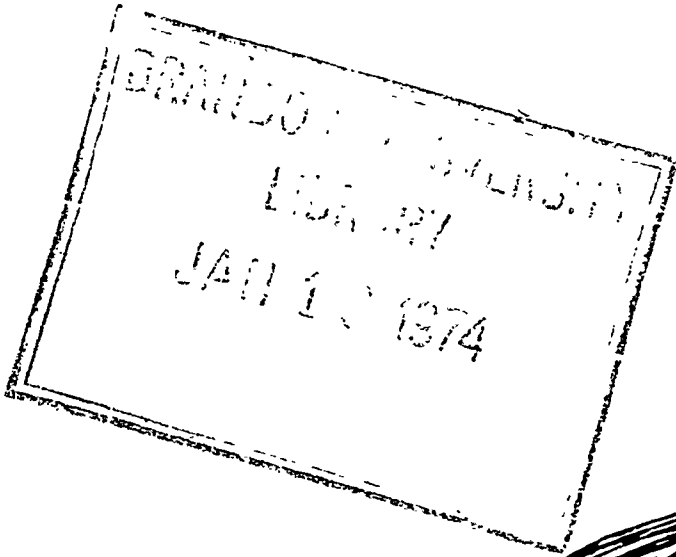


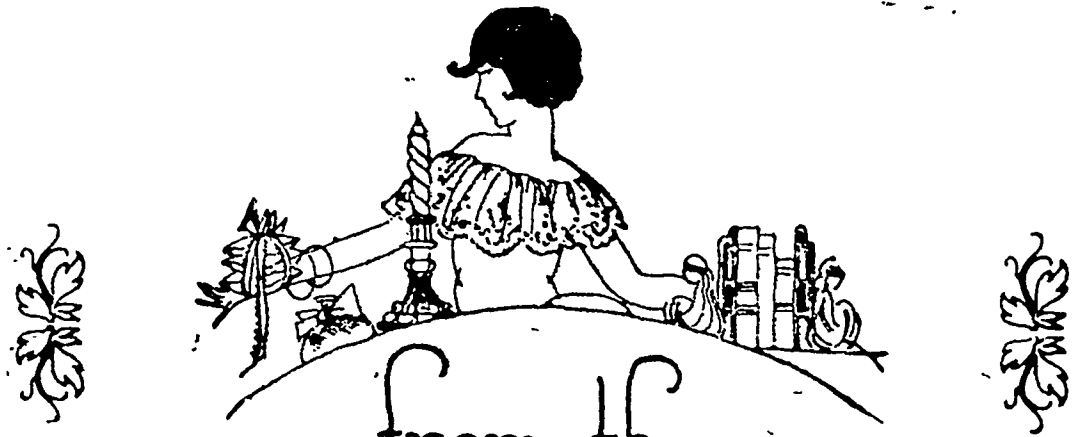
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[Vol. XIII.]

DECEMBER
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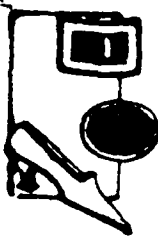
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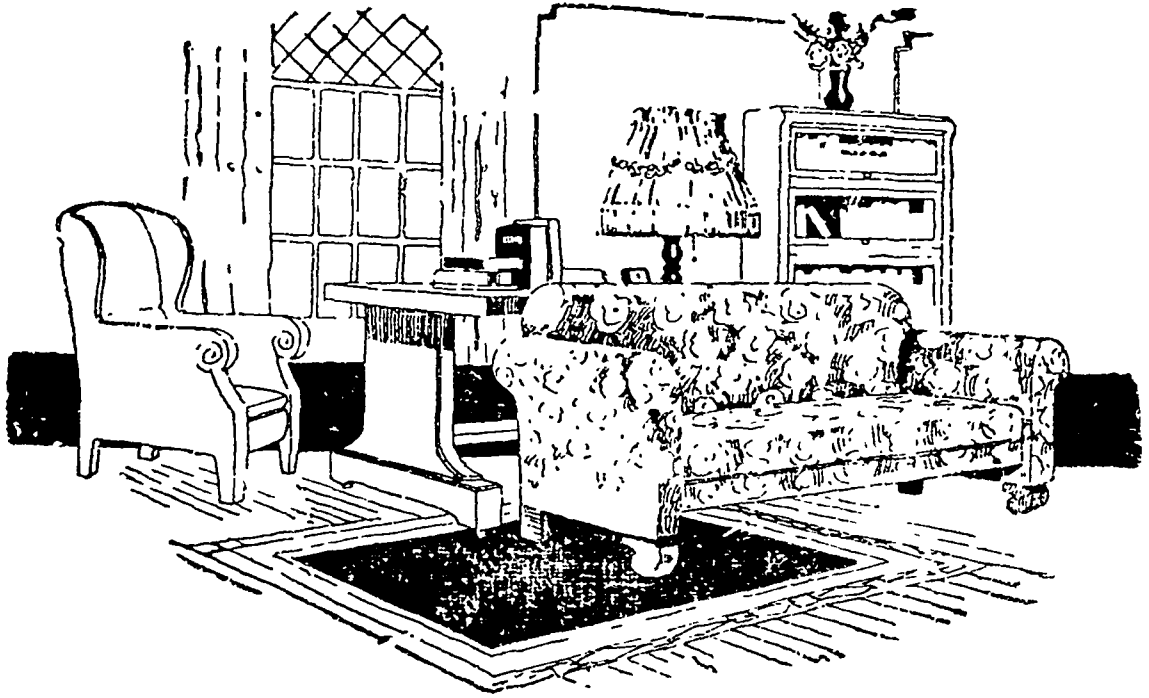


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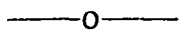
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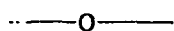
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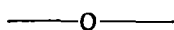


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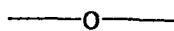


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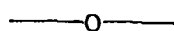
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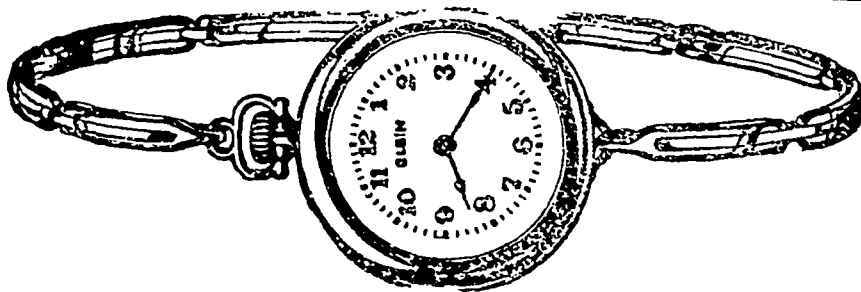
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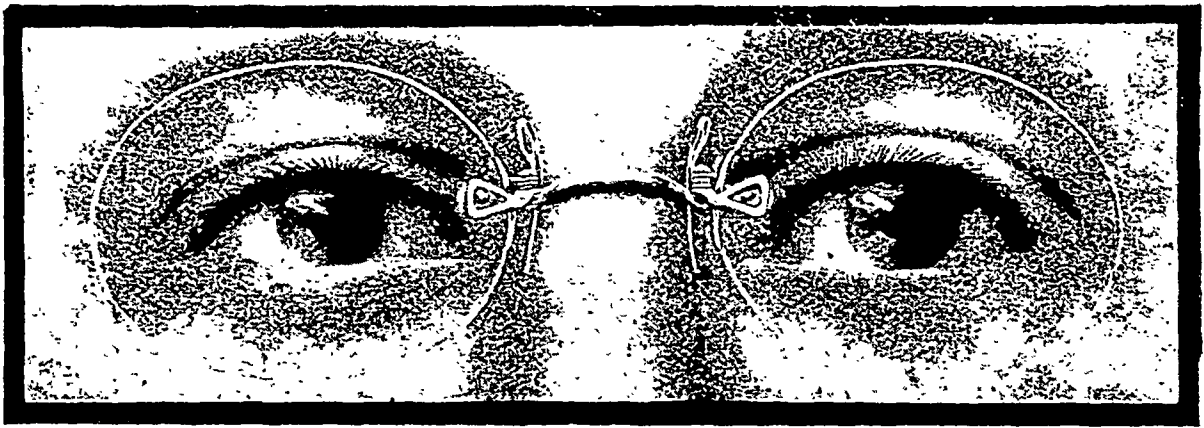
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Brandon College Quill

MATRICULATION CLASS POEM

Before his wooden bench the Master stands
In quiet thought, and holds within his hands
A half formed vessel, while with care
And tenderness he moulds the plastic clay
And deftly creates something that is fair
From that which, in the morning of the day
Appeared a shapeless mass, at length
However, it embodied beauty in its strength.

Around him, young apprentices we find
Each striving that his work may prove
To be a blessing to mankind.
With fixed gaze they watch the Master move.
He fashions tenderly his graceful urn
Showing them artfully, while in turn
His pupils mark with caution. Each in place
Trying to catch and reflect his grace.

Here stands a vessel, poised, erect and strong,
Well fitted to withstand the storms of life.
That pupil surely shall go forth in song
To help his comrades in the mad'ning strife.
And this one, beautiful indeed it is,
So delicate and frail, one turns to it from all
And sees its purity. How can one picture this
Other than in a reverent pulpit tall.

Ah, look! How different they all appear—
Yonder is one, low, round and yet proportioned well,
Which radiates joy and cheerfulness, while near.
Is one whose stateliness would tell
Of all its lovely comrades standing there.
Yet few of them as cultured or as rare.
The Master paused, surveying all his art
A pang of doubt assails his troubled heart.

He turned unto his pupils standing nigh,
 Saying, "A sacred trust with you doth lie
 Of shaping thus the life within your care.
 This plastic clay is yours to make or mar—
 You're moulding character." He bent his head
 And slowly turned, and opened wide the door
 For them to pass out—to return no more.
 Before he went, the last one paused and said.

"Together we have worked thruout the years
 Sharing our doubts, our hardships and our fears,
 Our happiness, our laughter and our smiles
 Have helped to smooth the roughness from the miles.
 Can we forget the nameless charm of all?
 Forget familiar voices in the hall?
 The friendships and the ties which have been bound
 Will, in the future, circle us around.

We've passed the door, and now upon our view
 There lies a life with doubts and fears anew.
 The world is ours to conquer as we will,
 We have to cross the stream to climb the hill.
 To move the rock that bars our onward way;
 To bear the toil and travail of the day.
 With heads held high, we face the rising sun,
 Feeling that life is only just begun.

K. B. M. 26.

A DAY IN LONDON IN 1606

It is morning in the grey old city of London, England's chief center of interest. On all sides except that washed by the Thames, huge walls mark the boundary of the city, and from them, open fields and pleasant woods extend for miles.

Down one of the narrow, poorly paved streets, threading their way through the usual throng, with a bewildered, excited expression on their faces, wander a middle-aged couple, who, we perceive, are visitors. The lady is dressed in a buff-colored silk with large hooped skirt, tight basque, voluminous sleeves, elaborately dressed hair and festive head-dress.

The gentleman is resplendant in crimson breeches, black doublet with elaborate ruffles, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, flowing hair and black hat.

They pass the rows of turreted and gabled houses, with their bright colored gardens and go to Westminster, the most important suburb. Here is the hall where Parliament meets, and not far away, Whitehall which was the favorite London residence of the queen. Mrs. Baker looks at the picturesque old building, and tries to picture the magnificence within, while Mr. Baker meditates before the Parliament buildings. He thinks of the relief from past struggles and persecutions, of the discoveries made and victories gained and his heart beats and swells with loyalty to his dead queen and England. There are many stately buildings along this north bank of the Thames, for the nobles, attracted by the presence of Royalty, have here built beautiful houses.

From here they journey onwards along the Thames, London's pleasantest highway, to London Bridge, where houses and shops are built with their rear overhanging the water. The tower before the drawbridge, elaborately rebuilt by Elizabeth, displays on its battlements a ghastly row of the heads of traitors and criminals. Mrs. Baker shudders and turns to look at the scene beneath her. The Thames runs clear and sparkling, while snowy swans and brightly trimmed boats filled with a gay company, are skimming over its surface. Just below the bridge the river is crowded with shipping. One object in particular holds their attention, the 'Golden Hind,' the ship in which Drake made his famous voyage round the world.

Mr. Baker eager to see the latest fashions and hear the latest political scandal, hurries Mrs. Baker away from this fascinating scene to a quaint old gabled inn, sees her comfortably seated in an oaken settee by the fire-place and then hastens away to the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Here all is hustle and excitement. Men about town are promenading, displaying their gorgeous clothes and hailing acquaintances. Mr. Baker saunters to a pillar where a young gallant is loitering waiting for an invitation to dinner as his cash is at a low ebb. At one pillar a group of lawyers are standing, at another, serving men seeking employment, and at another, public secretaries are gossiping. Divine worship is going on in the chancel unobserved, until a fop in a highly perfumed, cherry-colored satin jacket, with a very high stiffly starched ruffle, and wearing chains and brooches of gold, wishing to make himself conspicuous, jokes with the choir boys.

Amid this rush of life and gossiping throng, a man passes, with such an air! Why the jostling and elbowing of the throng? Why the haste? Ben Jonson is going to the Mermaid Tavern to dine. Mr. Baker, bewildered by the throng, inadvertently bumps into him. "O by Juno! he gasps, and Jonson

exclaims, "By Jupiter! dost thou wish to stun me!" Before either of them have time to recover, a third voice adds, "By your leave friend Jonson, do you never watch your steps?" "How, now! This you Fletcher? Whether go ye?"

"To dine, and then to see this play King Lear. Wilt thou join me?"

"Ay! ay! that I will," replies Janson. "Much talk I hear concerning this new play of the King's Company. Let us haste. Come dine!"

Mr. Baker, overhearing the conversation becomes interested, and just then a theater boy shouts, "At three o'clock today! In the Globe Theater! By the King's Company! The story of King Lear!"

He hurries back to the inn, and tells his wife the news. In a flurry of excitement, she hurriedly shakes out the folds of her gown, twitches her hoops, and pats her hair, while her husband curls his locks round his finger and takes a pinch of snuff.

They reach the Cathedral, descend the long stairway leading to Paul's wharf, and endeavor to attract the attention of one of the hundreds of boatmen flitting hither and thither, across the Thames, But Alas! This is a play-day and business is over-rushed. The boatmen pass and repass shouting "Eastward ho!" "Northward ho!" as the case may be, but not one pulls to shore.

"An we are to reach Burkside, we must go by London Bridge," Mr. Baker at length declares. Accordingly they turn toward Fish street, and in time reach the bridge. Here again a band of trumpeters is shouting, "at three o'clock today! In the Globe theater! By the King's Company! The story of King Lear!" Mrs. Baker in a fever of excitement and impatience, clutches her husband's arm, carefully endeavoring to protect her hoops and skirts from the reckless surging crowd, and finally they reach Southwark.

The Globe theatre is now in sight, a three-storied frame building, octogonally shaped. In front hangs its sign, a Globe from which it has derived its name, and above it floats the flag, signifying that a play is to be enacted.

What a bustle and hustle! Mrs. Baker is quite bewildered and exhausted. Mr. Baker inquires from the distracted door-keeper the price of the tickets, and finds that admission for the pit is about twopence, for a box, a shilling and a little less for the lower seats. After much haggling he decides to take a seat in the balcony.

Once inside the theater and comfortably seated, they have leisure to look around, and perceive that the three stories form

three galleries for the spectators. The first of these is raised a little above the level of the ground, while the yard or pit in which the lower class of spectators stand, seems to be somewhat sunken. The galleries are supported by oaken columns handsomely carved and ornamented. They are roofed, but the yard is open to the weather. On either side of the stage on the first balcony, is a gentlemen's room. Next to these are several other boxes, while the rest of the balcony is filled with seats, the better of them being comfortably cushioned. The stage, which is about thirty feet wide, extends into the middle of the yard some twenty feet. Across the back, curtains which part in the center, separate the front from the rear stage, while at each side a tiring door permits the entrance and exit of players. Above the rear stage, is a balcony known as "the heavens," which can also be curtained off when occasion requires. Trap doors allow the players to descend to the ground, or, as they say, to the depths beneath.

Mrs. Baker notices the fashionable ladies masked and wearing bright colored, beautifully embroidered, ruffled and bejewelled gowns, they are occupying seats on the stage. Here they are extremely conspicuous and in the way of the actors. She gages longingly at one slender beauty in a rose-colored satin draped in fine lace and sparkling with jewels, and sighs regretfully when she looks at her own best gown.

Mr. Baker leans eagerly forward. Who are these three men coming in through the tiring doors behind the stage? A loud whisper, "the University wits," runs through the audience, as they take seats on the platform, and he recognizes two of the men whom he had encountered and whose conversation he had overheard in the morning.

The pit is filled with a standing jostling crowd of apprentices and riff-raff, servants in blue frieze with their Master's badges on their shoulders, and mechanics in greasy leathern jerkins, passing jests on their neighbors. Some are procuring stools for which they pay three pence, and still others are attempting to elbow their way into an already overflowing theater. Many have been here since morning, and are endeavoring to satisfy the pangs of hunger with sausages, apples or nuts, obtained from vendors, who scramble through this restless mob. There is a fellow who is eating oranges, and prepares to dispose of the peelings. Ah! that dandy on the stage is the recipient of part, and that simpering mechanic in the far corner of the remainder. Even the stage is becoming crowded. The box-holder passes from one to another for his fee. Mr. Baker notices that the University wits are exempt, no fee from these learned critics of the day.

Jonson, a man of about thirty-three years of age, and the most commanding and rugged figure of the three, sits stiffly erect. His broad nose, large cheek bones and big dark eyes, are in harmony with his rather stout, thick-set figure. His face expresses keen accurate judgment, determination and fighting ability.

Who are the two men by his side? The slender man with the long thin sensitive face, keen piercing eyes, painted beard and waxed moustache is Fletcher.

The man of medium height on the left, with a shaggy beard and curly hair, gazing so interestedly around, is Beaumont.

Servants are running hither and thither, procuring oranges wine and nuts, and lighting the new-fangled pipes of tobacco, which the gallants are so pompously smoking.

But it is three o'clock! Mrs. Baker wonders if the play will ever commence, and anxiously inquires "Prithee tell me if there be a ghost? And why sir, be the stage draped in black?" Mr. Baker loftily replies, "Dost thou not know that indicates a tragedy, had it been draped in blue, we would have had a comedy. But look ye! Here come the musicians, one, two, three,—ten of them, carrying flutes trumpets and drums." They take their position in the upper box on the right of the stage. Surely the play will commence! At last! A trumpeter appears on the balcony at the right of the heavens, and sounds his trumpet three times. The play is to commence.

An attendant enters and fastens to the rear wall a placard which reads, "King Lear's Palace"

At the blow of the trumpet Mrs. Baker starts nervously and sits bold upright, from the top gallery comes the sound of pounding, and even the University wits are excited.

Who has entered?

A King! Lear! The words pass from stage to balcony, from balcony to pit. The three ladies? They are Lear's daughters. The two eldest, Goneril and Regan are beautifully arrayed in shimmering gowns, elaborately coiffed hair, and wearing sparkling jewels. Who is the tiny fair haired creature so simply gowned in pale rose? That is Cordelia, the youngest and best loved of Lear's daughters.

Lear, old and weary, has planned to divide his kingdom, and so has called his three daughters to him to know from their own lips which of them loves him best, that he may divide his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him seems to deserve.

What is happening? Can it be? Cordelia is disinherited because she cannot utter false protestations of love, as her

Cordelia as his bride, how the audience cheers! and as she, weeping, bids farewell to her sisters and begs them to love their old father, Mrs. Baker finds herself dabbing her own eyes with her highly perfumed handkerchief in sympathy. Mr. Baker takes a pinch of snuff, and stirs uneasily. Now the sisters plot against their old fond father. They wish to strip him of the last remnant of his royalty and power. Hateful creatures! Mrs. Baker's eyes sparkle wrathfully, while her husband mutters, "By Jupiter! Spiteful hussies!"

Cordelia has no sooner gone, than the sisters begin to reveal their true dispositions, Goneril orders her attendants to ill-treat her father, who at first cannot believe that his daughter is so unkind. The king however is not without friends, his honest fool poures out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest, at which the mob in the pit cheers loudly. Kent also comes to him in disguise, and at his entrance a thrill of excitement passes through the audience, it dearly love a disguise.

Mrs. Baker and her husband follow with intense interest Goneril's insolent remarks to her father, and become absolutely motionless as Lear utters his terrible denunciation of her. At the last words, "Away, Away," a tremendous storm of applause bursts, and Mr. Baker's snuff box clatters noisily, but unnoticed sisters are doing, though she loves her father dearly. Kent, a faithful follower of the rash, impetuous old King, is banished because he pleads her cause. The king of France, now claims to the floor.

Lear departs for the home of Regan, He knows he must be patient, "You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need." His sufferings bring out good qualities that have been stunted in fortune, he tries to find an excuse for his enemies, and is finally moved to contrition for his former indifference to the lot of even his meanest subjects. But the blow has come too late. His fond old heart cannot endure the outrage of the "officers of nature, band of childhood, effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude." He is too old to learn resignation. When Regan rebuffs him, his remarks only increase in intensity, and at last he becomes almost inarticulate with passion. The audience carried away by the intensity of Lear's emotion, has become silent, and when at last he rushes into the blackness and storm of the night, even the rabble in the pit is moved.

When he is followed by Kent and his faithful babbling fool, the audience again burst into a storm of applause. But even the fool cannot cheer his sad master, the strain is too great, and the bands of reason snap. The desperate fidelity of Kent who strives to rescue his master from the wind and storm and

lead him into a hovel of the heath (in reality into the back stage) arouses the admiration of the whole audience, and Mr. Baker whispers to his wife, "Mark ye, you worthy man!"

Kent has his royal master removed at day break to the castle of Dover, and himself embarking for France, hastens to the court of Cordelia.

Lear escapes his guardians, and is found by some of Cordelia's train, wondering about the fields in a pitiable condition, stark mad, and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he has made of straw, nettles, and other wild weeds.

What a tender sight it is to see the meeting between this father and daughter! To see the struggles between the joy of the poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off. Mrs. Baker is silently weeping, while Mr. Baker searches frantically for his snuff box.

There is a change of scene, the wicked daughters have fixed their loves on Edmund, a son of the earl of Gloucester, who by his cunning has succeeded in disinheriting his brother, the lawful heir, and making himself the earl. Regan's husband dies, and when she declares her intention of wedding this earl, Goneril poisons her, but is detected and imprisoned by her own husband, the Duke of Albany. Goneril in a fit of rage and disappointed love ends her own life.

While the eyes of the audience are fixed upon this, admiring the justice displayed in the deserved deaths of Goneril and Regan, an event occurs which moves the heart of even the most callous individual in the pit.

Can it be true? No! Ah! Mrs. Baker wrings her hands in an agony of suspense. Yes! The lady Cordelia whose good deeds seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion is hanged in prison, by the plotting of the wicked earl of Gloucester.

Lear whose care-crazed brain cannot endure this crushing sorrow, dies with her cold body in his arms. The musicians play the dead march, and the audience, even the rabble in the pit, somewhat awed and silenced disperse quietly.

The University wits discuss the play as they wend their homeward way, and Mr. Baker some distance in the rear, again overhears such remarks as, "Barbarous and atrocious, that is no drama!" "A mixture of tragedy and comedy!" "A fine combination!" "The time limit!"—here Janson shrugs his shoulders and they pass out of ear-shot.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker hail a passing boat, which stops this time and takes them in. They hasten back to their inn to dine.

M. B. C. '24.

Diary of ...

WELCOME

MISS LILLIAN S. JOHNSTON, M.A.

A *petite* auburn-haired, smiling young woman made her appearance in Brandon College one morning in September and was at once endeared to the hearts of all who met her.

"Who is that?" we asked.

On hearing that it was Miss Johnston, we were not surprised at our first impression for her reputation had preceded her to Brandon.

Miss Johnston's childhood was spent in China, her birth-place being Wuku, North China. Many interesting experiences were crowded into the first eleven years of her life, the most outstanding being a narrow escape from the dangers of the Boxer Rebellion. The American ship on which her family took refuge was fired at but luckily no damage was done.

After having visited Japan and England, Miss Johnston came to Winnipeg. Here she received her public school and high school training, and graduated from Manitoba University in 1913. Following her graduation she taught for a short time in the West and then returned to Winnipeg to accept a position on the public school staff and at the same time take up her M.A. work. She received her degree in 1916 and was then appointed to the staff of Wesley College, first, as teacher in the Academic Department, later as lecturer in French and Dean of the ladies residence. She remained at Wesley till the spring of 1922.

Miss Johnston's striking personality, charming manner, and readiness to help in all activities have claimed for her the enthusiastic appreciation of all who have come in contact with her.

MISS GERTRUDE HIGGINS

"Born in Roland; lived nearly all my life in Winnipeg; that's about all there is to it." This, with a laugh, was the information tendered by Miss Higgins when interviewed for her biography. Being gravely suspicious that it is not "all there is to it" we persevered in our questioning.

Miss Higgins, teacher of pianoforte, is a pupil of Myrtle Norman Ruttan. She spent 1921 studying in New York State with Austin Conradi, assistant teacher to Ernest Hutcheson.

She also took Mr. Hutcheson's Interpretation classes, and a Normal course for teachers with Eliza McC. Woods.

Although Miss Higgins comes to the College with all these qualifications and with enthusiastic recommendations for her position as teacher of pianoforte, in our opinion her winsome personality, her evident interest in College people and College activities and the enthusiasm of her pupils augur well for her success and popularity.

MISS GRACE LEEMAN

Surely we must congratulate the expression department in having secured this year one having such remarkable talent and ability as Miss Leeman.

Miss Leeman was born in Portland, Maine. She showed the first signs of her excellent judgment when, only one year old, she decided to make Canada her home and came to Saint Andrews, N.B., where she resided for some time.

In 1914 Miss Leeman began her studies in expression. In order to do this she came west and took a four-year course in Edmonton, Alberta. After that her ambition, still unsatisfied, led her to McLean College, Chicago, where she completed a course in Dramatic and Speech Arts.

Her next venture was a contract with the Redpath Chatauqua Company during the fulfillment of which she toured a number of the Southern States.

It is from the Chatauqua to our College that we welcome Miss Leeman and we trust that she will enjoy our College life as much as we do her delightful repertoire.

MISS ANNE C. IRVING, B.A.

From the land of *Anne of Green Gables* comes Miss Irving, resembling that famous young woman in at least three ways, in name, in the glint and sheen of her hair, and in her fondness for domestic pursuits.

Miss Irving high school training was received at the Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown, after which she took a business course. A few years were then spent at school in Toronto preparatory to entering Toronto University from which she graduated in Arts and Household Science in 1919.

Last year, Miss Irving had entire charge of the Domestic Science work in the public and separate schools and in the Collegiate Institute of Port Arthur. To keep in practice, she still concocts delectable things on her little electric stove, greatly to the edification and gratification of the other teachers in Clark Hall.

MISS E. M. FIELDER

A flash of blue and white along the corridors, a glimpse of a cheery smile and of brown eyes in which a merry twinkle lurks, the sound of a low voice with a soft English accent, the soothing touch of kind, efficient hands—Behold! Our new nurse, Miss Fielder.

Miss Fielder was born in Dorking, Surrey, England and received her nurse's training at Croydon, Surrey. She was in England at the outbreak of the war and many are the fascinating tales she can tell about the Belgian refugees, several of whom found refuge in her own home.

Miss Fielder comes to us from Winnipeg where she did private nursing for several years. The sick-room in Clark Hall, formerly regarded as something like a prison, now is evidently the most popular room in the building, for as soon as one occupant vacates it, another takes her place. We notice, too, that the calls from Brandon College for the presence of the nurse are frequent and insistent.

Although Miss Fielder has been kept quite busy since the beginning of the term, she has shown a keen interest in the various student activities, and is already regarded as one of our best friends, whether we are sick or well.

MISS MURIEL F. HUTCHINS

Miss Hutchings, our new dietician is the custodian of interest exceedingly dear to our hearts, and in the discharge of her duties is acquiting herself in a way which reveals her skill and merits our gratitude.

Miss Hutchings is a native of Ontario. She was born and received her early education in Toronto. She graduated in Household Science from Guelph Agricultural College in 1921. During her stay at Guelph she was an active participant in student activities.

We most heartily welcome her to Brandon and into the varied activities of our college life. We especially appreciate her ready willingness to co-operate with and assist the students in arranging for those frequent supper parties which conclude a goodly number of our college and class functions. We trust that she may find her associations with us most enjoyable.

PROF. FLETCHER ARGUE, M.A.

It is with unusual pleasure that we entered our welcome to Prof. Fletcher Argue. To a goodly number of us he is an old friend and it was with exceptional gratification that we learned of the success of the board in securing his services.

Prof. Argue's early years were spent in Ontario. After completing his high school course at Kemptville and taking normal training at Richmond he taught for three years at Merville, Ont.

Upon coming West he entered Manitoba University and graduated from there in Arts in 1911. The same year he became a member of the teaching staff of Wesley College, Winnipeg. In 1916 he went overseas. After the armistice was signed he organized and commanded the Khaki University at Ripon, Yorkshire. This was a task calling for extraordinary tact, involving as it did the care of nearly two thousand students in the violent stages of post-war, restlessness and negotiations with British military officials.

These officials thought almost exclusively in terms of polishing bottoms and dress parades. They regarded a soldiers' university as a fantastic freak. Someone, however, had insured the success of the undertaking in choosing Captain Argue as commanding officer.

In the fall of 1919, Prof. Argue resumed his duties at Wesley, where he remained until coming to Brandon this year. As Lecturer in English and as Principal of the Academic Dept., he is finding ample scope for his prodigious capacity for work. His deep human sympathies and boundless interest in student life, his unstinted helpfulness and earnest desire to serve speak eloquently of sterling Christian character. His place in our affections is already well assured and will be abiding. We wish him and Mrs. Argue many happy years at Brandon.

Ed. W.
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INITIATIONS

References to initiations in a number of student publications coming to hand recently indicate that there is a growing sentiment in favor of the abolition of some of the highly questionable practices which have been regarded, and are yet regarded by many as indispensable to initiation ceremonies. Some colleges and universities are congratulating themselves on having broken away from these crude remnants of medieval diabolism. We regard these things as signs of progressive growth.

A psychologic study of initiations might provide some interesting insight into the real nature of the pseudo-civilized, youthful initiator. Superficially considered, it would appear that the more nauseating and humiliating aspects of initiation ceremonies depend for perpetuation on a slavish allegiance to tradition or a rather grotesque conception of fun. Obviously some seniors and sophs find some avenue of self expression in

the performance. Of the freshmen, a few make a fantastic effort to enter into the alleged fun of the thing; some probably derive from it the questionable satisfaction of expecting to pass it on to a subsequent group of victims next year; others, characterized by finer susceptibilities, appear to regard the whole thing as an incredible display of crudity. In general, initiates make valiant efforts to disguise their real feelings till the performance is over, then they display a genuine relief.

It is difficult to see what desirable purpose much of this performance serves. Only by a ludicrous distortion of the imagination can it be considered as engendering in the freshman a wholesome respect for his seniors. We do not usually respect those people who submit us to humiliating indignities. It can scarcely be defended as teaching the offensively self-assertive freshman a lesson in becoming humility; its penal aspects lose all such special significance by being indiscriminately applied. That there is a suspicion that it may occasion some bad feeling is evinced by the solicitous care of some initiators, after the performance is over, to ingratiate themselves in the eyes of those whose feelings they may have outraged. Its inefficacy as a method of making a newcomer welcome is apparent if we think of adopting it as a general practice.

One pleasing thought is that the practice of begriming the bodies of freshmen and submitting them to a sham tortures, is not an integral part of Brandon College traditions. The practice owes its birth, or at least its revival to the war period. It is doubtless related in some way to war psychology. Time was when our predecessors employed a method of welcoming newcomers more in conformity with modern thinking. The ritual of their ceremony consisted of short speeches by the resident master and a few senior students in which wit at the expense of the freshmen was mingled with brotherly feeling and unobtrusive advice. The promotion of hearty good fellowship was considered much more appropriate than a somewhat barbarous attempt at a vindication of seniority. Buns and apples took the place that in these latter day is filled by nauseating concoctions.

Although that type of initiation provided no outlet for those proclivities bequeathed to students by their cave-man ancestors, it impressed us as freshmen as an eminently appropriate way of making us welcome in an education institution in the twentieth century.

Some form of initiation there should certainly be. Probably those practices which we suggest might be discarded should be held in reserve, and if need be employed for the benefit of a few individuals whose ultra-freshness justifies they claim to

special attention. We would suggest, however that the whole matter be reconsidered, and that some method of initiation be devised which will be more in harmony with traditions of which we are more justly proud.

PROGRESS The Brandon College extension Campaign is crystallizing into concreteness. Good progress is being made in the construction of the first unit of the new science building. This unit is to be ready for use by January next. The science building when complete is to cost \$100,000, and is being paid for by the citizens of Brandon. Nearly all that amount has been subscribed, the term of payment to cover five years. The new building is being constructed on the fire-proof principle and is substantial and attractive in appearance. It will provide appropriate accomodation for our rapidly expanding department of science.

As most of our readers are aware, the late Mr. William Davies of Toronto provided in his will that \$100,000 should be paid to Brandon College from his estate on condition that the College secure an equal amount from its friends in Western Canada. The whole of the latter amount has already been pledged. This money is to be added to the Endowment Fund of the College.

The Memorial Gymnasium is of special interest to the past and present students of the College, as they have accepted some responsibility in regard to financing it. The estimated cost of this building is \$60,000. The students are to provide \$25,000 and the remainder is to come from the general Development Fund. Of the students allotment over \$15,000 has already been subscribed.

As yet, however, no really adequate method has been adopted of reaching those students who passed out of the College before the project was conceived. In the light of this, and considering the relative smallness of our student body, the results secured are a forceful expression of the enthusiastic interest of the students in the Extension Campaign.

It is exceedingly gratifying to witness this rapid progress in the realization of the extension plan of the College. Such results, forthcoming in a time of industrial depression and financial stringency, are eloquent testimony to the belief in the future of the college by its friends and to the foreseeing faith and courageous ability of its leaders.

ANNOUNCEMENT The Canadian Federation of University Women is offering a travelling scholarship of \$1,000 which is open to any woman holding a degree from a Canadian University. Preference is to be given to those candidates who have completed at least one or two years at graduate study and have a definite research in preparation. The Registrar will supply anyone who may be interested with additional information.

WELCOME HOME We are glad to welcome back our French teacher, Miss Turnbull. She spent last year in Europe during which time she took some courses at the Sorbonne, in Paris, and visited many places of interest in France and Italy. Having specialized in the study of the French language and literature she was in a position to derive the maximum pleasure and instruction from her trip. Her sojourn in the heart of French culture, and her associations with the inimitable French people, enable her to bring additional enthusiasm and helpfulness to her already interesting lectures in French.

Soph—"Lend me five, old man, and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you."

Frosh—"Yes; that's what I am afraid of."—*Washington Ghost*.

Professor—"What do you mean by such insolence? Are you in charge of this class or am I?"

Stude (humbly)—"I know I'm not in charge, sir."

"Very well, if you're not in charge, then, don't try to act like a conceited ass."—*Williams Purple Cow*.

He—"If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

She—"Impossible."

"Maybe you don't think I have a pistol?"

"Oh I daresay you have the pistol all right."—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.



LORNE A. MCINTYRE '23

We're here. And we're back with a bang! But what for? To be the passive recipients of the railing maledictions that are being showered down upon the heads of the college men of today? No sir; not in these trousers. From all sides we get it. From the "great unwashed" and from our professors it is hailed at us. The commonest execration we hear is that the colleges are filled only with this sluggish "getting by" spirit. This ignorance is refreshing. We must sit on these uncalled for imprecations! We can't stand for them! I ran across an exquisite gem the other day. It embodies to a "T" the spirit of this defense of College life.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
College is but waste of steam,
For although they make some blunders,
College men have got the bean."

I wish folks would quit knocking the colleges. I wish they would let them alone. There is nothing the matter with the colleges, they're all right.

The colleges are all right. The students are all right. Where else can you find such a band of clean-minded, energetic, hopeful, co-operating, irrepressible enthusiasts? It can't be done. And what's more, what it takes to make good citizens the students have, and have with a kick. About four years ago a college board and its students got together on the matter of a memorial. If the students would raise part of the cost the board would raise the rest. So far the students have raised well over \$15,000. That's not so dusty for a mere handful. Kick isn't too bad a thing.

And another thing: we are constantly being accused of wasting our time and our fathers' time. That's a bit thick! In rural communities where there are sixteen home fellows and five who have been away to college and have come back, who are the men who are backing the farmers' organizations, the

better road schemes and local school improvements? Who are putting the communities' social activities over. The five outdo the sixteen every time just because they have come back with an education in organized pep. Pep isn't a bad thing after all.

Let me say that if a man only learns how to live with his fellows, how to eat with them, talk with them, understand them, he has received far more than he can ever pay for with niggardly shekels.

The colleges are all right; the curricula are all right. They are getting better every day, but they are all right now. And the brightest thing about the colleges is the students, God bless them! If you don't believe this ask them.

Let us silence these self-appointed critics. Let us drown out their babblings with the lusty, strains of "Hail our College." Let us vindicate our colleges and secure for them a just recognition of their worth, Amen.

THE ACADEMIC COMMENCEMENT

The evening of Thursday October 12th was the occasion of the formal opening of the Academic Department of the College. In the absence of Dr. Whidden the chair was ably filled by Dr. MacNeill, the Dean in Arts.

This function was well attended by the students of the Academy and their many interested friends. It was a happy moment for those graduates of Class '22 when their principal, Prof. Argue, called them forth to present them with their diplomas, the much-worked-for recognition of success. At the conclusion of the presentation of diplomas and prizes awarded in the three academic years, Prof. Argue spoke a few words of kindly advice to the matriculating students. Following this, the winners of prizes and scholarships in the first three years of Arts received their awards from Dr. MacNeill.

The very delightful Class Poem was read by Miss Kathleen McNaught, while Miss Lilian King in an interesting manner traced the various activities of her class-mates during their pleasant three years together. Mr. Ernest King, as class-valedictorian, paid a very appropriate tribute to the Alma Mater of his class.

Two pleasing piano numbers were contributed by Miss Esther Moore.

The special speaker of the evening was Major Newcombe of the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute. His address on "The Measure of Success" was fitting and forceful. He emphasized

the too frequently ignored truth, that farsighted, practical wisdom singled out service to humanity as the only valid criterion of success.

At the conclusion of the program in the chapel, a reception for the Academic students and their friends was held in Clark Hall.

ELECTIONS

Some recent amendments to the constitution of the Students' Association removed the provision disqualifying members of graduating classes from holding office as Senior Stick, and changed the date of election from October to March. These changes necessitated the holding of two elections this year. Mainly because of this, the election recently held lacked much of the old time vigor. A more intensive campaign will be held in the spring.

The main interest centered in the mass meeting held in the chapel on the eve of polling day. Beauty, wit and wisdom matched their respective appeals in efforts to influence the electorate. Miss Norma Watts paid a feeling tribute to Mr. Lewis as the embodiment of chivalry and left the audience without a doubt that he was the only man for Senior Stick. Miss Cecille Switz, however, infused the doubt. She had discovered in Mr. McKnight the friend of disconsolate maidens and was quite convinced that he alone possessed the genuine stickly qualities. Miss Jean Rorcke heightened the growing perplexity by urging that in the many sided versatility of Mr. Friend were revealed the qualities required. The speeches of Messers Carter and Trotter served but to increase the consternation. Clearly there was a unique opportunity for anyone skilled at manipulating the feelings of the multitude. Mr. Earl King saw the opportunity and sprung to his feet (which had hitherto been parked on the right half of the platform). Election results were to disclose the effectiveness of his eulogy of Mr. McKnight.

The traditional stunt method in connection with announcing the results at the Friday evening program was modernized into a radiophone stunt. Operator Umphrey experienced some temporary difficulty in getting results through because of the congestion of the ether lines by messages advertising Chinese laundries and Chiropractic treatment for appendicitis. Final transmission revealed the following results:—

Honorary President	Rev. C. G. Stone
Senior Stick	D. G. McKnight
First Vice-President	Miss A. Stewart
Second Vice-President	E. J. Church
Treasurer	J. M. Maxwell
Secretary	Miss H. Hitchings

INITIATION

For the sophomore the most interesting event of the college year is probably initiations; certainly it is for the freshmen.

Rumor had it that Bill Lewis and Harold Trotter were about to start up in the grocery business, for they were observed to be amassing a large stock of flypapers, molasses, oysters, eggs and other household supplies.

The real truth emerged, however, on the evening of October 6th, when the members of Frosh assembled to partake of the dainties prepared for them with such painstaking care. After surplus garments had been removed, flypapers, paint, oysters, well-aged eggs and molasses were administered in a manner reflecting very creditably on those in charge of ceremonies.

Dressed in their night attire, and proudly carrying their banner, the freshmen were then escorted to the theatres. Under the genial leaderships of Colonel Higgins they demonstrated that they were still able to yell. Following the return to the college an official order to disband was given and those so disposed enjoyed the eats which were in readiness for them.

DEBATE

Parliament was convened on the evening of November 17th to decide what attitude Canada should take in regard to the situation in the Near East. The debate took place on a resolution which expressed the intention of the Government to support the Imperial Government in any measures it might deem necessary to safeguard the peace of the world.

The Government was clearly risking its life by the introduction of such a resolution as it depended for its majority in the House on the uncertain support of the Socialist members.

Premier Derby also committed an error which aroused the hostility of the lady members. Throughout his address the first minister referred to Turkey as "she." When a member asked how the "Sick Man of Europe" could be a "she" he sought to extricate himself from the dilemma by declaring that the erratic conduct of Turkey had deprived her of the right to be regarded as even a sick male. The just penalty for this indiscretion fell upon the Government when it lost both its resolution and its life in the division at the close of the debate.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

At no time since the inauguration of the Student Christian Movement have its claims received more enthusiastic consideration than this year. The new executive is consistently striving to avoid insistence upon routine methods and is seeking to vitalize religious work in the College. While recognizing the value of special addresses from time to time, the futility of trying to measure success by the number of meetings held is fully appreciated. It is felt that all meetings held must be of such a standard, as to command spontaneous interest.

The address at the initial meeting was given by Dr. Whidden. He succeeded in arousing full appreciation of the duties and opportunities confronting us during the coming College year. At another meeting Dr. McLeod of Formosa, with true missionary zeal, revealed the tremendous need and urged the appealing claim of foreign missionary work. In his address on the basis and aim of the S.C.M. Movement, given at a recent meeting, Professor Argue, with characteristic forcefulness, emphasized the thought that the essential reality of the movement is manifest in that genuine fellowship of which the form of organization is merely the symbol.

Bible study and discussion groups are organized and are meeting weekly. The conscious purpose of these is to foster a genuine quest for truth and an earnest consideration of the claims of Christian ideals as a determining force in life.

THE FAIR

The advance agents surely covered the ground. For Friday night, October 20th, saw the old chapel packed to the gates with the impatient throng of circus-goers. Miss Death, on behalf of her committee extolled the merits of her troupe

of entertainers, welcomed all strangers to the grounds and officially opened the fair. The great crowds swarmed towards the glaring midway. And what a midway, faces, faces, clowns, hot-dogs, peanuts and Salvation Army bands.

The attractions were many and varied. With genuine fair-day recklessness the visitors risked their reputation at the roulette wheel; slid down the patent pants-presser, marvelled at the seven wonders of the world; enjoyed the ballet dancers and the ravishing harmonies of the colored orchestra; invaded the crazy house, and experienced numerous other thrills.

From the midway the crowd surged to the restaurant-stand where eats were served.

During the earlier part of the evening the dormitory rooms had been on inspection. Prizes had been offered for the two best rooms. Before the crowd dispersed Mr. Kilgour announced the winner of the prizes. In Clark Hall Misses Hitchings and Eaker carried off the honors. In Brandon College Messrs. Robertson and Van Schaick won distinction as the most competent house-keepers. Mr. Robertson, on behalf of the prize winners, acknowledged the presentation in his usual jocular vein.

HALLOWE'NE

That evening on which the fairies, ghosts, witches and hideous imaginings hold sway, saw a goodly band of courageous men issue from the safe precincts of their College home into the outer darkness of uncertainty.

Led by their valiant captain, the shadowy battalion melted into the deeper shadows of the night—a fitting night to hide the dark and gruesome deeds about to be perpetrated.

Soon, the unsuspecting inhabitants gaped in ghastly horror at the blood curdling cries of the besiegers. Resistance was futile, destruction and violent death seemed imminent. But hold! the far sighted chief stepped forward. Terms were offered and accepted, eats were soon forthcoming, readily dispatched and the army moved on, leaving the perturbed domicile unmolested.

Again and again, the attack party advanced. One by one the homes of professors, cafes and tea rooms capitulated and produced the necessary ransom amid the deafening cheers of the besiegers. Then incapacitated, though longing for more, the return march was made to the massive piles called home.

There, after three rousing cheers for the captain, the organization disbanded, with an intense feeling of satisfaction after having spent a very profitable evening.

DRAMATICS

Have you heard of the "Brandon College Players?" In case you have not, we want to introduce them to you. They are a group of enthusiastic young students who have formed themselves into a Club for the study and presentation of plays. In our much-talented Miss Leeman they have found an able and charming stage-director. She adds much spirit to the rehearsals and with her the students spend a very interesting and profitable hour each week.

The Club is at present busily engaged in preparing for an evening of one-act plays which is soon to be presented. This bids fair to be the first of several enjoyable programmes which the Club hopes to put on during the winter. Those who are interested in the presentation of drama are certain to receive pleasure by the efforts of the "Brandon College Players."

It is the aim of this Club to interest as many as possible in dramatic art and to promote growth in this realm of activity. To those individuals whose tastes run along these lines, the Club extends a welcoming hand.

SENIOR ARTS FUNCTION

Chater, that thriving metropolis to the East, was the scene of the first Senior Arts function.

Owing to the generosity of some members of the class a sufficient number of cars were available to provide ample means of transportation to the scene of operations. The transportation committee is scarcely to be blamed that the cars seemed a bit crowded on the return journey.

Numerous and engaging reports had circulated as to the gorgeous feasts which were to be had at rural fowl suppers. This one justified all expectations. The gusto with which the tables were relieved of their load of good things to eat constituted a truly impressive tribute to the cooks and the sprightly young roosters which had fattened themselves for the occasion (that is, the roosters had fattened themselves).

As the party was assembling to return, a temporary fear was stirred up for the moral rectitude of Bill Lewis. His "Come Seven" reminded us of a game which bad men play. But Bill was merely mustering the ladies who had placed themselves under his brotherly care.

The chaperons, Miss Higgins and Professor Hurd displaced their best behaviour and gave the other member of the party little serious concern.

"It was a great party while I lasted," quoth Tyke.

JUNIOR ARTS FUNCTION

Aspiring to a change from College fare, the Juniors decided to follow the example so splendidly set by Senior Arts by attending a fowl supper. Zion was elected to be their paradise, on that memorable eve.

Seated in his tin lizzy, Mr. Hemmes carefully led the procession of cars into the celestial city on high. So successful was his first trip that he returned to the school and offered to take anyone up to Zion, who would ride there with him in his Ford. It was too bad his car was not a Cadillac for then he might have been the benefactor of the whole college.

But on with the story. Strange to say the city of Zion was so crowded this night that it necessitated supper being served in a tent. Once inside, the shivering crowds of babblers were soon carried away in ecstasy by the appetizing repast. All the class members were true Englishmen, and did their duty as they saw it. Having gladdened the ears of the Zionites with their jubilant "Rah Rahs," they burdensomely journeyed back to their home on low.

ACADEMY HIKE

The afternoon of October 17th found a group of about fifty students gaily making its way to the Iron Bridge. The Academy was hiking. The pleasure-seeking party left the college at half-past three. A number of youths, possessed of an excess of courage, called at Clark Hall for partners. Some of them found the reward of the chivalry in the questionable privilege of escorting three ladies each. A goodly number of much less venturesome youths went stag.

Having been led by Prof. Argue to the scene of operations, the jolly party engaged in games till the supply column in the form of Prof. Gilbert's Ford made its appearance. A reinforcement of chaperons, Mrs. Argue, Misses Johnston and Irving came up with the supply column. A fire was made and the picnic prepared and devoured with the greatest relish.

Then as the fire flickered out and the shadow of night commenced to obscure the surrounding scene, the happy party made its way to College.

Reimer: "Why the crepe over the foot of your bed?"

Barber: "Crepe? Oh, that's my towel."

THE POMPADOUR PUP

Have you seen the little pompadour boy,
 Whose smoothness of hair is his greatest joy?
 He tortures himself with skull cap at night
 And sees it's on straight ere he turns out the light.
 Then—let me whisper this, soft, in your ear,
 To maidens around him it's very clear,
 He uses something to make it lie down
 One hair escaping will cause him to frown.
 He's afraid to put on his cap, it's true,
 Lest his wonderful pomp vanish from view
 But spite of faults—It is needless to tell—
 He's a dear wee boy, the girls like him well.

We asked our girl to go to church Sunday night, but her mother invited herself along too—so we went to church!

Wilkie (unlocking door): "How did you happen to get home so early tonight?"

Higgins: "Oh, I had tough luck. I leaned on her door bell."

Lewis: "Say, who's a good barber?"

Van Schaick: "Joe's pretty good, I had my hair cut there for the Art's banquet last year."

Miss Turnbull (in class): "Order please!"

McKnight (just awakening): "I'll take wheat cakes and syrup."

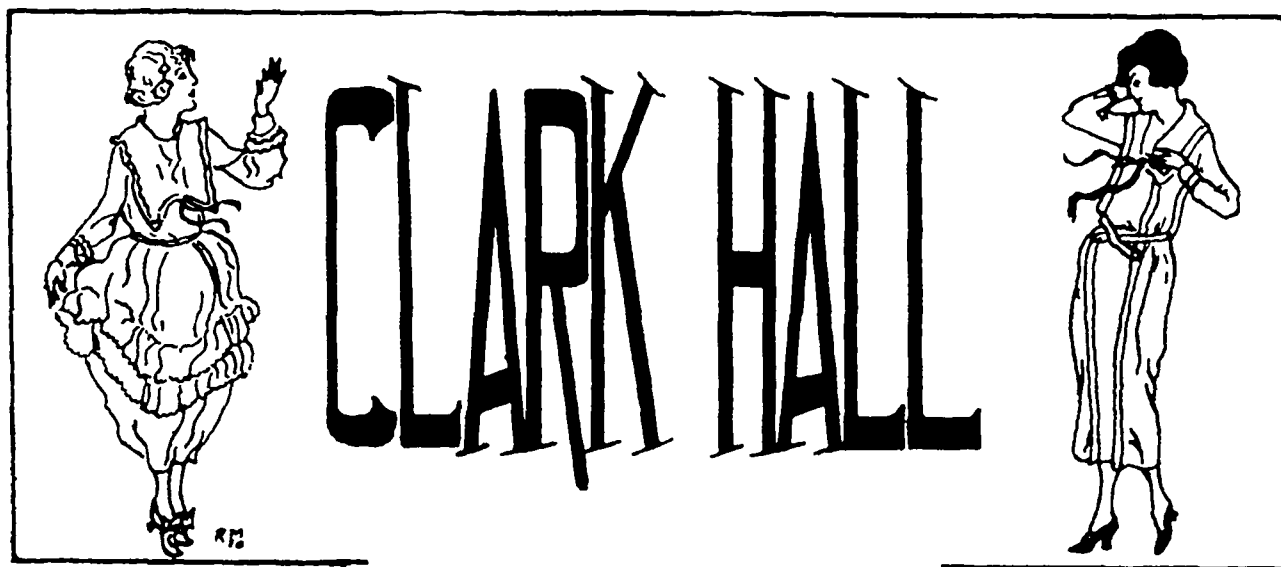
Rose: "Oh I just hate you. Everytime I say anything you stand there and contradict me!"

Morrie: "Why, I do not!"

A messenger boy with telegram for Dr. McNeill rings the door-bell at two in the morning.

"Does Dr. McNeill live here?"

Feminine voice (wearily): "Yes, bring him in."



MARIA GRANT '24

"Season of Mist and Yellow Fruitfulness."

It is a little late in the season for Clark Hall to welcome her new daughters through this page. In fact a great many of them would wonder for whom the remarks were intended and begin to look around for a new-comer in their midst. We doubt if there has been a time when the new students and the old have blended and become one group as readily as this year.

It was with a feeling of regret that we heard that Mrs. Wilkins would not be residing in Clark Hall this year. However, we were delighted to find that Mrs. Wilkins had arranged her work in such a way as to be with us almost as much as before; and that in addition Miss Johnston, who has already won the heart of every girl, was to be with us.

OPENING RECEPTION

On the first Friday evening of the new college term a reception was held in Clark Hall in honor of the new students. Here, for the first time they were passed down the reception line and from thence into the reception room where introductions took place at such an alarming rate that the majority forgot most of the names—their own included.

When the queer little Prom. cards had been explained and filled out, everyone went to the chapel and enjoyed a splendid program. Lorne McIntyre in a few fitting words welcomed the new students and Margaret Eaker ably replied.

The evening was brought to a very enjoyable close in Clark Hall where lunch was served. This, the first function proved a great success and brought about a feeling of fellowship among all present.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

What is all the tumult about in the Clark Hall gym? Why all the excitement? We are informed by the ghostly figures who usher us in, that this is Hallowe'en, and we are warmly welcomed to the Ball. Inside the room is filled with a crowd of brightly dressed maidens coming, if one may judge from their apparel, from every corner of the world. Here are two wild Hawaiian maidens, and there some pretty bathing beauties. See in yonder corner that tough old sailor, "you pensive nun, devout and pure" looks out of her element. How many and varied are the costumes! There does not seem time to see them all as the moments fly with the flying feet of the revellers. Can it be lunch time already? How quickly the evening has gone! No, not apples, really? Oh! what a pleasure and surprise! Munch! Munch! Well much as we hated to go, the ten o'clock whistle was heard to sound.

 CLARK HALL ALPHABET

A—is for Annie our starring athlete;
 Her wondrous achievements we need not repeat.
 B—is for Bessie so chubby and jolly;
 She's oodles of fun and we like her, by golly.
 C—is for Christy who's wretchedly tight;
 She's never at home for she's saving her light.
 D—is for Doris and Dorothy too;
 We think they are nice modest maidens, don't you?
 E—is for Eva, she's surely a hopper;
 When once she gets started nobody can stop her.
 F—is for first floor so good and so quiet;
 If you think you can make any noise there, just try it.
 G—is for Gladys so young and so fair;
 We all were young once and our lives had no care.
 H—is for Hazel the maid with the lamp;
 Oh young man, beware she's a dangerous vamp.
 I—is for myself. I'm too modest indeed
 To write down self-praise for the public to read.
 J—is for Joyce, a cute little girl
 Who keeps many bashful young swains in a whirl.
 K—is for Katie, a winsome young maid;
 But she must watch her step or she'll soon become "Stade."
 L—is for Lois, so wise and sedate;

Have you noticed her interest in science of late?
 M—is for —— Oh but I'm sure you can guess;
 A lively young lady who comes from U.S.
 N—is for Norma, a favorite with all;
 Why even the lesser sex, just watch them fall.
 O—is old-fashioned and not in our list;
 If you're not up to date you'll be sure to be missed.
 P—is for Pearl, who has come from the West;
 We hope with her now home she's kindly impressed.
 Q—is a quaint little lady named Quinn;
 We all make endeavor her favor to win.
 R—is a sweet little maiden called Rose;
 Who keeps in a flutter her numerous beaux.
 S—Second floor where the noise is appalling;
 The later the hour the louder the calling.
 T—is for Third Floor and also for Ted;
 The first may be mild, but the second, "Nuff Sed."
 U who are reading this frivolous Jest,
 Please look on it kindly; it's meant for the best.
 Poor V and W have both been misled,
 And X now Xplains Y this nonsense was Z.

Verta Powers and Elna Lindebloom went for a tramp in the country. The tramp died.

The Tyke led for a heart;
 Cecile for a diamond played,
 And father came down with a club,
 The sexton used the spade.

Mr. Hannant: "Have you heard my last joke."
 Victim: "I hope so."

Bessie: "The cook makes everything out of the cook-book".

Mabel: "That must have been one of the covers I ate in the pie to-day."

Flora Irish: "May I see my history marks."
 Prof. Dadson: "Have you a microscope?"

"I'll get canned" said the Salmon as the net tightened around him.



REG. W. WHIDDEN. '25

Once again we don football togs or running shorts, enthusiastically determined to make athletics boom this year as never before. We see nothing but rosy prospects before us, though tired muscles give evidence that attainment of success in the field of physical prowess requires preparatory physical training. That the realization of this fact has entered the minds of the students as a whole is evinced by the goodly number of budding athletes which rallies on the campus at the cry "all out!" We are glad to notice the great extent to which the games are being taken up by the freshmen: in a short time our athletic activities should embrace all those sufficiently interested to participate. Meanwhile let us encourage the bashful ones, and work our material to the point necessary for the maintaining of high standards.

To Mr. Carter and his executive much credit is due. He is to be congratulated on the splendid work accomplished in the past year and we only hope that his successor will have an equal measure of success.

FIELD DAY

Under most adverse weather conditions the 15th Annual Track and Field Meet was held on the 13th of October at the Exhibition grounds. The day was very cold, frequent flurries of snow making things even more unpleasant. Despite this fact, such a keenly-contested and interesting field-day program has not been witnessed here for some years. A decidedly important factor in the success of the day was the struggle between Stade and McPhail for individual honors. The latter, a freshman, won out by the narrow margin of four points, and incidentally won his "B" by equalling the standard record for the 200 yard dash. Hash won the aggregate honors mainly

through this athlete's fine work, although Junior Arts came a close second. As yet Coach McKnight can find no explanation for the disastrous and unexpected downfall of his many entries from Senior Arts.

Of the open events the College won all but the mile, first and second in this event going to Town and Cook respectively.

It is our opinion that if the same interest and rivalry exhibited on field-day are to be characteristic of our other departments of sport, the only possible objections raised will be from the faculty. We feel particularly optimistic at the splendid showing made by the numerous freshmen entries; it gives great promise for the future.

The results of events were as follows:

100 yards dash—McPhail, Stade, Matheson, 11 2|5 sec.
 Standing broad jump—McPhail, Johnson, Lousley, 8 ft. 10 in.
 Boys' 100 yards dash—R. Johnson, Lowe, Turnbull, 12 4|5 sec.
 High hurdles—Bourke, Stade, McLeod, 21 sec. 220 yard dash (open)—McPhail, Stade, Wirth, Johnson, 24 1|5 sec. Pole vault—Boeskai, Lousley, McPhail, 8 ft. 4 in. Shot put—McPhail, Stade, Boeskai, 25 ft. 10 in. Low hurdles—Stade, McPhail, Bourke, 30 1|5 sec. Running broad jump—McPhail, Johnson, Campbell, 17 ft. 8 in. Running high jump—Stade, McLeod and Weisbrod, 5 ft. 2 in. Mile run (open)—Town, Cook, Van Schaick, 5 min. 16 sec. Mile relay race—College, Tigers. 440 yards dash—Stade, Johnson, Derby, Dorret.

Medals were awarded as follows:

Grand aggregate medal—McPhail, 34 points.

Second aggregate medal—Stade, 30 points.

Freshman medal—McPhail, 34 points.

220 yards dash medal—McPhail.

Mile run medal—Town.

Mile relay medals—Stade, Johnson, Derby, Dorret.

Departmental aggregates were:

Hash—55 points.

Junior Arts—48 points.

Senior Arts—6 points.

TENNIS

The fine weather has as usual broken down our resolves and tennis has proven its increasing popularity by taking up much time which might well have been spent in studying. It seems that the hope of becoming a Tilden or a Richards is a stronger inducement than the possibility of winning a scholar-

ship. Whatever the incentive, our freshmen seem determined to raise the standard of tennis, even at the expense of drubbing their seniors. In perhaps no other line of sport have the freshmen shown such interest, and as a result they have progressed to a great degree.

In so far as the mens' doubles tournament has advanced the Junior Arts pair, Campbell and Turnbull, appear to be the likely winners. By spring however, they may have to look to their laurels as other players are developing rapidly and should give them a hard fight. We expect many interesting games, especially after the votaries of the game have developed their strength on the handle of a roller.

SOCCKER

If the soccer games played up to date are to be taken as a fair indication of what we may expect in the way of future contests, the inter-class football championship will be emblematic of a hard-earned honor. Rarely, if ever, have three teams of such stellar quality turned out in support of their respective departments.

So far Senior Arts has been reluctantly holding the cellar position in the league by allowing Hash, Junior Arts, and Hash again to defeat them in their three games. However our rusty old Seniors may yet surprise us by coming through with a win. The greatest of soccer battles this fall have been waged between Hash and Junior Arts. Both of the two games played between them have ended in a tie, and each one provided an abundance of thrills and an excellent quality of play.

All of us are looking forward to future games. The speedy, though inexperienced, Hashers seem confident of running over everything in their race for premier honors; the haughty Juniors look on defeat as beneath their dignity; while the staid Seniors are working out a system of play which they believe will dash to the ground the high ambitions of their opponents.

BASKETBALL

The season for this greatest of indoor games is well under way in the city, with both senior and intermediate leagues off to a flying start. The acquisition of several stars from among the freshmen has enabled the College to place a team of higher standard than last year in each of the leagues.

The senior team has made a rather inauspicious start by dropping the first two games, but we are expecting a reversal as the season progresses. We have reason to be proud of the showing they made against the experienced Togos. Our boys, while exhibiting speed and combination equal to that of their opponents, were deficient in finding the basket during the first game. In the second game, through the absence of our captain, Bert McDorman, the speedy Shamrocks were able to leave the floor with a comfortable margin. We hope, however, that with a little more shooting practice, our quintette will reverse the decisions of the first games.

The intermediate team has had an even break in the two games played. After winning the first game from the Togos they met with a one point defeat at the home of the Shamrocks, but they showed such consistent good form that we feel confident of them winning their league championship.

HOCKEY

As the season rolls around and the first signs of ice appear on the ponds and lakes, the minds of all true lovers of sport turn toward hockey. A league is being formed of teams representing the Tigers, Collegiate and College, and with the wealth of material on hand it should provide a fast brand of hockey. The College team has better prospects of copping the league than it has had for years. Already Manager Stordy has had his men out on the campus, getting them in shape for the coming season's play. With most of last year's stars and several newcomers on hand the team has a big chance of entering the play-off for the Junior Championship and winning that much-coveted trophy, the Abbott Cup.

Meanwhile talk hockey, boost hockey, and if you have any ability get in shape for hockey, so the blue and gold may come to the fore once again.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

. HELEN C. HITCHINGS '25

The girl of today is the all round girl, the girl who can "swim and row, be strong and active, but of the gentler graces lose not sight." Clark Hall is blessed with a goodly number of such girls and under the leadership of Annie McLeod we feel sure that the physical life of Clark Hallites will not be neglected. We are glad the day is gone when it was thought improper

for girls to run and jump and chase a ball. Every real girl of today wants to be considered a good sport rather than a social butterfly or a bookworm, so let's all enthusiastically enter into the athletic life of Clark Hall this year.

BASKET BALL

"Play up, play up, and play the game," basket ball has started out this year as though it meant to make itself known among the student activities. The very first practice disclosed the fact that a great many girls were eager to play. Strangely enough, the majority displayed the qualities required of centres; but it was found possible to organize, not only a regular team, but a good scrub team. With Mr. Gilbert as coach basket ball bids fair to have a successful year.

The first game of the season was played against the Collegiate. The game was close and exciting, with two star forwards and excellent team work the college led in a score of 35-31. Arrangements are being made for a game with the Manitoba Agricultural College which we hope will be as successful as the previous game.

FIELD DAY

There is an old superstition that Friday the 13th is unlucky. The weatherman alone believed in that superstition, but the girls showed by their enthusiasm in entering the events that they didn't believe it at all. In spite of the wintry atmosphere, the girls' sports in the morning were a great success.

Enthusiastic cheering from Senior Arts no doubt helped Bessie Bridgett to win first place in base-ball throwing. The score was as follows:—

Bessie Bridgett, 142 ft. 4 in.; Annie McLeod, 122 ft. 6 in.; Memora Jones, 110 ft. 2 in.

Basket ball throwing was quite as successful: Annie McLeod, 63 ft. 7½ in.; Eunice Death, 63 ft. 5½ in.; Bessie Bridgett, 53 ft. 2 in.

Darwin states that we are descended from monkeys, but if we judge by the jumping of certain of the girls it would seem that we were indebted to kangaroos for some of our characteristics. Observe this score for the standing broad:

Hazel Keith, 7 ft.; Eunice Death 6 ft. 11 in.; Helen Hitchings 6 ft. 9½ in.

Here is the score for the running broad: Annie McLeod, 11ft. 6 in.; Hazel Keith; Edna Calverley.

And this for the running high: Olive Freeman 4 ft.; Helen Hitchings, 3 ft. 11 in.; Hazel Keith, 3 ft. 10 in.

The hop, skipp and jump is an event which has hitherto been left entirely to the boys. This year it was put on the programme for the girls and proved a great success as the following results show:

Hazel Keith, 27 ft. 5½ in.; Edna Calverley, 24 ft. 10 in.; Annie McLeod, 24 ft. 7 in.

A race in an exciting event, therefore great enthusiasm was shown when the girls lined up for the seventy five yards dash. In this case the score read:

Hazel Keith; Annie McLeod; Eunice Death.

The inter-department relay race came next. Senior Arts won, Hash came second and Junior Arts came——well you may judge for yourself.

The quarter mile walk is always a matter of controversy. If you think you know the difference between a run and a walk we would be glad of your assistance as judge. However, Anna Hornfeldt showed her ability as a walker by coming in first, Annie McLeod came second and Margaret Biggs third.

The obstacle race was amusing to the spectators, but judging by the seriousness of the contestants, it was no laughing matter for them. Annie McLeod won and Hazel Keith took second place.

The ribbons and medals were awarded in the evening. Senior Arts secured the interdepartment cup with a total of ninety points. Annie McLeod was awarded the Grand Aggregate Medal and Hazel Keith the second aggregate; since no freshman was qualified to receive the bronze medal, it was awarded to Eunice Death, the winner of the third aggregate. Senior Arts fittingly sang

Seniors did —— yes they did
 Seniors did —— did —— did
 Hash said they wouldn't
 Juniors said they couldn't
 Seniors said they could and then
 did, did, did.

In old London, there were two sausage shops on opposite sides of the street. The proprietor of one of them got the advertising bug and hoisted up a big sign one day "We Serve the King"—And not to be outdone, his competitor put up a sign the following day—"God Save the King."

LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

LILLIAN E. EDMISON '24

Something of a novelty comes to us in the form of a musical number of the *Gateway*. It is made up of articles contributed by the students, dealing with all phases of music from the "Development of Opera" to the "Jingled Rythm of Jazz." Most of the articles are very well written indeed, show a true appreciation of the value of good music and a realization that "to love her is a liberal education."

Though not on our regular list of exchanges the *Winnipeg Tribune* has an article which we are particularly proud to note. It is an account of the address given by our president Dr. H. P. Whidden to the Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba. The Winnipeg press is rich in its praise of both speech and speaker and with expanding chest we quote only a few of the many laudatory sentences: "Expounding a noble sentiment couched in beautiful and convincing language, Principal H. P. Whidden of Brandon College, at the opening of the 40th meeting of the Manitoba Synod of the Presbyterian Church, Monday night in Westminster church, in his address of Canadian citizenship carried away his hearers, unquestionably left them with a deeper sense of responsibility as citizens of the Dominion and instilled into their minds the wonderful possibility of making not only Canada but the world a better place to live in." "Dr. Whidden has as much charm of manner as any educationalist in the west. He has a fine platform appearance with his neat figure, his Baconian brow and his genial smile. He is a very pleasing and finished speaker, apt in his use of illustration and with a decided fund of humor. The concluding portions of his address on the rights and privileges of citizenship ought to be printed in pamphlet form and sown far and wide across the Prairie Provinces."

Since initiation is a subject which interests us all with varying degrees of amusement, maliciousness and terror, it

might be worth while to note what the other colleges and Universities have to say on the question. In the *Argosy Weekly* is a report of their initiations from which we conclude that their initiations this year took a much milder form than formerly. To quote "The ceremony under charge of a committee of five was carried out successfully under the new regulations of last year. All attempts at horseplay were eliminated, while enough of the ludicrous was provided for the onlookers as well as enough ceremony to impress the new men." Regarding the initiation of girls, there is a column to be found in the *Sheaf* expressing the opinions of several students. One girl says: "The sport that comes once in a life time should be more strenuous" while another says: it is "An event which in the past has too often created hard feelings and at times even injuries to health."

In the *Ubysey* and the *Gateway* we find accounts of more drastic ceremonies. In one section the editor of the *Gateway* says "initiation is a fine old institution and simply must be maintained." In the *Ubysey* we find even the freshies themselves protesting against too mild a form and bemoaning the fact that "they are unable to boast of the hardships undergone; to compare notes with other initiated ones and recount their terrible experiences."

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, under the heading "Brutal Initiation" offers the following information.

"Initiation proceedings characterized as 'a disgraceful exhibition of sheer brutality' in which half a dozen men were rendered unconscious and several more or less serious injuries inflicted, occurred at S. P. S., Toronto, this term. These incidents have been condemned in no uncertain fashion by leaders in college life at that institution, and have aroused strong feeling against such actions."

Though written for the students of Mt. Allison University, the valedictory of Class '22 which we find printed in the *Argosy* has an application to all students. The writer dwells particularly on the "mind attitude" which we develop at College and the ideals which we should formulate. He refers to the hopeless sensation we experience when we "turn the fly-leaf of the book of knowledge and realize that before us are many pages we may never hope to read." "Yet," he continues, "if we catch the true spirit, we will persevere, even seeking after knowledge and therein finding contentment. He who misses this spirit, fails to receive the golden gift of the university." In speaking of the ideals of the University the writer impresses us with the realization that our ideals should not be

individual but should be a practical application of "Love Thy Brother as Thyself." "The whole idea may well be expressed in one word, responsibility."

Thus—"In estimating the value of education, we should not measure it, as many in this materialistic age are wont to do in terms of dollars and cents but rather in terms of higher mental development, a more commendable attitude towards the pursuit of knowledge, and an inherent desire for service as members of a vast interrelated humanity."

THE ANSWER

I asked the sky above me,
 In the stillness of the night,
 When all her hosts were marching
 In serried ranks of light;
 How come they forth in order,
 Led by what guiding rod?
 A down the listening heaven,
 The silence answered: God!

I asked the earth beneath me,
 In the beauty of the morn,
 When all her choirs were hymning
 The golden light new-born,
 And every flower breathed incense
 Uplifting from its sod;
 What mean your praise and praying?
 The violet told me: God!

I' asked the soul within me,
 Touched by some mystic power,
 When all her thoughts were hallowed,
 Tranquil as sky and flower;
 Whence come thy deep, deep longings
 To lift this heavy clod?
 Through every fibre pulsing,
 My answering heart beat: God!

H. H. P.

—*King's College Record.*

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Gateway*; the *Dalhousie Gazette*; the *Campus*; the *Argosy Weekly*; the *Sheaf*; the *Ulysses*; the *Yale Alumni*; the *Western U. Gazette*; the *McGill News*; *Tallow Dip*; *Von Wesleyana*; *King's College Record* and the *McMaster Monthly*.

A L U M N I A L U M N A E T

JESSIE M. TURNBULL M.A. '16

—'22. Miss V. Johnson is principal of the consolidated school at Mackinack, Man.

Miss M. Hales is taking a Household Science course at Manitoba Agricultural College.

Miss E. Calverley is teaching English in the Neepawa High School.

Mr. S. Goerwell is with a law firm in Winnipeg, is holding classes in Swedish and is assistant editor of a Swedish newspaper.

Mr. H. Olsen is in charge of the Baptist Church at Red Deer, Alberta.

Miss M. Rixon is attending Normal in Brandon.

Miss F. Kennedy is teaching at Grandview.

Miss F. Matthews is teaching near Hayfield, Man.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. R. Cresswell, at Norway House, speaks for its writer: "For the last month or so I have been endeavoring to instruct a collection of minds in various stages of evolution, as embodied in a number of Indian youths and maidens. Sometimes it seems a hopeless task.

Their minds are very simple and primitive in their workings. There are many compensations which more than make up for the annoyances of the classroom. I am the official organist of the Methodist Mission which may surprise you. Then before the freeze-up I was canoeing, sailing and horse-back riding. Now and then I study a little German and even some Philosophy lest my concepts become petrified and my thinking circumscribed."

—'21. Rev. C. G. Stone is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brandon and the Honorary President of the College Students' Association.

Miss H. Dunseith is the principal of the consolidated high and public schools at Lundor, Man.

Miss B. Clendenning is on the staff of the Port Arthur Collegiate.

Mr. J. Wicklund is teaching History and English, and Glen Clark is teaching Science and English at the Dauphin Collegiate.

Mr. V. Warner is teaching Mathematics in Weyburn Collegiate.

Miss J. Venables is teaching at North Battleford, Sask.

Mr. E. M. Whidden spent the summer in charge of a pastorate at East End, Sask.

Miss T. Turnbull is teaching in Hartney High School.

Mr. C. Riley is physical drill instructor for the schools in Medicine Hat. He was the speaker at the Medicine Hat Rotary Club on October 31st, and again at the Teacher's Convention in that city on November 2nd.

Mr. A. J. Runeman is continuing his studies at Chicago University and is also one of the night attendants in Rosenwald Library.

A week end reunion was enjoyed by a number of class '21 in Brandon in August. Chief among the activities was a corn roast at Lake Clementi. There were present Hazel Dunseith, Beatrice Clendenning, Tena Turnbull, Norman McDonald and Kelly Stone.—C.G.S.

—'20. Mr. D. Beaubier is teaching in Zealander, Sask.

Miss E. Grieg spent a few days in Brandon in September on her way to Columbus N.D., where she is teaching.

—'19. Mr. D. S. Forsyth is teaching in Winnipeg.

Miss Struthers is a member of the high school in Coleman, Alta.

University of Manitoba.

Although Miss I. Cumming was offered a fellowship for another year's graduate study in English at Smith College, Mass., she has returned to Manitoba to take Normal and teach.

—'18. Miss Ruby McDonald and Mr. R. McDonald '22 have the sincerest sympathy of many friends and former fellow-students among the Alumni, in the bereavement which came to them in August in the death of their father.

Miss R. Bambridge is teaching in Oak Lake High School.

Mr. W. White is teaching at Le Pas.

Mr. D. McIntyre is principal of the school at Miami, Manitoba.

Miss G. S. Whidden is a member of the Collegiate staff in Crookston, Minn.

Four of the '18 girls, Reita Bambridge, Bess Turnbull, Gwen Whidden and Jean Avery held a very happy reunion in August at Dr. Whidden's cottage at Delta, Man. It was to be regretted that the others were unable to attend but even under that disadvantage we enjoyed everything from breaking in the door to toasting marsh-mallows and watching the moon—certainly not the sun-rise. Our more serious moments were rather sad with the thought of Bess and her long separation from us, but we were and are proud to yield her up to such noble service as missionary endeavor in India.—J.A.

Miss Bess E. Turnbull sailed from San Francisco, on S.S. "China" on October 21st, in company with Rev. and Mrs. Gordon for India, where she will engage in evangelical work under the Canadian Baptist Board.

—'16. Miss Maynard Rathwell is teaching in the High School in North Battleford, Sask.

Miss Flora Fraser is teaching in Broadview High School, Sask.

Victor Coen was called to London, Eng., by the death of his father in September. Mrs. Coen (nee Mary Freedman) and their little son Ezra joined him in October. They expect to remain in England for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kahlo of Mortlach, Sask., visited the college during the opening days of the fall term.

Rev. H. F. Widen is pastor of the United Baptist church in Quincey, Mass.

—'15. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Herbert (nee Gladys Morris) are spending the winter in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rathwell and family are now living in Winnipeg.

—'14. Misses K. Johnson and M. Bucke are on the teaching staff in Winnipeg.

—'13. The good wishes of the entire Alumni Association and of a host of friends go with Rev. and Mrs. A. Gordon as they return to India for another term of service. The ordination of Mr. T. H. Harris took place in August in the Baptist Church at Reston, Man., where he is now pastor.

Theol.—Mr. John P. Sinclair received the degree of M.A. at the University of California last summer and is now pastor of the Federated Community Church at Belen, New Mexico.

—'12. Miss Vera Leech spent a very happy summer vacation in travel and study in the British Isles and France. It was her privilege while abroad to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Mr. R. T. Ferrier is Superintendent of Indian Education for the Dominion with headquarters at Ottawa.

Rev. W. C. Smalley spent the summer in Europe.

Mr. E. H. Clarke visited the college in October in his official capacity as Secretary of the S.C.M. of Canada.

—'06. Mr. B. A. Tingley is now principal of the High School in Selkirk, Man.

Mr. Doucette is postmaster at Kipling, Sask.

Mr. Douglas Campbell is member of the Legislative Assembly for Lakeside, Man.

Mr. Lorne Smith is on the Union Bank staff in Moosomin.

Miss Margaret Smith graduated from the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg, in January.

Miss K. Moffat has spent the past few months travelling and visiting in Eastern Canada and the States.

Miss Cline of the Dominion Chautauquas paid a flying visit to Brandon in October. She was with us only long enough for us to demand an archway speech.

Johnson—Gill. On August 21st, at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. A. S. Gill, Brandon. Edith Gill was married to William P. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are living in Winnipeg where Mr. Johnson is teaching in St. John's Technical High School.

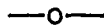
Lissaman—Dunbar. On July 5th, at the home of the brides' parents, Brandon Hills, Jessie Dunbar was married to William Lissaman, formerly of Brandon, now of Tioga, N.D.

Eyres—Sanford. On July 24th, in the Presbyterian Church, Virden, Man., Adelia A. Sanford was married to Leslie Eyres of Chilliwack, B.C.

“I'm not sticking to facts.” said the stamp on the letter the student was writing to his dad.

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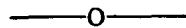
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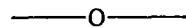
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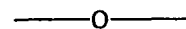
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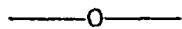
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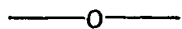
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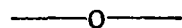
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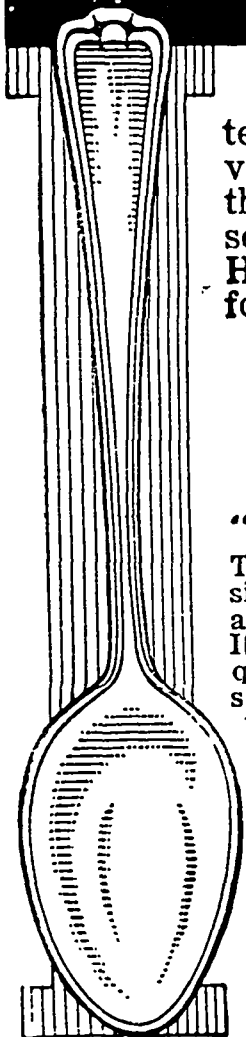
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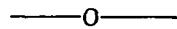
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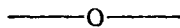
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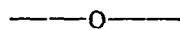


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