

November 7 1929



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF BRANDON COLLEGE.

VOL. X.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

No. 3.

The City of Seven Hills

E. A. W.

"These tourists, heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the Poet of Mountain Solitude and Lonely Moor. They "glance along, rapid and gay, as if earth were air, and they were butterflies." They perch "on jutting rock, pencil in hand" and "scribble, scribble on and look." This portraiture is aptly fitting but no vision ever reached the Poet of the multitudes which were to crowd trains, busses and char-a-bancs to their utmost capacity in our modern invasions of the older world. So thought we as our train swept down the Riviera, into the heart of Italy.

Rome at last, with its Seven silent Hills on guard! Colonnaded temples, ruined baths majestic walls, crowd into view. The Tiber, muddy, deep-flowing, sweeps silently westward under its breastwork of bridges, tall cypresses hold their lovely vigil by the ruins of Hadrian's villa. Skies of "gold and cinnabar" stretch to the far horizon where the lacey pepper-tree hangs its screen against the azure rim—Rome impresses one as a City of splendor born on the brink of death.

The life of Rome is picturesque in the extreme. Tall, sombre men, garbed in black and green, with well-dressed women, throng ceaselessly through gaily lighted parks and marble arches, and like a living octopus spread themselves into every commercial avenue. Colorful processions of wine carts crawl in through the city gates. The Barocci have painted hoods sheltering their precious caskets and half conceal a little dog with one eye unblinkingly alert for the unsuspecting intruder. A patriarchal group dine in the open square partaking freely of white wine from capacious flagons, and spaghetti in long ropes from their dishes. Hordes of men and women file through the market squares, loading can and basket with spoils of fruit and vegetable, bickering loud-voiced with the vendors over their curious wares. Children of all ages play on the streets, while those of the Ghetto, sprawling spider-

like in the mad, make progress difficult.

Flashes of color illumine the varied cosmopolitan groups. Stately Carabinieri in scarlet Napoleonic treasures of the Vatican. "I fiorai di piazza" or Flower Sellers are a lingering tradition of Rome. The foot of the long cycles of Spanish Steps is still the stronghold of the flower stalls. There in days gone by, the "artist's models" the villainous brigand and strangely clothed ruffian, formed a fitting complement to the resplendent scene. Along the wayside plod a band of Carthusians, clothed in spotless white vanishing into shadowy cloisters as silently as they came. Priests in black cassocks, mingle among the crowds. A Capusian monk, his brown tunic caught with a rope of white returns a smile in passing.

Beneath the din of the traffic one hears the laughter of fountains. Nymphs, naiads, and river-gods, veiled in transparent mist, are discovered in every square. Generations of men and women have come and gone, but turtles, fish, and horses, still splash and gambol in their glittering marble playgrounds. Amid the strange confusion they take on the semblance of living creatures. The perfect Greek symmetry imparts motion and life to the figures. One is tempted to reach out a hand and help the eager tortoises over the rim of the basin, or touch the dorsal fin which gives a coquettish flip to the water. Neptune invariably receives his toll of coin from the spell-bound traveller, who believes, that thus invoked, the great sea-deity will speedily bring about his return. Scarcely has he departed however, when the grinning crab rises from concealment, dips into the crystal stream and emerges with the coveted lira.

The churches of Rome have grown out of a squat legendary childhood. Santa Prudenziana is the home of Rufus Prudens who captured the British chief Caractacus while the chief's daughter, in turn, captured the Roman officer. Santa Clemente is the last structure on the ground of a series of churches, and its basilica

represents one of the oldest in existence. In a hidden vault is the temple of Mithras. One wonders what mystic vision led the star-gazers of the Ganges to establish their cult here, in the very heart of a rival faith. Numberless animated statues in procession against the sky-line, is a striking feature of the famous St. John Lateran. Arid porphyry tableable within, lays claim to a Biblical function, for tradition says, that on it, the soldiers cast lots for the raiment of Christ. A record at the door of Santa Prassoda states that 2,300 martyrs from the catacombs were burned there. This church is dedicated to St. Praxed and is the one immortalized by Browning in his poem, "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." Santa Maria Maggiore was founded on a snow-crowned Esquiline Hill. Santa Maria del Poy solo was built to dispel the evil spirits haunting the grave of Nero. Since accomplishing its purpose it has become the favorite church of the people.

Rome is a city of shadows, and turns unceasingly to its giant memorials, the guardians of ancient days. In the background looms the great hills, the Palatine uplifting strange
(Continued on Page 6.)

League of Nation's Club.

Prof. Anderson Speaks on the League in 1929.

The League of Nation's Club had their first meeting of the year on October 31st, 1929, and were delighted to see such a splendid turnout of members and visitors.

Miss Kathleen Condell opened the meeting with a few words of welcome, and handed it over to Mr Anderson, who gave the main address of the evening.

Mr Anderson spoke to the group on "The League in 1929" using as the basis of his address "The Fresh Start in International Affairs" an article in the "Round Table." He began by saying that the year 1928 was a disappointing one for the League, as the

nations armed themselves to the teeth, and seemed willing to fight on the slightest provocation. Things looked more hopeful, however, when the Locarno Treaty made it possible for Germany to enter the League. Great Britain refused to compete with the United States in making armaments, and signed an optional clause.

The League, by itself, is practically useless, and unless it has the support and trust of the nations, it is helpless. France is an obstacle to overcome. The Great War made her a war-shocked country, and at present she is afraid to trust the League. What is to be done? The League has to face the fact that there are more armaments now than before the war. World peace is far distant unless France will trust in another kind of security.

The advent of Labor government in England brings hope to the Anglo-American problem. The great need is to stop trouble and friction in its beginning, so war cannot result. It is not enough to have Kellogg Peace Pacts, which outlaw aggressors, but National sanctions are needed. Italy and Mussolini must take a different attitude. Young Italians are being trained for war, but this preparation for armaments is practically useless as the next war will be fought in the air. Whole cities will be annihilated in a few seconds. Thus the people must be won over to see what life is for, and what a nation's real destiny is. Europe must be Christianized.

In this impressive way Mr. Anderson closed his illuminating address.

Mr. Knowles then presented to us current events concerning North America. Mr. Perdue informed us on affairs in the East, not forgetting to mention the wailing wall of the Holy Land, and the disagreement between Russia and China over the Chinese Eastern Railway. Miss Kathleen Condell then gave some interesting facts concerning European affairs.

Some matters of business were transacted, after which Miss Condell closed the meeting with a few fitting remarks.

The League of Nation's Club has indeed had a successful beginning, and promises to make this year one of real profit.

THE QUILL

Published Bi-Weekly by Brandon College Student Association.

Managing Editor Carl Wicklund.
Business Manager Stanley Westaway.
Advertising George Eaton.
Subscription Tom Dunlop.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

Literary Rundle McLachlan
Art Ernie Shaw
Athletics—Clark Hall Agnes Maltman
Brandon College..... Frank Rose
Social Dorothy Webb
Alumni
Consulting Editor .. Mrs W. L. Wright

EDITORIAL

"SHOW YOUR COLLEGE SPIRIT."

There is no statement more frequently heard among us than this: "Show your College Spirit." It is used as the final argument by any and all who, in presenting a proposition to the student body wish to give the last fine touch of persuasion. From then on, it is supposed, matters will pretty well take care of themselves. There is a fine spirit among the students, in which fact we can justly feel a measure of satisfaction. But from forming, as it ought, a driving power by which each one takes joyfully his part with the others, it has become a sort of mental sedative. Such an appeal is so general in its scope that it is easy for the attitude to develop that the other fellow is meant. That is unfair to all, since it places the onus upon those who do respond, and robs the rest of opportunities which they should not be willing to pass by.

We should all rid our minds of the idea that in being asked to participate in student activities outside our regular studies, that it is our duty to do what is requested of us. That takes the joy out of it. Why not call it privilege and so try whole-heartedly to find the finest elements in our activities together? This cannot be stressed too strongly, that the whole student body grows as each member of it grows, by self-expression and responsibility.

Where is YOUR college spirit?

With this issue we present the first of our special articles. Mrs. E. A. Whitmore, head of the English Department, gives us her impressions of a visit paid to the Immortal City. There are more of these intimate pen pictures by other writers in store for our readers. They are written specially for the Quill and serve a real part in making our paper more interesting.

The Fanning Mill.

Thomas Carlyle was one of the world's greatest champions of the cause of work. We may think at times that his outlook on many questions wore a somewhat dyspeptic tinge, but we must honor him for the steadfastness with which he held to and practiced the gospel of work. However much involved and vague some of his theories may be, he

spoke out clearly on the subject. That is shown when he says: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." And in his "Choice of Books" we find: "On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not to be afraid of it—not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but pushing on toward the goal."

* * *

While we are on the subject of Carlyle it is fitting that we should hear

what he considered as one of the supreme lessons in history:

"I believe you will find in all histories that recognition of the eternal justice of heaven and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God, has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent and all-wise, and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very nauch, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world."

* * *

Talking of history recalls one of the very best of those delightful but generally fictitious schoolboy howlers a certain type of professor enjoys concocting in his spare moments. The question here was, "What do you know of Queen Elizabeth?" and the alleged answer reveals a wide but somewhat undigested reading of several hundred years of history."

Queen Elizabeth was known as the Virgin Queen; she rode naked on a horse through Coventry to save the town, whereupon Sir Walter Raleigh, observing her plight, gave her his cloak, with the gallant remark: "Lady, you must be cold". And the Queen replied in the famous phrase, "Dieu et mon droit," which, being translated, means "My God, you're right"

Quill Nuggets

Some People Seem to Think—

They are clever just because they are finding fault.

They are wise because they say nothing.

They are educated just because they use words no one can understand

They are broad-minded because they are shallow.

They are happy just because they are laughing hilariously.

They are religious just because they are melancholy.

* * *

While we Hesitate—

About breaking a habit, it becomes harder to break

About starting a reform, the evil is spreading.

About doing the right thing, it becomes too late to do it

About making peace, the seeds of more wars are sown.

About offering an apology, the heart grows less willing to do so.

About turning to the right, we lose the high way.

* * *

Those Who Say That—

Life is a burden are not always those who have worked hardest at it.

All men are liars will bear watching. Business is business are usually trying to put something across.

Life is a joke may never have done any serious work.

God has forgotten them have probably been preoccupied.

DEBATING CLUB.

The B. C. Debating Club held its weekly meeting in Room L Thursday October 31st, at 3.30. After the routine of business the debate of the day took place: "Resolved that initiations involving personal indignities should be abolished". Splendid team work was displayed on the affirmative side which was upheld by Thos Douglas and Irma Dempsey. The negative, Andy Clark and Rob. Rolston, put up a stiff opposition manifesting considerable individuality and originality, but the aforementioned organization prevailed.

Mr. Batho is proving a very efficient coach. Considerable proficiency in the art of debating is expected to be developed within this club this winter.

CLARK HALL S. C. M.

Miss Bessie Turnbull, who is home from India on furlough, was the speaker at the first Clark Hall S. C. M. meeting for the year. Miss Evelyn Fidler, presided and Mrs. W. L. Wright led in prayer.

Taking as her theme, "Opportunities for the girl graduate in India" Miss Turnbull vividly portrayed the need for trained leadership in every field of endeavor. Particularly in the Anglo-Indian centres, where European customs prevail, "the need is something appalling"

The work is abundantly worth while be it as teacher, preacher, nurse, social worker or doctor. The influence of the preacher is fundamental, however, for his enabling and uplifting power paves the way for all consequent efforts at reform and enlightenment.

The native Indian is a very sensitive and sincere person who seeks earnestly for truth; and a deep and real experience of God is essential in the missionary, to satisfy his demands and convince him of the Christian way of life.

Many took advantage of the opportunity to meet Miss Turnbull whose charm of personality and narration endeared her to all present. She will be in the city all winter and extends a warm welcome to one and all to pay her a visit.

SOFTBALL.

Arts '31 started something last week when the challenge appeared on the blackboard—"Arts '31 challenges the world at Softball, Saturday afternoon." We always knew that "Red" Leflar thought he was most of the world; he now proved he thought he was all of it by accepting the challenge. The game was scheduled for 4:30 but Red's team found it more convenient to play at 1:30, so '31 agreed to play early in spite of the serious handicap which the change entailed.

The game started with the world in the field, and '31 to "bats", and from then on the game was a steady round of runs and errors and outs, with the customary razzings on the "ump" thrown in for variety. Peanut Umphreys was "ump", until it got too hot for him, when he turned his job over to Professor Wright.

The world's line-up was as follows: Ruth Bingham, who pitched a wicked ball first innings and then got scared of '31 and changed places with Clark Ross, who was then playing second base. Red Leflar, the "triumverate" catcher, manager and captain of the World. Mary Coutts and Ella Barnecut, supported the pitcher on each side. Bert Ingram and Audrey Rolston carried on a tete-a-tete out in the field, and Jack Edmison, playing centre field, gave up the ghost in the sixth innings and was replaced by Win Sutton. Ken King held down first base, and Paul Bugg tried to run off with third.

Of this illustrious bunch of hard hitters, Mary Coutts, Red Leflar and Ken King won the honors with three runs each. Bingham, Clark Ross and Paul Bugg each ran home twice, and Ella Barnecut and Bert Ingram arrived once. Win Sutton, Audrey Rolston and Jack Edmison also ran. Win hit a ball once, but Ernie was sleeping with his mouth open, and it fell in.

The Invincible '31's line up in great form. Roy Sharpe and Lorne McFarland played catch across home plate, altho' now and then they were interrupted by Ruth Bingham, playing around with a bat. Ed Shaw is reported to have had his first good sleep since he came to college while reposing somewhere near first base. Derby and McKinnon, loyal little souls, stopped all the short balls that hit them. Vasey, on second base, was in a daze trying to figure out how

a four-inch ball could go through the three inch hole in his mitt. Jack Ellis played "Ring-around-a-rosy" in centre field with Grace Armstrong and Ethel Rolston during the first two innings, after which he set up a fruit stand on the pitcher's box (Razzberries), and Evelyn Strachan chased the elusive third base around the grounds.

Roy Sharpe's magnetic personality was hard at work, for when he once started from home he couldn't stop till he had crossed the plate again! Result: three runs for '31, and all the honors at home. Shaw, Derby and Vasey "done noble" and each added their "widow's mite" to '31's score. McFarland, McKinnon, Strachan, Armstrong, Ellis and Rolston ran—to first base. Mary McKinnon played till she could play no more—before the end she had to be carried on to the field, but she gamely stuck to her post. (Who threw the gum on the diamond anyway?)

Ross and Peanut entertained on the side lines with a hot little act of fiery acrobatics.

The final score 17-6 is not to be sneezed at. Thirty-one may have been beaten at soft-ball, but when it comes to pep and enthusiasm, we have yet to see them equalled. Inter-class soft-ball could have developed a wonderful class spirit in all other classes too, but since it is too late for that, we suggest that something be done about other Inter-class games, along the lines of hockey and basket-ball

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Toward the night of Hallowe'en
We all did wait, impatient,
To see, to hear, and sometimes
scream

At that which was adjacent

First gathering in the chapel bare,
To pick out unknown partners.
We then were led to climb the stairs,
And lo, behold what startlers.

The hall it was as black as night,
And weird sounds from it shrieking.
Till everyone was filled with fright
And jumped at each new creaking.

For led about the hall were we,
While ghostly obstacles,
Disturbed our spiritual agony,
Just how much no one tells

Then two by two, we were led forth
To see a skeleton;
Which in the horrors of that night
Near made our senses numb.

Nor were we freed when this was
done,
No, yet the queen and king,
By hearty hand shake greeted us,
But made our bodies ring
Downstairs through darkness we
were led,
And straightway all were there,
For those whose spirits were not
dead,

There was some fun to share

A dimly lighted room it was,
And very hard to bear;
For all the signs of Hallowe'en
Pervaded everywhere

Then call to lunch was given out,
Which eased our weary frames,
Each one then got a partner
But doubtful of their names

But e'er the lunch was over
A silence was pronounced,
A ghostly tale then being told
Which shivered all the house.

The party being at an end
Only one thing was right,
To go to bed and see again
The horrors of that night.

E. A. B.

HEISE'S MUSIC STORE.

Exclusive Westinghouse Agency.

BARBER SHOP and

BEAUTY PARLOR.

333 Rosser Ave.

Phone 2514

Brandon, Man.

TUXEDOS.

Latest cut, superior quality and tailoring.

Two Piece .. \$27.00

Three Piece (Fashion Craft) .. \$37.50

JOHN A. McDONALD & SON.

Ninth and Rosser.

It's Somebody's Birthday To-day.

Drop in and look over our large stock of Birthday Greeting Cards.

We have cards for all occasions: Weddings, Anniversaries, Sickness and Sympathy.

THE WILLSON STATIONERY CO., LIMITED.

830 Rosser Ave.



You May Not Dance
With Joy---But

WE KNOW YOU'LL BE VISIBLY PLEASED WHEN YOU SEE
OUR FINE COLLECTION OF SUITS AND OVERCOATS FOR
YOUNG MEN. AND THE PRICES WILL PLEASE YOU TOO.

\$25.00 and \$29.50

Gooden's Men's Wear

Sole Agents for

ROYAL YORK CLOTHES

Tailored to Measure. \$27.50.

Rosser at Seventh Street.

Field Day Held in Arena.

NEW RECORDS MADE.

When the curtain of the night of October 18th was lifted, it revealed the morn of the College Field Day in a haze of threatening clouds. Shortly after eight o'clock a drizzling rain began to fall and it was found necessary to carry on the Field Day activities in the Arena Skating Rink.

The Arena, of course, was in no condition for athletic competition, but with the aid of several of the faculty and practically all members of the student body of Brandon College, the sawdust and debris which covered the floor of the rink was piled up out of the way and a start was made at 9:30 a.m.

The ladies' events were the first to take place. Though indoor competition is in many respects a handicap, it did not daunt the spirits of our athletic daughters who thrilled the audience with their deeds of athletic prowess.

In the first event, the running broad jump, Margaret Draper, wearing the Senior colors, led the line with Mary Coutts and Marjorie Somerville the Junior Standard bearers close behind. Margaret also came first in the 50 yard dash as well as in the standing broad jump.

In the baseball throw Donna Mummery of the Collegiate demonstrated the strength of her arm by winning this event although losing out to Ruth Bingham in the basketball throw.

In the running high jump, Betty Clement also of the Collegiate, carried off the highest honors with Mary Coutts a close second. In this event Miss Clement broke the standard and the record by leaping to a height of 4 ft. 4 inches.

During the greater part of the morning the hot dog stand was going strong, though business took a slump when McFarland and Pechet came in. These two gentlemen fundamentally of the same financial principals refused to pay the outrageous price of one dime for a cold drink, arguing indignantly that they need only walk five blocks to get the same drink for a nickel.

In the hop-step-and-jump, Margaret Draper again came through for the Seniors, while pressing close behind was Betty Clement. First and second honors in the low hurdles were captured by the Collegiate with Miss Draper disqualified at the first hurdle.

As usual the relay race was a feature of the morning events with the Senior team of the valiant Misses Derby, Shanks, Hitchings and Draper.

The girls' events this year were splendid. Conditions were far from ideal for the keenest competition but we all congratulate the girls on their splendid showing for they fully de-

serve the credit which is their due.

Two p.m. saw the opening of the men's events. The first to take place was the 60 yard dash. This race was very close with "Cam" MacNeil the winner with the splendid time of six and six-tenths seconds. "Cam" also captured the 220 and the high hurdles in both of which his time was extraordinary when we realize the conditions under which they were run. This is especially true of the high hurdles where each competitor was forced to make two turns when ordinarily the race would be run on a straight course.

Paul Bugg, one of our sturdy freshmen, trained in a sterling performance with two wins and a tie for first place and a second in the hop-step-and-jump.

A number of events were taken by outside competitors. The half mile was won by Johnstone, the hop-step-and-jump by Sparvier, the pole vault by Saunders and the mile by Sparvier. The pole vault was very interesting, the record being broken and the standard equalled.

In the Junior events the aggregate medal was won by Alex Cameron, who gathered in 18 points to win the Junior aggregate for himself and to swell the total for Junior Arts. In the runs Johnny Ross showed the result of his faithful training by winning three firsts, one being the running broad jump, with the sprints of 60 and 220 yards. While in the pole vault Art Brown broke standard and the previous record with a splendid effort of 8 feet, 10 inches. Alex Cameron also broke the standard and previous record in the hop-step-and-jump by hopping, stepping and jumping 31 feet 10 inches. Other competitors from the College were Hugh Kennedy and Steve Bass both of whom helped to swell the total for their respective departments while adding to their own honor and glory.

At last Field Day was over. One by one the crowd dispersed until no one was left except the guardians of the hot dog stand who were busy computing the gains of the day.

At eight-thirty the program began in the College chapel. Here the successful athletes received their awards which they had won. "Cam" MacNeil again won the Grand Aggregate Cup with a total of twenty-nine points. Margaret Draper won the Ladies' Grand Aggregate Cup with 23 points. Alex Cameron won the Junior Aggregate Medal with eighteen points and Mary Coutts won the Freshette Aggregate with sixteen points while Paul Bugg captured the Freshman's Medal with a total of twenty-two points.

After a varied and delightful program the whole student body adjourned to the dining room where plentiful refreshments were served. The gathering broke up with a resounding "Hippi Skippi" and "Hail our College". The Field Day of 1929 was a matter of history.

Girls' Tennis Tournament

The Girls' Tennis Tournament was carried out most enthusiastically this year, and if winter had given us one more day of grace, the championship could have been decided. The semi-finals were completed last Saturday, and with Kay Robertson and Ruth Bingham looking forward to the final fight the weather man put a stop to it all, and by Monday it looked as tho' the tournament will remain unsettled until next Spring.

There were twenty-three girls signed up, and the first round was quickly run off as follows:--Ruth Wright defeated Shirley Riesberry; T Stoodley defeated Mildred Bridges. K Robertson defeated Linea Olson, R Wade defeated N Maltman; Mary Jane McDonald defeated Win Sutton; Eleanor Squires defeated W. Morrison. Marg McKinnon defeated J. Warden.

The "sixteens" were played out as follows:--Ruth Wright defeated T. Stoodley, K Robertson defeated R Wade; E Squires defeated M J McDonald; I Hitchings defeated M. McKinnon; Lois Gainer defeated A Derby. Jean Hitchings defeated Adlene Edwards; R. Bingham defeated Ella Barnecut; Willa Robertson defeated Clara Johnson.

The "eights" were won by:--K. Robertson defeated R. Wright, E Squires defeated I Hitchings; Lois Gainer defeated J. Hitchings; R. Bingham defeated W. Robertson.

One of the best games of the tournament was played between Eleanor Squires and Kay Robertson, when, in what might be called a last inning rally, Kay won the honors with a score of 4-6, 6-4, 6-5.

But the final score does not tell the whole story of the game between Gainer and Bingham, for altho' Lois was on the short end of a 6-0, 6-1 score, she put up a good battle, and the games were all close.

We would like to see Ruth and Kay settle the title, and if it had been possible, we could have been assured of a real match.

FOOTBALL

The College foot-ball season opened with a bang when the champion senior squad opposed the Junior aggregation on the college foot-ball field on October 21st. The teams were well matched and although the battle waxed "loud and long" neither side was able to make any noticeable impression on the other, the score at the end of the hour's bitter struggle being 0-0.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, the Seniors and Hash decided to settle the dispute over the respective merits of their teams there and then. The gallant Seniors, rested and rejuvenated

after the strenuous struggle on Monday trotted out onto the field full of vim, vigour and vitality, each one determined to down Hash or die in the attempt. Hash were equally determined and with their line-up strengthened by newcomers to our college in both Academy and Faculty, set themselves to resist the Senior efforts to the last man. Again the battle waxed long and fierce, and again the score was 0-0, both Seniors and Hash had "seen their duty and done it noble" but all to no avail.

But on Friday, Oct. 25th, when Hash and the Juniors lined up against each other, the true light of battle shone in each honest face and illuminated practically the whole field. They fought and fought and finally when the smoke of battle had cleared away the impossible had been achieved! Two goals had been scored but alas! The score was still a tie with Juniors 1 and Hash 1.

During the game, Don Black, who co-stars with "Red" Leflar as a full back on the Junior line-up had the misfortune to put his knee out of joint. Fortunately Dr. Evans was on the field as referee and rendered first aid. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

TENNIS NOTES.

To speak of tennis in weather like this seems strange, but it was only a few short days ago that the tournament was in full swing.

The Men's singles finally narrowed down to the two old rivals Art. Robertson and "Bus" Holstein. These two have been competitors for the singles title for three years now and as of yore settled their differences on the Normal Court. The result was a win for Art. 6-1, 7-5.

WANTED.

A few undergraduates to act as subscription representatives for the Canadian Literary Journal

THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Generous Commission Paid.

Apply by letter to
MISS M. COWAN, Canadian Forum
224 Bloor St W, Toronto, Ont.

W. E. CRAWFORD JEWELER.

Waterman Fountain Pens, \$2.75 to \$7.00

Eclipse Fountain Pens, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Desk Set, Fountain Pens, \$5.00 to \$15.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

TIP TOP TAILORS LTD.

937 Rosser Avenue, Brandon.

Every Suit or Overcoat we make to your measure fully guaranteed or money refunded.

\$27.00—ALL ONE PRICE.—\$27.00.

All-College 'Lit'

ALL CLASSES CONTRIBUTE TO VARIED PROGRAM.

The first "Lit." of the year was presented Friday night, October 25th. Impromptu though it was—and it was prepared at very short notice—yet it revealed the fact that there is a wealth of latent talent in the college this year, which only needs development and polish to make it shine forth illustriously. Friday night was a time of merriment for everyone: those who took part in the program as well as the audience enjoyed themselves to the full. The chapel was crowded with students and visitors ready to enter heartily into the fun of the occasion.

The program was a varied one; each class and department being responsible for a number. The Academy had the honor of opening the program. Their contribution consisted of two choruses. "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover." and "Neapolitan Nights" sung by the members, garbed as gypsies and picturesquely grouped around a glowing camp fire. The Department of Expression was capably represented by Miss Ruth Wright who gave a delightful reading "Whose Afraid?" Frank Rose and Ross Vasey, Arts '31, then sang a number of touching ballads celebrating the doings of certain of our well known college figures. Arts '33 presented a very clever skit "Columbus Discovers America" Already this class has shown that it possesses originality and a generous stock of ideas, and we are looking for it to accomplish great things. Arts '32 contributed the "Critic" read with much flourish by one of their newly acquired members, Bob Kerr. Following this number, Jack Ellis, of the Music Department sang in his usual inimitable manner a song of the sea, "My Ship" and responded to an encore with "Her Gown". An instrumental duet was rendered by two members of Arts '33. Max Poole, playing a mouth organ and Oliver Bain with his guitar. Mr. Freeman representing the Faculty, then read one of William Drummond's splendid French Canadian poems, "Little Bateau." Perhaps the most hilarious number on the program was the dark and gloomy "Tragedy of Julius Caesar" produced by Arts '31. Closely

following the play by Will. Shakespeare, the events of the last few days of Caesar's life, his death, and the final triumph of Mark Anthony were depicted by means of songs sung in a most unusual manner by members of the cast. The costuming helped in no little degree to convey the audience back into the atmosphere of old Rome. The crowning feature of the program was a one act play "Bimbo the Pirate" by Booth Tarkington, presented by Arts '30. Probably Mr. Tarkington would never have recognized his play had he been present; but neither the cast nor the audience worried over such trifling details as the text of the play. Those who took part were: Jean Hitchings, Andy Clark, Dunc. Wilkie, Wilbert Stevens, Murray Brooks and Lorne McFarland. The program closed with "Hail our College" and "Hippi Skippi". Judging from this, the first "Lit" of the year, there is no doubt that the competition for the shield is going to be very keen. Every class has an abundance of talent and will work hard to win the trophy. Arts '30 has the honor of presenting the first program in the competition, on Friday night, November 16th.

AFTER HOURS.

He: "Did you ever hear a mosquito cry?"

She: "No, but I heard a moth ball"
—McGill Daily

* * *

Bill: "I wish I were a river."

Bob: "Why?"

Bill: "So I could follow my course without leaving my bed."

* * *

What People are saying:—

Ruth Tully (making an announcement in the dining room): "Clark Hall girls will be At Home, Sundays, from two to three o'clock."

Wilbert Stevens — "Opportunity knocks but once—always be at home."

* * *

Street car conductor: "Fare, please".
Marie (dreaming): "Farc, faisant, fait, je fais, je fis"

* * *

Student: "What have we for supper?"

Miss Bradley: "Spaghetti"

Student: "Ah, another of these long-drawn out meals."

Mrs. Whitmore (in English 4 a)—
"Sleep on, ye fat and greasy citizens."

* * *

Edgar (explaining chemistry to Sweet Young Thing): "What is the formula for water?"

S. Y. T.: "H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O."

Edgar: "What do you mean?"

S. Y. T.: "Well, you said it was H. to O."

* * *

Mr. Richards: "I'm tempted to give you a Bible test."

Tommy: "Yield not to temptation."

* * *

Dunc., at 7 a.m.: "Stan, will you run up the blind?"

Stanley: "Let's see you do it first"

* * *

We've been wondering Jack, was it Helen or the owl supper that caused you to remark, "I'm mournful."

BRANDON COLLEGE

S. C. M. NOTES.

Dr. MacNeill gave an inspiring address to the Men's S. C. M. in the chapel on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23rd. The theme of his talk was the necessity of a belief in God. In developing this thought, Dr. MacNeill pointed out the following steps by which the individual reached an ultimate conviction of God and man's relation to Him. First, the logical conclusion of the existence of a Divine Being on the basis of the balance of probability; Secondly, a venture of faith in the Divine Being, finally, a substantiation of that faith through experience.

The intense interest shown by those present was evidence of a true appreciation for the speaker.

SOCIAL

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 26th, the ladies of Clark Hall were "At Home" to their friends. About two hundred guests were received by Mrs. Wright and other members of the Faculty.

Large bowls of Chrysanthemums in Autumn tints made the Drawing Room very attractive, while the tea table was centred with a basket of the same flowers and matching tapers.

Those assisting at the tea table were the Mesdames H. L. MacNeill, R. C. Eaton, R. Darrach, A. Shewan, R. C. Evans, W. B. Hurd, and the Misses Ruth Bingham, Thelma Stoddley, Laura Shanks, Kathleen Underwood, Rose Majer, Jean Hitchings, Blanche Frewing, Eleanor Squires, Mae Maltman, Marie Evans, and Mary Dunkin.

ART'S

Cor. 15th St. and Princess Ave.
Groceries, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks,
Confectionary, Tobacco.

To be a customer at Art's is necessary in acquiring the college spirit.

Open Evenings.

LOOK TO YOUR HEALTH!

Play Games and Keep Fit.

We keep a complete line of High Grade Sporting Goods.

JOHNSON HARDWARE CO.,
Limited.

Cor. Ninth St. and Rosser Ave.

FRANK PEARCE

MEN'S WEAR.

934 Rosser Ave. Phone 4198

Exclusive Agency for Top Notch

Made-to-Measure Suits or Overcoats.
\$27.00.

10% discount to Students.

LET CRAWFORD'S BE YOUR DRUGGISTS.

We are Prescription Specialists.
Pure Drugs and Prompt Delivery.
We are The headquarters in Brandon
for Toilet Goods.

CRAWFORD'S DRUG STORE.

"The Home of the Kodak."

Cor. Rosser Ave. and Tenth St.

THE CARLTON.

After the Show come in and enjoy

Hot or Cold Lunches.

Prompt and Courteous Service.

Open Day and Night.

STUDENTS!

Get that well-groomed feeling.

YUM SAM

Student's Laundry

1130 Rosser Ave.

FINE FOOTWEAR

AND HOSIERY.

KNOWLTON'S BOOT SHOP

827 Rosser Avenue.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

are particular where they go—

THE OLYMPIA

is their headquarters.

There is a reason.

Our Specialty:

French Pastries, Confections and
Lunches.

Phone 3099. 110 Tenth Street

BRANDON, MAN.

IT TAKES THE BEST
TO MAKE THE BEST
WE USE ONLY THE BEST.

Y A E G A R S
Manufacturers of
FINE FURS.

From Trapper to You.
Remodelling a Specialty
Saves from 20 to 40%
BRANDON, MAN.

THE SUN PUBLISHING CO.
Limited.

Book and Commercial Printers
Phone 3294.

Tenth St. Brandon, Man.

WEST END GROCERY

Red and White Chain Store.
Quality Groceries at Right prices.
Full line of Confectionery.
Princess and 21st St.

233 Ninth Street. Phone 2559

Office of
CUMMING & BOBBIE

where you can buy
WESTERN GEM COAL.

WE INVITE INSPECTION

of our Crockery Dept. on the
second floor of our store. We are
proud of our new dept. and want
you to see it.

JOHNSON HARDWARE CO.,
Limited.

Cor. Ninth St and Rosser Ave.

PAY US A VISIT.

Let us solve your Xmas Gift Problem.

We have a wonderful assortment of
Xmas Cards now on display.

Come in and look them over

CRAWFORD'S DRUG STORE.**THE CITY OF SEVEN HILLS.**

(Continued from Page 1)

pinnacles into the sky Imperial and proud she stands, as of yore. One hand caresses the brow of fallen lanes. Her foot, outstretched, touches the new-born city below Her head is slightly bowed as if in silent understanding of the mystical union consummated between the new and the old Suddenly the forum confronts us. Here the skeleton of decayed glory stands forth in colonaded ribs of vanished temples. Fragments of cornices, capitols and columns bewilder the eye One follows the Via Sacra bending around the Temple of Julius Caesar where Mark Anthony delivered his funeral oration, to the pagan temple of Castor and Pollux, tide-marked by ancient breakers flinging their spray. Here in this vanished world Rome expressed her Imperial aspirations in marble, and her dominant will in mandates which extended to the most distant shores What spectacular pageants travelled this highway? Along this pavement Titus drove his triumphal car, with elephants bearing torches to light the procession to the Capital In his wake came chariots bearing the loot, with long lines of Jewish captives and little children begging the heartless crowd in vain for mercy.

Across the Piazza della Rotunda stands the Pantheon, the light from the central aperture flooding the interior, once glorified by the statues of gods. In its Rotunda lies the simple tomb of Raphael, dignified by a plain marble sarcophagus. Another lesser Pantheon, thrown up "into the sky" by Michaelangelo attracts our attention It is the stately dome of St. Peters Below it, the Mother Church extends her wide-flung arms of priceless columns, encircling a glorious ellipse set with stone and marble walks. Behind it lies the Vatican concealing an endless wealth of treasure.

As evening falls, one naturally turns to the Colosseum, a phantom building, looming into view. How the shafts of moonlight silver the grim walls! One recoils from the stare of those great cavernous eyes, blankly gazing outward from the wastes of eternity. Voiceless and ruined, are the boxes of the inhuman multitude Filled with hollow echoes are the subterranean recesses, which delivered up captive and beast Damaged by earthquake and lightning, and ravaged for building material, little remains of its prehistoric grandeur, but Time in a kindly mood has laid a wreath of green on its head.

One must say farewell to Rome, but his note of joy is mingled with sadness. "How futile the works of man! How time levels all distinctions, and " In some such moralizing mood I turned to my companions But their preoccupation was with the present

Books, boxes and baggage were being shouldered into the train, and a man in yellow uniform was calling out, "Follow me "

ENGLISH CLUB.

English Club Studies
New England Literature.

The spirit of that universally esteemed friend of "Evangeline", "Hiawatha" and "The Golden Legend" pervaded the atmosphere of Clark Hall club room on Saturday afternoon, October 26th, when the English Club commenced another season of pleasant and profitable activity. The New England school of writers is to be studied this year, and monthly papers will be given on the outstanding figures in this field of literary achievement.

Both intimate and inspiring were the papers read by Winnie Morrison and Thelma Stoodley on Longfellow, the former emphasizing particularly the poet's biography, the latter, illustrating a perfect day at Craigie House. It was here that Longfellow spent most of his later years, in the historic former home of Washington, surrounded by a garden of beautiful elms and lilac hedges They were years of rich experience flowing from the contact of a sympathetic and profound personality with the stimulating mysteries and realities of life.

Longfellow regarded life from the viewpoint of the eternal an attitude we find permeating and moulding his entire philosophy.

"O great Eternity!

Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of the tree
And trails its blossoms into dust."

Then again, in "A Psalm of Life" he asserts "Life is real, life is earnest" and his words are the fruit of vivid experience, for his cup was filled both with sublime joy and bitter sorrow with quiet leisure and arduous work. His latter phase is probably the "touchstone" which wins for Longfellow the sincere admiration of the student, for

"Labor with what zeal we will
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun"
From "The Ladder of St Augustine" we have gleaned a "memory gem" cherished alike by prince and peasant

"The heights by great men reached
and kept

Were not obtained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions
slept

Were toiling upward in the night."

Nature was a book of revelation to Longfellow—a source of exquisite joy. His "Day of Sunshine" tingles with poetic fervor.

"Through every fibre of my brain.
Through every nerve, through every
vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much."

His most fascinating study however was humanity itself. Longfellow had
"read in the marvellous heart of
man

That strange and mystic scroll
That an army of phantoms vast and
wan

Beleaguer the human soul."

Consequently a genuine strain of magnanimous understanding sounds through all the poet's works from "The Children" even to "The Golden Legend" or "Prometheus"

Longfellow has revealed the source of that beautiful calm and poise which impressed his readers, in "My Secret"

"My soul its secret hath, my life too
hath its mystery.

A love eternal in a moment's space
conceived."

The poet lived to the ripe age of seventy-five, retaining to the end of his days that splendid trust in the "Eternal Sun", which shines through his verse with radiant warmth.

"Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou
hast given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast
decays.

Yet, in the hoary winter of my days
For ever green shall be my trust in
heaven "

D. A. REESOR

"THE JEWELER"

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

BRANDON, MAN.

Complete Assortments of
Waterman Pens and Pencils
Parker Pens and Pencils
Sheaffer Pens and Pencils.

Increase Your Knowledge

of correct Wearing Apparel by visiting the up-to-date

MEN'S WEAR DEPARTMENT

—of—

A. Shewan Limited

"If its worth while, we have it."