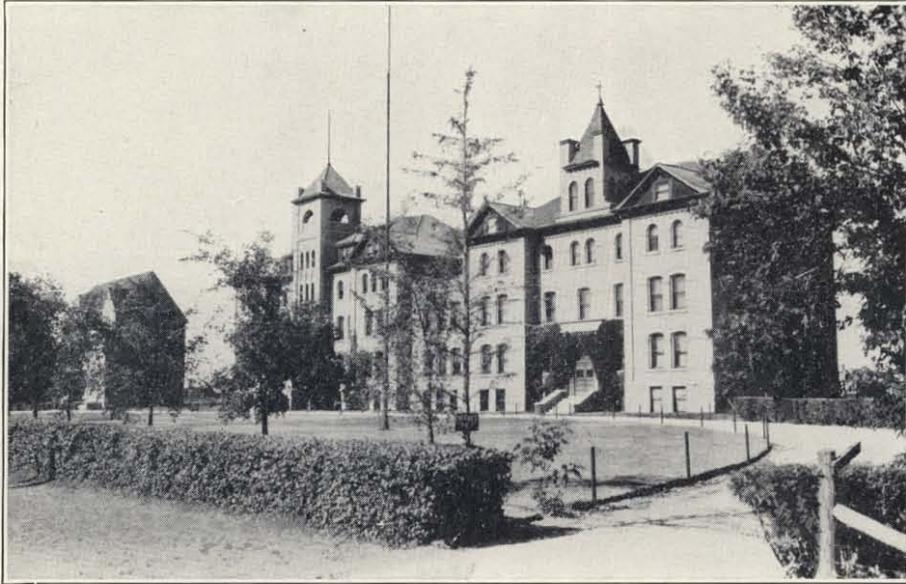


THE GICKLE

1945

BRANDON UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

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BRANDON COLLEGE TODAY

The Sickle
Year Book of The Brandon
College Students Association
Brandon, Manitoba

Volume 17

April 1945

Foreword

The Sickle is the official yearbook of the Brandon College Students Association published annually by the Board of Publications in the interest of college life.

Editor's Note

A year ago, the publication of another Sickle was declared impossible. Be that as it may, we submit for your approval the 1945 volume of the Sickle. We have made many minor changes and some major changes, including the addition of an Art section which we consider quite up to college standards.

The industry of our advertising committee, the co-operation of the business firms of Brandon, the careful planning of the Board of Publications and your co-operation in buying the Sickle, are responsible for the financial success of our endeavour.

On behalf of the Board of Publications, I wish to thank the Sickle staff and many not on the staff for the assistance they have given.

Now, as you shall see, this volume is dedicated to our graduating class. We wish them every success and hope that this Sickle will recall many happy moments to them.

Robert H. Mills.

THE SICKLE STAFF

R. H. MILLS	Editor
K. KNIGHT	Man. Editor
E. HAMILTON	Secretary
I. KITSON	Photography
M. HYNDMAN	Photography
R. BURGOYNE	Advertising
D. ROWSE	Advertising



CONTENTS

FACULTY	Page 7
STUDENTS	Page 15
ORGANIZATION	Page 31
COLLEGE LIFE	Page 39
ART	Page 43
ADVERTISING	Page 53



DR. EVANS

DR. EVANS' MESSAGE FOR THE SICKLE, 1945

To you who will graduate in 1945 the future may not seem very bright and no doubt many of you will find it very difficult to plan your programme for the immediate future, to say nothing of the years which lie ahead. While this is true, I venture to say that in the history of civilization no time has been more significant than the present day.

We must not forget that in spite of all the shadows of uncertainty that seem to fall across our path as we look forward from our present vantage ground, we have much for which to be truly thankful. We shudder as in retrospect we think of the fiendish destruction that filled the dark war clouds that hovered over us during the past few years. The fact that in the main those clouds have been dispelled gives us cause for genuine gratitude. The cost in terms of human sacrifice, however, has been terrific. Even now as I write, word comes through of the heavy losses our gallant fighting men have sustained in their almost miraculous drive across the Rhine into Germany. Gladly we rejoice in their victory and praise the men who have so heroically striven and so nobly died to gain it.

Inevitably once again the torch which symbolizes all for which they have given themselves, is thrown to us who have not borne the brunt of battle. Be ours to hold it high for them and theirs, as well as for ourselves and for those who follow in our train.

As young Canadians you have a great heritage. Because of her abundant natural resources, including the wealth of field, mine, river, forest, and sea, as well as the unrivalled quality of spirit possessed by her people, Canada is destined to occupy a conspicuous place in the nations of the world.

At the conclusion of this war, which we trust may not be far distant, you may, or may not, actually be called upon to till the fields, mine the gold, or build the dams to develop hydro power essential for industry; but you will have an opportunity to take a definite part in the building of sound public opinion in the interests of Canadian citizenship in relation to a better world.

In bidding farewell to you as a class I cannot wish for you more than that you may ever rise to the challenge of the world into which you now go, giving yourselves without stint for the cause of truth and right, in the interests of Christian citizenship and the welfare of human-kind the world over.

J. R. Evans.





Photo by Jerret

Faculty



J. R. C. EVANS, B.A., Ph.D.
President, Geology

Faculty of Arts and Science



F. J. WESTCOTT, M.A.
Dean of Arts and Science
Political Economy and Sociology



H. S. PERDUE, M.A., Ph.D.
Registrar, Geology



E. A. BIRKINSHAW, B.Sc.
Mathematics



JANE M. TURNBULL, M.A., Ph.D.
French



A. H. FOSTER, M.A., B.D.
Classics



M. W. JOHNS, M.A., Ph.D.
Physics



D. S. TRAILL, M.A., S.T.M.
History



J. R. H. FORRESTER, M.A.
Philosophy



J. A. MARTIN, M.A.
Chemistry



E. PERRY, M.A.
English



ANNIE E. WRIGHT, M.A.
English



J. R. MALLORY, M.A., LL.B.
Political Economy



W. H. BEXTON, B.A.
Psychology and Sociology



B. THORDARSON, B.A.
Mathematics



S. PERSIS DARRACH, O.B.E.
Dean of Women



M. S. DONOVAN, C.A.
Bursar



KATHRYN M. CAMPBELL, B.A.
Secretary to the President



W. L. WRIGHT, B.A.
Director of Music
Piano and Theory



M. E. SMART, A.T.C.M.
Piano

Music Department



M. SELWOOD
Violin



ALICE GRAHAM, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Piano



P. SHARPE, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Piano



ISOBELLE MILLS
Student of Piano and Theory



Photo by Jerret

Students



E. A. BIRKINSHAW
Honorary President
Class '45

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

During the past three or four years each of you has been under the influence of an institution with a liberal arts tradition. It is true in some instances, as a result of the specialization which the tempo of modern living has thrust into even undergraduate courses, that your course of study has restricted the opportunity of "an acquaintance with the best that has been said and known in the world." The influence of a small institution on its students, however, transcends the limitations of courses or classroom.

The facts which you may have mentally catalogued are not the important things. These will soon cease to clutter up the mind and you will know where to rediscover them as they are required. The kind of world in which we live is not determined essentially by facts but by opinions and convictions about facts. Our opinions and convictions in turn are the products of the ideas and ideals we develop—of the quality of our minds and hearts.

Your education has been an attempt to make of you something of the Cultured Man by nurture in what might be called the Cultured Tradition. In the words of Thomas Mann, it should have made you "want to honour standards and defend values, love freedom and daring and despise vulgarity, respect the principles of liberty and free thought." As graduates you should be prepared to meet the test of being measured in terms such as these. As preparation for such a test you should have developed a scrupulous regard for the truth together with a zeal for making the good prevail for all mankind. Your success in this most important examination of all, the writing of which is never completed, will be the true measure of your real worth.

Ernest A. Birkinshaw.

HISTORY OF CLASS '45

Remainders of Class '45 as it started back in '41 would look like a pretty weak lot now: it would consist of precisely four people. But thanks to the powers that be, more were added, and all in all we're a pretty healthy bunch, with Arts, Science, and Theology well mixed.

We're just about the last that had a thorough initiation of the old type, which may be good or bad, depending on the new type that replaces it. Anyway, it was fun, and if classes after us can look back on their first week at college with as much enjoyment, they will be lucky.

'45 has been an average class all the way through, with its share of grumblers, go-getters, shirkers and workers, everyone being a bit of each at some time or other. However we have done our share as far as committees, clubs, and all round work go, witness the Quill, Lit Board, Finance Board, French Club, Contemporary Club, and the numerous committees for social functions. '45 also worked hard for a Spectrum—but here we are in a Sickle again!

The class is not absolutely devoid of talent either—or was it just hard work that put things like "The Great Dark" and "Airman's 48" across? And then there was that great production, that masterpiece of a graveyard horror, presented at the first term Lit in '43 that won the prize. Or should it have been mentioned?.

Members of our class have learned how to enjoy themselves to the full here at Brandon College, an invaluable asset that we will be able to draw upon for the rest of our lives.

And so, having received many benefits here, we only hope that in some measure we have proved ourselves worthy of our Alma Mater.

CLASS YELL

Presto! Changeo! Hullabaloo!
 Hoo—Rah! Hoo—Roo!
 Kinini, Kinani, Kinini, Kinive!
 Black and Gold! '45!

CLASS COLORS

Black and Gold.

CLASS EXECUTIVE

Honorary President PROF. E. A. BIRKINSHAW
President GLEN TILLOTSON
Secretary-Treasurer NETTIE WESELOWSKI
Social Convener PAT FRITH

CLASS SONG

We salute dear Alma Mater;
We leave thy glorious halls.
Where once our footsteps echoed
In answer to thy calls.

Forward and onward beckons life,
Thou has prepared us for the strife.

Where yet thy spirit lingers
Memories we shall cherish:
Gifts overflowing with virtue
Those gifts that never perish.

Forward and onward beckons life,
Thou has prepared us for the strife.



ANDREW JUDSON

Brandon, Man.

Science: Senior Stick, Honor Society, Senior Men's Athletic Rep. '44, Political Economy Scholarship '44, Science Club.

A genial host—towers above the rest of us—finds the S.C.M. all-embracing—conscientious and amiable—a willing worker—a good sport.



LENORE GUSDAL

Erickson, Man.

Arts: Lady Stick, Honor Society, Senior Ladies Athletic Rep. '44, Finance Board, Arts Banquet Committee '44, Social Science Club, Choir, Glee Club, Curling, Soft Ball, Assistant Librarian.

A lovely and a gracious hostess, cordial, full of energy, always ready to go—surmounts difficulties with ease—gay, obliging—a friend to all—enters all activity whole-heartedly.



NETTIE WESELOWSKI

Sifton, Man.

Arts: Secretary of Class '45, Secretary Contemporary Club '45, Quill Reporter for Co-ed Association '45, Common Room Committee '43.

Official photographer for Clark Hall parties—always ready to listen to other people's troubles—dependable for last minute Quill articles—a truly grand girl.



PAT FRITH

Onanole, Man.

Science: Social Convenor Class '45, Secretary of Co-ed Association '45, Convenor of First Term Lit., Science Club, Choir, Glee Club, Curling.

Our female tenor whose "Chief Interest" is violin music, but not playing second fiddle—hopes to travel, original, friendly, vivacious—the girl behind the camera.



ZEN KOESTER

Virден, Man.

Arts: Secretary of Contemporary Club '44, Secretary of Board of Publications '44, '45, Dramatics Representative, Lit Board '45, President of French Club '45, President of S.C.M. '45.

The musician of Class of '45--always willing to help when there is music in the air--a diligent student with many scholarships to her credit--has time left for a certain tall man.



BILL BAYNTON

Brandon, Man.

Arts: Finance Board '45, Athletic Board '45, Hockey, Basketball.

Our star hockey player--tall; dark, and handsome--friendly, obliging--efficient--possessor of a hearty laugh--always sees the sunny side--have you heard his latest joke?



MURIEL SMITH

Brandon, Man.

Arts:

Has returned to her Alma Mater after some years absence. Quiet and studious--has a smile for everyone.



MARIANNE KITE

Pettapiece, Man.

Science: Class Social Convenor '43, Secretary of the Co-ed Association '43, Arts Banquet Committee '43, Clark Hall Council '43, Class President '44, Head of Co-ed War Work Committee '44, Arts Banquet Committee '44, Student Relations Committee '44, '45, President of Centemporary Club '45.

Our lady lab. assistant--shines in both Science and Arts--one of the two girls of '45 to sport a Sigma Mu pin.



MARION JACKSON

Dauphin, Man.

Arts: Secretary of S.C.M. '45, Chapel Committee '45, Co-ed Executive '45, Secretary of B.C.S.A. '44, President of Debating Club '44, Social Science Club, Choir, Glee Club, Junior Women's Athletic Rep. '43, Curling, Skating, Basketball, Softball.

Cheer leader—full of vim, vigour and vitality—friendly, peppy—inexhaustible ability as an organizer—sympathetic and understanding—an ardent supporter of all college functions.

MARTIN BROWN

Boissevain, Man.

Theology: S.C.M. Executive '43, '44, Choir, Glee Club, Social Science Club, Waiter.

Better known as "Marrying Martin"—blushes frequently—good-natured ready, helpful, agreeable—easy-going.

GENEVIEVE FULOSKI

Weyburn, Sask.

Arts: Treasurer of the Main Executive '44, '45, Secretary of the Co-ed Association '44, Contemporary Club, Social Science Club.

Eloquent orator of Class '45—conscientious and efficient worker who looks for a future in social work—seems to agree on most issues with the manager of the Board of Publications—broad-minded—sociable—has contributed in many ways to our Alma Mater.

IRMA KITSON

Brandon, Man.

Arts: Co-Editor of Handbook '44, Secretary of Finance Board '44, Co-ed Executive '44, Student Relations Committee '44, Treasurer of Social Science Club '45, Choir, Glee Club.

A sympathetic co-ed with an infectious laugh—natural and sincere—a faithful worker for our Alma Mater.



LOUIS de GROOT

Hartney, Man.

Theology: President of Finance Board '45, President of S.C.M. '43, '44, President of Social Science Club '45, President of Sigma Mu '45, Head of Residence Council '45, Head of Initiations Committee '44, Finance Board Executive '43, Contemporary Club, Literary Board '43, Debating Club.

The man with the executive ability—seldom seen without a pipe—doesn't worry about getting sick, in fact seems to like nurses around—capable, willing, excellent conversationalist.

GWEN PECHET

Edmonton, Alta.

Arts: Secretary-Treasurer of French Club '44, Secretary of I.S.S. '44, Student Representative on Social Science Club '45, Class Social Convenor '44.

The darling of the grad class with her velvety brown eyes—noted for her serene and friendly manner—looks for a future in social work.

MARION CALDWELL

Rounthwaite, Man.

Science: Secretary of Science Club '45, Choir, Glee Club.

Personality plus—a newcomer from University of Manitoba—didn't take her long to become one of the gang—the personification of charm—warbles like a nightingale, even "At the bottom of the deep blue sea"—an all-round co-ed.

KAY HOEMSEN

Griswold, Man.

Arts: Head of Clark Hall Council '45, Co-ed Executive '45, Contemporary Club, Social Science Club, French Club, Dramatics.

Has exceptional literary ability—(witness some of our dramatic efforts in which she has assisted as actress and director)—often frequents the Strand—characterized by dependability and resourcefulness.



GLEN TILLOTSON

Brandon, Man.

Science: Class President '42, '45, President of Science Club '45, Chairman of Arts Banquet '43.

An ardent reader of Esquire—famous for his ballet dancing—friendly and fun loving—his bass whisper (?) often heard in the library—likes to talk things over psychologically.



MARY HUGHES

Brandon, Man.

Arts: Social Science Club.

Quiet and reserved—artistic ability—enthusiastic worker with originality—doing her part in seeing the Common Room improved—has outside (or perhaps we should say) overseas interests.



MARGARET TAIT

Brandon, Man.

Arts: Circulation Manager for Board of Publications '43, Debating Representative '43, Chairman of the Literary Board '45, Lits '43, '44, '45.

The beautiful blonde of '45—quiet and unassuming—always willing to help a puzzled student locate a book—prominent in dramatics—interested in matters pertaining to religion.



JUDSON STADE

Brandon, Man.

Arts: Social Science Club.

A newcomer to Brandon College—one of the three travelling parsons—being a family man he is kept quite busy—frequently seen riding to classes on a bicycle.

Vale Amici Et Si Semper
Inde Semper Vale

CLASS '46

CLASS EXECUTIVE

Honorary President	_____	PROF. J. MARTIN
President	_____	BILL CHEFURKA
Secretary-Treasurer	_____	DORREENE FLEMING
Social Convener	_____	MARG. DOUPE

Time marches on! At the end of our third year it hardly seems possible that we have passed three-quarters of the way through our life at Brandon College. Class '46 looks back at the three years with a great deal of pride and joy. Although our ranks have been somewhat depleted yet each of us worked and played with added enthusiasm.

In all college activities, Class '46 has been represented. Everywhere you turned, those people of '46 were to be found. On the Board of Publications, on the Main Executive, on the Lit Board, in the Choir, in the S.C.M. and in activities too numerous to mention, Class '46 with its diverse talents, worked eagerly for the benefit of all.

Pages would be required to write a complete history of '46. Numerous highlights could be picked out which will be well remembered by all. Probably the greatest of these highlights are the battles that took place for the positions of Senior Stick and of Lady Stick between five of the best that '46 had to offer. The choices of the student body, Gordon Lindsay and Betty Northcott, will lead us next year to new heights. As one defeated candidate said, "We did it again. Third Year just can't lose when they make up their minds."

Next year will be our last. We face it with every hope and confidence. We renew our pledge to Brandon College in dedicating our final year to our Alma Mater. She has given us liberally of her store. Our one hope is that we may in part repay our debt.

CLASS YELL

Science! Arts! Science! Arts!
 Brandon College in our hearts
 Work and play will do the tricks
 To make us proud—We're '46!

CLASS COLORS

Scarlet and Gold



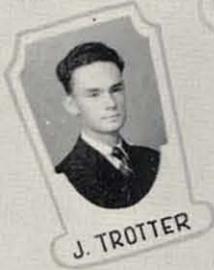
H. POTTER



W. CHEFURKA



R. MILLS



J. TROTTER



G. LINDSAY



B. NORTHCOTT



E. CAMPBELL



D. CLYDE

CLASS of '46



S. JOHNSON



D. FLEMING



C. COLTART



E. HAMILTON



R. CRAWFORD



R. WRIGHT



F. HUMPHRIES



M. DOUPE

CLASS '47

CLASS EXECUTIVE

Honorary President	DR. MARTIN JOHNS
President	RUTH CLARK
Secretary-Treasurer	WILLA THOMPSON
Social Convenor	HELEN McDUFFE

The advent of many new faces in our halls opened the year '44-'45. There were strenuous "joe jobs" for the Freshmen. The Freshmen Reception again established the equilibrium with dexterity.

Class '47 looks back over the past year with varied emotions. We are sorry that our President, Lyman Smith, was unable to continue his studies with us after the New Year. Ruth Clark has carried on.

We remember the Junior Lit, for all the talent in Class '47 worked upon our "Passing Parade". You will remember Angela Thompson at the piano. Members of our class helped to make the Parents Lit a big success in second term.

Class '47 has been well represented on many boards and committees during the year. As members of Junior Division we have sponsored parties and carried them through to success.

We have had a good year in the field of athletics, leading the scoring on Field Day and since then upholding our standard in curling, basketball, hockey and other sports.

Class '47 is grateful to the members of Senior Division for their assistance in the past year. With their support we have laid a good foundation for the stairs by which we will mount higher in the year '45-'46.

CLASS YELL

Viva laka! Viva laka! Viva laka lay!
 Brown and Gold are here to stay
 One, five sevens, and eleven
 We're the class of Forty-seven.

CLASS COLORS

Brown and Gold.



M. GRACE



R. BYRON



N. BURNETT



G. MILNE



L. KASUIRAK



E. BARCLAY



A. FEDORUK



E. STINSON



K. KNIGHT



E. HUNTER



A. FAHRIG



M. CAMPBELL



R. CLARK



P. GAJERSKI



W. THOMPSON

CLASS of '47



L. HUNTER



L. SMITH



W. FAHRIG



A. TABACHNIK



S. DONOVAN



H. MCDUFFE



J. EBERLE



A. THOMPSON



L. Mac KAY



E. HUNTER



R. YULE



D. ROWSE



A. ROBSON

CLASS '48

CLASS EXECUTIVE

Honorary President	PROF. W. H. BEXTON
President	JACK CORKISH
Secretary-Treasurer	PAT DOUGLAS
Social Convener	VALERIE EGAN

We, the students of '48, consider ourselves very fortunate when comparing our lot with that of the students in other countries. We are very grateful that we have had the privilege of attending this academic institution, and we realize that much credit is due to the faculty for the efficient manner in which they have guided us through these very trying times.

As this term ends, we look back over our year in this institution, with satisfaction and pleasant memories. To all, it will be a year to remember. To all functions, perhaps particularly in the sport line, we have given support, and we can justly brag of some of our classmates who have taken part in various affairs.

We have found talent of all kinds in our class and—although there is some we are pleased to keep undeveloped, we have much that should be developed and we hope that the succeeding years will in turn, develop this, bind us closer as a class, and enable us to give something to Brandon College in return for what we have accepted from it.

Thus comes to an end college term '44-'45 and it will be a memory to the class of '48 to be held and cherished.

CLASS YELL

Bang it! Rip it! Sizzle! Boom!
 This is it, the Grade XII Room!
 Speed and brainwork is our law;
 Groovy gang we — Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Hit it kids, come on there gait
 We're the class of '48.

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and Silver-Grey.



N. Mac LEOD



E. Mac LAREN



B. PUE



V. WILLIAMSON



V. EGAN



J. CORKISH



P. DOUGLAS



J. DICKSON



J. SMITH



J. BOUX



D. JOHNSON

CLASS of '48



J. PRINGLE



P. ROWAN



M. PELCHER



E. THOMPSON



J. COURTICE



M. STEPHEN



R. COTTER



R. FRANKLIN



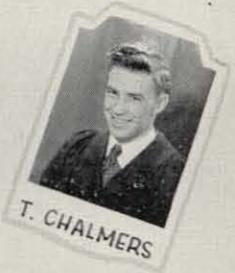
B. BURGOPYNE



D. COOPER



S. COWING



T. CHALMERS



R. ENGLISH



R. WANKLING



P. LANE



R. GREEN



B. AMES



G. OLVER

CLASS of '48



A. CRISTALL



M. HYNDMAN



D. KITE



B. LONG



L. DICKEY



B. CLARK



D. HANLEY



H. CORY



H. WHITE



BRANDON COLLEGE COMPANY C.O.T.C.

Organization



ANDREW JUDSON



LENORE GUSDAL

OUR SENIOR AND LADY STICK

The Sticks are elected by popular vote at the close of each academic year. Andrew Judson and Lenore Gusdal were elected in February 1944, and have held office during the year 1944-45.

We want you to know Andy, and you too Gus, that even though you are graduating, you are leaving us in the physical sense only. For you there will always be a place in our hearts. Your cheerful leadership has justified the faith we placed in you. From the bottoms of our hearts, "Thank you."

MAIN EXECUTIVE

L. DE GROOT
Head of Finance Board—

A. JUDSON
Senior Stick

DR. TURNBULL
Honorary Pres.

L. GUSDAL
Lady Stick

G. TILLOTSON
Pres. '45

G. FULOSKI
Treasurer—

G. LINDSAY
Manager Pub. Board

W. CHEFURKA
Pres. '46

B. NORTHCOTT
Secretary—

J. CORKISH
Pres. '48

M. TAIT
Pres. Lit. Board

R. CLARK
Pres. '47

Z. KOESTER
Pres. S.C.M.

R. CRAWFORD
Senior Men's Athletic Rep.

The Main Executive is made up of the heads of the various student organizations and is under the leadership of the Senior Stick. It is representative of student ability and thought. The Main Executive is responsible for keeping college social life running smoothly and purposefully.

We appreciate the quality and the spirit of the leadership given us this year by our Lady Stick, Lenore Gusdal, and our Senior Stick, Andy Judson. We wish to express our thanks for the manner in which they, with the other members of the Main Executive, have handled our interests in making this a successful year.

We extend our congratulations and a sincere pledge of support to the new executive.

R. CLARK
—Treas. Board of Pub.—

A. JUDSON
—Senior Stick—

PROF. MARTIN
—Faculty Adviser—

L. GUSDAL
—Lady Stick—

S. JOHNSON
—Secretary—

L. DE GROOT
—President—

G. FULOSKI
—Vice Pres.—

L. KASUIRAK
—Treas. Lit. Board—

W. BAYNTON
—Treas. Athletic Board—

FINANCE BOARD

The Finance Board is made up of the treasurers of the various boards, an elected secretary and a chairman appointed by the retiring Main Executive in conjunction with the retiring Finance Board. It co-ordinates the finances of the various organizations and is responsible for an efficient allocation of student funds.

The Board started the year in what appeared to be a state of liquidation but the lost "piggy-bank" was located. Even though we haven't been able to afford that new fur coat for our Senior Stick, our Finance Board under the able leadership of Louis de Groot has been responsible for a financially successful year.

LIT. BOARD

M. TAIT
President

A. JUDSON
Senior Stick

PROF. BEXTON
Faculty Adviser

L. GUSDAL
Lady Stick

Z. KOESTER
Dramatic Rep.

L. KASUIRAK
Treasurer

D. CLYDE
Public Relations Manager

B. MILLS
Debating Rep.

D. KITE
Secretary

E. THOMPSON
Glee Club Rep.

The Literary Board consists of an elected President, an appointed secretary, an appointed treasurer, an appointed Dramatics representative and appointed heads of the Debating Society and the Glee Club. Its duty is to discover student talent and to develop it in a co-ordinated scheme.

Lack of time has been a serious handicap in this as in other war years. Nevertheless, Margaret Tait has done a fine job as president. You will all recall the enthusiasm with which the First Term Lit was received and the wealth of potential talent that was uncovered. Most of us remember the hard work but ultimate satisfaction that accompanied the Second Term Lit. The success of Parents' Night may be attributed to the efforts of the Lit Board working in conjunction with Dr. Johns and his choir.



M. DOUPE
Senior Womens Rep.



PROF. BIRKINSHAW
Faculty Adviser



PROF. PERDUE
Faculty Adviser



R. CRAWFORD
Senior Mens Rep.



W. BAYTON
Sec. Treas.

ATHLETIC BOARD

Senior Stick

A. JUDSON



Alumni

G. FORBES



Lady Stick

L. GUSDAL



A. CRISTALL
Junior Mens Rep.

War work and military training with their stringent demands upon available time have again been a major obstacle in the path of sports. However Bob Crawford and his assistants have been able to keep alive an active interest. The success of the Field Day last fall showed what could have been done had more time been available.

The enthusiasm over the program of curling this year has been such that we may suggest that it will become a permanent fixture on our list of activities.

The highlight of the year in sports was the Hockey excursion to Wawanesa. Although we suffered a rather inglorious defeat, college spirit was keenly displayed both by our team and by our cheering section.

BOARD OF PUBLICATIONS

J. TROTTER
Co-Editor Quill

R. MILLS
Editor Sickle

PROF. FOSTER
Faculty Adviser

G. LINDSAY
Manager

PROF. FORRESTER
Faculty Adviser

G. MILNE
Co-Editor Handbook

A. JUDSON
Senior Sickle

W. BURGoyNE
Advertising

G. FULOSKI
Co-Editor Quill

V. EGAN
Circulation

R. CLARK
Treasurer

Z. KOESTER
Secretary

D. ROWSE
Co-Editor Handbook



With Gordon Lindsay at the helm the Publications Board has come through the year successfully. We have seen the Quill returned to a sound basis and the Sickle has been revived. At the time of writing there is every reason to believe that the Sickle too will be a financial success. If it meets with your approval, then the Publications Board as a whole has just cause to rest on its laurels.

To the efficiency of the Quill staff and of the advertising committee we owe a great deal. To them and to the Publications Board we wish to express our thanks for a job well done.

SIGMA MU

The Mystic Order of the Jilted Knights is composed of all male students. The object of this club is to promote a feeling of co-operation and understanding among the male students. Energy and industry have characterized their activities. Most memorable of these activities was the installations ceremony under the able leadership of Earle Stinson. This ceremony took the form of a three-act, one-scene play in which the election results were announced with fitting suspense and an anticipation-stirring plot. All efforts of this club have received the co-operation and interest of the entire student body. Both the club and the student body are to be heartily congratulated.

U. OF M. C.O.T.C. BRANDON COMPANY

The Canadian Officers Training Corps has had a successful year at Brandon College. An interesting course of instruction has been carried out and much benefit derived from the training.

Capt. J. R. C. Evans was officer commanding the Brandon company with 1st Lieut. Perdue in charge of stores and 2nd Lieut. Mills, platoon commander.

The training included a field scheme on which compass work and field craft were practised; lectures on map reading, rifle firing, Bren machine gun; small arms training, bayonet drill and squad drill. Individual leadership was strongly stressed with each Cadet being given the opportunity to display his resourcefulness and initiative by taking command of his platoon and giving instructions to his fellow Cadets. A ceremonial inspection was held at the end of the year in which the Cadets demonstrated the various phases of their training. The spring camp in May will complete the year's training.

CO-ED ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Co-ed Association for the year were very successful. Due to a large enrollment in Grade Twelve there was an increased membership. Wartime restrictions did not prove as limiting as during the few previous years. Co-ed pins were obtainable, an increased range of possibilities in war work was offered, and the Co-eds responded enthusiastically.

The social event of the year sponsored by the Co-eds was the Co-ed At Home on October 21st. A four-piece puzzle and quiz entertainment in different sections of the college was provided.

Best of luck is extended to the new executive and thanks to Mrs. Wright and the Lady Stick for a satisfactory year.

GIRLS' WAR WORK

The war work of the Co-eds was much more varied this year than it has been in former years.

Some of the girls assisted Miss Thompson at the Y.W.C.A. in caring for small children of service men's wives. Several of the girls took P.T., while others were in charge of such classes. Some went to the hospital to help the busy nurses take care of their patients. At the Blood Donors Clinic their help was appreciated. All the Co-eds co-operated in the campaign for blood donors, making it a real success.



College Life

COLLEGE SPIRIT

In this, the sixth year of the war, we come to the end of another college year, social and academic. It is impossible to ignore the fact that social life in a college suffers under war conditions. This is as it should be. With added emphasis placed on academic standards, lack of time becomes a governing factor and activity lists must be curtailed. Even with this there should be no grumbling. The time to kick over the traces will come when all expression of that intangible thing known as "College Spirit" is forbidden.

College Spirit, though we cannot put our finger on it, is here among us today as it has always been. The trouble is we try to give this "something" material form and then when we find our brain-child taken from us we become dissatisfied. Social activity in itself is not College Spirit any more than is endless drudgery over books. Each, if carried out to extremes and without regard for the other, tends to narrowness. In our humble opinion, College Spirit is certainly not narrow but infinite in magnitude and scope. Such adjectives as thoughtful, reasonable, humorous, cheerful, friendly, unselfish and sporting may be applied to the expression of College Spirit even though we cannot define the spirit itself. Evidently then, neither social life nor study are in themselves College Spirit; but, if approached with the proper attitude, may be its vehicles of expression.

We have, at Brandon College, stressed the importance of balancing study with social life. Many assignments have been late and many sleepless nights have been spent in our efforts to make activities successful. We can say without qualification that these activities have been a success and have been a worthwhile part of our college experiences. They have served as a relaxation and have allowed us to get to know one another. Let us not, however, pat ourselves on the back with smug satisfaction over the College Spirit we have displayed in our efforts towards these ends. Let us rather look deep into our hearts and see if there, someplace, is a warmth of fellowship, unselfishness, cheerfulness, earnestness, thoughtfulness, and reason. If these attributes of the expression of College Spirit are nestling in our hearts, we can rest assured that our very presence at a college function has spread the essence of College Spirit. What is more, any effort we have directed towards the success of activities has been as nearly as possible, the materialization of College Spirit.

THE ARTS BANQUET

The activities of the year came to a fitting close with the Arts Banquet held at the Prince Edward on March 6th. Once again the undergraduates had the honor of entertaining their graduating class.

The evening was a memorable one in many ways. After a delightful supper we relaxed and enjoyed a well arranged program of music and toasts concluding with the song and yell of the graduating class.

Helen Cory favored us with two vocal solos and Bill Chefurka with his magic violin once again wafted us away on the wings of melody. Following the dinner and program, dancing got under way.

TOASTS

Toastmaster	King and Country	Bob Mills '46
Bob Mills	Graduating Class	God Save the King
Gordon Lindsay '46	Alma Mater	Genevieve Fuloski '45
Kay Hoemsen '45	Our Ladies	A. H. Foster
Ken Knight '47		Margaret Doupe '46

ELECTIONS

After a three-day campaign in which everything but the kitchen sink was utilized as a vote catcher the official elections of B.C.S.A. were held on February 17th.

Officers for the coming year are:

Hon. President	Dr. Jane M. Turnbull
Senior Stick	Gordon Lindsay
Lady Stick	Betty Northcott
Secretary B.C.S.A.	Evelyn Hunter
Manager of Publication	Ken Knight
President of Lit. Board	Dorreene Fleming
Head of Athletic Board	Erle Stinson
Senior Ladies Athletic Representative	Ruth Clark



HAIL OUR COLLEGE

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

Through rich valleys flows the Assiniboine,
Where sunsets golden, prairies as golden join.
Round thy fair prospects fondly our memories twine,
Hail! Hail! Brandon forever—Hail!

BRANDON WILL SHINE

Brandon will shine tonight,
Brandon will shine,
Dressed in her fighting best,
All down the line—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Forget your slams and knocks,
Boost all the time,
The sun goes down,
The moon comes up,
Brandon will shine.

BLUE AND GOLD

On to Victory, on to Victory,
Blue and Gold today,
Raise the chorus proudly o'er us
Marching to the fray,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Backward never. Forward ever,
Fighting all the way,
Join the rest and give your best,
For Blue and Gold.

HIPPI SKIPPI

Hippi skippi! Boom-a-lacka! Rippy zippy zoo!
Knuckle to it! You can do it. You! You! You!
City of the Wheat! Never know defeat!
Got it College! Brandon College! Ree! Raw! Reet!
B-R-A-N-D-O-N! Brandon!

LOCOMOTIVE

Shh-shh, shh-shh Rah-rah, rah-rah
Bran-don-Coll-ege Rah-rah, rah-rah
Bran-don-Coll-ege Rah-rah, rah-rah
Bran-don-Coll-ege
BB-RA-NN-DON!
BRA-NDON!
Brandon College. Rah!

BRANDON COLLEGE RAH! RAH!

Brandon College! Rah! Rah!
Brandon College! Rah! Rah!
Hoo Rah! Hoo Rah!
Brandon College! Rah! Rah!



Photo by Jerret

Art

PHOTOGRAPHY



GATEWAY TO THE SETTING SUN

This is the prize-winning photograph in the Sickle Photography Contest. It was submitted by Doreen Rowse and is, we think, worthy of publication.

To create a student interest in amateur photography, the Sickle has sponsored a photography contest this year. We hope the contest has served its purpose and will stimulate added interest in future years.

THE MAINTENANCE OF FREE SPEECH IN CANADA

By LOUIS de GROOT

"Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties"¹ said John Milton three hundred years ago. That great statement of Milton has always been on the lips of the people of the British Empire. But there has been perhaps too great a tendency to shift the emphasis in that saying and put it on the word "me" and to refrain from extending that liberty to all our fellowmen.

Although it is true that under the British flag there has been as much freedom of speech as anywhere in the world, and granted that this is true in Canada today, yet we must admit that Milton's ideal has never yet been fully realized in our midst.

The Atlantic Charter has rocked most people to sleep. The great declaration of that Charter that one of the aims of the United Nations is the establishment of the right of free speech everywhere in the world seems an assurance to most people that there is nothing to worry about in our own countries.

"Look Homeward Angel"—all is not well in our land. A Gallup poll conducted in the United States in 1940 showed that a fraction over forty percent of the people there were not sure whether free speech should be enjoyed by those preaching doctrines that would change our system of government. This is a danger signal. There is no reason whatever to surmise that there is a more broadminded attitude in Canada; in fact there is every likelihood that our people with their more conservative outlook frown on these people to an even greater extent.

The difficulty is that our people have never understood the importance and value of free speech. Herbert Spencer in his *Social Status* has pointed out that under a sound social regime with its accompanying contentment nothing is to be feared from uncontrolled utterance of thought and feeling. On the other hand, he argues, if disease exists unrestricted, exposure through free speech is most desirable and of unquestionable social value.

To deny the right of speech to even one single individual is to assume that a state of perfection has been reached and that therefore there is no longer room for criticism. Let no one deceive himself that this happy condition has been reached yet in Canada or for that matter anywhere in the world. "For this is not the liberty, which we can hope for, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but where complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained, that wise men look for."² It may be well to observe at this point that the absence of that safety valve, free speech, often leads to sudden and violent revolutions.

"There are three rights involved in free speech. The right of the individual to express himself, the right of others to listen or refuse to listen, the right of the community to regulate both of these in the interests of public safety."³

The value of giving the individual the right to express himself freely, whether he be right or wrong, must be clearly understood. If we silence by restraint of free speech a true opinion, then we deprive the human race of the opportunity to exchange error for truth. If the opinion be not true then, by our restraint, we still rob the race because we prevent man from seeing the truth more closely.

Moreover if free speech is going to be restricted, who will be the people qualified to take the office of censors? The carrying out of censorship would require the service of a person or persons infallible. An appeal to history will show us the miserable failure of such attempts at censorship. Socrates was put to death because he was thought to be corrupting the minds of the youth of Greece. Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross because he was considered a blasphemer. But let us remind ourselves of this, there is nothing anywhere to indicate that the critics of Socrates and Christ were not honest and sincere in their criticism and censure. They judged wrongly however honest their intentions were.

There is little hope that at any time judges or censors can be found who are able to rise entirely above the opinions and prejudices of their time and decide on questions of opinion fairly. "Since there are few mental attributes more rare than that judicial faculty which can sit in intelligent judgment between two sides of a question of which only one is represented by an advocate before it, truth has no chance but in proportion as every side of it, every opinion which embodies any fraction of truth, not only finds advocates but is so advocated as to be listened to."⁴

Strange beliefs are held by people regarding the powers of truth. Milton expressed the belief that if truth be in the field, it will never be overcome by error. But truth can be suppressed and inestimable harm done. "It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has an inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake."⁵ Truth has no power if it be denied the field, let us be sure of that. The Middle Ages with their ruthless persecution of truth are an eloquent testimony to that poet. Savonarola, Huss and others died martyrs' deaths and the principles they proclaimed remained suppressed for many years and the world was poorer for it.

It cannot be denied that free speech will loose upon the ears of people a good deal of error however. But it is worthy of note that almost every error has an element of truth in it, and that generally an element overlooked by most people. The reform groups of political history were usually at first considered advocates of error and heresy. These groups are met with cries of "heresy" and "sedition". This is true to a greater extent if such a group is a small minority from an unknown corner of the land. However

1. John Milton, *Arcopagitica*.
2. *Ibid*.
3. Henry F Ward, *Democracy and Social Change*.
4. John Stuart Mill, *On Liberty*, p. 101.
5. *Ibid*, p. 57.

heretical a creed may seem, there is certain to be some ground for it. "Heretical opinions . . . are generally some of the suppressed and neglected truth, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselves up with similar exclusiveness, as the whole truth."¹

Such payments of truth if given free publication and due consideration will most likely become incorporated in public opinion. However after they become accepted, it is forgotten that they formerly were considered heresies and radical opinions by the average person.

Another salutary virtue of error, frequently forgotten, is that it keeps alive accepted creeds and beliefs. When creeds are generally accepted, without challenge or contradiction from any quarter, there is no longer any struggle for their clear understanding, and they lose their vital place in the lip of individuals and nations. Creeds then become more intellectual verities rather than driving forces in everyday experience.

In view of these considerations it becomes necessary for the welfare of our country that free speech be not only maintained, but also that the utmost care be taken that it be nurtured and cherished.

No one will deny the need of special measures to safeguard the existence of the state in wartime and in great national emergencies. At such times it is the duty of governments to enact measures for public safety. In the need for these special measures there lurks a danger of excess patriotic zeal which readily expresses itself in the suppression of undesired opinions which are no real danger to the state. The champions of free speech in Canada, for example, have good reason to be concerned about the Defence of Canada Regulations. The Regulations give extremely far-reaching powers to the Minister of Justice in connection with the detention of citizens. Under section 21 the Minister of Justice may, if he is satisfied that any particular person is acting in a manner prejudicial to public safety, order restriction of employment for such person; he may also restrict the movement of such person, or restrict his association with other persons, or restrict his activities in regard to the dissemination of news. Under part (e) of that same section the Minister may even order the detaining of such person under conditions, and at a place decided upon by himself.

The unfairness of this clause lies in the powers given to the Minister of Justice—he, a single individual, is made the final judge. It is true that there are advisory committees to which appeals may be made, but these committees only report to the Minister and final disposition rests with him alone.

A further source of serious grievance is found in paragraph (4) of section 22. "As soon as possible after detention under an order made under the provisions of the last preceding Regulation, the person against whom the order is made shall in every case be informed of the general grounds on which he is detained and notice of his detention shall, where possible and not contrary to the public interest, be given to his family or such persons as he may request."

It is clear from this that the Minister of Justice can order the detention of any citizen expressing an opinion which he considers contrary to the public interest. That person may be detained in custody, without being informed at the time of his arrest of the reasons for this arrest. His only recourse is to object to his detention and have this objection considered by a committee of three, appointed by the Minister. This committee reports to the Minister, but he is in no wise bound to accept its report, or to accept its suggestions. Moreover, the detained person need only be informed of the general grounds for his arrest. Only in case of an appeal need the person be informed of the exact particulars of the charge against him, but even then subsection 8 of Regulation 22 states, that he only need "receive" as full particulars of the reasons for such orders as in the opinion of the chairman of the circumstances permit."

The above mentioned facts show that dangerous powers have been put in the hands of the government, powers closely akin to the powers now used by Europe's totalitarian governments. There is no intention here to charge the government with such thought, but why should these Regulations be allowed to stand? The courts of our land which are entrusted with the power of sentencing to death could surely be entrusted with these matters. Good and sincere intentions on the part of the government cannot be accepted instead of fair and just legislation—not even in war-time.

These regulations will all cease to be effective with the conclusion of the war. It must be said for Canada that we have no restrictions on free speech in peace time, except regulations in regard to slander and libel, which must remain.

There are, however, in our Dominion hindrances to free speech in peace time which are not of a legal nature, but which are nevertheless very real and far reaching. We all can recall the social stigma attached to the name of certain religious sects in Canada. To admit that one belonged to Jehovah's Witnesses brought down upon his head the general disapproval of the community. In a similar way small political groups holding unusual views were treated to public derision. Such social stigma is just as harmful to free speech as legal measures are.

However we may well remember the warning John Stuart Mill gave regarding the use of social stigma. "But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification, is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind." By such action active, inquiring intellects are advised by the community to keep their ideas and convictions to themselves.

Social stigma reaches into the realm where the law has no desire to interfere, and therefore affects a far greater number of people. Everywhere we have a number of people who really think for themselves and reach far-going conclusions which are far ahead of the common thoughts of their time. Some of these people lack the courage to declare and defend their opinions in face of public censure. It is true that this indicates a weakness of character, but this does not absolve the public of its responsibility. There should be in our midst such a spirit of open-mindedness that no one would have fears regarding the expression of his opinions.

1. John Stuart Mill, On Liberty p. 89.

Another powerful weapon used against free speech is economic power. Speech has been used by the laboring classes in their fight for greater economic freedom. It was found however that economic power was a strong weapon in the hands of the employer class. Leaders in the fight for greater economic freedom found out that they were marked men, and after strikes found themselves out of jobs. Thus enormous economic pressure has been brought to bear upon individuals in our free Canada. To be sure there were real agitators among this group, but it is also true that many of them were honest and upright citizens, whose only crime was that they sought greater social justice. This is where legislation must step in. It must not only not be an impediment to free speech, but it must be such as to aid and enhance free speech and to see to it that free speech occupies its proper place and fulfils its proper function in the state.

"Wherever society has reached the point where man has learned to formulate his thinking, it is true that all freedoms stem from freedom of the mind. It is also true that freedom of the mind was won out of innumerable battles against economic and political tyranny and was made further possible by changes in economic conditions. It is incorrect to make either freedom to think and communicate ideas or economic freedom primary and put the other in the position of flowing automatically from it. They are interdependent and have to be won together step by step."¹

The above quotation shows that freedom of speech will not spring up spontaneously. What then must be done for its maintenance and growth in Canada?

The Defense of Canada Regulations should be so modified as to give every citizen a feeling of security and freedom. Every one charged under these Regulations should be assured of trials by his peers. They are the best judges whether actions or statements are subversive or dangerous to the public interest. If our government loses confidence in its citizens, then, either that government is no longer democratic, or else our people are no longer responsible citizens.

Legislation should be enacted also to prevent discrimination against anyone giving leadership in disputes or strikes.

Our greatest problem however is the education of the public mind. Sir Robert Peel described public opinion as, "that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs." Too often that description proves to be true. In our battle for free speech, such free speech must therefore not only be made possible, but also socially valuable.

In doing this three difficulties must be dealt with: the limited education of a large part of our people; the tendency of the majority of men and women to shirk real thinking and to yield rather to emotional explosions; and the difficulty of securing facts on which valid judgments may be based.

The limited education of a large part of our people is not only inadequate because too little time is spent in school, but also because too much emphasis is put on mastering a set amount of material. The mastering of prescribed material in rote fashion tends to give the impression that what is being learned is "the right" thing and all else is wrong. This is only true in the very elementary stages, but after that more attention should be given to acquaintance with different views and the ability to form judgments.

All children, irrespective of the financial means of their parents, should have the opportunity for education to the maximum of their mental ability. In such education stress should be laid on the interpretation of historical events and on the different evaluations of the work of poets and writers. The scholar would then be forced to form opinions of his own, while still allowing for different opinions by others.

The tragedy of our universities in the past has been that a large percentage of their graduates have turned out to be excellent technicians, excellent textbook teachers, and faithful repeaters of what has been told to them. It might be an excellent experiment to require more research work, and papers of a thesis nature, and to reduce the marks given for prescribed work based on lectures. The use of seminars and discussion in universities should be increased.

The difficulty of dealing with the problem of shirking real thought is even more perplexing. There the aid of the pulpit, the press and adult education will have to be enlisted. The pulpit must return to a vigorous message rather than being content with the stirring of emotions. Sermons should have to be followed by careful thought and should challenge to action. In our pulpits we should also see more tolerance and less of bitter denunciation.

Our newspapers should get away from the idea of sensational news and should present food for thought. Instead of hewing to the party line, they should present all sides of public questions.

Adult education should become a definite part of the work of our universities and other bodies should put forth efforts along this line also. Our government-controlled radio stations and radio networks can be of inestimable value in these efforts, if the value of such an educational scheme is seen by our leaders. However, care should be taken from the start that the presentation of facts does not become the be-all and-end-all. Here, as well as in high schools, debates could serve a real purpose in bringing out the different sides of questions.

Finally there is the difficulty of getting the facts on which valid judgments can be based to our people. The suggested program of adult education will greatly reduce this problem. People will then see the necessity of securing facts before deciding on their attitude. The extension of public library services, especially in rural centres, would be a real contribution in an effort to get people to think for themselves on the basis of acknowledged facts. The radio can also render great service here. Such programs of a serious nature and informative purpose as "of Things to Come" should be increased. News commentators of high intellectual quality should be heard regularly over all our stations.

In each community there should be regular forums or community schools to consider the questions of the day and the particular problems facing the community. This certainly would be preferable to a

1. Henry F. Ward, *Democracy and Social Change*, p. 227.

dependence on party politicians and "would-be-experts" for information and for our guidance in matters of national and community concern.

There can be no doubt whatever about the need of maintaining free speech in Canada for it is inseparably bound up with liberty itself. If the right of free speech is lost then liberty itself will soon be lost. Our people need to be convinced, however, of the place it should occupy. It must be seen that it should not merely be tolerated, but defended, cherished, and encouraged. Every measure possible should be taken to remove all the legal, social, and economic hindrances and threats to free speech in Canada. By a vigorous program of education in public and high school, and university, through the press and from the pulpit, over radio and through movie theatre, the right of free speech must be taught, exercised and extended. Then free speech will not only be one of the highly valued civil liberties, but it will become one of the most valued factors in the development of Canada's social, religious, and political life.

THE MERCHANT SOLDIER

By HARLEY POTTER

"You ask why my caravans never travel in the passes by Khor? Well, if you'd really like to know the cause of my aversion for the mountains, Nal Ghish, I will tell you. It is graven deeply on the tables of my memory, but since the whole thing does my courage little credit I would tell it to none but you."

The old merchant rubbed his leathery face with his fat, grimy hand, and looking at his young friend he began.

"You would not think that a trader in fleeces, owning as many horses as I, had started out on a strictly military career. But it is true. When I had seen only fourteen summers I joined myself to the service of Eka Khan. Yes, lad, I have seen the long muskets of the great Khan's soldiers speak with their fiery voice, and heard his horsemen thunder along the passes. There is none like him today."

"There were four of them, big men such as you find by Kabul. The first one, and he was obviously the leader, wore one of those three-cornered head coverings the European traders in the south country wear. He was a ridiculous figure to my mind at first, but he had a face like a round, flat rock, and eyes like those of a swine.

"'We can't wait forever!' he said. He had to shout, because the wind was so strong the three yards between us were like a mile. There we were, all in a row, myself, the horses, the gun, he and his companions—all of us stretched out in a row on the ledge like birds on a cornice. I can feel that wind yet, and hear it rushing in my ears.

"I had been there some time before they had come around the bend. I was glad to see them, for I was in distress, and the mountain people are kindly disposed almost to their enemies in such circumstances. But they proved far from helpful.

"'We have a load on our five beasts here that bids us make haste to Khor. Our business will not wait.' So said the stranger.

"All I could do was look dazedly at the obstacle before me. There it was, that heavy cannon, listing to one side, stuck at an angle across the pathway. There was no use laying the whip to my poor, lean horses, for they could do nothing, the two of them, unless it were to dislodge the piece and send it over the drop. The ledge had crumbled beneath the left-front wheel, and the weight of the whole had sunk it to its present position, lipped over the rim of the ledge. The back-right wheel was raised and wedged into the wall of the rising mountain-side. I had known when I had started out that the path was narrow but I hadn't thought it would give like that.

"I stepped forward cautiously and edged along, putting my feet underneath, and holding to the long barrel. (They used to decorate all the iron on the Khan's pieces with a kind of scroll work, and put carving on the wooden gun-carriages. It was beautiful! You have nothing like it now.) My heart pounded as I looked down. There seemed to be more sky below than above. The bottom was swarming with giant boulders that as I reached the rear of my gun, I tottered, and the cliff almost swayed from under me. But the stranger stood there, the one with the tricorne hat, not two feet away, staring at me out of his dull, hard eyes, and made not a move to help me.

"I squatted behind the carriage. I knew every hollow of its hand-hewn shape, for it had been mine, jointly with two other lads, for two years now, and I was her captain. I reached for the wheel that was lodged in the mountain wall. Ah, there it was, the thick, square pin of iron that went through the axle and knit the metal-tired, wood disc to it. It would be hard, but who is not an optimist at sixteen? My fingers would not get a firm enough grip on the pin itself, and I would have to do as best I could without the lanyard we usually used. I unwound my turban, and twisted the cloth through the rough hole in the end of the pin, knotting the ends of the fabric, to get something I could get a grip on. The wind was blowing my hair all this time in my eyes. (For it was long and black and wild then.)

"'What are you doing?' the stony voice behind me finally asked.

"'If you will be patient, master, I will remove the wheel. It will take a long time, but I think I shall succeed. Then I will remove the forward wheel, the one that is hooked over the edge. When my horses pull, the cannon will right itself; but it will sink down flat on the other two wheels, and we will steady it—that is, you and your men will help me, master, I pray you; we will half of us crawl up behind the horses, and half—'

"'You fool! it will take hours. Do you think we have nothing better to do than to wait here on the side of a mountain while a half-grown ape makes faces at us from the top of an old cannon that would burst if it were fired? Think again, or we will solve your problem for you.'

"But master, it is the only way—to remove the wheels, right the cannon, replace the wheels—"

"Listen to him! We'll show you how to move a cannon. A good strong heave and it joins the swallows in the valley."

"Perhaps I was a bit naive then, for I had not suspected until this point what his intentions were. I protested vigorously. I tried to explain how Eka Khan was waging war by Ulan Kabor, and how my gun-master had sent for the extra pieces. I hurriedly recounted how I had brought mine by the shortcut, and how I might expect a good taste of the whip for as much delay as my bad judgment had already caused. Indeed, I knew, if they pushed my cannon off, I could never show myself again in the Khan's palace, tents or fields, for they would kill me for certain. They did not fight for mere trifles of land and villages in those days. Each prince's honor was the edge of his sword, and many men were dying every day.

"He will whip you! We will solve that too.' Come, let us not delay; we too must account for our time.' He put his hand on his knife.

"But it was not reasonable to kill a man for what he could not remedy. That was no way to treat a stranger who had done no evil to one! But it was no use to tell my opponent that. He forced my spine against the hard, round end of the gun, and laying the steel of his blade on my neck (I can feel it yet), he backed me almost over the precipice. I squeezed my ribs against the length of the iron barrel, and edged my way along the ledge back to the forward end.

"Unhitch those horses," said the voice when I had reached the tail of the first horse. (They were one in front of the other, of course.) You've never heard the executioner shouting his orders in the stable-yard when they are putting a group of men to death, but that's what his voice reminded me of. I paused, leaning over the fastenings on the leather and rope harnessing. Then the voice spoke again and made up my mind for me. It was true; it would not be hard to unbalance the gun and send the whole thing, horses, driver and all, down into the nothingness out there, just a push would do it, just one good push. And they could do it before I could pick my way clear of the horses, a task not hurriedly done. I unfastened the gun.

"I glanced around. The front two men were leaning their weight against the heavy wood struts, and the third, and the fourth, were hovering behind. I didn't trust them, so I looked to my own situation again, and began to work along past the horses. I knew them for docile animals, pack beasts actually, and as long as the cannon's fall did not frighten them, I would be safe. Once on the other side, I would trust to a fleet foot—and a sure one, I hoped!

"A crumbling sound told me the gun was pivoting out into space. Then I heard the voice behind me shout like a man thrust through with a sword. My back horse started and almost reared; I swayed abruptly around, with my back to its flank.

"The gun was falling off into the gulf that opened up just two inches from my toe. And there after it plummeted a man. The tricorne was lying on the now clear pathway, but in a second the wind wafted it out over the void also. The second pusher had almost been dragged along, but was lying flat with his fingers clutched into the rough rock. The foremost man had apparently caught his foot in the loop I had barely finished making in the long turban-cloth, and the weight of the cannon had jerked him along with it.

"The wind drowned the cry in a second, and filled my ears with its roar again. I looked at the three men down the pathway, and they looked at me."

"So you see, that's why I never pass through the north country. I never suspected he was the Khan's grandson, and even if I had—"

The old merchant folded his hands across his ample paunch, and looking at his spindly legs, he smiled.

"Besides, I cannot run as I could then."

CHAPEL TALK

By KAY HOEMSEN

Our modern age—the 20th Century—is greatly a controversial one. We see it predominantly as an age of cupidity, violence and tragedy, but if we observe more closely we find also unselfishness, tenderness, love and beauty. These phenomena are co-existent so that one seems but a perverted sense of the other. There is no longer a definite right and wrong of life; the "maranatha and anathema" of ancient days is gone and has been replaced by our "modern way of life" of which John Steinbeck sums up the paradox inherent thus:

"The things we admire in men, kindness and generosity, openness, honesty, understanding and feeling are the concomitants of failure in our system. And those traits we detest, sharpness, greed, acquisitiveness, meanness, egotism and self-interest are the traits of success. And while men admire the quality of the first they love the product of the second."

Of this confusion of right and wrong, of two World Wars and of depression and booms, our modern poets are born; and our contemporary literature is the progeny of this chaos and peace existing side by side. Poetry of this origin must of necessity consist of a variety of subjects and create a variety of effects.

Before modern literature can be analyzed the authors of it must be considered. What distinguishes a poet from the ordinary man? Our experiences are relatively similar; our opportunities are relatively

equal, so what then is the point of difference? It is this—although our experiences are manifestly similar yet to each individual, Life—with a capital “L”—presents a problem which must be solved by himself alone—the individual must come to grips with his soul and reply to his own questionings. Although we all tend to express or assert our own individualities in our own inimitable manner there are few of us who successfully do so. We strive ever for the moon without even knowing with what we should gild our wings. We are confused and our perceptions are vague; we struggle to express those sentiments which we but sub-consciously feel, in words—the limited scope of language—for us so prosaic and platitudinous.

But there are a few to whom language has no limit; who can adequately and realistically express in beautiful form those impressions which we but dimly receive and who can give full meaning and expression to that world symphony of which we can but merely intimate the first few chords of the overture.

These “chosen few” are our poets and the very mess our world is in is the inspiration of their art. Shelley defined the poet as “the author to others of the highest wisdom, pleasure, virtue and glory so he ought to be the happiest, the best, the wisest and most illustrious of men.” This qualification is hardly a pre-requisite for a poet—especially of today. This is partly due to the fact that poetry is not merely lyrical but robust and intense and vibrating with life. Let us rather consider the contemporary author as one whose experiences are similar to ours but who interprets these experiences by the richness of his own personality. To him the skies are bluer and the grass is greener than it is to us. He is sensitive to subtle feelings and these he feels more keenly and intensely than do we. The poet does not see activities of every day life as merely washing dishes, or writing an article but he regards such an activity from the vantage point of both the past and the future. To him the killing of Japanese soldiers in the Philippines is not just another step on the road to victory—but it is an instance of the cruelty and wantonness of human slaughter. He does not look at the Allied and Axis armies as such but he sees in them humanity committing suicide.

“My enemy came nigh
And I
Stared fiercely in his face
My lips went writhing back in a grimace,
And stern as I watched him from a narrowed eye.
Then as I turned away,
My enemy,
That bitter-heart and savage, said to me:
Some day when this is past;
When all the arrows that we have are cast
We may ask one another why we hate?
And fail to find a story to relate,
It may seem to us, then, a mystery
That we could hate each other—
Thus said he and did not turn away;
Waiting to hear what I might have to say
But I fled quickly—fearing if I stayed
I might have kissed him as I would a maid.

—James Stephens, *Hate* 1909.

The poet records his thoughts in his writings and we go there to seek the meaning of our vagueness.

Thus poetry is “an outlet for our own unspoken thoughts and our varied moods. It makes articulate our choked-up passage ways of speech, giving adequate expression to our pent-up loves and joys and glories, and furnishes release and relief to our fears, griefs and sorrows. “A great poet takes our half-formed thoughts, our suppressed moods, our crushed desires and needs and leads them out into the open, endowing them with a harmony and a completeness.” (M. Edmund Spenser).

This is the thing which distinguishes the poet from ordinary men—his sensitivity and his ability to express his experiences in such a way that it will benefit all who read him.

Modern literature is a queer imbroglie of mysticism, intellectualism, romanticism, realism, skepticism and humor. Charles Morgan is a contemporary mystic—he goes back to Plato and Socrates for his inspiration, but his main interest lies in the 17th Century—the age of contemplation and mysticism, contemplation which leads to “stillness of spirit” or invulnerability. This Morgan contended to be the ultimate reality of human nature. “Though the contemplative life was rare, the contemplative desire was universal, being in the spirit, what the sexual desire is in the flesh, the prime mover of mankind. Contemplative stillness is but the name for a state of invulnerability and to be invulnerable is what all men want. Even the desire for immortality, springing from fear of death and having its fruit in the doctrine of the resurrection, is less than the desire to be invulnerable, being part of it. The desire for immortality can never be flawless; it is streaked with a longing for rest, for annihilation as with Hamlet’s terror of immortal dreams. But the desire to be invulnerable is flawless; it is consistent with man’s longing for rest and with his eagerness for life—it is, indeed the only reconciler of them; and it supplies a supremacy even over dreams.”—(From *The Fountain*).

And in a later book Charles Morgan writes of death as genius—as an enchanting and beckoning prospect.

“Last night I flew into the tree of death;
Sudden an outer wind did me sustain;
And I, from gilded poppet on its swing,
Wrapt in my element, was bird again.”
To Charles Morgan death now becomes
“the throb of stillness at the core of fever.”

—from *Sparkenbroke*

There are erudite writers in our 20th Century also—Virginia Woolf received her education by browsing among the classics—T. S. Eliot studied at Harvard and at the Sorbonne and holds the honorary degree of LL.D. from various outstanding universities. He who understands T. S. Eliot is a fortunate person.

Romanticism finds an exponent in Sard Teasdale—

To E

I have remembered beauty in the night;
Against black silences I waked to see
A shower of sunlight over Italy
And green Ravello dreaming on her height;
I have remembered music in the dark,
The clean swift brightness of a fugue of Bach's
And running water singing on the rocks
When once in English woods I heard a lark.
But all remembered beauty is no more
Than a vague prelude to the thought of you—
You are the rarest soul I ever knew
Lover of beauty knightliest and best:
My thoughts seek you as waves that seek the shore,
And when I think of you I am at rest.

We tend to think of the 20th Century as predominantly realistic and materialistic. Carl Sandburg is realistic in his poem

Chicago

Hog Butcher for the World,

Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat.

Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;

Stormy, husky, brawling,

City of the Big Shoulders;

They tell me you are wicked, and I believe them; for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked, and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunmen kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal, and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people.

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of youth; half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog-butcher,

Toolmaker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads, and Freight-handler to the Nation.

yet there is hope and pride in the poem for the poet is primarily a man and it is the man who says

"But leave me a little love

A voice to speak to me in the day end."

—"At a Window" 1916

John Steinbeck is the epitome of 20th Century realism yet in a recent book "Cannery Row" he finds beauty down a back lane—in the soft warmth of the shadow a jagged tomato can casts on the snow—in the fragrance of the steaks Doc cooks for his friends of ill repute.

Contemporary literature is also skeptical—war and greed lead one to ask why? as in Sassoon's poem

THEY

The Bishop tells us, "When the boys come back

They will not be the same; for they'll have fought

In a just cause: they lead the last attack

On Anti-Christ; their comrade's blood has bought

New right to breed an honorable race.

They have challenged Death and dared him face to face"
 "We're none of us the same!" the boys reply.
 For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
 Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
 And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find
 A chap who's served that hasn't found some change."
 And the bishop said: "The ways of God are strange!"
 —Siegfried Sasson, 1917.

Yet here, too, is beauty and love, for the very questioning of God's activities implies faith in his judgment and righteousness.

Humor in contemporary writings—how often it has saved the day! Who has read Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches," and maintained that life is dull? Thurber's modern versions of Grimm's Fairy Tales (Little Red Riding Hood for example), Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash, L. R. Ross—his story of Mr. Kaplan who thought To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow (Macbeth) was a selection from Julius Scissor and had poor Caesar dying in his tent in fear of the morrow. Underlying this humor there is ever a faith in humanity—an interest in mankind.

And so in all contemporary literature there is one current; for the literature is but the expression of poets—who speak for us all—of the desire which is in every individual, whether that desire be for fame, peace or death. And if the poet is sometimes unable to reconcile the incongruities of life he writes thus:

You tell me of my songs, you cannot fit
 Their thoughts together, so contrary the lights
 I cannot help you to the sense of it.
 We rise and fall, have many days and nights
 Make songs in both; and when we are in our pit
 Gaze back in wonder at our own endless heights.
 —"To One who wanted a Philosophy from Me."
 —G. W. Russell (A.E.)

"ON GOING TO THE WARS"

GENEVIEVE FULOSKI

With our trunks and notebooks we brought to college conventional attitudes and stereotypes, partly-formed philosophies and narrow outlooks. For many of us black was black, white was white—there was no grey. Most of us, however, came with alert, receptive, questioning mind. Our education here began with our initiation. The next step for some of us was a gradual tearing-down process. In some instances well-defined attitudes and ideas were smashed in the collision with the new ideas advanced by our texts, our professors and our fellow-students. Other ideas, which were like a mass of clay were slowly worked into shape and the extraneous material was cast away. There was a two-fold orientation period; an adjustment to the externals of college life and an adjustment to advanced, liberal ideas.

The first year was one of confusion and struggle. In the next year or two there was less confusion, but the struggle continued. We sought to build and to reorganize; we sought to develop our attitudes and ideas. The questioning mind went in search of a firmer basis for its beliefs. We looked to those about us to guide and aid us in our attempts to find the positives. Our new learning, our professors, our chapel speakers, our fellow-students—the very spirit of the college—were instrumental in the moulding process. These were the influences which broke down many of our conceptions, but they offered us something finer in return for the things they had taken away. Our professors gave generously of their wisdom and experience; they encouraged us as we stumbled about in this world of new ideas. Insofar as we were liberal we were encouraged in our liberalism; insofar as we were prejudiced or intolerant a broader view was indicated; insofar as we were receptive and critical we gained by our contacts. College students are often condemned because they are so critical. They are critical because they are seeking solutions to problems and those who are objective in their criticism do not become cynics. College students want to discard what seems weak, intolerant, or narrow. They want to catch a gleam of greater and finer things, to pursue that gleam to discover what it might mean and where it might lead.

What have we been pursuing and seeking? We might call it Life. We wanted to know more about life, to know how best we could live, to develop a philosophy that would meet the demands it would make of us. Some meaning of life has evolved for us; we have built foundations for our philosophies. As we look back, perhaps we see life being built up for us a moment at a time. We never perceived it as a whole pattern we could adopt for our own. But rather, in our confusion and searching we receive flashes of insight, we have momentary glimpses of the inter-relationships between the tangibles and the intangibles. We may never know the meaning of life, but as Virginia Woolf expresses it, "Instead there are little daily miracles, illuminations, matches struck in the dark." "In the midst of chaos there is shape"; in this "eternal passing and flowing" there is stability. The little separate incidents are built up, we come to perceive their connections, we may realize that life is a whole—that there is a purpose for each of us if we would respond to our opportunities.

Life at college is not an end in itself, it is only a preparation for activity in the world. As we have been preparing ourselves we have had that activity in mind. Now we have a background, the world will prepare us further.

Sometime in the future each of us will be making a contribution to life. Some of us will be making a scientific contribution, others will be doing social service work, a few of us will be teaching the younger generation, others will be preaching and some of us will be building homes. Our contributions may or may not be recognized, some will make greater gains than others. Perhaps one or two of us will have an opportunity to go to Europe with UNRRA. But what will be most important is not what we are doing, but how we are doing it.

The public expects that college graduates will be revolutionary. Each generation of graduates is a shot of young blood into the nation's system, but they do not all have revolutionary ideas. The public believes that all students are revolutionary and radical. Tests and polls have shown that these are popular stereotypes—college students are not radical, but rather they are liberal-minded. Very few of us want the government overthrown; we do not all believe that socialism has a panacea for the ills of the world; they are still fewer who believe that any political party has the absolute solution to our problems. There is injustice and confusion, inequality and striving in the world; we want a solution, we want to put our faith into something positive. Young people want action; they do not want to adopt the Mohammedan attitude: Kismet, "It is fate." We want to do something about that fate, to hitch our wagons to a star. But we are liberals with a small "l" rather than Socialists or Communists. Labels like Socialist or Communist are rather indiscriminantly pasted on liberally-inclined young people. We do not expect the millennium in our time—those things which are built up slowly endure longest. We are not sleepy idealists, but we have faith in humanity.

The post-war world is going to give us an opportunity to bring a brick or two from our castles in the air down to earth. There seems to have arisen a general renewal of faith and hope during this war; we are fighting for democratic ideals and after the war these ideals are going to be put into practice. That is the theory.

However, people have not changed overnight. The McGill University Senate has banned Japanese students. The editor of a newspaper of William and Mary College in Virginia was suspended for her racial tolerance. She wrote an editorial entitled "Lincoln's Job Half Done" in which she advocated courses that would teach students the facts of race, which would refute the absurd, dangerous race theories that have achieved such undesirable prominence in the past decade. The editorial also looked forward to the day when all students, regardless of color or race could enter and study in a University, freely and equally. Those who censured the article declare that it was "an out-and-out demand for negroes to be admitted on an equal footing with white students—that was something that the University, the State of Virginia and the South frowned upon." The Faculty and students were almost unanimous in their support of the student in her views but the "powers that be" refused to reconsider the suspension. These are only two isolated cases, but the individuals who are suppressing the liberal attitudes in each case are national leaders. Before an individual can be a leader he must have followers. Incidents like these take some of the glow away from the hopes of the Atlantic Charter.

The classes of '45 are entering into a dim, confused world. We have great expectations, high ideals. We are hoping to help returned men to rehabilitate, to help war-torn countries in their readjustments, to build homes and educate children. Our aim is to be tolerant and broadminded and democratic. We want to see men living at peace with their neighbors, we want to see greater opportunities for education. Our ideals may seem to move further and further from us as we go about our tasks. We may be tempted to give up our ideals, to accept the world's materialism; we may want to say with the Mohammedan, "Kismet". But as Earle Birney, in his poem "On Going to the Wars" has said:

"No hell unspilled by lords of war
Upon the people's flesh has ever
Parched the human heart's endeavour,
The human will to love and truth.
For one face mired in black untruth
A score will signal us each day
The sun unquenched within our clay.
Across the tundra of our dread
We must beat on, windbitten, to
The unseen cabin's light, and through
The glooming western firwoods thread,
In hope to pass the peaks terrific,
And win the wide sundrenched Pacific."

If we strive to keep up with the competing world we become encumbered in its mire, we may therefore be tempted to quit the world and live in seclusion. But a finer remedy is to quit the competitive game without withdrawing from that common life which is the place for most of the work that is to better the world. To this end Thomas a Kempis exhorts:

"Son, now I will teach thee the way of true liberty . . . Study to do another's will rather than thine own. Choose ever to have less rather than more. Seek ever the lower place and be subject to all; ever wish and pray that the will of God may be to all; ever wish and pray that the will of God may be perfectly done in thee and in all. Behold such a man enters the bounds of peace and calm."



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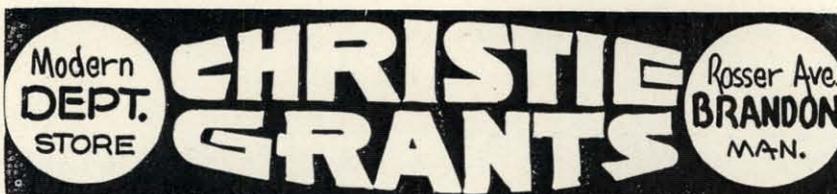
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