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1922

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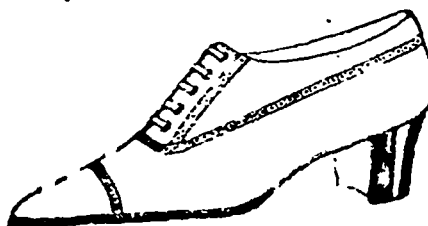
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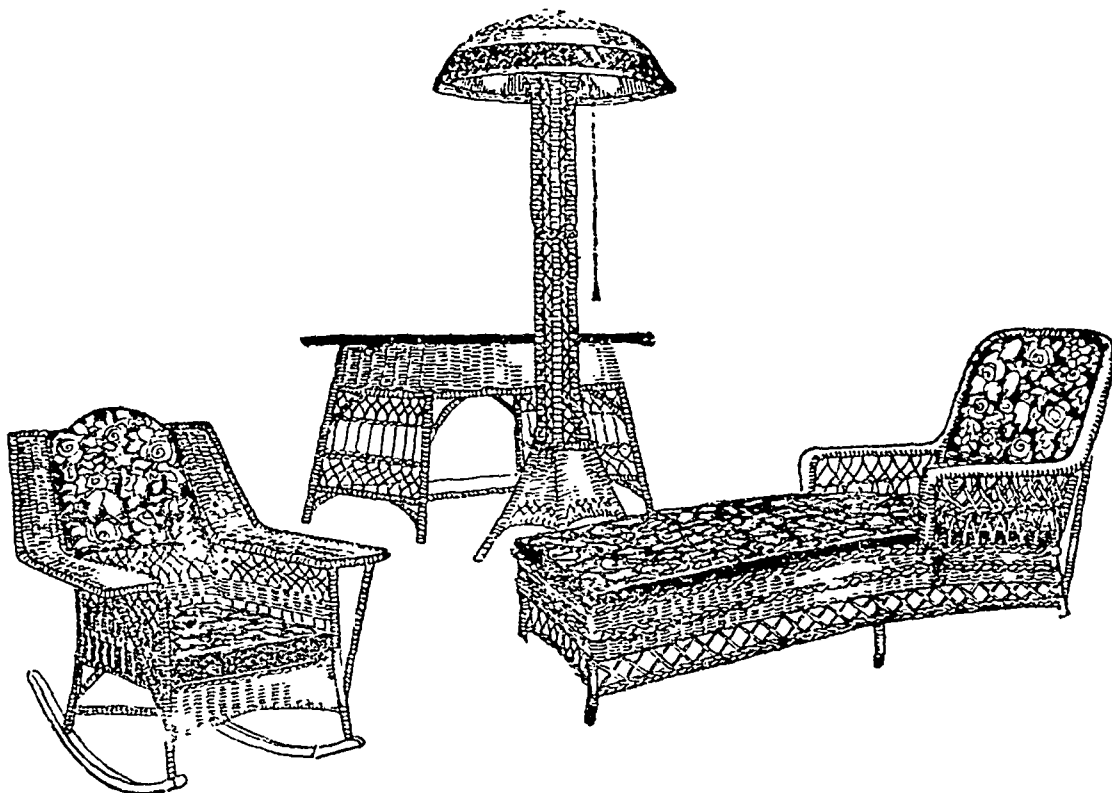
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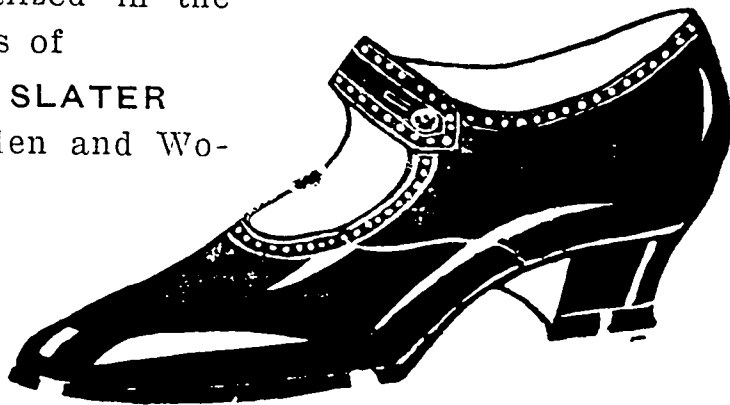
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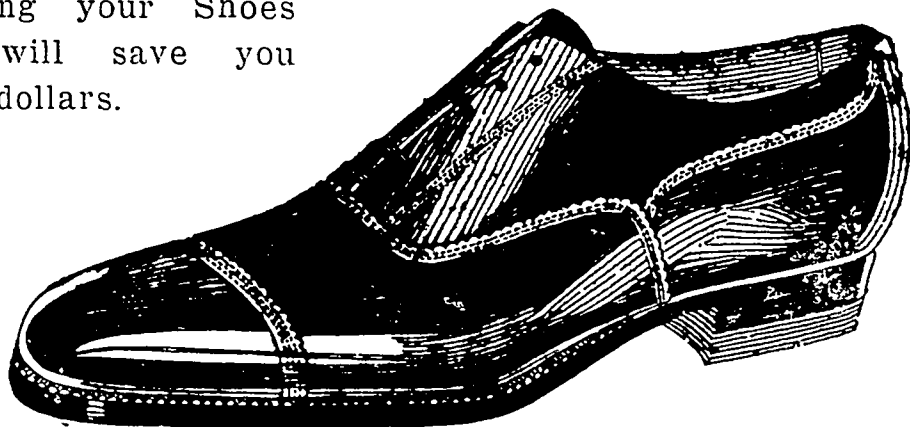
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# Brandon College Quill

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE ALPS

While gazing on the upright walk  
Of Alpine peaks in wonder-land,  
The snow, the green, the chiselled halls  
Remind one ever of God's hand.

For God alone could build such spires,  
And point them upwards through the sky;  
And only His enduring fires  
Could throw such monuments on high.

He breathed upon the barren side,  
Now sculptured beauty one beholds;  
And every mountain in its pride  
The tale of centuries unfolds.

Here glacial waters by His powers  
Forsake their far-off ice-clad home;  
Content 'neath rugged crags and towers  
In peaceful valleys, now to roam.

Here unrelenting forces rage  
Above the far-hung timber-line,  
And climbers fight at every stage  
To gain the heights, well-nigh divine.

Yet breathless stillness too doth brood  
Though storms and tumult never cease:  
And here where ancient travellers stood,  
One longs for God's eternal peace.

—J. Hart.

## EASTER IN SIBERIA

Having been asked by the "Quill" editor to contribute something on Siberia it occurred to me that it would be appropriate at this season to try to recall what I can of the Easter I spent there in 1919. During Easter week I was on an ammunition train journeying by slow stages toward Omsk. My memory for details is hazy, but some general impressions remain. I remember for one thing, that the season was much more advanced than it is with us this year. We had beautiful warm days on the plains of Manchuria and the grass had already begun to show green. During our long stops we had plenty of opportunity to stretch our limbs, while we watched the beginning of farm operations, as probably they have begun spring after spring on that ancient land, for the past thousand years. It is easy to believe that there has been little change in methods during that whole period. Everything looked very archaic about the farmsteads that dotted the plains, but there was an air of thrift and rude plenty, and a sense of the restfulness that can only be produced by ages of settled habits.

We found colder weather in the higher levels of the trans-Baikalian province and in the region of Lake Baikal itself, snow was still deep on the ground and the Mooshiks were driving across the frozen lake. In the forest region of the interior we also found plenty of melting snow, though, arriving at Omsk early in May, the leaves were beginning to appear and the May flowers were already out in profusion.

But I began to talk of Easter and not of the weather. The Church plays a large part in the Russian's life. To begin with, there are about 150 religious holidays in the year, during which business is closed, and the whole population gathers to church, summoned by the call of many bells. We passed through many towns and cities and it seemed that, day or night the bells were always ringing and the dogs howling. Apparently during Easter week the general population has free access to the belfry, and the boys especially seem to find delight in keeping up a constant jangle. I don't suppose there are finer bells made anywhere. Some of the tones are exceedingly sweet, if they can be heard singly, but I never heard a carillon in Siberia. The bells seem to be placed in the church towers without any regard to their chiming. There may be two dozen bells in a village church, each with its own aggressive individuality, and the effect of their sounding together, especially for hours at a time, is rather distressing. Very different

from the musical chime that comes floating so often over an English landscape.

There were many preparatory services before Easter Sunday and I had occasion to attend one or two in the cathedrals of some of the larger cities. In Chita, for instance, there is a cathedral and, being stranded there for a few days, I made several visits. The points of difference from a Roman Catholic cathedral are very striking. In the first place there are no seats, the whole congregation stands throughout the service. In the Russian church everything centres about the altar. The theatrical effects, along with the most exquisite singing, are remarkable. There is no statuary in a Russian church. With the exception of one crucifix, the images are the sacred Icons, which are painted and consecrated in the monasteries. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful examples of the painters and the goldsmith's art. Before them burn the candles which devotees from time to time insert in the little sockets prepared for them. During the service in Chita I saw a small child leave its mother and approach an Icon, light the taper it carried, leave it burning there, and return to its place conscious of having performed an act of worship. I was impressed by the reverent attitude of a large number of Cossacks who stood among the congregation. The priests look rather dirty and unkempt on the street, but dressed in their gorgeous robes, moving here and there about the altar, singing with their great voices, deep and resonant, like bulls of Bashan, they look and sound like beings from another world.

There is no organ in a Russian cathedral, at least I never discovered one. The musical effects are produced by the human voice; The priest sings, and the choir, concealed aloft in the rear of the church, takes up the responses. I cannot remember having heard anything in the way of sacred music that impressed me as being more suited to the purpose. One particular comes back to me as I try to recall that congregation in Chita, perhaps it impressed me more than anything else. It was a congregation in old clothes, either uniforms or civilian dress. There was hardly a new garment to be seen and as for the ladies' Easter hats, I am dumb. The revolution had many atrocities. War is a terrible thing. It is certainly hard on clothes.

I attended, some days later, a service in the more imposing Cathedral of Irkutsk. This is the conventional type. Notice the Byzantine influence in its architecture. It is in form a Greek cross with a great bell tower over the portal. Like everything else, this building is badly in need of repair.



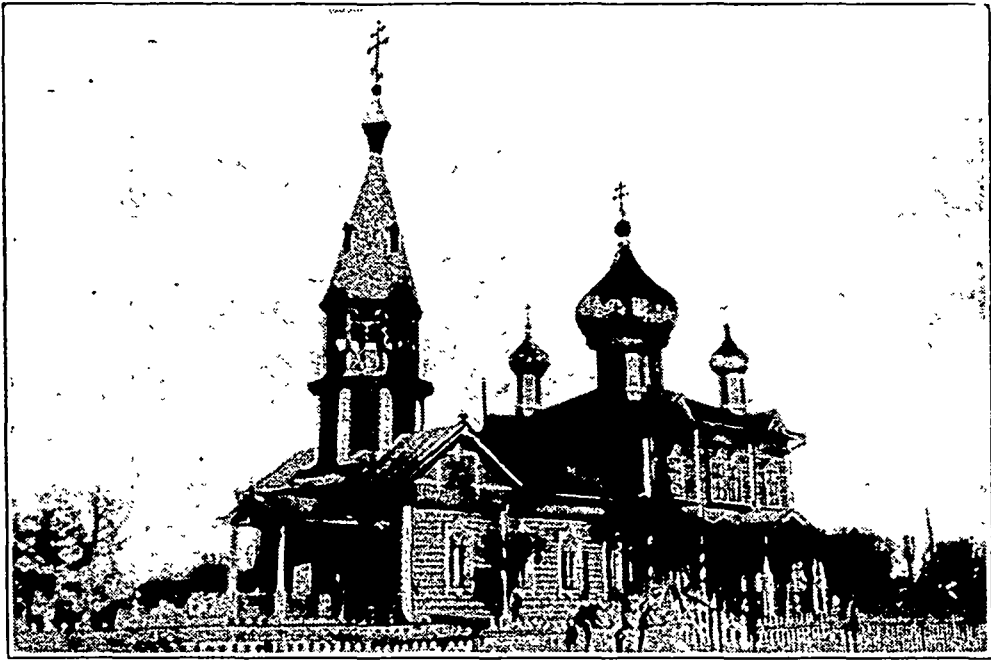
### THE CATHEDRAL IRKUTSK

It was not, however, in a great city, nor under the shadow of a cathedral that I spent Easter Sunday. It was in the little town, or I might say, village, around the station of Nishni Udinsk. That was a day I shall never forget, and yet it is hard to know why. Nothing much happened, certainly nothing startling. I think it must be because for one day I lived the life and entered into the spirit of the Russian, so different from our own and yet so human and kindly that I felt thoroughly at home.

The day opened with the ringing of bells. Our train was due for an indefinite stop because the Reds had broken the line ahead of us. We were glad of the warm sun and glad of the quiet and peace, except, of course, for the bells. After breakfast, at which we could drink our coffee without losing half of it, the Major and I made our way to the quaint log church, of which I was able to get a fair picture. We don't know how to build log buildings in this country. If the reader will look at that picture he will see that the log work is carried right to the tower, and is done with jointing as neat as cabinet work.

The belfry was full of boys who called to us to come up and have a go at the bells, but we declined. In the church yard were long tables not unlike those which Western Christians are wont to use at tea meetings, or were at least when this present scribe was in knickerbockers. We learned that early in the morning these tables had been laden with the food which the peasants had brought to be blessed by the priest. It was the food of the Paschal meal which was then taken away to be eaten at home.



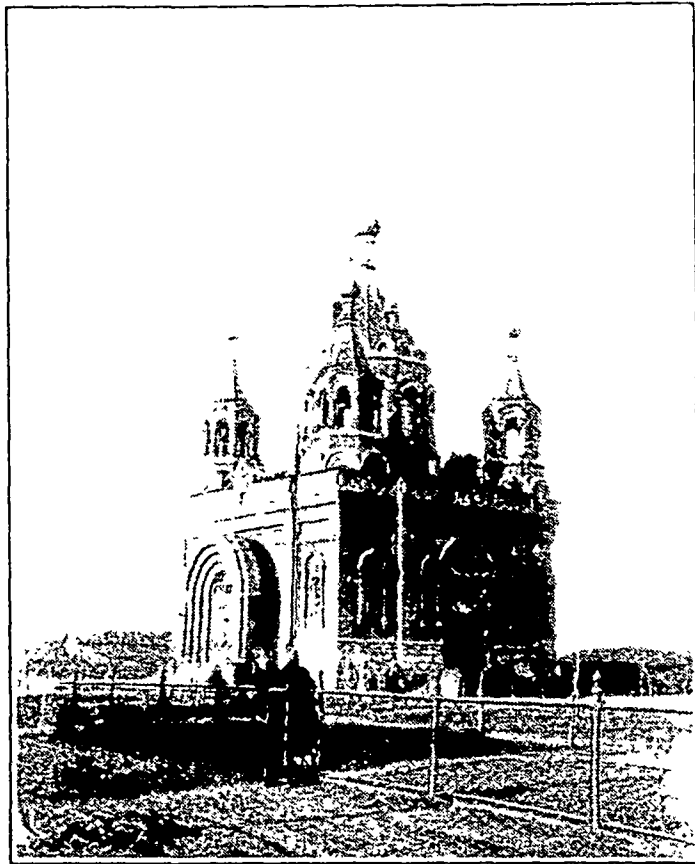


### CHURCH AT NISHNI UDINSK

It is a custom in Russia on Easter morning when two people meet for one to say: "The Lord is risen," and the other to respond: "The Lord is risen indeed," and then to greet each other with a kiss. I am told that Nicholas I. invariably practiced this custom and that on one occasion he made the usual salutation to the sentry on guard. "The Lord is risen," said the Tzar, "Not at all, your Majesty," said the sentry, who happened to be a Jew (and this started the pogroms).

I had a vague idea of trying it on the first person I met in Nishni Udinsk, but with a second look at that person I came to myself again. I did not attend the big service of the day, or rather of the night, for it was held at midnight, and our train was due to pull out. The people, I was told, were to come, each with a taper, which, before leaving, they were to light at the candle burning in front of the sacred Icon and guide themselves home in procession. I was also told that it was a custom of the village priest to drink vodka in every house in his parish on Easter day. That he was able, after that, to conduct a midnight service, is added proof of the stability and depth of Russian character.

There was a Russian officer at Nishni Udinsk, in connection with the railway who graciously invited three of us to eat the Paschal meal at his home on the evening, perhaps it is the memory of that visit that makes Nishni Udinsk stand out as a pleasant oasis in the midst of many drab days. The family consisted of the Russian and his lady, their two small children, and two young girls, one his sister and the other his



CHAPEL AT KRASNOYARSK

wife's. We could only converse through one of our officers who was an interpreter, but we managed wonderfully well.

I gave each of the children an American nickel with a Buffalo on it and in Russia, as elsewhere, money talks. The meal was a novelty—special Easter dishes. The Paschal loaf, which had been to church in the morning, was a great cake of many pounds. There was also a cake of flavoured curds, it was almost a cubic foot in volume, that is, when we sat down, when we got up it looked like a ruined pyramid of Imhotep. I asked how it was made, but was told that the recipe was both secret and sacred. The lady did the honors of the samovar with grace and the tea was a rare treat, especially as in our honor there were precious lumps of sugar to go with it. The young girls were attending school there which was regularly kept and I gathered from gesture and an old word that the teacher was being paid too much. After supper the lady invited me to a game of chess and checkmated me in two or three moves. I was glad I could not speak Russian for I would not have known what to say. Shortly before midnight we left them and before long were rolling off to another world. Nishni Udnisk was recaptured by the Bolsheviki some months after our visit and I often think of the little children to whom I gave the nickles and hope they are all right.

—T. D.

## A FEATHER DUSTER

The store might be said to be on the border line between Chinatown and the rest of the city. There was nothing unusual about it, except the reputation of the present occupant, Ling Kee. It was small and dark and along three sides were show-cases. The one on the left was filled with articles of ivory, the one on the right with beads of amber and jade, while that in the centre contained Eastern curios, fancy china, watches, etc.

Ling Kee's reputation as an honest man was well-known throughout the city—not only among his fellow countrymen but among the English-speaking population as well. His wares were genuine. Jade of poor quality could be bought from him, but nevertheless it would be jade. Some of his beads of amber were speckled and cloudy—but others were rich and clear in color. Ling's imperturbable features never revealed that inner delight which he experienced in bargaining; but the big problem was to have someone at the other side of the counter to bargain with. The summer's business had been dull but now that people were returning from the seashore prospects looked brighter. So in a shadowy corner, with his eyes fixed on the door, Ling waited patiently for customers.

Presently the shop-door opened and two women entered, both well-dressed. One wearing a blue costume with a rich furpiece about her throat, was evidently doing all the talking; the other in a sport suit of deep brown seemed the listener. Both entered as if not sure of being in the right place. Ling glided out of the shadow into the centre of the room, and smilingly faced his customers.

The woman in the blue condescendingly said: "We desire to purchase a curio—to be given as a gift."

"Yes, vvelly much glad—want to look to see jade?"

"Thank you—yes."

Meanwhile the companion in brown had spied some ivory rike-sha in the show-case opposite. "Oh, look Luville! Look at those ivory rikeshas! Aren't they too cute for words?"

The other exclaimed in delight, "Aren't they perfectly grand! They are the darlinest things I have seen for a long time."

"Plenty jade, missy," said Ling, as a means of bringing back his customers. "All proper price and best in city."

"Yes, we have been told that. Ada dear, do you know anything about jade?"

"Just a little," the other replied, shrugging her shoulders. "An indiation of good jade is that it always feels cold."

Both felt two pieces of jade which possessed the quality indicated.

"How much?"

"Seventy-eight dolla dis one—dis eighty dolla; cheap him, vल्ली fine."

"That is more than we want to pay. Have you not something cheaper?" Then started a long hour's work for Ling. He showed the women everything which he thought might please them—ivory paper-cutters, elephants, cigarette holders, emeralds, watches, ivory monkeys, etc.—until at last his patience was becoming exhausted. "He must sell these customers something if at all possible and curio buyers are apt to buy anything that has a history, if it is cheap." Ling had an inspiration.

Why did a fifty-cent English-made feather-duster come into his mind? We cannot tell, but intuitively he felt that he would sell it.

"Excuse missy—forgot something. I go get it." In a moment he returned from the back of the store with the feather duster wrapped in a paper on which were written many Chinese characters. While unwrapping it very carefully Ling solemnly remarked:

"My kidd, missy—him vल्ली good—jake—yes. All number one chou. Him old-long-long. Come from my country."

When the feather-duster came to light the woman in brown enthusiastically said: "This must be one of the dusters used in a Chinese palace, thousands of years ago."

"Yes," Ling broke in. "Him big man. Hongleeky—his—his old. You buy cheap. Some little devil eat dis," and he pointed to the feathers. "Must sell cheap—only two dolla."

"I suppose it is getting moth eaten," said the woman in blue. "That is why he is selling it cheaply. But doesn't it look rare. See how the feathers curl at the end. To think that it has been a duster in a Chinese palace thousands of years ago! How wonderful!"

"Don't wait," the other said impatiently. "It is a bargain. Take it before he changes his mind."

The article was purchased and as it was handed to them, Ling smiled. "Plenty cheap."

There was a laugh up a Chinese sleeve, at an easy profit from a foreigner. Incense would be burned at once to the God Joss.

## BLUE SNAKE

Blue Snake must have had an innate foreboding of being captured, for on this particular morning, he had stayed behind the string of which he was the leader when they had come for their customary drink at the spring. With knees slightly bent, and body quivering with tenseness, he thrust his velvet muzzle into the cool refreshing waters. Was he not an altogether desirable little cow pony, when, with head held high he pranced on his tiny hoofs at opportune moments? Snake knew his good qualities and aimed to emphasize them.

Scarcely a soul knew of the weary hours his mistress spent endeavoring to slide that silver studded strap over his delicate ears, that he might be correctly bridled. His ears had probably been made sensitive by brutal breaking way down on the plains of Utah, for it was here that he was born and brought up a first-class pony.

Snake knew the ropes, but more particularly did he know the lariat rope and he knew how to act at both ends. For when his rider threw the rope, it was a sure aim and he braced his feet accordingly. Many a time he had seen a poor, ignorant creature struggle, while all the time the lasso was tightening around his neck. On this particular morning Snake stood quite still when the rope was thrown lightly across his back. He might have made a getaway, but was too wise to risk any sort of punishment that might interfere with the comfort of his ears.

As he trotted lightly over the marshy ground on his way up to the corral, his tiny feet made a deeper imprint than usual. What were those queer steel things on his feet which made pretty sparks as he struck protruding stones in the pasture? Yes! he was shod. Something more to add to his comfort, he presumed, for he had submitted to having his legs twisted ridiculously the day before in order that the shoes might be adjusted. Still, they felt queer. I'm sure old Dick, who came up whinnying just then told him that he would get used to them; for Dick had been wearing heavy iron shoes for the last five years and knew their value on the hard granite trails.

Snake was standing, an hour later, an obedient little mustang, gazing at the busy folk loading up the grub-waggon, till Tommy jumped into the driver's seat, cracked his long whip and shouted: "All aboard!" Aunt Ede had clamboured in beside him, for she was to take the trip to the mountains seventy miles distant, as chaperone and general mother to the

camping party. Tommy was well away to the brow of the hill before the rest started. With mad war whoops and laughing good-byes the remaining six young people straddled their respective ponies and were off in pursuit of the swiftly advancing Tommy.

The first twenty miles, to the Canadian customs house at Twin Lakes, was made before eleven o'clock. Then Tommy, the man in authority, interviewed the customs-house officer, while six eager riders encircled him protectingly, as if to confirm his every word. The white-haired gentleman stepped off the porch, touched his Stetson, smiled, and said: "Well sir, what can I do for you?" Tommy had expected to be thundered at, and stood abashed before his genial senior, then he grinningly replied: "You see it's just like this boss, we're just takin' the young folks for an outin' up to Glacier. Come all the way from Ridge this mornin' and 'd like to make it to Bob before nightfall and we weren't thinkin' about losin' much time." Mr. McKenzie nodded his reply and disappeared into the office for paper and pencil to make a list of the goods and chattels, and record the brands of the horses. When Blue Snake's turn came, he stepped proudly up, executed an affected little squirm and revolved on his hind legs. "Bar C!" "What's this cayuse doing here?" His mistress smiled and replied that Snake was a privileged character and allowed on both sides of the line without question." The old man scratched his head as he recalled the big Montana cattleman who had a string of "Bar C" horses, and without further question handed over the pass to the important Tommy.

The U. S. customs was passed, dinner was disposed of, and by 4 p.m. the party arrived at Camp 9, where a steel viaduct spanned St. Mary's River. Snake was anxious to try the plunging waters, but his mistress feared the risk of a hidden hole in the bed of the stream. After much snorting and many capers he was persuaded to take the bridge.

Just as the last white threads of daylight were drawn across the sky the little band of pleasure seekers reached the Foothills. Here, after they had fed and hobbled the ponies, they settled down for the night under the welcome poplar trees and were soon fast asleep in their blankets. Snake, however, became homesick, a feeling which is very human, but he did something which was very horselike. Under cover of the darkness he hobbled back over several miles of winding trail and five hours later Tommy found him nosing around an Indian tepee much to the delight of a small Indian boy, who was piercingly bright-eyed from the flap in the front.

After catching the culprit and gathering the rest of the string on the return Tommy arrived in camp just in time to partake of his well-earned breakfast.

By eleven o'clock twelve miles of granite road had been traversed, but not without considerable uneasiness and palpitation of the heart, for the way was narrow. Motor-vans plying back and forth to Mary Glacier Hotel from the station twenty miles distant, were ever dashing around unsuspecting corners and were a source of constant dread to Rock who was a co-worker with Dick on the grub-waggon in which Aunt Ede was so precariously reposing. More than once it was Tommy's swift intellect and good management that prevented Rock from bolting headlong and dashing grub-waggon, Aunt Ede and all, over a precipice into a gorge hundreds of feet below.

Sudden rains are prevalent in the Rockies and the prairie folk were not long in suspense as to the nature of them. No sooner had they pitched camp than one of those great clouds closed in over Mt. McDermott, and the rain came down in torrents. No one had thought of an umbrella save Aunt Ede, who had put one in the luggage "in case." Even Tommy was glad to crawl under it, however, when the tent was filled to overflowing and the boys had not their temporary shelter constructed.

Of all the adventures the eight-mile trip to Iceberg Lake a few days later was, perhaps the most daring. The party left camp early. Up steep mountain inclines, over quaint natural bridges spanning mountain cataracts, covering vast forest areas where the footing—even for mountain ponies—was so precarious that one misplaced step would have meant a fifteen-thousand-foot toboggan slide to the "Better Land" for both horse and rider. The Lake was a mass of floating ice enclosed by a granite amphitheatre a thousand feet in height. From this Arctic vantage-point one could look down into the vast valley below and see the mountain flowers of July growing in close proximity to the slowly moving glaciers. Even here and there a mountain goat could be seen making its way lightly along narrow ledges. It was an amazing panorama of scenic beauty.

Mary Glacier Hotel, situated at the base of a gigantic cathedral-shaped mountain on the shore of Lake Jaceplune, was a favorite source of interest. From the rotunda one could look across the lake to the quaint chateaux on the opposite mountain side and imagine oneself in the heart of Switzerland. Even Blue Snake looked forward to the mornings at the hotel, for the guides had a happy faculty of producing sugar lumps

on these visits, and such delicacies were new to this little pony of the plains.

Just a little foot-sore and weary these horses of the open lands threaded their way back to the brown prairies a few weeks later. The last night before reaching home each weary soul, too tired to pitch tent, rolled up in his blanket, with the dark starlit canopy of heaven overhead, a saddle for his pillow, and the bare ground for his bed.

The following afternoon found a wet, bedraggled and muddy troop taking its way through familiar coulees to the home ranch, for the Ridge Hill country was in the very midst of its annual summer rain.

As Blue Snake trotted out of the corral several hours later, he must have looked in through the open window, upon the quiet figure sleeping peacefully in the little white bed. For just as the candle flickered and went out, he whinnied softly to his mate, and with the answering signal trotted unhobbled toward the far corner of the pasture from which the call came.

—H. M. K. '23

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## NEWS FROM INDIA

From a Letter Received from Mrs. John Hart  
(Nee Miss Jean Cameron)

Bimlipatan, Vizog District,

November 23rd, 1921.

Here we are in the land of our choice and both of us have fallen very much in love with India and her people. I thought that perhaps you would like to know something about the place we are in and what our first impressions are.

The language is very difficult but interesting. Our teacher (munshe) is the same one the Gordons had. They may be able to tell you more about him. He is very exacting as regards pronunciation, which is an excellent feature. The hieroglyphics of the Telegu writing are the queerest things I have ever seen.

India has very pleasantly surprised both of us. The country itself is much prettier than what I expected to see. The trees, flowers and plants present a glorious sight to Western Canada folk. We have had our first glimpse of cocoanut trees, banana plants, orange trees and rice fields. The Indian fruits are delicious. Custard apples, loose jacket oranges,



bananas and a fruit called papia (pa-pi-ya) seem to be the most common. I am very fond of India's rice and curry, which I did not suppose I would like.

Bimli is located right on the sea-coast—the Bay of Bengal—so fresh fish is quite plentiful. That is another thing I am very fond of. In India the meals differ slightly from our Canadian meals. In the morning at seven or earlier we have what is called “chota” or little breakfast. It consists of fruit, bread and butter and jam, usually we have eggs and toast also. At eleven we have breakfast which consists of porridge, rice and curry, or some kind of meat or fish, potatoes and fruit. At three o'clock we have tea, bread, butter, jam and cake, and at seven we have dinner.

The native dress or rather undress is quite a novelty. Quite a number of the non-Christian natives wear nothing but a cloth around the hips, while among the others there are several different styles. Some wear what looks like a sheet wrapped around them. This extends from the waist to the ground. Others wear this sheet-like garb and also a shirt. Still others wear shirts and short trousers. In every case the shirt hangs loosely on the outside of the trousers. One of the missionaries said to us: “You would not see many English, Canadian or American young men with their shirt-tails sticking out.” The Indian women cover the body completely with long robes gathered at the waist and draped gracefully around them.

The native huts, as a rule (that is, those I have seen), are miserable little places. The roofs are thatched and are very low. The rooms look bare and many are not any too clean.

The mission bungalows, which we have seen, are beautiful, big buildings. They are nicely furnished and as home-like as the houses at home. They are built of stone and have a great many doors and windows. Mr. Gullison, with whom we are staying, has his bungalow very tastefully furnished. In the centre there is a kitchen, a dining and sitting-room, all three of which are mutual or common property. Mr. Gillison has a bed-room, a study, a dressing-room and bath-room and sitting-room, which may be used as a study. The floors are covered with matting over which rugs are spread. The walls are of white plaster and are exceedingly high. Well-chosen pictures and other ornaments decorate these walls. Tables, comfortable chairs, etc., make the rooms so homelike. Mr. Gullison has a piano, a small but good organ and a Victrola. We require mosquito netting over the beds all the time. Rods are attached to the beds, extending up about six feet and the netting is hung on these rods. An immense veranda extends

across the whole front of the bungalow which faces east. From this we get a fine view of the Bay of Bengal.

We have begun our study of the language in this fine home and are enjoying it very much. It is quite difficult, but very interesting. Mr. Higgins, one of the missionaries, started us out the very first Sunday we were in India with a Telegu sentence. To-day we said four sentences.

Mr. Gullison has a boarding school for boys and such fine looking lads as they are. The majority of them are between seven and thirteen and their sweet, wee faces are exceedingly attractive to me. There are some of the nicest looking men and women among the Christians. The difference Christ makes in the lives of these people is marvellous and oh! what a difference in the condition of India's womanhood! It is beyond the power of tongue or pen to tell of the oppression of the non-Christian women of this land. And opposed to this we have the noble lives of the native Christians.

We are hoping and praying that great things for the kingdom may take place in dear old Brandon College and Clark Hall this year.

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## MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM FUND REPORT

As was stated in the Memorial Gymnasium Fund report, printed in the last issue of the "Quill," the Student Body of this year set out to raise for the Memorial Fund \$2,000 in cash. Each class assumed responsibility for raising a definite proportion of this amount. In other columns of this issue there are accounts of the several larger entertainments that have been so successfully put on in behalf of the Fund. In addition there has been a larger number of smaller efforts made by the individual classes. Tea-rooms and ice-cream parlors have been set up in the girls' "Gymnasium" on Friday evenings; teas have been given in town as well as a very profitable home-cooking sale: chocolate bars and fruit have been sold all winter in the college; chocolates have been peddled at the play and concert, and so on.

With the proceeds of a never-to-be-forgotten concert given in the Normal School Arts III. has come within \$12 of its allotment. The Senior Music students have already gone over the top and have secured an average of \$8.00 per student. One thousand, five hundred and twenty-eight dollars has been raised thus far this year. It is practically assured that before the

month is up the \$472 will have been added to make up the \$2,000.00.

The Memorial Fund has in cash to-day \$11,321 and in unpaid pledges \$3,561, making a total of \$14,882.

Since the last issue of the "Quill" word has come from the College Board, which has looked carefully into the matter, that under existing conditions the estimated cost of the Gymnasium must be set at \$60,000 instead of \$45,000 as had been hoped. The students' objective has thus necessarily been raised to \$25,000 instead of \$20,000 and the pledged support of the Board has been raised from \$25,000 to \$35,000.

The Students' Memorial Fund needs \$10,000. Where is it to come from? We hope that almost the whole of that amount can be raised among the Alumni and ex-students. Our ex-student list contains about 2,000 names. The question is as to whether it is advisable to send a man into the field this summer under existing conditions or whether it is in the interests of the Cause to once more delay. That matter has been left in the hands of a competent committee to determine.

Building operations do not necessarily have to be postponed until that \$10,000 is secured. If all pledges were paid and \$5,000 could be collected in addition it would be possible to build this summer what might be called the first unit of the Memorial Gymnasium. Even with the cash on hand it might be found distinctly advisable to lay foundations and to profit by the incentive that such an action would give to the cause. Whatever is decided as to the best present course of action—and it will be decided quickly—it is surely manifest that there can be but one eventual issue to the untiring effort that has been made in the past on behalf of the project, and that is, a "Students' Memorial Gymnasium."

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Maria—"In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own."

Umphrey—"M——, yes, perhaps she can; but she never does."

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Bill—"When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded."

Hazel—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

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As we near the end of another College year **RETROSPECT** we instinctively turn to review its achievements. Each individual probably judges his record largely in relation to his ambition and expectations at the beginning of the year. Needless to say the end has come too soon and unrealized hopes give rise to self-dissatisfaction and regret. Presumably the easy going student who takes everything as he finds it experiences no noticeable dissatisfaction. But judging from expression of opinion which seem to be fairly representative, there is quite a number of Brandon College students who are lamenting their failure to realize their own possibilities. The ambitious student usually commences his year with high hopes and concludes it with some regrets. This is partially due to the fact that dissatisfaction is the inevitable accompaniment of ambition, but in a number of cases it is due to the student's realization that he has diffused his



### "QUILL" STAFF 1921-22.

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interests over too many pursuits and consequently has made a creditable success of none of them.

We would not care to appear so antiquated as not to believe in "all-round development." Intellectual advancement, physical training, broadening sympathies, and developing group loyalty are manifestly indispensable adjuncts of an adequate educational process. But we believe most thoroughly in "all-round development," when that phrase is given a somewhat limited meaning. The number of diverse pursuits among which the average individual can divide his time and energies, and at the same time acquit himself successfully with respect to each, is extremely limited. A number of our students, whose loyalty is conspicuously in evidence, are beginning to recognize that they have permitted their willingness to out-distance their capabilities.

Our case might, perhaps, be diagnosed in the following way. As a College group, we are aggressively ambitious. Not only do we feel obliged to live up to past traditions, but we are prone to increase activities. We are attempting too much, or rather, too much is being required of those who are singled out for responsible leadership. We should either diminish our activities or devise some means of distributing duties more widely. "But," someone may interject, "no individual does any more than he wishes to do." Such an expression, if it were true, would dismiss the whole question. Apparently any student who is so determined can plan his personal schedule of work and recreation, circumscribe his responsibilities as narrowly as he pleases, and adhere undeviatingly to his plans. The apparent success of his scheme will be conditioned largely by his persistent refusal to modify his own idea of what group loyalty and College spirit require of him. Our student life is a problem in proportion, and the problem consists not so much in carefully formulating one's own plans as in successfully mediating between the dictates of one's legitimate desire for intensive personal culture and the persistent appeals which are made to one's sense of social responsibility. It is unfortunate that anyone should be penalized because of his loyalty. But it is unmistakable that some are consciously failing to achieve their primary purpose in coming to College because of a continuous exploitation of their willingness to do more than their share.

If student life is a preparation for real, active leadership—and we like to think and say that it is—then there is an imperative need that intensive study should find a prominent place in its scheme of things. The outstanding feature of con-

temporary human society is its almost bewildering complexity. To pass into that society and to attempt in any extensive way to influence its evolution, equipped with nothing but an accumulation of unrelated and unassimilated fragments of knowledge, certainly does not insure intelligent and successful action. Neither can relative failure be avoided by clinging to a set of ideas which are but dimly comprehended.

Inadequate preparation for the responsibilities of leadership is perhaps more deplorable because it by no means compels the individual to remain inactive. There are many badly-informed men and women in society who are loud in their assertion of their right to lead. Actuated partly by the desire to be active, partly by the pressure of economic necessity, partly by an honest desire to assist the cause of progress, these would-be leaders add their voices to that confused Babel of conflicting tongues which is instructing a long-suffering society how to achieve the golden age for which it instinctively yearns. In such a wilderness of words the critical individual welcomes with profound relief that exceedingly rare type of person who by his utterances and his attitude gives evidence of having thought the matter through. We have not the presumption to claim indisputable authority on the matter, but we submit as our modest opinion that unless the average student commences a course of serious study and a critical enquiry into traditional systems of thought and belief during his university days, there is but small probability that he will do so later in life. There is a real danger that he will swell the ranks of those we have just attempted to describe. Feeling the need of some invariable precepts as a basis of action, he will probably fall back on some limiting formula for the salvation of humanity. This will afford him a sense of intellectual unity, and in so far as he refuses to question its validity will save him the trouble of further thinking. Thus imperfectly equipped the hero will go into action and the consequences will depend, among other things, on his temperament. If phlegmatic he may gravitate to a hum-drum existence and become quite oblivious to the fact that he is achieving very little. If ambitious he may plunge confidently forward inviting discouraging disappointment and perhaps disastrous mistakes.

An Arts Course might appropriately be regarded as the initial stage of an educational process designed to correct this particular species of disorder. College might be ideally conceived as a place where developing minds, stimulated by selected courses, learn to submit inherited systems of thought to a judicial and searching enquiry; where the student should

be encouraged to engage in discussion to the end that he both clarify his developing ideas and subject them to the criticism of others; where he might receive counsel from maturer minds, not necessarily for the purpose of inducing him to conform to any given system of thought, but to furnish additional incentive to well-directed and aggressive individual thinking.

Instead of multiplying opinions such a system would tend to remove the causes of opposing types of thought. It would break down those limitations which so many of us are prone to set to the sweep and scope of our thinking, and favor a common meeting upon the vantage ground of truth. It would expose the utter folly of thinking that truth is something which must be hedged about with elaborate safeguards, and indicate that immunity from discussion is usually the condition of the preservation of error.

Obviously such a system would require time—time for extensive reading—for intensive study and careful reflection. It is manifestly unworkable where a multitude of extraneous activities, burdensome in their demands, are largely monopolizing the time and the attention of those very persons who are disposed to take their education most seriously. The College year is too short in any case for the amount of work to be covered. This difficulty is greatly aggravated when there are heavy additional encroachments being made on that time. The harassed student engages in a frantic rush of note-taking during lectures and hurriedly scans book after book in order to seize temporarily upon sufficient data to satisfy an exacting examiner. At the end of a few years of such procedure he experiences relief mingled with disappointment and receives a degree of very doubtful value.

All this is, of course, quite old. It has been iterated and reiterated. The fact that it seems to approximate what is in the minds of several people, combined with the modest hope that it may draw attention to what appears to be a defect, is sufficient justification for this repetition.

Elsewhere in this issue may be found a **THE "GYM"** statement of the Memorial Gymnasium Campaign Fund. One of the conspicuous features of the year has been the vigorous campaigning of the student body for the purpose of realizing \$2,000.00, its allotment for the year. The enthusiasm of the respective classes has expressed itself in many ingenious money raising schemes. The Inside Committee, under Prof. Gilbert has provided valuable assistance and advice in regard to all suggested plans. Special



mention should be made of the part played by our "Gym" Secretary, Evan Whidden. Almost every day has produced fresh evidences of his ceaseless activity and resourcefulness. The project has been so constantly before our attention that it seems to have become part of the established order of things.

So much for the campaign inside the College. The discovery of means of conveying some measure of the student body's enthusiasm to alumni and ex-students presents a difficult problem. Letters have failed to produce satisfactory results and the idea of a personal canvass is being discussed. We are confident that if the Memorial scheme can be adequately brought to the notice of former students they will see in it an opportunity of making a solid and permanent contribution to human progress.

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## SPRINGTIME

I have been away to the country.  
I have had a wonderful day.  
The grasses and flowers by the roadside,  
Springing up with the fragrance of May,  
And the song of the birds in the tree-tops  
Have charmed my spirit away  
From the crowded streets of the city  
To where all nature is gay.

If I might live in the country,  
Mid the flowers with the bird and the bee;  
If I might dwell in the open,  
Where the air is buoyant and free;  
Or play in the golden sunshine  
And talk with the murmuring tree—  
Then, then would my soul be happy  
And my heart be filled with glee.

—J. P.



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE 1921-22.

STANDING—Donald G. McKnight '23, Treasurer; Elmer R. Carter '24, Athletics; Jean Doig '23, Girls' Athletics; Eunice M. Death '23, Literary; Hubert Staines '23, "Quill"; Prof. Carl H. Lager, Memorial Gymnasium  
SITTING—William Lewis '23, Debating; Velmo E. Johnson '22, Ladies' S.C.M.; Alexander M. Derby '23, Senior Stick; Edythe I. Ball '24, Secretary; Ernest E. Church '24, Men's S.C.M.



J. R. CRESSWELL '22

*"Now the lengthening twilights hold  
Tints of lavender and gold,  
And the marshy places ring  
With the pipers of the Spring."*

—Bliss Carman.

Days drawn on us that make amends for many dreary weeks of Winter. The sun glows with a brighter ray, the birds sing with a merrier note, the trees resume their greener hue, all joyfully heralding the approach of Spring. Before these advance guards, the old tyrant Winter goes grumbling and muttering away in a protesting storm of March winds, while Spring comes lightly tripping from the South, laughing joyously at Winter's discomfiture.

Everywhere as she passes, flowers stretch welcoming heads to bow before her, and the grass spreads a velvet carpet for her light and nimble feet.

The anticipation of the golden days of summer drives away dull care and revives the spirit of joy in every heart. The merriment of the rippling stream and the joyous life of the field are reflected in the countenances of men.

In conformity with the traditional custom the preceding extravagant rhapsody has been written. But personally we have very little use for such foolish vaporings concerning the joy of Spring. The thought of it fills our minds with dismal forebodings of approaching exams. Then there is the vain attempt to reconstruct ancient and sadly dilapidated spring hats by inpecunious students. The result would be comical if it were not so tragical. Under the enlivening influence of Spring Earl King dons his brightest colored socks and wears low shoes to display them more effectively.

But the effect is somewhat trying to those whose eyes are not unusually strong. The melodious, if rather powerful,

voice of Clarence Hembling makes the morning—usually the early morning—hideous with his uncanny noises. Our only hope of release from such trials as these is that the mud and slush may dim the brightness of Earl's socks and, simultaneously cause Hembling to catch cold and so prevent his vocal voiciferations. Reasons for our abhorrence of Spring might be multiplied but these are enough to make any soul recoil in horror from any thought of it.

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## LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Committee is to be congratulated on successfully overcoming the difficulties encountered in providing varied and entertaining programmes for successive Friday evenings.

At one of the recent meetings the Academy provided the programme and displayed an unexpected wealth of talent in a mirth provoking play and some excellent singing.

A following programme was devoted exclusively to Scotch numbers. Rev. Geo. Miller pleasingly rendered several numbers from a well selected repertoire of Scotch jokes. Then followed a programme of Scotch songs, Highland dancing, a Scotch playette and selected readings from the inimitable Bobby Burns. The programme was hailed as a triumph by the thoroughbred Scotchman and as very interesting by those less favorably born.

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## DEBATE

Being unable to arrange a debate between the Brandon Collegiate and the Academic Department of the College we sent a challenge to the Virden Collegiate, which was eagerly accepted. The debate was held in the College chapel on the evening of January 27th. In defending the attitude of France towards land disarmament at the Washington Conference the young ladies from Virden—Misses Edith Good and Christina Murray—acquitted themselves with great credit to their school. Miss Lilian King and Mr. Milton Windrim, representing the Academy, battled valiantly for the negative; but the debating skill combined with the winsome appearance of the affirmative speakers induced the judges to decide in favor of Virden. This is the first debate arranged with Virden and its success should commend the precedent to future debating committees.

Owing to the inevitable postponement of a debate between Senior Arts and Theology as arranged to take place on March 3rd, Messrs. Olson, Derby, Staines and King stepped into the breach and engaged in a ludicrous programme of chin wagging. They chose the following as their theme: "Resolved, That temperamental inconsistencies are conditioned by inherited idiosyncracies rather than by acquired incongruities." In elucidating its point of view each side freely used its opponents as illustrative material. After the dispute had proceeded for some time Mr. Peterson was called in to arbitrate and gave his decision in favor of the negative.

The decision to have Mock Parliament meet on Saturday afternoon has occasioned a revival of interest in this venerable institution. The house has recently been discussing and disposing of such matters of public policy as appertain to railways and co-educational institutions. The debate on railway policy took place on a government resolution calling for national ownership and control of the C. P. R. Despite the fact that the opposition pressed into service every age hoary argument against nationalization schemes the government succeeded in vindicating its proposal. As a result the Canadian public may soon expect further developments in regard to the much discussed railway problem.

A resolution aiming at the eventual abolition of co-educational institutions was brought in by Miss Eva Calverley. This occasioned a lively controversy concerning the value of blotting-paper *billets doux* and episodes of puppy love in high school education. The sponsor of the resolution displayed considerable patience and skill in piloting it through the haze of riotous loquaciousness released by those honorable members who refused to take the proposal seriously.

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On Thursday, March 7th, the representatives of Senior Arts and Theology met to decide the question of the desirability of public ownership and control of public service utilities. The Theologs, Messrs. Brueton and H. Friend, argued that public ownership was the most effective way of insuring an equitable distribution of the products of industry. They appealed to history and to contemporary instances of public ownership of utilities to re-enforce their contention. The Senior Arts debaters, Messrs. R. Jones and H. Olsen, contested the historic argument and contended that the Industrial Revolution had inaugurated a regime of industry in which abundant scope for individual initiative was the condition of progress.

They further urged that by means of public control through a public utilities commission public interests could be safeguarded and at the same time the inefficiency often incident upon public ownership could be avoided. The judging committee found the Senior Arts argument most convincing. This debate left Senior and Junior Arts in the field as contestants for the inter-class banner. Junior Arts has since declined to debate and the banner has been awarded to Senior Arts.

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### S. C. M. NOTES

Though in other fields of College activity various lofty conceptions are emphasized the distinctive function of the S. C. M. is the presentation of the highest ideals and their value. During recent months the movement has abundantly justified this claim on our interests by providing a varied and interesting series of programmes.

Mlle. Bidgrain, a travelling secretary of the World Federation, paid us a visit on January 12th. Fresh from her personal experiences in Central Europe, and aided by a gift of vivid narration, she succeeded in quickening our interest in the welfare of our destitute fellow-students in that region. Through her visit we were made more conscious of our connection with the World movement.

On February 8th, a musical blizzard struck the college when Bandmaster Weir and his Salvation Army colleagues delighted us with a programme of music and song. Even the ultra-studious few in the rooms above the chapel gave heed to this harmonious proclamation of S. C. M. activity.

On February 24th, Dr. McNeill was our speaker. Though we are daily in contact with Dr. McNeill and his work, the promise of an address from him is always an assurance that we may expect something both interesting and forceful. He is one of the great spiritual forces in our college. His intimate knowledge of the New Testament, his just appreciation of the results of modern New Testament scholarship, his keen capacity for appreciating an intellectual difficulty and above all his rich, personal, spiritual experience, ripened by years of devoted service, eminently fit him to the spiritual adviser of the modern student. His address on this occasion concerning the need of a personal decision for Christ was another example of his unique ability to penetrate into the heart of his subject, to discriminate between things essential and things unessential and so reveal the very heart of Christianity.

We were fortunate in again securing the services of Dr.

Patterson as special speaker for the Students' Day of Prayer on February 26th. He addressed the assembled students in St. Paul's Church on "What I have learned from the ocean." Drawing illustrations from the ocean as it varies from restful tranquility to mighty power he presented religious truths as related to his own experience.

During the following week Dr. Patterson addressed special meetings held in the college chapel. Dr. Patterson understands the workings of the student mind and avoided the mistake of basing his appeal on grounds which might in many cases become objects of doubt and difficulty. A number of students by deciding for Christ and others by their expressions of appreciation paid tribute to the efficacy of Dr. Patterson's quiet persuasiveness.

The men's branch of the S. C. M. is now holding a series of meetings to instruct and interest the students in the C. S. E. T. programme for Tuxis and Trail Ranger groups. Mr. D. R. Poole aroused the interest by a series of brief talks on boy psychology. Mr. Collins of the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. Eby of the Industrial School explained the programmes of Tuxis squares and Trail Ranger groups.

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## SOCIETY NOTES

The afternoon of February 3rd discovered the girls of Arts '23 ready for a snow-shoe hike, but looking vainly for the boys. Presently Miss Gibson and Miss Keith triumphantly appeared with Mr. Hurd following meekly. Then two other stalwarts, McIntyre and McKnight, appeared. McKnight, like a good knight errant was continually helping distressed damsels with their refractory snow-shoes. McIntyre acted as rear-guard and fulfilled his duties admirably by stepping on the girls snow-shoes and throwing them in a heap. On their return the missing boys were found armed with abundant excuses for their non-appearance. However, all members were present at the banquet table which closed an enjoyable hike.

That heterogeneous conglomeration appropriately designated "Hash" equipped with a few toboggans set out on the evening of February 16th intending to conduct an investigation into the working of a few simple laws of Physics. Success crowned the efforts of the group. Lavena Duff discovered as the toboggan stuck a bump that there is a gravitational force affecting a body suspended in mid-air. When another toboggan upset about half way down the slide, the exploring scien-

tists verified the law that a body in motion tends to continue moving in a straight line unless influenced by other bodies. Don Simpson hauled one of the ladies all the way home on a toboggan and was quite satisfied that work equals force times distance. All, especially this last experimenter, were ready for the refreshments awaiting them on their return to college. Hash students are always either eating or ready to be eating. Many thanks were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Renaud to whom the success of the party was in no small measure due.

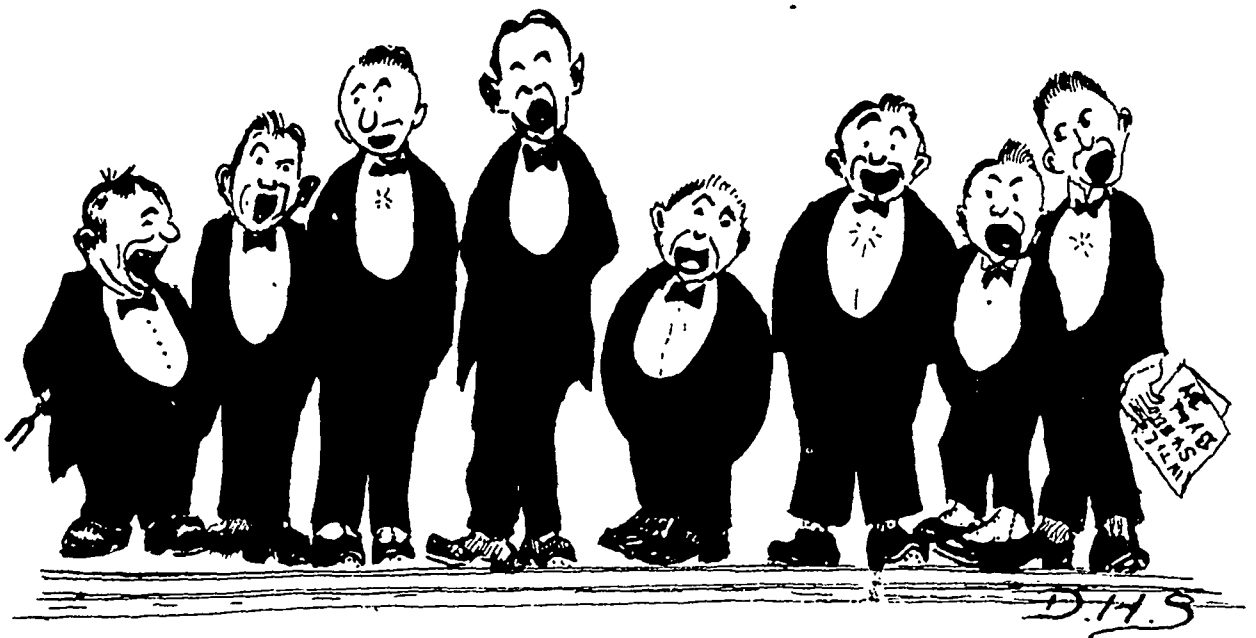
Shimmering of silks and satins, flashing of eyes, merry ripples of laughter all contributed to the brilliance of the scene displayed in the reception room of Clark Hall. The Assembly was composed of the renowned Arts '23 and '24 attending a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Renaud. Eunice Death having finally arrived, the whole company was present. Partners were chosen for the games by matching the two parts of a picture. The revelry was soon at its height. A lamentable ignorance of music was disclosed in a contest of tune-guessing. But the ingenious imaginations of the classes were prominently displayed in other guessing games. Partners for supper were chosen in a novel manner by means of two revolving concentric circles composed of boys and girls respectively. The gentleman took that partner beside whom he stopped when the circle ceased revolving. As a tribute to Syb Kerr's popularity, three noble youths claimed her. After such refreshments as seemed necessary to renew their flagging energies the party broke up all convinced that they had made no wrong choice in their Honorary Class President, Mr. Renaud.

Immediately after the mid-year exams, released from care and worry and from the annoyance of pouring over ponderous tomes, the graduating class plunged into a gay whirl of social activities. Toboggan parties to the River and evening parties at the homes of the girls speedily banished all thought of study. So numerous were these parties that it is impossible to describe them in detail. But especially worthy of mention was the party given by the Honorary President, Mrs. Wilkens. This party goes into history as the "Marriage of Wit and Science" and consisted of a supper in the Physics laboratory under the flickering light of candles. With such events as these the term has passed all too quickly and again the storm and stress of exams is fast approaching.

The calm, reposeful atmosphere usually prevailing among the members of Academy III. had completely disappeared on the evening of February 2nd. The girls were chattering



voluabably, the boys vainly striving to voice their opinions also, while the chaperones, Miss Osborne and Mr. Gilbert, were beaming benignly over the merry multitude. All this uproar was due to the fact that the class was about to proceed to the River to toboggan. Here some distinguished themselves by sailing giddily down without a toboggan, others by persistently overturning the toboggan and spilling its occupants far and wide. Towards nine o'clock, after the class had sufficiently fatigued themselves, they returned to the college and recuperated their failing strength on various, delicious viands. Finally their energy returned sufficiently for them to render with much vigor the Academy yell.



BRANDON COLLEGE 'GLEE CLUB'

### QUALITY STREET

The evenings of March 16th and 17th were high lights in the activities of Brandon College students—and I am sure I make no mistake in adding the activities of many Brandon citizens—for it was on these evenings that the annual College play was presented to the public. Sir J. M. Barrie's stage success, "Quality Street," was Miss Dyke's happy choice.

When asked to write up for the Quill, I felt my English vocabulary was lacking and immediately published the following "ad": "Wanted—Suitable adjectives to describe the College play." Here are some of the suggestions received: "It was different, it was quaint, it was delightful, it was deliciously humorous." Those who saw the play will long remember Miss Lillian Edmison's clever interpretation of "Miss Phoebe of the Ringlets." Miss Edmison is to be congratulated on a really splendid piece of acting. She was admirably sup-

ported by Mr. Lorne McIntyre as Dr. Valentine Brown. Miss Margaret Rixon's portrayal of Miss Susan was inimitable. The other members of the caste, Misses Edythe Ball, Ruby Lytle, Marion Hales, Ella Barr and Bessie Bridgett, also Messrs A. Umphrey, N. S. Stovell and G. J. Knighton all shared largely in the success of the play. Well worthy of mention were the school children, the parts being taken by Marguerite Sexton, Mary McDonald, Gladys Sutherland, Kathleen McNaught and Kenneth Higgins.

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## ORATORICAL CONTEST

"Education is primarily teaching a man to think. to control his thoughts and to be master of his mind \* \* \* On leaving public school at the present time a person is confronted by two main ideas of education: First, the vocational idea, and second, the liberal idea \* \* \* When one compares these two it seems to me that there is much in favor of a liberal education \* \* \* Now, just what does a liberal education do for a person?"

This, in brief, is the problem that Miss Marjorie Leith, gold medalist of the Annual Oratorical contest, placed before herself and which, in a carefully prepared and well-delivered address she presented to her audience. That Higher Liberal Education aids a man financially and is becoming more and more necessary in business life; that it produces a higher type of citizen and gives us more efficient leaders; that it develops character, makes for greater happiness and enables one to render better service were the grounds on which Miss Leith based her plea. We offer congratulations, Marjorie.

"A birdie with a yellow bill,  
Hopped upon my window sill;  
Cocked his shining eye and said:  
'Aint you shamed, you sleepy head?'"

Remember that? Of course you do, who doesn't? The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, novelist, essayist and the children's beloved poet was the subject chosen by Miss Marion Marshall. Though most of us are familiar with Stevenson's work, we are more or less hazy concerning his life, and Miss Marshall's address proved very interesting and instructive to all.

Ralph Matthew's position in the contest was peculiarly his own; he was the only boy who entered the competition as well as the only academy student. Ralph handled his subject—

“The Washington Conference”—very capably and we hope that he will try his luck again.

“Truly, Kentucky is the laughing stock of the world,” said President R. Angell, in a discussion on the stand taken by William Jennings Bryan, when he passed a law forbidding the teaching of the Darwinian theory of evolution in Kentucky schools. Miss Eva Calverley decided that this statement would make a splendid topic to speak on. She started to work and the result was a remarkably clever piece of work, in which she supported President Angell’s view of the question.

The contest maintained the standard of former years—perhaps, according to some, raised it a trifle. The judges were Mrs. Kilgour, Mr. A. White and Mr. S. Everton.

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Irate Father—“I’ll teach you to kiss my daughter.”

Freddie—“Not at all necessary, sir—I have just learnt!”

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Mistress, to New Maid—“Mary, we breakfast at eight every morning.”

Maid—“That’s all right, ma’am; if I’m not down, don’t you wait.”

—Montreal Witness.

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Mrs. Dante to Dante—“What are you writing about?”

Dante—“Oh, hell, you wouldn’t understand it.”

—Manitoban.

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Prof.—“How long can a man live without brains?”

Student—“How old are you, sir?”

—Dalhousie Gazette.

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Doctors say disease will strike at the weakest spot.

Most of us do have colds in the head.

—Mangara.

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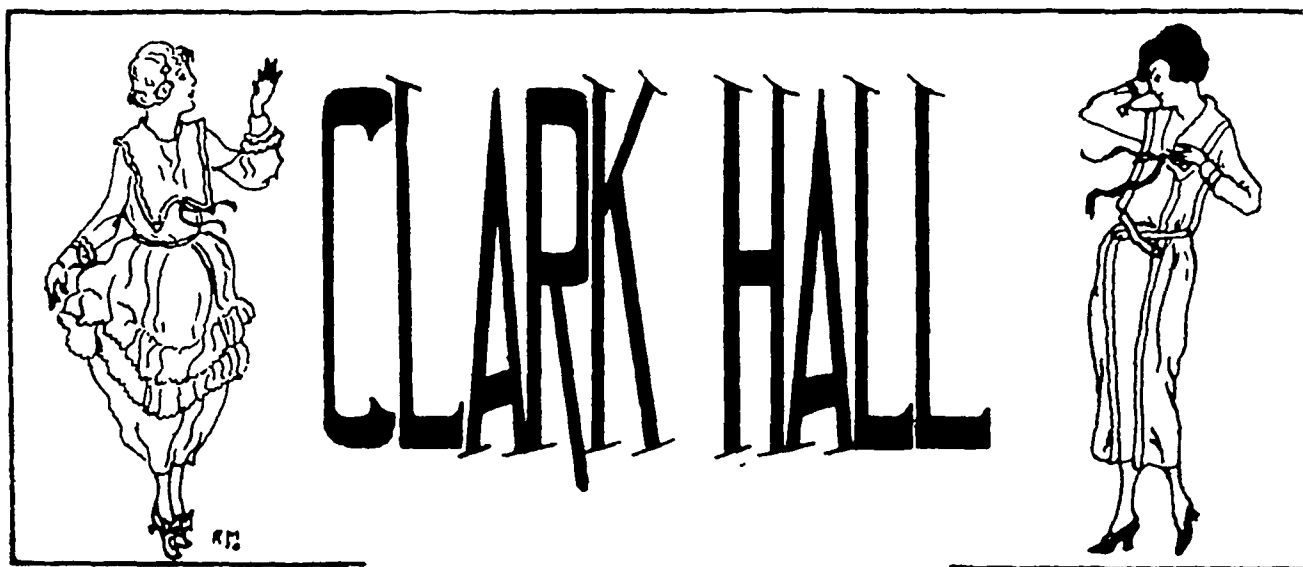
“What do you think of the speeches?”

“Oh, very sound.”

“Nothing else?”

“No, merely sound.”

—McMaster Monthly.



LOIS STRACHAN '23

*"Sweet Spring, thou comest with all thy goodly train,  
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers;  
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,  
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers."*  
—Wm. Drummond.

Another Christmas has come and gone and the young year of 1922 has already passed one-quarter of his existence. The examinations to which we looked forward with such mingled feelings of anticipation and dismay, are now only a memory, one more obstacle passed in the four-year race that has as a goal a B.A. degree. Winter has quickly passed and the March winds have blown Spring in. Spring! what a train of images that word flashes across our minds: Melting snow and crossings made perilous by the miniature but nevertheless dangerous streams and pools of water; melting shops with their colorful array of "chapeaux"; the Arts' Banquet, graduation dresses, Spring exams, Convocation, summer vacation—it hardly seems possible that another College year will soon be over.

### SECOND FLOOR PARTY

A few days after our return from Christmas vacation, some brilliant intellect on second corridor evolved a novel scheme for the entertainment and edification of the other Clark Hall-ites. Accordingly, a notice was posted inviting the girls to assemble on second floor at nine-thirty p.m. and to bring their cups with them. Of course everyone's interest was aroused and as the injunction to bring cups seemed to intimate that something edible would be forthcoming, all the girls and teachers were present at the appointed hour. Several gaily

and fantastically costumed maidens received the guests and admonished them not to handle the articles on display. For there, down each side of the hall were tables covered with all dainty and useful gifts that second floor girls had received for Christmas. Great was the disappointment when it was discovered that every one of the lovely chocolate boxes were empty! However, all were satisfied when hot tomato soup and crackers were served. After "Wee Mary" had finally consented to dance the Highland Fling, and the College songs and yells had been given, the party broke up, having enjoyed something new in the way of entertainment.

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### FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Eva Calverley: "That man gets on my nerves to the last degree."

Miss Taylor: "Well, you know what I mean."

Hazel Keith: "Come home and do the room, Eunice."

Mary MacDonald's is similar: "Tell Aleta to come and make her bed."

Kathleen Kenner: "Where are my spats'?"

Leila Smith: "Any other body."

Harold Forshaw: "—— that is ——."

Eunice Death: "Shoot."

Alma Londry: "Yeh bet yeh!"

Miss Osborne: "Gol darn it, anyway!"

Joel Peterson (an echo of Kelly Stone): "Bless your heart."

Annie McLeod: "Buy your ticket from me, eh kid?"

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### CLARK HALL RECEPTION

The annual Clark Hall reception was held on Saturday afternoon, January 28th, when the Clark Hall ladies were at home to the ladies of Brandon. The guests, numbering about three hundred, were received by Mrs. H. P. Whidden and Mrs. T. R. Wilkins and presented to Misses Osborne, Dyke, Lewis, Noble and Mrs. McManus, new members of the staff. Dainty refreshments were served from a table with daffodils. During the course of the afternoon Mrs. S. J. McKee, Mrs. H. E. McNeil, Mrs. A. Shewan, Mrs. A. E. McKenzie, Mrs. J. F. Kilgour, Mrs. G. F. Doig, Mrs. J. S. Clark and Mrs. C. B. Freeman poured tea, while the senior girls of Clark Hall, assisted most graciously with the serving.



### CLARK HALL'S SMILE

#### LETTER FROM AN "OLD" GIRL

An interesting letter was received lately from one of our last year's Clark Hall girls, Bessie Wright, who is now attending Acadia University, New Brunswick. The following extracts may be of interest to our readers:

"Life is very busy here, just as College life is anywhere. Our class hours are from 8.30 to 5.30, but of course we do not attend lectures that long each day. I have an average of about four hours a day and have lectures on Saturday as well.

"Chapel exercises are held in the Gymnasium because the building in which they used to be held, was burned last year. Each class has a monitor who marks the attendance. We also have to go to Church every Sunday morning. We sit in the gallery according to our classes. During the fall term we had to wear caps and gowns, and when the weather gets warmer we shall have to wear them again. Can't you picture my trying to look dignified?

"Acadia's specialty is sciences. There is a very fine science building and the new Memorial Gymnasium is the finest in the Maritime Provinces.

"We have little feeds in our rooms just as we used to at Clark Hall, and—which is very handy for me—we are allowed to take bread and milk from the dining-room.

"We have Student Government and it works very successfully. Each girl is more or less on her honor. New officers are elected each term."

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### LADIES' BRANCH OF THE S. C. M.

One of the leading phases of student activity in Clark Hall this year is the Ladies' Branch of the Student Christian Movement. Though the Christian work and Christian life among the students are kept up. During the past term and the many weeks since Christmas, the girls have taken a keen interest in the meetings, all of which have been both helpful and entertaining. On the evening of November 17th Miss Noble read an interesting paper on "Child Life in Arabia." Mrs. Wright in her usual delightful way, gave us a talk on the 23rd Psalm, pointing out many things one might overlook at first thought. Mrs. Alfred White of the city, paid her annual visit to the girls, on February 2nd. She spoke in a very interesting manner on "The Young Girl's Responsibility to the Missionary Purpose." Our last meeting took place on March 9th, when Mrs. Archie Gordon spoke to the Ladies' S.C.M. for the first time, and brought a message from India, particularly from the women of India. The girls were very interested in seeing the Hindu costume and jewelry.

Besides the separate meetings there have been a number of union meetings with the Men's Branch to hear various special speakers. Among them were Miss Hargrave, a returned missionary from Japan, Mademoiselle Bidgraine, S. C. M. secretary; Dr. McNeil and Dr. Patterson. Dr. Patterson, who addressed the student body of the city on the Students' Day of Prayer, conducted special meetings during the following week, which proved most beneficial and inspirational.

The Ladies' Branch is expecting a special visit in the near future from Miss McDonald and Miss Elliott, who is a missionary in China. Miss Lowe intends to come again soon and this time has promised to stay a little longer than usual.

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"There are some men greater than I am, a few, not many though."

"That's not a joke, that's tragic."

—Acadia Athenæum.

## MRS. DOIG'S TEA

In aid of the Student Memorial Gymnasium Fund, a successful silver tea was held February 23rd, at the home of Mrs. Doig, 564 Fifteenth Street. Mrs. T. R. Wilkins assisted in receiving with Mrs. Doig. Smilax and snap-dragons were effectively used to decorate the tea-table where Mrs. A. E. McKenzie and Mrs. A. L. Hall presided for the first hour, and were later succeeded by Mrs. H. P. Whidden and Mrs. A. Shewan. Arts II. girls assisted in serving the guests. The money table was presided over by Miss Maria Grant and Miss Edythe Ball, who reported the proceeds to be \$50.

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“I hear these profs. are speedy—”

“Oh, I don't think so. None of them passed me.”

—Argosy.

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A young man wrote to a firm in a New England town which was selling razors at fifty cents each. This is the style of his letter:

“Please send me one of your razors for which I enclose P.O. for fifty cents.

“P.S.—I have forgotten to enclose the fifty cents, but no doubt a firm of your standing will send one.”

They replied—

“We beg to acknowledge your esteemed order and have pleasure in sending the razor which we trust you will like.

“P.S.—We have forgotten to enclose the razor, but no doubt a fellow of your cheek won't need one.”





Power is not always the prerogative of the strong, the March lamb accomplished more this year than its leonine brother could possibly have done. With one gentle blow it transferred our rink from the grass court to the corner of Eighteenth and Princess; moved all the snow from the campus to the flats, put an abrupt end to our winter activities, and raised false hopes in the hearts of the exponents of Spring sport. The early thaw was received with mixed feelings. From the viewpoint of outdoor sport, the winter was ideal. Few indeed were the days on which skating or tobogganing was not possible. The popularity of the latter was due in a large measure to Mr. Sykes; we are deeply indebted to him for the use of his slide and for his hospitality. The college rink, too, was of inestimable value to the recreational and athletic life of the student body. When the wind blows chill and skies are dreary, many students follow the natural inclination to "hive up," and thus sacrifice physical fitness—and therefore mental efficiency—to creature comfort, unless some incentive to resist the temptation is present. The close proximity of the college rink provides this incentive, and the result is a more vigorous student body, and—we firmly believe—a more successful resistance to the onslaught of sundry persons in McMaster. Incidentally it affords an excellent means of circumventing the barrier interposed by the metal door, and for this reason—if for no other—we feel that in future the college rink will receive a strong measure of support from Clark Hall.

Following the abrupt cessation of winter sport came a long month devoid of all outdoor activity, except for the occasional plugging of a snowball into the ear of the unwary. This is an excellent training for baseball, doubtless but unless one follows Dr. McNeill's injunction to throw "longitudinally of the building," it is apt to be rather expensive for the erratic pitcher. "Ask Umph. He knows." The advent of spring was eagerly awaited during this period. In expectation of its

early arrival great preparations were made. Football boots, gloves, bats, tennis racquets were resurrected and overhauled. The "stick" was particularly energetic in this line. In anticipation of a long and strenuous season, he re-strung his racquet with picture wire, and has since been issuing challenges promiscuously. Now that Spring has at long length arrived he will doubtless soon rue his rashness. The remainder, however, revelling in the genial sunshine and balmy breezes, and daily "knocking out flies" or "booting the ball," face a season which—although short—is full of promise. All that is necessary to make it a success is the hearty participation of everyone in some or all of the various phases of activity. Let's all cooperate to boost the college sport and college spirit.

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## HOCKEY

Owing to the refusal of the hockey Moguls to allow Senior Arts to compete for the Allan Cup, the Junior team was our sole representative in the city league; and although they failed to secure premier honors, they acquitted themselves well. Of seven games played two were won, two drawn and three lost, with a goal average of twenty-two for and twenty-five against. As the scoring indicates, our boys were at no time greatly outplayed, in fact, with the exception of the league leaders—against whom one game was lost and two drawn—honors in games were even. The season's play was characterized by speed and team-work, but individual effort was not lacking. Crawford's stickhandling was of the highest order, and supported by Bourke and Wirth on the wings he always kept the opposing defence on the move. Wirth led the scoring with seven goals, Bourke and Crawford tying with six each. Caffery and Cameron put up a sturdy defence, while Hugh John handled the big stick admirably. Sturdy-subbed throughout the entire season.

In addition to the league schedule the team journeyed to Carberry on December 20th to demonstrate hockey to the natives. They failed in this, however, for the villagers beat an undignified retreat to the cyclone cellar as soon as the game began, and remained there until the storm had passed. In the meantime the Collegians piled up twenty-three goals. King asserts that several more were scored while the comptometer was *hors de combat* with a hot bearing, but officially the score was 23—0.

The exploits of the Juniors, however, pale into insignificance when compared with those of McKnight's scintillating

Seniors. The advanced press reports had prepared us for some real hockey when this aggregation of stars should get into action, and we were not disappointed! The first game saw them opposed to Hash, who tried desperately, but without avail, to humble the haughty Seniors. The attacks of Crawford, Stordy and Wirth broke impotently against the stonewall defence of McDonald and Derby, while Olsen repeatedly hammered his way through the Hash defence. So hopelessly was Hash outplayed that Lewis felt it incumbent upon himself to retire from the play at frequent intervals. His sportsmanship and magnanimity call for the highest praise, but we would, however, suggest that in future he be required to park himself in the box, rather than on mid ice. The Seniors contented themselves with the two goals scored by their promising young sub., Evan Whidden; while Dr. Wilkins—not wishing to discourage Hash—allowed a similar number to slip past him.

In the next game of the inter-class series Hash took the measure of Jr. Arts by seven goals to none. Jr. Arts were sadly depleted by sickness and injury, and were no match for the speedy coalition.

A week later, however, Jr. Arts faced McKnight's sextette with a full team, and caught them napping. Before Olsen and McDonald had settled down to work four goals had been registered. This jarred them out of their lethargy, and during the second period, they—aided and abetted by the "Stick"—did deadly execution. To this point we had never subscribed to the Transmigration of Souls Theory, but now we are convinced that Oley is the reincarnation either of some Berserker or of one of the Heroes of Valhalla. His weird stick handling during this period led several of the Juniors to seek the peaceful, healing valleys of the Island of Aivilon. In spite of this, though, the Seniors were unable to overcome the handicap and went down to a 4—0 defeat.

In the last game Hash again trounced Junior Arts by the odd goal in five. Owing to the thaw, the game was a combination of hockey and water polo, and towards the finish developed into a sort of hide and seek with the players hunting for the elusive puck in slush.

Since the series was unfinished it will be necessary to award the points by arbitration. It is probably that this momentous task will be delegated to a Conference of Nations. Verily, the way of the diplomat is hard!



### HOCKEY TEAM.

STANDING—Douglas Bourke, Centre; Charles Langford, Sub.; Hugh J. Kennedy, Goal; John Cameron, Defence; Bill Stardy, Sub.; Frank B. Caffery, Defence.  
SITTING—Lloyd Crawford, Left Wing; Bill Wirth, Right Wing.

### BASKETBALL

After the Christmas vacation the Senior team entered the second half of the league schedule with the enthusiasm and determination born of confidence and Yuletide cheer. As in the first half of the schedule, the Tigers were our first opponents, and we were hoping to see history repeat itself: but, alas! for our fond dreams; the Monarchs of the Jungle were true to the proud name they bear. We subdued them successfully during the first period, registering eleven points to eight, but in the second half they managed to overcome our lead, and just nosed us out by the odd point in a 17—16 score.

This disappointment was compensated for in a large measure by the next game, when the College nailed the Normal's hide to the fence very conclusively by scoring 38 points to 18.

Greatly heartened by his victory, the team had every confidence in their ability to hold the Collegiate in the third game of the series, but we were nevertheless forced to accept the light end of the 35—18 score.

The last game of the season, however, brought consolation for all the earlier reverses. Our opponents in this game were the hitherto undefeated "Y" team—who were particularly anxious to maintain their record—but the College quintette, undismayed by the seemingly overwhelming odds, fighting like Trojans for every point and every minute, carried the blue and gold banner to victory by 36—27; thus vindicting in no uncertain way our proud boast that the College "never knows defeat."

In the inter-class schedule Senior Arts secured premier honors, defeating Jr. Arts twice and Hash once. Junior Arts took second place by a double victory over Hash, who were perforce contented with one lone win at the expense of Senior Arts.

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## FOOTBALL

The mild weather of early March brought joy to the hearts of the Soccer enthusiasts, as the snow melted their spirits rose, and satisfaction was complete when—about the middle of the month—they were able to get out with the ball. Arrangements are being made for an inter-class schedule. The replay between Jr. Arts and Hash for the inter-department cup will be staged at an early date. Interest in this game is very keen, for on its outcome hangs the possession of the Sparks Cup. In the games last fall honors were evenly divided, and months of meditation have convinced each team of its own superiority. Under the circumstances a good fast game should result.

It was not considered advisable to enter a team in the City League this year, but we hope to secure friendly games with the various city teams.

## CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

HAZEL M. KEITH '23

*Girls in bloomers, toques and breec's,  
Girls in health with rosy cheeks,  
Girls that skate and chase a puck,  
Girls in sport, to you, Good Luck!*

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The approach of spring is just now being celebrated in the athletic world by the laying aside of hockey-sticks, skates, snow-shoes and toboggans, and the making of plans for the resumption of summer outdoor sports. But there still remains some unreported winter sports events which might be of interest to our readers.

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### HOCKEY

On the night of February 6th Brandon Telephone Girls and the Clark Hall hockey teams met at the Arena in the first game of the Ladies' City Hockey series. From the start the game was characterized by vigor and dash. Sustained speed, dextrous stick handling and good teamwork all combined to provide a game of thrilling interest to the spectator. The honors of scoring for the Clark Hall team went largely to Annie McLeod, who scored five out of six goals, the other being credited to Helen McGregor. Despite the good play of the Phone Girls in General, and the particularly valiant efforts of Miss McLaughlan, who rushed from one end of the rink to the other, only to lose the puck to our defence, the game went against them. They succeeded in scoring only two goals. The final score was 6—2.

The Tigers' carnival was the occasion of the next game. The Telephone Girls were again our opponents. This proved of greater interest to the fans than the first game. The city team had obviously developed more skill, showed greatly improved combination play and seemed resolved to employ defence tactics. Only one goal was scored and that by our own team.

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### BASKETBALL

With the New Year the basketball team was reorganized for what has proved to be a series of almost unbroken suc-



### CLARK HALL BASKETBALL TEAM.

Ella Clark, Forward; Prof. Gilbert, Coach; Hazel Keith, Forward; Jean Doig, Guard; Tena Turnbull, Guard; Eunice Death, Centre; Mabel Gibson, Centre.

cesses. Tena Turnbull of Class '21 returned to our team and we also had the pleasure of welcoming Marion Grant, who was one of our opponents on the M.A.C. team last year. These rearrangements, supplemented by the addition of a new ball to our accoutrements, and re-enforced by persistent practice under the direction of Mr. Gilbert, have had a revitalizing effect.

Early in the New Year two Brandon teams, representing respectively the Collegiate and the Normal School, came out and did battle with our reorganized forces and retired defeated.

Eager for new fields of conquest, we arranged for games with out-of-city teams. On the evening of January 25th our team met the Winnipeg Free Press girls on the Brandon Y.M.C.A. floor and achieved a sweeping victory. The game for the most part, centred around the visitors' basket and the work of our forwards was in a class by itself, the shooting being unusually effective. The frequent attempts of the visiting guards to pass the ball to their forewards were generally

thwarted by the vigilant activity of our centres, who seemed to always be in the right place, both to capture the ball, and perform any art of chivalry that circumstances required. Our defence players demonstrated their superiority whenever the ball succeeded in reaching their territory. The Winnipeg team worked hard but was defeated 27—2.

The announcement from the chapel platform of the annual game with Saskatoon Varsity was as a promise of an unusually keen combat to the fans and drew a full, enthusiastic, and well rewarded house. Fresh from uninterrupted triumphs in Winnipeg and encouraged by the sound of the Saskatchewan yell the "Green and White" team took the floor full of confident hope. Their opponents of the "Blue and Gold" inspired by the rhythmical clatter of "Hippy Skippy" faced them with calmness and assurance.

The first half of the game raged fast and furiously with a marked pressure towards the Saskatchewan goal. The period ended with a score of 8—6 in our favour.



### CLARK HALL HOCKEY TEAM.

Ella Barr, Left Wing; Mr. Crocker, Coach; Fay Butler, Right Wing; Eva Jacobs, Defence; Leta Fry, Goal; Edna Calverley, Defence; Annie McLeod, Captain and Centre.



Enlarging hopes of success on the part of the home team, and fear of not maintaining the hitherto unqualified successes of their invasion of Manitoba on the part of the visiting team, caused the second half of the game to be even more desperately contested. The score maintained a thrilling upward zig-zag and for a time each side seemed determined not to concede a lasting advantage. Eventually the visitors succeeded in scoring and maintaining a lead and the game ended with a 17—12 score in their favour.

We congratulate our team on its sustained effort and on the fact that this was the fairest and fastest game of girls' basketball ever staged on the Brandon Y.M.C.A. floor.

After refreshments at the college, and an interchange of songs and yells the Saskatchewan girls left on the midnight train for Regina.

Our team closed an interesting season with a game with Manitoba Varsity Arts on March 4th. Excellent spirit was manifest throughout the game which was vigorously contested. The first half was refereed by Mr. Gilbert and ended with a score of 9—8 in favour of Clark Hall.

A reserve of energy seemed to be released during the second half of the game. The referee, this time Mr. Bill Sutt of Varsity, did not insist on so minute an observation of the rules as his predecessor. Consequently the play kept up a ceaseless whirl. When the fury finally subsided the recorder announced the result as 17—12 in favour of the Varsity team.

# LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET RIXON '22

A letter of one of the graduates of the University of Rochester, published in "The Campus" of January 13th, contains several interesting details about the City of Constantinople, where the writer is at present working. He says:

"I fear people think that Constantinople is farther away than it actually is. After all, we are only four days or so from Italy by boat, and nobody was ever known to doubt the fact that there is much of value and interest to see in the capital of the sultans."

He pictures the city a prey to want and faced by "the most severe business crisis that has been known since the Crimean War," with an equally needy army of over a hundred thousand Russians brought to its gates. "Then the Turkish Kemalists are still making a veritable hell out of fair Asia Minor, and there is no definite promise yet of the end of the war between Greeks and Turks, and the realization of a constructive peace."

The special feature of the January "Argosy" is Mount Allison's Art Gallery, cuts of the exterior and interior and of several of the masterpieces being given. Mount Allison is to be congratulated, and perhaps envied a little by those who can only hope that the future may see more emphasis of this phase of culture in their own College.

The same number in the article, "The Fairy Element of the World," treats in delightful fashion of the wee folk of past legend and literature down to the very latest phenomena of fairy photography.

In "Some English Churches" are vivid glimpses of what we have all felt interest in—the small church of the English countryside.

“There are two ways to win a woman: One is to spend a lot of money on her—So is the other.”

—Flathead Arrow.

---

“When the attitude of a student becomes one of indifference concerning his own affairs he is doing immense harm to any association, and the negative influence he exerts is one which takes the energy and enthusiasm of many sincere students to counteract.”

—King’s College Record.

---

“The wearing of gowns by under-graduate students is a widely discussed topic in American Universities to-day, and Alberta appears to make no exception. The “Dalhousie Gazette” points out that at some of the older universities of the Mother Land all undergraduates must wear cap and gown. At other universities it is left to the individual professor to decide whether or not the gowns shall be worn at his class. Edinburgh is the only Scottish university where the wearing of the gown has never been customary.”

—Gateway.

---

The November “Acadia Athenæum” has a special department headed Science, in which are found two noteworthy articles. One “Eugenics in Social Advancement” makes the second of that title to be published lately in this magazine. It deals with the necessity of some measures for Birth Control, and is well worth reading. The other is “Diamonds and Diamond Cutting.” It gives interesting details about the kinds of diamonds, methods of cutting, and how to distinguish an imitation without attempting to ruin your windowpanes.

---

In English I. the boys did place  
 Their feet upon the seat before.  
 We wrote a poem about their socks  
 So now they keep them on the floor.

—Freshette in Ubyssy.

---

Believing that woman’s enigmatical nature is provocative of much perplexity we reproduce the following from the

“Women’s Department of McMaster Monthly,” as a tenable solution to the problem.

“No one has ever understood us; to ourselves we have always seemed an inexplicable combination of contradictions. Chancing on the “recipe,” as it were, by which we were concocted, in “A Digit of the Moon,” a Hindu love story, the reason became apparent.

“In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows. He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant’s trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of rows of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of the clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot’s bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the kokila, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakrawaka: and compounding all these together, he made woman.”

Is it any wonder man said: “What is to be done? For I cannot live either with her or without her?”

---

### A STUDENT’S SOLILOQUY

I wish I was a little stone.  
 A-settin’ on a hill.  
 A-doin’ nothing all day long,  
 But just a-sitting still;  
 I wouldn’t eat, I wouldn’t drink.  
 I wouldn’t even wash:  
 I’d sit and sit a thousand years  
 And rest myself, by gosh!

—Gateway.

---

We congratulate “The Scampus” on its fool issue of April 1st.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges—"McMaster Monthly," "Argosy," "King's College Record," "Acadia Athenæum," "McGill News," "Gateway," "Western U. Gazette," "Campus," "Vox Wesleyan," "Manitoban," "Sheaf," "Flathead Arrow," "Johnian," "Saskatoon Collegiate Hermes," "Hamilton Vox Lycei."

---

The question has come up in the University of British Columbia as to whether the women students should yell. The discussion centres around whether they should take part in the men's yells or merely stand as a demonstration of college spirit. The suggestion that women have separate yells of their own was ruled out, the female voice, they claim, does not lend itself to the expression of college spirit without causing merriment in the listeners.

---

The sympathy of every student in the Dominion should go out to the students of King's College at this time, for their Alma Mater seems faced with the necessity of closing her doors, in spite of their more than ordinary loyalty. We hope their enthusiasm will find the means of keeping this pioneer among American colleges from ruin.

---

Milton was a great poet who wrote "Paradise Lost." Then, after his wife died, he wrote: "Paradise Regained."  
—Patches.

---

He—I wish I were a star.

She—I wish you were a comet—then you'd come around every 1,500 years.

---

"Did the doctor know what you had?"

"He seemed to have a pretty accurate idea. He asked for ten dollars and I had eleven."

---

"You ought to have been at Church to-day. The sermon was a wonder."

"So I heard. Who was telling you?"

—Exchange.

# A L U M N I A L U M N A L O F

KATHLEEN MOFFAT, A. T. C. M.

"Poets and muses, in every land and clime, have sung of the joy of Spring, but Nature herself, is the divine minstrel who in tones unacquirable by mortals speaks the joy in her own soul at Spring's awakening.

There are smiles in her blue skies, there is music in her tree-tops, there is peace in her gentle showers. Come! Let us tune our voices with nature and heartily join in the harmonious strain of joy.

Nature talks what a man can feel, and he who walks 'neath the open sky, has a world of joy which no coin can buy"—Edgar Guest.

We are glad to welcome back to college circles Miss Esther Moore, L.T.C.M., who is assisting in the Music Department in the absence of Miss Gwendolyn Lewis; also Miss Tina Turnbull who has returned to her home in the city.

Mr. "Don" Kennedy spent a few days with Brandon College friends on his way to Ottawa as member of Federal Parliament for Peace River. We extend congratulations. Other recent visitors were: Miss McLaughlin, '17; Miss Margaret Milton, Miss Reta Bambridge, '18; Messrs. M. R. McDonald, '21; T. H. Harris, '13; O. Larson, V. Mastberg, S. Milton and J. Wicklund, '21.

Miss Leila Smith has returned to Central Butte, Sask., where she is teaching after having completed her course in Expression and Missionary training in Brandon College.

Miss Grace Mitchell is taking Grade XI. work at Virden Collegiate.

A few of last year's Arts students are furthering their studies in other Universities. We find Bessie Wright at Acadia, Tina McDonald at McGill, Bessie McLean and Edna Harrison at Wesley, and Nettie McHattie at Manitoba University.

Miss Jessie Venables '21 and Muriel Frith are taking

Normal training in Saskatoon. Miss Harriet Hall '21, Mr. J. Wicklund '21, Victor Warner '21 and Maurice E. Fitzgerald '20 are at Regina Normal. Misses Doreen Guthrie, Jennie Kippen, Gertrude Bridgett, Eileen McKenzie, Mary E. Clark, Violet Clark, Mary L. Clark, Aletha Gerrand and Margaret Sallans are at Brandon Normal School.

Under the direction of Dr. New, Mr. Fred Howard '20 is taking M.A. work in History at McMaster University.

Miss Bessie Turnbull '18 is attending a Bible and Missionary training school in New York. By recent reports she is finding the active work connected with her studies very interesting and worth while.

Mrs. R. Hogarth '12 (nee Grace Little) has been spending the winter in Brandon. We are glad to see her again.

Miss Ruth Morgan, A.T.C.M., is taking vocal training under the direction of Mr. Herbert Witherspoon in New York.

A very successful pianoforte recital was given in Vancouver a short time ago by Miss Marguerite Bullock, A.T.C.M. Since leaving Brandon College she has been teaching in Vancouver and Columbia Colleges, New Westminster, B.C., and continuing her musical studies with Mrs. G. B. McClellan. We extend hearty congratulations and best wishes for future success.

Mrs. Cunningham (nee Mildred McKee) has recently accepted a position as teacher in Yorkton, Sask.

Married:—At Vancouver, B.C., November 11th, 1911—Miss Mamie Argue to Dr. Thomas Keay. Dr. and Mrs. Keay reside in Honolulu, where Dr. Keay has charge of a hospital.

Married:—At Holland, Manitoba, November 19th, 1921—Miss Elma Sanderson to Mr. Lawrence E. Staples of Treherne. Mr. and Mrs. Staples are farming near Treherne.

Born:—At Vancouver, on January 14th, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Bishop (nee Leslie Ward), a daughter, Marion Luella.

Born:—At Brandon, on March 3rd, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Harris McKee (nee Edith Gerrand), a daughter, Mildred Louise.

Our sincerest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. M. Yeomans (nee Frances Wolverton '19) in the loss of their infant daughter on February 26th, 1922.

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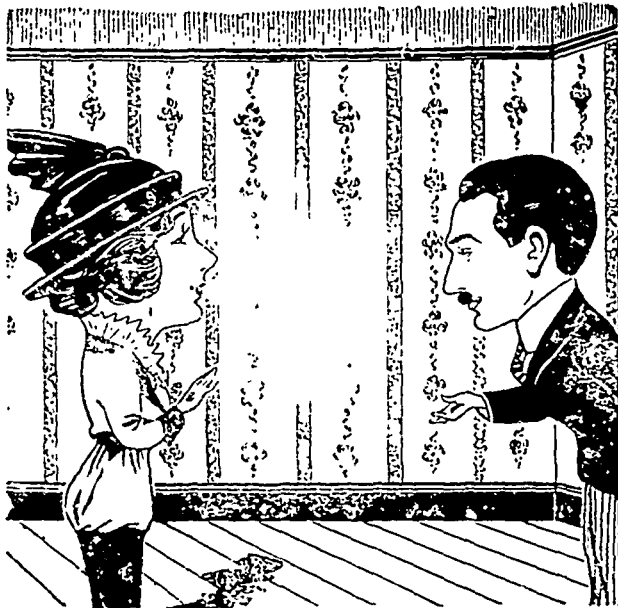
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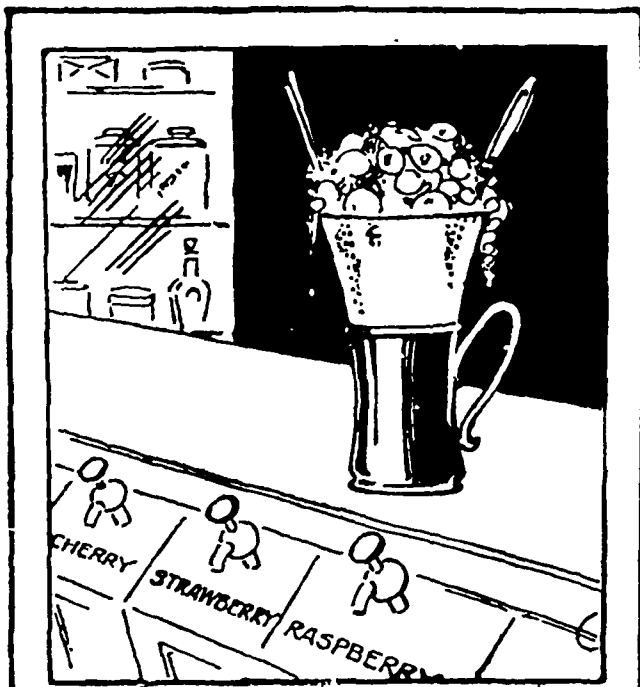
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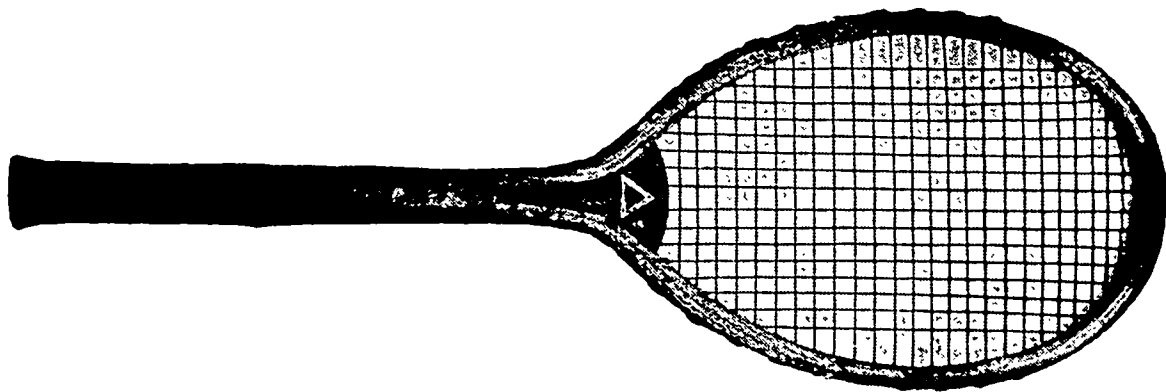
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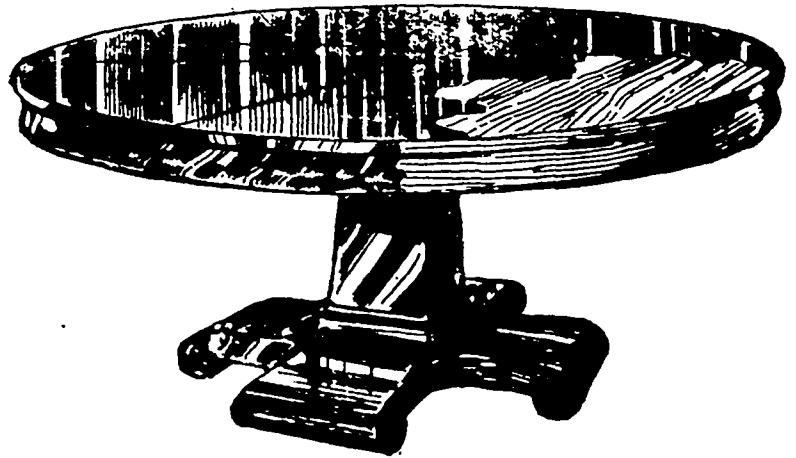
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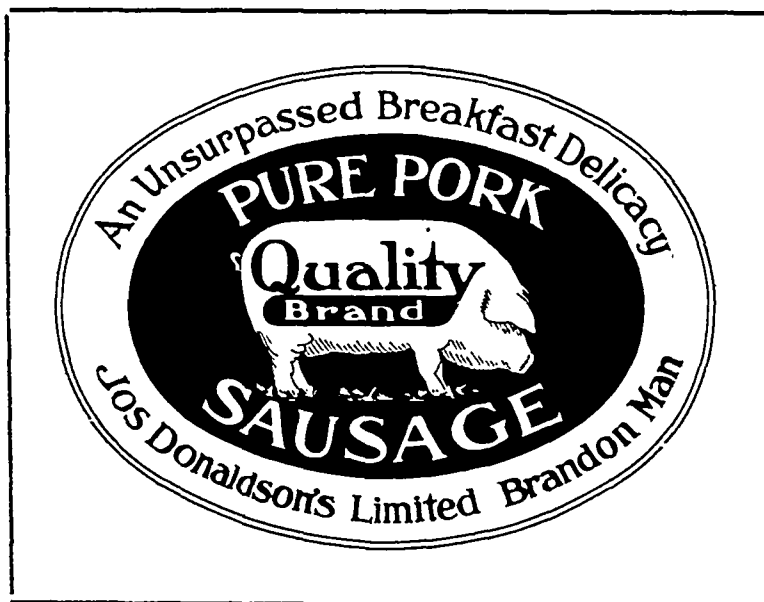
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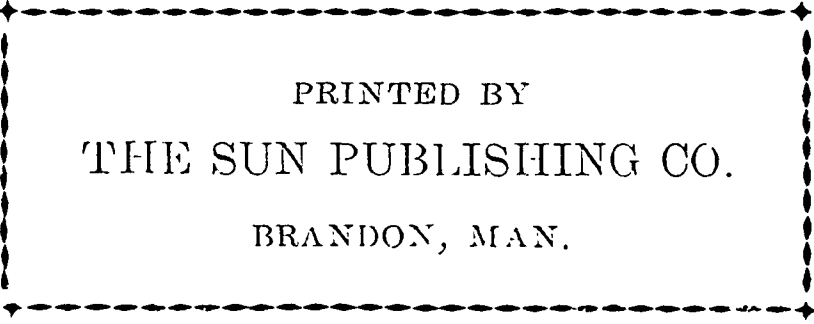
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