepted the ball and found the speed slightly beyond her capacity. Winnipeg's defense stayed right with our forwards and checked them closely. Despite this, our girls managed to get three more goals in the second half, totalling 18 points. Winnipeg did not score in the second half. The game ended 18-9 in Brandon's favor. All-round team work, together with hearty support by the ex-Brandon students from the gallery, won the game. We congratulate Winnipeg Y.M.C.A. on a fast team and hope to meet them on a Brandon floor as some future date. -

M.A.C. GAME POSTPONED.

Due to scarlet fever breaking out at the M.A.C., the return game with this team was necessarily postponed.

CLARK HALL vs. 'VARSITY.

The eventful day dawned when Clark Hall met the 'Varsity team on their own floor. The game was staged at the Y.M. on Tuesday, March 8th, at 3.15 p.m. A crowded gallery was proof of the momentous importance of the occasion. The Browns and Blues had finally met to decide who should be winners. The first half was refereed by Miss Grace Moody, Varsity coach, the second half by Mr. Jim Smith, Clark Hall coach. The ball went up; good combination and a long throw netted a ball for Brandon. Varsity came back with a score for their side and made one score on a foul throw. With Brandon defense guarding close, the score ended 3-2 for the first half in favor of Varsity. The second half was a fierce, hard battle. Varsity scored twice in spite of careful guarding. Brandon made two foul throws which brought her up to four points. The battle waged fiercer than ever. It was a case of "do or die" with both teams; the ball seemed about to go in when the Browns worked it down their line only to find it returning by way of the Blues. Hazel Adolph and Ella Clark both scored. The sides were even. They went to it with added "pep." But Winnipeg's forward, Miriam Norton, made another goal and foul shot. The whistle blew. Time up! The score stood 11-8.

Varsity came out with the long end of the score, but we congratulate our girls on their excellent team work in the fastest game of the season.

This concludes the outside games for the season, but the inter-college games will likely continue next year when Clark Hall will play Saskatoon and Varsity on their floors.

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

LOIS STRACHAN '23

“What a thrill of delight in spring-time
 What a joy in being and moving! Men are at
 Work in the gardens; and in the air there is an
 Odour of fresh earth.” —Longfellow.

Among the college magazines which come to our Exchange Department are a number of weekly papers. Those we received this month are: the Manitoban, the Sheaf, the Ubysey, the Western U. Gazette, the Campus, and the Gateway. These, of course, cannot be judged on the same basis as the usual college monthly and quarterly magazines, but they obviously have advantages as well as disadvantages. The weeklies are splendid in a large college to announce coming events, thus serving the same purpose as our Bulletin Boards and announcements in chapel. They also bring the students together by discussing college events of interest to all, and this feature is especially good in colleges where the student body is largely non-residential. Then, too, athletics and functions are reported much more quickly than is possible in a monthly magazine. However, there are several drawbacks in connection with the weekly publications. Almost no literary articles, poems, exchange notes; or news of former graduates can be found in any of these papers. Surely these features would be a helpful addition. The largest universities, that can afford to do so, overcome this difficulty by publishing a weekly news bulletin and a literary magazine also.

We are pleased to welcome as one of our exchanges, “The Round Table,” the Mount Holyoke College magazine. The February number is largely concerned with the Mount Holyoke annual poetry contest. It is rather interesting to note that of the fifty poems submitted by students, twenty-one

were free verse, ten blank verse, seven in stanza form, four sonnets, three in couplets, and three with irregular rhyming schemes. The contest was very close, but Miss Rigg's poem, "Mockery," was finally awarded first place. It is so delightful that we quote it here:

MOCKERY.

Happened that the moon was up before I went to bed,
 Poking through the bramble-trees her round gold head.
 I didn't stop for stocking,
 I didn't stop for shoe,
 But went running out to meet her—oh, the night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my toes;
 Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern and rose!
 Oh, night was running with me,
 Time folks were all in bed—
 And the moon was just showing her wild gold head!

But before I reached the hill-top where the bramble-trees are
 tall,
 I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't there at all!
 Nor sitting on the hill-top,
 Nor slipping through the air,
 Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold hair!

I walked slowly down the pastures and slowly up the hill,
 Wondering and wondering, and very, very still.

 I didn't look behind me
 I went at once to bed—
 And poking through the window was her bold gold head!
 —Katherine D. Riggs, 1921.

Who knows how many "mute inglorious Miltons" we may have in Brandon College?

In one issue of the Sheaf there is a short article on "Social Regulations." After reading this, we are able to understand the great need of having a Functions Committee, and can sympathize with our Functions Committee in its stupendous task of drawing up a year's schedule of college activities. The following is an extract from the article in the Sheaf:

"Tonight take place two of the most important functions that will occur this term. Both being important, it would be logical to expect that each would have its own night. But such

is not. Whether it is a case of locked horns, or whether the present day speed has so gained control over us that we must sacrifice to quantity where only quality should dominate, we know not.

“But there is further cause for reproach. The action of those concerned is one of importance in that it shows the attitude of the latter towards laws, and the importance of correcting the existing laxity in the matter of conformity to authority.”

“The Campus” is one of the best weekly papers that we receive. Rochester University is, as we are, planning an extension campaign and intends moving the college to a new site. The following are some rather unique and amusing answers given on their mid-year History examinations:

“Heginà was one of the early Popes as was also Vulgate.”

“The Huguenots of France were a throne in Phillip’s side.”

“Mohammed translated the Bible into English.”

“About the middle of the tenth century the Pope and the Emperor were the sole representatives of God on earth.”

“Vacuum—an empty space inhabited by the Pope.”

One of the noticeable and excellent features of the February issue of the “Vox Wesleyana,” is the number of articles written by the students themselves. The criticism by the “Acadia Athenaeum” that “the ‘Quill’ is weak in its literary department,” could no longer be true of us if our students would but uphold the literary editor in his work. We also noticed in the “Vox” quite a lengthy quotation from our own Brandon College “Academic Commencement Poem” written by Maria Grant. Culture, as portrayed in this poem, is regarded as being the true ideal of the “tone” and dignity that Manitoba University is striving to attain.

The Christmas issue of the “Acta Victoriana” from Victoria College, University of Toronto, is especially good. Besides the beautiful frontispiece of the Madonna and Child, there are several winter scenes and amusing cartoons. There are many stories and articles in this number, all of which are good, but “An Ojibwa Legend” and “Old Jim at Christmas” deserve special mention. One outstanding feature of this magazine is, that the Literary, Religious, Scientific and Editorial sections

are printed in large type, while the Athletic, Personals, Exchanges and other accounts of college activities are printed in small type in double columns. A novel way, used by the "Acta Victoriana," of drawing attention to important notices is to print them on a picture background.

Now that the time draws near for the production of our own college play our attention is attracted to the dramatic activities of other colleges. Acadia has already scored a decided success with Harold McGrath's popular play, "The Man on the Box." The University of British Columbia is presenting "Sweet Lavender," and Saskatchewan University, "Dumbbells."

We would naturally expect to find the most elaborate and ambitious plays given at the Hart House Theatre, University of Toronto, as they have every advantage in the way of stage scenery, and specially composed music. Their Players' Club opened their fourth season by presenting "Matsuo," a Japanese tragedy, and "Rasmus Montanus," a Danish comedy. Both of these plays were such as would never be seen in the ordinary commercial theatre or even in most amateur productions. The Players' Club has always made a practice of producing good, but unusual plays which otherwise would remain unknown to student audiences.

The January number of the Acadia Athenaeum contains several clever stories and instructive scientific articles, and also a graphic description of the "Burning of College Hall." We sympathize with them in the loss of this historic building and congratulate them on their larger plans for the future. The Athenaeum is a splendid magazine in all its departments, but the general impression might be lightened by a few well-chosen cuts. This lack of pictures and cartoons is a general failing of college publications.

Freshie (enquiring anxiously of a senior standing near Dr. McNeil's office door): "Is the Bean dizzy?"

—Exchange.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges, in addition to those already mentioned: The Johnian, King's College Record, Queen's Quarterly, McMaster Monthly, The Argosy, Lux Columbian, Managra, Wesley College Magazine, The University (of New Brunswick) Monthly.

POST-EXAM. OUTBURST.

Of cheerful words

In prose or verse,

The best are these:

It might have been—worse!

—Vox Wesleyana.



ALUMNI ALUMNAE

MISS J. M. TURNBULL '15

"Not in vain the distance beckons,
Forward, forward let us range."

—'20. Miss E. Bolton is teaching in the Sanitorium at Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Messrs. C. Morgan, L. C. Nelson and F. Howard are attending Normal School in Regina, Sask.

Mr. D. M. McNaught is located in Regina with Fairbanks, Morse & Co.

—'19. Miss M. Struthers is teaching in one of the Public Schools in Saskatoon, Sask.

Yeomans—Wolverton. On December 29th, 1920, at the home of the bride's parents, Nelson, B.C., Frances Mary Wolverton was married to G. Alan Gibson Yeomans. Mr. and Mrs. Yeomans are living on a farm in the Alexander, Man., district.

—'16. Rev. J. Linton, formerly of Toronto, is now pastor of the Point St. Charles Baptist Church, Montreal.

—'15. Duncan—Smith. On February 23rd, 1921, in Carberry, Man., Margaret Smith, of Hamilton, Ontario, was married to Phillip Duncan, of Dauphin, Man.

Belated congratulations to Rev. A. J. Nördlund, who graduated in the spring of 1920 from Newton Theological Seminary. Honors came his way more than once during his course; in second year he won the Haskel scholarship, and during third year the Turner fellowship. He is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Sharon, Mass. We sincerely wish him every success in his work there.

Mr. G. F. Fisher, having completed his work in law, has been practising his profession for the past year in Brandon, as junior partner of the firm Kilgour, Foster & McQueen.

—'14. "Long & Sleight, Barristers," reads a sign before a law office in Medicine Hat. Our friend J. W. Sleight has all our wishes for his continued success.

A. J. Radley has a pastorate at Manhattan, Ill.

—'13. The sympathy of her classmates and of a host of friends is with Miss Evelyn Simpson upon the death of her mother on January 31. Mrs. Simpson's passing has meant the loss of a kindly friend to many of us, and our sympathy with those dearest to her is all the more sincere and real.

Rev. and Mrs. Archibald Gordon and family of Wuy-yurn, India, sailed for Canada on February 7th. We are looking forward to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon.

Theol. Rev. H. E. Green is pastor of the Wentworth Avenue Baptist Church, in Hamilton, Ontario.

—'12. Theol. Rev. L. E. Brough, formerly of Red Deer, Alta., is greatly enjoying his work at Maquoketa, Ia.

—'06. Born. To Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tingley, Brandon, Man., on October 27, 1920, a daughter, Helen Louise.

Miss Helen Hall, formerly a student and member of the faculty of the Music Department, began training in Vancouver General Hospital in January, 1921.

Hopkins—Wade. On January 4th, 1921, at the home of the bride's parents, Brandon, Eva Wade was married to Edward Hopkins, M.Sc., of Ottawa, Ont.

Miss Bessie Smith is on the Union Bank staff, Oakburn, Man.

Mrs. R. Cunningham (née Mildred McKee) is doing very splendid social service work in her position as Directress of the Home Branch of Soldiers' Settlement Work for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Mr. W. Burchill is attending the Michigan State Auto School, in Detroit, Mich.

Dickey—Evenden. On December 25th, 1920, in Regina, Sask., Gladys Evenden was married to Harold B. Dickey, of Cupar, Sas.

Every success to Mr. Gordon Cumming, who recently completed his course in law, and with a class-mate has hung out his shingle in Saint James, Man.

Mr. Henry Powell is teaching at La Labre, Manitoba.

Born. To Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Nordlund, of Classes '20 and '19 respectively, on March 28th, twin daughters, Donna Victoria and Zoe Edith.



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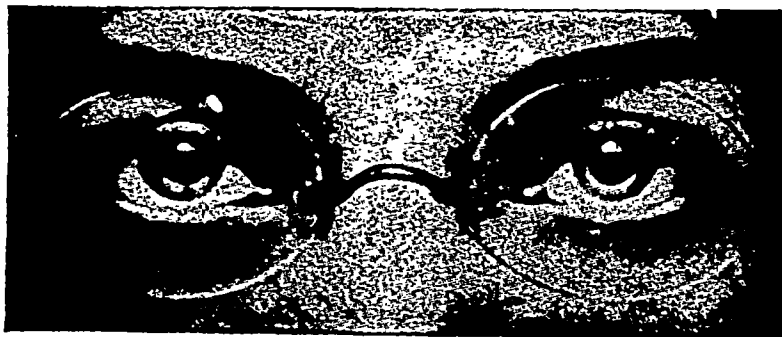
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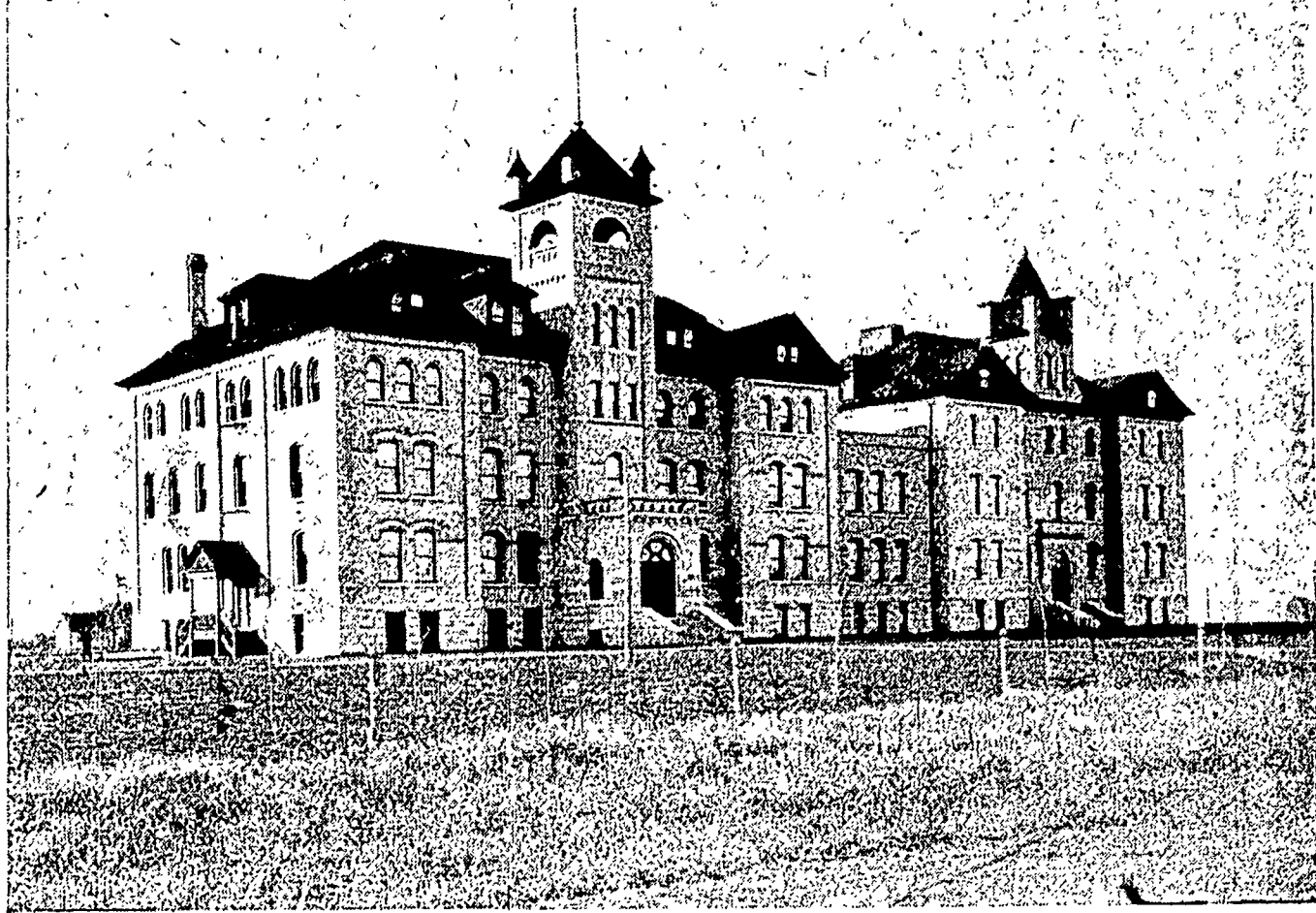
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