

The Register



December 1922

PUBLISHED BY
the STUDENTS of
REGINA COLLEGE

E. W. STAPLEFORD, B.A., D.D.,
President.

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Registrar.

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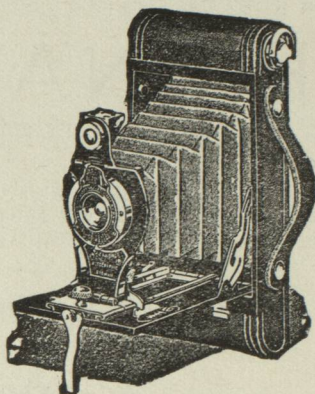
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Regina College Register

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OF REGINA COLLEGE

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

May I take this opportunity of congratulating the Staff and Students of the College upon the re-appearance of the Register. Many magazines die in infancy and disappear forever. Some few are re-born and again enter upon the struggle for existence. The enthusiasm displayed by the students in connection with the re-establishment of the College Magazine assures its success. I trust that the Register will take an honored and permanent place among the College Journals of the land.

The Magazine will not only be a joy and inspiration to the students at present in attendance at the College, but it will also be a link connecting the students of former days with those of today. One happy feature of College life is that in after years the "Old Boys" and "Old Girls" look wistfully back to the care-free, joyous

days spent within the walls of the old College.

We live in stern and serious days. Fortunately, however, life has its gay as well as its gray side. The fact that the College Register mirrors the gayer side of life does not necessarily mean that our students are unaware of life's problems and responsibilities. It has been gratifying to me to note that underneath the lighter veins are to be found the deeper strata of high resolve and noble purpose. During the past eleven years the lives of over Five Thousand students have been touched by the spirit of Him who said: "I am among you as one who serveth."

E. W. STAPLEFORD.

Students and faculty of Regina College will not soon forget the inspiring message of Dr. Hayward one morning at a recent chapel service. The speaker described five student acquaintances of his college days: One, a very clever science scholar who always stood at the top of the examination lists; another, whose action on the field of sport was described as a "veritable poem"; a different type again from these, in a theological student; and still another, a very likeable fellow who attracted everyone by his warm and genial social spirit. But not one of these, said Dr. Hayward, has "made good" out in the world, for they were men of but one mould and helplessly narrow. In contrast to these four, the

speaker recalled a fifth acquaintance—one who was the captain of his team, who took a high standing in his class work, who was well liked by his fellows, and one who was not afraid to raise his voice in prayer in the student Christian Association. It goes without saying that this last man "made good" and more than realized the hopes of his friends.

There is something about this four-square sort of man that appeals mightily. He has become the ideal that lures to strenuous effort all thoughtful students. He is the kind of man the world is tremendously in need of to run its affairs these days. And the world is naturally looking to the Colleges for him.

Regina College, we are proud to say, is seeking to create this all-round type of person—one who can face four-square to the world. And the most important part of this creative business of the institution is the supplying of a fine college spirit. For this ideal type of college man or woman is one who is "born of the spirit" that breathes all through the life of his beloved Alma Mater. And just what that spirit is, in a word, is finely expressed in our college motto: "As one who serves."

We want the college spirit to be the good angel brooding over every part of our college activity. It must be found on the campus, cheering the team to victory or standing loyally behind them in defeat, knowing that "a good sport" is one who can take defeat gracefully. Certainly our good angel must go with us into the class room for when we hear the rustle of its wings there, it is easier to be happy at honest work. And, good spirit, forsake us not in the hours of pleasant fellowship when our young hearts are made glad on occasions of merry intercourse the one with the other. We know indeed that we shall always find you, Oh Spirit, breathing through our services of worship, winning your way evermore into our hearts through the songs we sing and every service prayer we offer.

A student was once heard to say that Regina College can put up a challenge for noble living that cannot be equalled. We are inclined to believe that statement. Give our college spirit an earnest student body for expression and the natural result will be that splendid type of the four-square de-

veloped man. Of such it is not unfitting to quote words of Shakespeare:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand
up
And say to all the world, 'This was a
man.'"

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind.

Looking out across the countries of the world today and seeing the turmoil and unrest, the class strife and international discord, one comes to the conclusion that the above quotation aptly describes the situation. Between the different groups of humanity there seems to be little in common. And the tragedy of it all is that we are so taken up with our own particular way of living that we give no time nor thought to trying to understand and appreciate the other fellow. In short, we do not know how to live together.

We, in college, have learned on the baseball diamond and the rugby field, that the thing that wins is team play. There may be an individual star on the team, but he alone cannot win the game. He must have the support of the ordinary man on the team. Every player must do his part in unison with every other player. It is co-operation that counts.

And it is this same spirit of co-operation which must dominate the lives of men and women in the every day affairs of life, if our social troubles, and international differences are ever to be effectually solved.

It is in this regard that residence life in our college should be a potent factor in rounding out our education, and making of us useful members of society, and worthy citizens of our country.

We have come together from different parts of our province, from different community environments, and widely different home ideals, and opportunity is afforded each of us to see what is good, and what is not so good, in the lives of others, and by comparing to choose that which is best.

Then too, we should learn, if our residence life is a success, that other people have opinions as well as ourselves, and that these opinions are, in most cases, worthy of consideration and respect. Also, probably here as nowhere else, we should learn the place

A LAMENT

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the Western stars until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy
Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we
knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and
tho'
We are not now that strength which
in old days
Moved earth and heaven: that which we
are we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to
yield.

The Western spirit breeds unlimited optimism it is the sign and mark of progress and ever opposes stagnation and decay. It is not confined by geographical limits, but whenever men are "strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield," that spirit breathes out its vitalizing force. The man who has the Western spirit never grows old, but life has ever new zest for him, for there is always some mystery to be solved, some new adventure to be undertaken. He is above all a man of faith, like Abraham, who when he felt the stirrings of the Western spirit within him, obeyed it, not knowing whither he went, and at every adventure of faith there came a wider experience.

In these days when bells rule our goings and comings and every minute is scheduled, there does not seem to be much time for reading anything outside of our Algebra or History. However, our lives will henceforth probably run more or less by schedule and the putting off the time when we are going to read good literature will probably amount to its being put off for ever and we would thus lose one of the greatest pleasures and experiences of life. This does not necessitate putting aside an hour a day or half an hour a day but rather that reading should be to us a recreation—something to turn to when we are tired—that will send us back to our studies mentally refreshed.

Therefore let us develop our love of books as we develop on every side and then when old age comes upon us and we are too stiff to trip the light fantastic or fly over the ice on skates, we shall have a hobby that shall ever give us pleasure.

No student, be he ever so voluble, will ever admit that he, or she, as the case may be, finds it easy to write an essay or, as the more ambitious are styled, theme. Each and every one (except perhaps an occasional avowed highbrow) pursues the same dangerous course—despairing, hopeless, he lets the days and weeks go by, consulting references now and then to secure bare facts, but positive that he cannot write anything worth while on the subject assigned. Then when the time has almost elapsed, if he is really in earnest, the frantic youth assembles his small amount of data, grasps a pen firmly, and evolves a creation which is surprisingly better than he had ever hoped to produce.

Ah, lucky novice! How much rosier is your path than that of the free lance! You complain that having a certain subject set restrains your errant fancy and confines your nomadic spirit. Little do you realize that the very bounds of which you complain alone make possible your not-to-be-despised production. When the time comes and you desire your quickly flying pen to give permanence to some of your wondrous thoughts, then you will appreciate the advantage of having one sure point from which to start and around which to cluster the wanderings of your facile wit.

Alas, I too once shared your views and eagerly awaited the time when I might be free to express my mighty musings. Surely this is my long hoped for chance! I am bidden: "Write what you will, but write you must."

Shall I describe the beauties of a Canadian winter morning with the sky a leaden vault above and each tree a magic feathery mass with vague outlines and ever-changing aspects? Ah, no, that has been told too often and too well for my poor mind to make such an attempt.

Then what shall it be—the relation of an amusing episode? No, that might not be suitable. A monologue or dialogue perhaps? That would be beyond my small ability.

Woe is me, how far away are all my mighty projects! I seek but nothing comes. Can it be that the fount of all my images has dried up? Or is it that I need a guiding hand to give direction to my efforts and keep them on the right line? Without a definite task I am lost: set me one and I shall strive.

THE CONSERVATORY

The Conservatory of Music opened on September the third for what promises to be the most successful year of its history. All the old staff are back with us and we also have the pleasure of welcoming to our midst Miss Wight, who comes to us from Toronto, as a welcome addition to the pianoforte staff.

Blanche Larson, Olive Salt, and Jessie Moore gave a very pleasing recital at Balcarres on October the twenty-seventh. Miss Salt is a pupil of Miss McCracken, Miss Larson a pupil of Mr. Killmaster and Miss Moore a pupil of Miss Gott.

On the 30th of October Miss Salt and Miss Larson gave a recital in the College Assembly Hall which the many friends who attended enjoyed thoroughly.

Radio is opening up a new line of activity for the musical world, and many of the Conservatory pupils have rendered selections with credit in this way. Miss McCracken, our senior teacher of violin, delighted the radio fans of Calgary and her work received special mention in the Calgary Herald.

Readers of our magazine are asked to be on the lookout for the radio concert which will be broadcasted from CKCK by the ladies of the Conservatory in the near future.

Miss Dorothy Duncan, assisted by Miss McCracken, gave a very enjoyable recital in the City Hall on November 15th. Miss Duncan began her studies at the College, afterwards going to Toronto, where she attended the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

THE INDIAN MUSICAL

On Thursday evening, November 16th, the Women's Educational Club entertained the students of the College to an evening of Indian Music in the Normal School Auditorium. Mrs. Dyer

and Mrs. McLeod of the Executive received the students, after which a pleasant half hour was enjoyed in the Museum.

The programme of the evening consisted of Indian songs and readings given by the Young People of Westminster Church. The stage was arranged in Indian fashion, with the tepee and tripod, from which was suspended the typical black kettle. Squatted about the fire were Indian "maids" and "braves" attired in the gay paraphernalia of the race. Each maiden and brave contributed to the programme. Mr. West's rendering of Pauline Johnston's "Cattle Thief," carrying us back to the days of Indian triumph and on down to the days of restriction and defeat.

After the programme, lunch was served and the students returned to the College, all expressing their appreciation of a most pleasant evening.

THE FACULTY RECITAL

A very appreciate audience, among which were many of the students, attended the Faculty Recital of the Regina College Conservatory of Music in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, on the evening of November 30.

The program was opened by F. G. Killmaster who played Corelli's Suite in F on the organ and later the Rimsky-Korsakof "Hymn of the Sun" and Jongen's "Chant de Mai."

Miss Helen Wight made her first appearance before a Regina audience, and played a particularly well-chosen selection of pianoforte solos calculated to display her art from its various angles.

Miss Alice Gott chose "Drift Down" and later Wecherlin's "Counsel to Nina" which she sang with very fine taste.

Concerted work for violin (Miss Jean McCracken), piano (Miss Alta Dolmage), and organ (Mr. Killmaster), introduced a little novelty into the evening. They played Busser's "Slumber of Jesus", in which Miss McCracken's solo work stood out with bell-like clarity as it did in the Andante and Minuetto of de Beriot's concerto played as a string duet with F. J. Bilek.

Miss Tutt showed powerful dramatic force and charming simplicity as the mood of her different recitations demanded — her Anglo-Italian dialect sketches provided the light spots of the evening.

QUERY

Is Mr. Bilek the "Bull Dog" Guard of the Regina College music corridors?
It looks like it.

We sincerely hope that two of our "leading ladies" on the Conservatory staff will kindly remember to have their selections for the next College Recital in the Director's hands on time. To omit doing so "is not done in the best society."

"PRACTICE CORRIDORS"

Is there anyone in College
Who by chance may not have heard,
Of the place way down the hallway,
Where we train our College birds,
Where the gents all boom and holler,
And the ladies shriek and yell
"Do, ray, me fah, sol?" Oh! say,
Give that calf more rope, I pray.
As you wander down the walk
Do you hear that chicken squawk?
While the sound that man is makin'
Would make a donkey baulk.

Now I tell you kindly people,
That P.C. ain't just no joke,
'With most everyone a-hollerin',
As if they'd like to croak.
But still I guess it has to be,
If folks must learn to sing,
And as for that I must admit,
P.C. is just the thing.
And if you wish to learn, someday,
How to sing a roundelay,
Come in with us, join the forces,
Down our College practice way.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The first social event of the College year was a reception given by the faculty on Friday, October the 13th. The students were received by Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford and Prof. and Mrs. Doxsee. Partners were found by means of cards on which the autographs of various students were written so that they might become acquainted with each other. After everyone had found their partners, a puzzle sheet was given to each couple. Then came a very interesting programme, consisting of an address of welcome by Dr. Stapleford, a piano selection by Miss Wight, and a reading by Miss Tutt. Lunch followed this and the evening programme ended with the singing of the National Anthem and the giving of the College Yell.

INITIATION

After the first pangs of homesickness had left the freshettes, a new terror loomed on the horizon—initiation. When the fated evening arrived, October 21, the freshettes were ordered to go down to dinner with their middies worn back to front, and their hair in pigtails. In addition to this, each one had to wear a white stocking and a black shoe on one foot and a black stocking and white shoe on the other. Such a sight greeted the eyes of the boys, when the girls appeared in the dining room! Afterwards in the rest room the real initiation took place. Shrieks, screams and laughter issued from the room but the mysterious rites of the initiation will not be divulged. A lunch was then served and the singing of songs ended the night's fun.

THE HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE

If one happened into Regina College on Saturday evening, October 28, he would have met Dutch lasses, clowns, flower girls, darkies and Susie and Si Perkins parading the darkened halls and clothesline alleys.

After the parade the students gathered in the assembly hall where a short programme was given. It was announced that Mildred Humphrey, as Little Red Riding Hood, had won the prize for the best ladies' costume, Norman Lyster as Pocohontas, the man's prize, and John Mihain, dressed as Dickens' fat boy, the comic. Lunch was then served and the very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the National Anthem and the College Yell.

THE PROGRESSIVE HIKE

On Saturday evening, the 18th of November, a progressive hike was held. The hike led around the Parliament Buildings, through freshly-fallen snow and back across the bridge. Arriving at the College the students gathered in the Assembly Hall. A selection by the Orchestra opened the programme, and Eva Cheeseman favored us with a piano solo. This was followed by a duet by Margaret Stapleford and Maybelle Miller. "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers" provided a good laugh for everybody. Lunch was then served and after the Orchestra had rendered another selection the evening closed with the National Anthem and the College Yell.

The Special Household Science Class and the Commercial Students of the College were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford on the evening of Friday, November 24. After partners had been drawn for, a good part of the evening was spent playing games. Lunch was then served and about eleven o'clock the guests took leave of their charming host and hostess.

Y.M.C.A. NEWS

The first meeting of the College Branch of the Y.M.C.A. was held in the chapel on Tuesday, November 14. The faculty advisors, as elected by the students at this meeting were as follows:

Honorary President—Dr. Stapleford.

Vocational Dept.—Prof. J. W. Ansley.

Literary Dept.—Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee.

Citizenship Dept.—Prof. E. R. Doxsee.

Missionary Dept.—Mr. D. R. Patterson.

Athletic Dept.—Mr. C. K. Moses.

Critic—Mr. H. B. Cairns.

A meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was held in the chapel on Friday, the 17th of November. The programme for the evening had been arranged for by Gordon McCuish, the representative of the Citizenship Department. It consisted of a talk on "Canada and Canadians" by Prof. Doxsee. The meeting came to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

The third meeting, held on the 20th of November, was in charge of the Missionary Department. Rev. A. E. Whitehouse of Wesley Church was the speaker and he gave an interesting address on "Missionary Work."

"Could you let me have a five spot for a few days?" asked Faibish in a whisper.

"Here it is!" shouted Mr. Morman, at the top of his voice.

"Thanks, but why so loud?"

"Oh! just trying to impress the transaction on your memory."

Y.W.C.A. NEWS

The installation of the officers of the girls' Executive was held on November 22nd. Dr. Stapleford installed the officers as follows:

President—Geraldine Longue.

Literary Pres.—Alice Stice.

Missionary Pres.—Hazel Wylie.

Vocational Pres.—Ruby Patterson.

Athletic Pres.—Lucy Currie.

Treasurer—Hilda Wylie.

Secretary—Beverley Caldwell.

Reporter—Lulu Kearns.

Pianist—Eva Ketcheson.

Editor—Grace Bell.

Critic—Maybelle Miller.

This was followed by a short address given by Dr. Stapleford, after which he presented the new president with the gavel as a symbol of her authority. She then took charge of the meeting. A programme prepared by the Literary Committee followed, a reading by Miss Charlotte Cheguin, a piano solo by Eva Cheeseman, a piano duet by Margaret Stapleford and Maybelle Miller, and a selection by the Orchestra.

BOYS' SPORT

VALUE OF SPORT IN COLLEGE LIFE

One of the outstanding things about a school or college is its sporting spirit. A college is advertised probably more by its sport than by any other feature of its life—not only by its prowess on the rugby field but by its ability to take defeat gracefully.

To the average student within these walls, sport is the great joy of college life. He recognizes the need of classes and homework and the benefit it will do him in the future but sport is in the present. He forgets the benefit it does him in the keen interest of the game itself. Simply because it interests him is no reason why it should not greatly benefit him—the idea that medicine must be disagreeable before it does any good went out with the discovery of substitutes for Castor Oil.

Sport does not mean neglecting our studies. How many of us work after four? This leaves two hours a day. Any active sport for this time or less would brighten a student's eyes,

quicken his pulse and make life seem something more than a round of classes and supervised study.

Sport develops the qualities that are essential to a well-rounded life—self-reliance and yet with it the team play; self-confidence and yet the ability to get on with one's mates and co-operate for the general good; and alertness—one has to think quickly and act quickly. The sleepy fellow never gets on very well in the world or on the rugby field. Sport develops the healthy, trained body and the alert mind which is necessary to the kind of man we all want to be.

THE RUGBY SEASON

Since the College year opens one month after the Collegiate year the boys began training for rugby immediately the school opened. After three weeks of training the team had their first game with the Normal School on the Normal Ground. Considering the short period of training and the inexperience of the players, the game showed that we had some good material. It was a very even game throughout. Unfortunately the boys lost out having 6 points against the Normal 7. Faibish was the star for the College—his tackling was exceptionally good. The line-up for the College in this and most of the following games was:

Position	Player
L.O.W.	Humbert
L.M.W.	Bateson
L.I.W.	Thackeray
S.B.	Bateman
R.I.W.	McCuish
R.M.W.	Rice
R.O.W.	Blair
Q.B.	Schwindt
L.H.B.	Tannahill
R.H.B.	Allen
F.B.	Rennick
F.W.	Faibish

Subs, Line—Buffum, Cathro and Kennemann.

Backs—Bell and Bean.

The second game followed the first without much time for practice. The opponents this time were the Collegiate and on their grounds. The Collegiate put a well-trained, experienced team on the field and held the College down quite readily. The College showed great lack of experience when compared with their adversaries, although they equalled them in all other departments of the game. The final score

was 10 to 2 for the Collegiate. Humbert and Faibish occupied the limelight for the school team.

The third game was against Campion College on our own campus. The College boys did not put up as good a showing as in the previous games but the weather and snow may have been the cause—the ball was very slippery and the field almost covered with slush. Bud Schwindt was the College star. The final score was 2-2.

The final game of the year was played on the College campus with the Normal School, November 9. It was a dark, cold afternoon and the field was covered with snow. However, this did not prevent a good number of supporters being on hand. During the first quarter the College got two deadline kicks and were holding their opponents well, but in the second quarter Normal got away and scored a touchdown. In the second half the play kept near the centre of the field but almost at the end of the game the Normal got away again on an intercepted pass from Schwindt to Tannahill and secured their second touchdown.

The boys have been having great sport playing hand ball since the close of the rugby season. A tournament was held and the championship is at present held by Coulter Rennick and Burton Stallwood. However, they have not yet accepted the challenge from the faculty champs, Prof. Ansley and Mr. Doxsee.

All the boys who wish to play basketball have been organized into teams in a league, the games to commence November 30. The teams are named as follows: Bulldogs, Airdales, Greyhounds, Terriers, Pugs, Poodles, and Mongrels. The prospects for a good season at basketball are fine.

The first game of basketball of the season was between the faculty and a picked team from the students. The latter won, being more agile.

Line-ups:

Faculty—

- f. Mr. Patterson.
- f. Mr. Moses.
- c. Mr. Doxsee.
- d. Mr. Ansley.
- d. Mr. Cairns.

Students—

- f. C. Schwindt.
- f. C. Haw.
- c. J. Rice.
- d. C. Tannahill.
- d. S. Mormon.

Hockey training began before there was ice—special physical training classes were held. Since the lake has become safe there has been hockey practice on it each evening. Now that the rink has opened the practices are much more satisfactory. Things look good for a fine team this year.

HOCKEY (Flash)

Form IV. vs. School

The first hockey game of the season was staged at the Arena Rink on Nov. 29th. The line-up was as follows:

- Form IV.—
 Forwards—Rennick, Schwindt and Haw.
 Defence—Simard and Stallwood.
 Goal—Tannahill.
 School—
 Forwards—Bell, Ritchie and H. Schwindt.
 Defence—Bateman and Faibish.
 Goal—Mantle.
 Subs—Roshier, More and Thackeray.

The stars for the fourth formers were Schwindt and Rennick. Faibish was the best bet on the school team. Final score was 4 to 2 in favor of the fourth form.

GIRLS' SPORT

BASKETBALL

The season which every basketball lover has been looking forward to has at length commenced. Much enthusiasm has been shown both by players and spectators. Although only a start has been made we are hoping to play off a number of games before spring. Prospects are favourable for a team that will be capable of holding up the College sport honour.

Form IV. 15, Form III. 9

The girls of the third form readily responded to a challenge from fourth form to a game of basketball. On November the fifteenth the players met in the gymnasium of the Y.W.C.A. The game was divided into three periods, Miss Tutt acting as referee for the first two and Grace Bell for the last. At the end of the second period the score was comparatively even. A final rush was made and when the whistle blew the score was fifteen-nine in favour of fourth form.

The line-up was as follows:

Form IV. Form III.

- Forwards:
 Mildred Stice.....Muriel Taylor
 Edythe Miller.....Eva Ketcheson
 Centres:
 Alice Stice.....Beverley Caldwell
 Hazel Giffard.....Emelia Duchert
 Guards:
 Muriel Adams.....Dorothy Egan
 Kathleen Harris.....Lucy Currie

Form I. 16, Form II. 14

On November the seventeenth the first and second form girls played their first game. Their teams were well matched and the game was closely contested. At the end of the second period the score was a tie and each girl did her best in the last period. The result was that form one was victorious with a score of sixteen-fourteen in their favour.

The line-up was as follows:

Form I. Form II.

- Forwards:
 Dorothy Ironquill..Margaret Stapleford
 Verna Kirby.....Maybelle Miller
 Centres:
 Ethel Leard.....Pearl Pound
 Ethel Cross.....Pauline Strayer
 Guards:
 Ella Fetterly.....Jean Douglas
 Dorothy Evans.....Miss G. Grant

HIKES

The girls of the Regina College enjoyed several interesting hikes between the time when it was too cold to play out of door games and not cold enough for skating. The first was a short jaunt around the power house and back by the lake. The visit to the Parliament Buildings was much enjoyed by the girls who had never been through it before and after viewing the grandeur of the Assembly Hall, many decided to become lady members for Saskatchewan, so we are looking forward to a good government in the future. The Mounted Police Barracks was another source of interest, though according to several verdicts, the "Mounties" themselves were the chief attraction. On account of the distance the return trip was made by street car. The museum in the Normal School Building was both interesting and instructive. Owing to the kindness of the manager of the Saskatchewan Creamery, the girls were shown the mysteries of butter making and each point of interest was explained.

Another hike past the Campion College and back by the lake was greatly enjoyed and the result was a song chiefly dedicated to the members of the faculty.

ALUMNI ET ALUMNÆ

Miss Gladys White is working in the lawyer's office at Cabri, and Esther Aos is making that town lively by her "pep." We hear that she is still the same Esther!

Lois Kingsbury, Mary Wright, Roy Phillips and Leslie Hutchison are up at "Varsity" in Saskatoon making names for themselves.

Regina College is well represented down at Toronto this season. Bill Milburn, Dick Sephton, James Wright, Alec Jupp and Chuck Stewart are still on the high road to success. Congratulations!

"Letts wants a wife, let's apply" was a phrase we used to hear in '20. Miss Ella Beck applied and apparently was accepted, for Mr. and Mrs. Letts are living at Waldeck, Sask.

Those who remember Misses Bobbie Haight and Marjorie Stewart will be glad to hear that they are now both training in the General Hospital, Regina. Can't you hear some nice young man sighing, "I don't want to get well!"

Mr. Bert Cathro is teaching at Yellow Grass.

Miss Belle Grant is attending High School at Cabri, and has still the idea of going to Africa when she is "older."

Miss Norene Sullivan is teaching in Cabri, has charge of the choir, and teaches music. She hopes Miss Dolmadge will be here to instruct her further next year as she intends to come back. But rumour has it that she will be disappointed.

We are glad Jimmie Crossman spent a few days with us on his way home from Dubuc, where he has been farming this summer. Come again, Jimmie!

Miss Isabel Watson is attending High School at Oxbow this year. We certainly miss her at College.

We are glad to hear that one of our old students, Francis Doxsee, has answered the Call and is preaching at Stranraer. We wonder why he pays so many visits to Moose Jaw, though.

Perhaps many of our readers will be surprised to hear that Miss Mabel Crossman and Mr. Jack Cameron were happily married in October. They intend to make their home at Rosetown.

Norene Salzer is teaching music at Drinkwater and is studying with Prof. Hamshire at Moose Jaw.

Miss Charlotte Tutt has her own little studio on Main Street in Moose Jaw, where she teaches the Fletcher method in music.

NOTES FROM EX-STUDENTS FROM A NORMAL "HAS-BEEN"

Oh College students listen!
While I sing my song of woe,
The song that comes from a has-been
A student not long ago.

I'm a Normalite at present
Now don't you envy me,
I come and go whenever I please
I'm not "cooped" in at R.C.

I can go to a show every evening
Or else to a dance or a ball,
And when I come up to the College
I can talk to the boys in the hall.

I can stay home from church on Sundays;
There isn't a rising bell;
I eat my meals whenever I like,
And study when I like as well.

But what's the fun I'd like to know
Of having just your own say,
When you don't get called up on the carpet
At least every second day.

What fun do you have at a movie
When you've a perfect right to go,
When you don't shiver out of fear
That a teacher will come to the show?

There's no fun being out real late
When you can go home and walk
in the door;
It's more thrilling to crawl in a window
And harder to do—what's more!

You miss all these fears and thrills
When you're a Normal student, you
see,
And I'll say you surely miss
The ups and downs of old R.C.

So you freshettes and freshmen
When you grumble for some petty
cause
Cheer up! and thank your lucky stars
You're not a "used-to-was"!

EX-STUDENTS ROLL CALL

Mary Smith
Bright beams of beauty stream'd from
her eye,
And in her cheek sat maiden modesty.

Irene Stanley
And when she had passed
It seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.

Roy Shaefer
Why man! he doth bstride the narrow
world
Like a colossus and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about.

Alice Scott
'Tis such a joy to hear her sing
We fall in love with everything.

Everett Bennett
All that glitters is not gold,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Mary Davidson
Pretty to walk with, witty to talk with,
Pleasant to think of always.

Mike Carleton
Dignity and grace adorn his form
And manly beauty joined with strength
Herculean.

Grace Warner
Maiden dost thou know
Why thy cheeks so warmly glow?
'Tis the angel of the rose
That salutes thee as he goes.

Joe Hutchison
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the
feast,
Aye nor feel queezy.

Anne Grant
Teach me half the gladness that thy brain
must know.

Elda Moore
Divinely tall and most divinely fair.

Elmyra Bandelin
She questions all the winds that blow.

Allan Palmer
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

PERSONALS

If at these lines you chance to look
And see a "grind" which bears your
name,
We pray you not to take offence
For that would cause us grief and
pain.

But just remember that we are
A poor unfortunate "grind" com-
mittee,
And so instead of angry blame
We all deserve your words of pity.

Be funny—clever—get a laugh
Is what we are supposed to do;
So be a sport—don't get a grouch
If in these pages we hit you!

Furber—"Who was that new girl
I saw you with last night?"

Norman—"Ah! that wasn't a new
one; that was the old one, painted up."

A Tip

When a girl keeps on calling your
attention to what a lovely ring the
moon has, its time to grab your hat
and hike.

Teacher—"What is a tragedy?"
Student—"When a girl gets her hair
bobbed and finds it doesn't improve her
looks."

"Not many College girls care much
for outdoor sports, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever
see a girl who didn't like to hunt the
bargain, play a love game, or make a
hit with her clothes?"

Miss Anne Grant—"Davy, why is
love like a photograph?"

Miss Mary Davidson—"Why, old
bean, they're both developed better in
the dark."

A MAIL (MALE) RUSH IN SIX ACTS

Time—About 8.30 a.m.

Scene—In front of the General Office.

Cast—About two dozen boys.

ACT I.—Boys rush around and fill the hallway with noise and clamor and leave no room to walk.

ACT II.—Office door opens.

ACT III.—Miss Graham starts to walk out.

ACT IV.—Boys rush in and envelop her.

ACT V.—The boys reach the letter rack and utter cries such as: "Any for me?" "Get off my toes!" "I'll take Bell's mail!" "Gimme my letter!" etc. Miss Graham emerges from the mob, greatly flattered and goes up the hall, her face all smiles (?)

ACT VI.—Last bell rings and those who are fortunate stumble into class reading from a pretty pink paper, with envelope to match, in their hand. They persist till the teacher reminds them to come back to earth, and that anything so important as a pink letter can wait till after class.

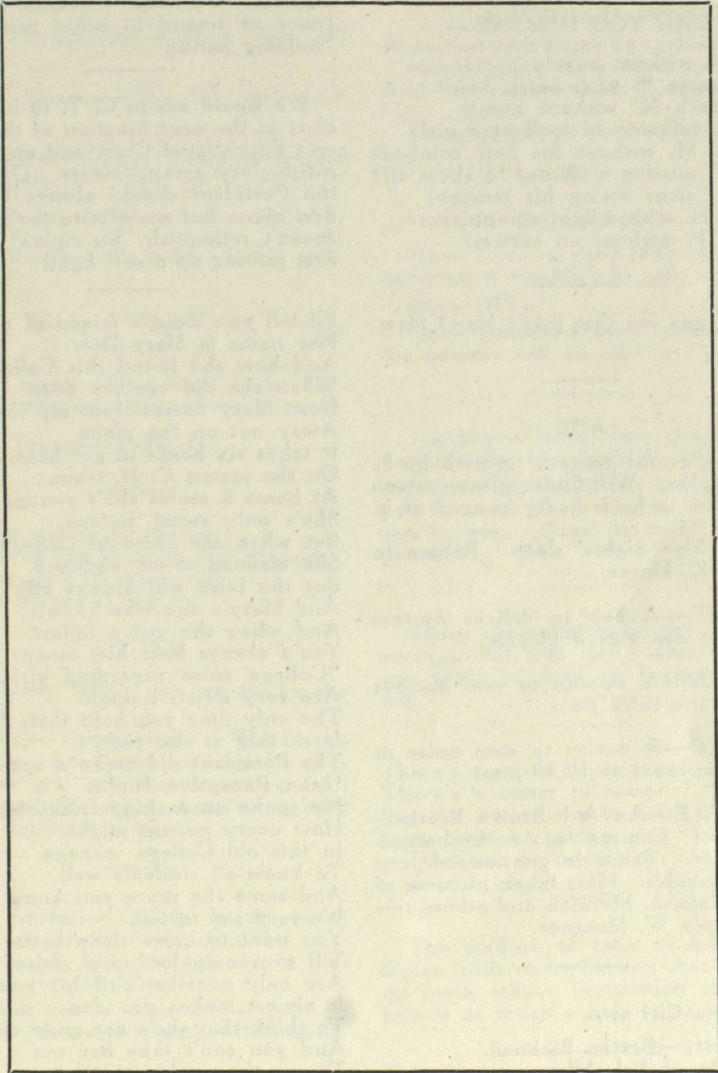
CURTAIN

When Father slipped upon the ice
Because he could not stand,
He saw the glorious stars above
We saw our fatherland.

A MIDNIGHT LARK

Darkness prevailed in the corridors,
Darkness prevailed in the hall,
Hushed were all the squeaky doors
For fast asleep were all.
All asleep? Well seemingly,
Not a sound or stir was heard,
When suddenly from the darkness
Comes a call like the note of a bird.
And now along the corridor comes
A figure, with tip-toe tread
And soon another joins it
Though never a word is said.

Softly they tread thro' the darkness
To that far-away end of the hall,
Others following after, to
The room where the bird did call.
The door is opened quietly,
They quickly step within,
The bird note becomes a damsel
With a very mysterious grin.
The door is closed quite slowly,
The transom is closed as well,
And covered with a comforter
'Cause transoms tales will tell.
A bright light then flashes on
And behold! a dozen girls
Rubbing their eyes and looking queer
With their hair done up in curls.
But soon these girls are feeling fine,
All seated 'round the table,
They're trying to eat in the shortest
time
As much as they are able.
Their tongues are loosed in converse
They laugh and giggle "Tea! hee!
We're putting it over the teachers,
Our lights they cannot see."
But alas! those pretty maidens
Had forgotten one tiny ray
Which was streaming out thro' the key-
hole
As bright as a sunny day.
A teacher coming in quite late
Perceived the shining ray,
She turned her ear to the keyhole
And heard the voices gay.
Once she had gone to a College,
She knew what was going on,
Some paper she stuffed in the keyhole
And then to her room was gone.
But another teacher came along,
A happy laugh she heard,
So she hastily opened the door,
The girls couldn't say a word.
They were stricken dumb with terror,
The teacher was not at all dumb
She ordered them off to their rooms
And seized their "eats" and gum.
The next day the girls were reported,
Their privileges taken away,
How they felt towards that teacher
'Tis really hard to say.
But there is another teacher,
A good sport she is indeed,
Who stuffed the tell-tale keyhole
On the night of a "Midnight Feed."



This is a group picture of the brains
of Certain "Students" of
the Second Form

Freshie—"I is———"
 Teacher—"You should say 'I am.'"
 Freshie—"I am the ninth letter of
 the alphabet."

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

H. P. without powder?
 Margaret S. with black hair?
 Kenneth M. without gum?
 J. R. refusing to look at a girl?
 Stan. M. without his hair combed?
 C. T. missing a chance to show off?
 Mr. Cairns losing his temper?
 Cliff H. with a light complexion?
 Jack P. without an excuse?

"Did you see that joke? Haw! Haw!
 Haw!"

ADS

LOST—Several years of growth by L.
 Ritchie. Will finder please return
 same as he is badly in need of it.

LOST—Five nights' sleep. Return to
 C. K. Moses.

WANTED—A boy to deliver oysters
 that can ride a bicycle.

WANTED—A woman to sew buttons
 on the third floor.

WANTED—A device to stop noise in
 romproom at 10.30 p.m.

FOR SALE—An A-1 Brown Brother-
 hood Camera at rock bottom
 price. Same is guaranteed un-
 breakable. (Has taken pictures of
 Dalglish, Morman and others.)—
 Apply W. Measner.

Imagine a Girl as—

Pretty—Bertha Bicknell.
 Cute—Ethel Allen.
 Little—Marguerite Miller.
 Wild—Pauline Strayer.
 Wise—Alice Stice.
 Bright—Lucy Currie.

Imagine a Boy as—

Handsome—Edgar Bean.
 Lanky—L. Ritchie.
 Lazy—Cliff Haw.
 Solemn—Burton Stallwood.
 Funny—James Ross.

It is quite evident that the boys of
 R. C. have not attended many social
 functions, judging by the "mile a min-
 ute" hand-shaking stunt displayed on
 the evening of the Indian Musicales Re-
 ception. We haven't noticed this reti-
 cence in regard to other methods of
 "holding hands."

We would advise C. T. to be on the
 alert at the next function of the Wom-
 en's Educational Club, and make more
 satisfactory arrangements. Of course,
 the President should always be given
 first place, but we admire the boy who
 doesn't relinquish "his rights" without
 first putting up a stiff fight.

I'll tell you 'bout a friend of mine,
 Her name is Mary Deer,
 And how she found this College,
 When she did venture here.
 Now, Mary comes from my town,
 Away out on the plain,
 It takes six hours to get here,
 On the fastest C. N. train.
 At home it seems she's young,
 She's only sweet sixteen,
 But when she came to College
 She claimed to be eighteen.
 But the false will always out,
 And Mary's age was known.
 And when she got a fellow,
 You'd always hear him moan:
 "College rules regarding girls
 Are very strict, I think.
 The only time you hold their hands
 Is skating at the rink.
 The President did make a speech
 Upon Reception Night.
 He spoke on making friendships;
 How every person might
 In this old College manage
 To know all students well.
 And some the more you know them,
 It's very sad to tell,
 You want to know them better
 Till over only look and glance
 Are only quarter 'nuff for you,
 It almost makes you dance
 To think that she's not quite eighteen,
 And you can't take her out
 To see the weekly matinee,
 And learn what it's about.

Oh why! why do they tell us,
 To love each other so,
 When we can't enjoy the company
 Of those loved ones at the show?

Teacher (entering room suddenly)—
 "Order! order!"
 Joe Hutchison (absently)—"Ham
 and eggs, please."

FACULTY EXPRESSIONS THINGS WE HEAR EVERY DAY

Prof. Ansley—"Saturday night study hall, boys."

Miss Strangways—"She's not 18 yet."

Prof. Doxsee—"It's for your own good."

Miss Reek—"Don't come back until you explain."

Mr. Doxsee—"Have you a note?"

Mr. Moses—"No more of that now, fellows!"

Mrs. Young—"What's the matter now?"

Mr. Cairns—"You seem to be having a pretty good time down there."

Miss Young—"Pshaw!"

Says the needle to the sock,
"I'll pierce you through and through."
Says the sock to the needle,
"I'll be darned if you do."

Freshie—"When can we go to the gym?"

Senior—"Gymnasium? Wait until its built. I've been waiting for five years to get into the swimming pool and I guess I'll have to keep on waiting by the looks of things."

Mr. Ansley—"College is the place where we learn how to make ourselves useful, broaden our minds, and improve our faculties."

Student (in a whisper)—"Gee! I thought 'faculties' meant the teachers."

(Editor—Therefore we must come here to improve our teachers.)

In the pocket of a fourth form youth
You'll find a clock—that is the truth.
"Tis to ring an alarm," so students say
In case he should sleep in a class
some day.

(Is that you Kennemann?)

When ordering breakfast cereal
Oh girls, take my advice,
If Rice and oatmeal are the choice
Don't ever choose the Rice!

A PERHAPS POEM

A student sent home her school report,
Her standing the poorest ever—
And her mother said, "Look her, my
child,
I'm glad you're not too clever."

DANGEROUS

He—"I had a good joke to tell you
but I see it wouldn't be safe to tell it."
She—"Why?"
He—"Because if your face lights up,
the powder will go off."

Teacher—"John, can you tell me
how matches are made?"

John—"No, Miss, but I don't blame
you for wanting to find out. Ma says
you've been trying to make one for
years."

There are splinters in the ladder of
success, but you don't know it until
you begin to slide, so keep on climb-
ing.

There's a meter in music
There's a meter in tone,
But the best place to meet her
Is to meet her alone.
(If it can be done.)

The coiffure of most of our young
ladies leads us to believe that the guy
up town whose occupation is to cut
hair is as much a bobber as a barber.

Students have many faults,
Faculty only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Here's to the chaperone
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

Question—"Why are two girls kissing each other like emblems of Christianity?"

Answer—"They do to one another as they would that men should do unto them."

There was a lady who was stout,
Her hubby, he was fat,
They bought a Ford coupe one day,
Can you imagine that?

Their daughter, she was very lean,
And when she took a bath,
She vanished when she pulled the plug,
Can you imagine that?

"My dress will cost one thousand bucks
A yard," said Mary Pratt.
She bought the gown at Woolworth's,
Can you imagine that?

If I could swat a good home run,
Each time I went to bat,
Then "Babe" would be no longer famed
Can you imagine that?

If Jiggs' wife laid by the pin,
And Mike made friends with Pat,
If Mutt and Jeff did both kick in,
Can you imagine that?

If all the girls who weren't eighteen
Were called up on the mat,
And told, the boys could take them out,
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

If fairy tales would all come true,
And dog quit chasing cat,
Still little Jimmy Ross would say—
Can You Imagine That?

—Jerry Furber.

"If you cannot have what you like,
you can like what you have."
(V.B.—"I just hate this place!")

Pecket—"Yes, I'm living in the city now. It certainly has its inconveniences, though."

Prof.—"What do you miss the most?"

Pecket—"The last street car home at night."

Rice—"What would you say if I were to throw a kiss to you?"

Eva—"I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever met!"

After the party given by the Women's Educational Club at the Normal, we heard:

Buffum—"I'll bet you my girl is better looking than yours."

Bell—"How much will you bet?"

Buffum—"Twenty cents."

Alice Stice (in Chemistry)—"Mr. Ansley, how do you explain the tenth problem?"

Mr. Ansley (after 15 minute explanation)—"Now, any further questions?"

Coulter Rennick—"Mr. Ansley, would you please explain number ten."

Miss S.—"Please let's have it quiet. I wonder if you people realize what a tremendous (rap-rap) now please can't we have it quiet without my screaming at the top of my voice?"

Speaking of Bells

There's the rising bell, the breakfast bell, the girls' line bell, the study bell; but there's a little Bell that beats all these bells and if you're curious ask Marie.

Mr. Ansley—"Do you know anything surgery yet, Coulter?"

Rennick—"Oh yes! I shave myself."

Scene—Hymie Bateman applying for a job as waiter:

"Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

Dr. Stapleford—"Yes, close it softly."

We didn't know Bud Schwindt was as dead as this:

When Bud came late to Chemistry class the other day Mr. Ansley announced: "Here comes the late Mr. Schwindt."

J. Faibish (to bunch of fellows)—"I wonder why Mr. Ansley carries a stick?"

Mr. Ansley (coming up from behind)—"To protect myself, just look around me."

Cliff Haw—"I wrote that theme in two hours."

Mr. Doxsee—"Why the delay?"

HOSPITAL REPORT

PUBLIC WARD

Name	Disease	Symptoms	Results and Remedy
J. Rice.....	Evaitis.....	Long drawn out sighs, sudden starts, mooney eyes	A quarrel
L. Kearns.....	Danceritis.....	Nervousness of feet	Big shoe bill
C. Bell.....	Blonditis.....	Chronic light headedness	Forgetfulness
J. Blair.....	Jazzmosis.....	A burning desire to Jazz everything	Amputation of the trombone
E. Ketcheson.....	Giggilitis.....	Shaking of shoulders	Will probably recover if moved away from Bud S.
J. Ross, alias..... B. Durham.....	Talkitis.....	Saxaphone voice	Water it
H. Bateson.....	Bossusamus.....	Aloofness from the common herd	Feared to be contagious
N. Willsey.....	Flapperitis.....	Drooping of the eyelids	A little more control of eyes
G. Grant.....	Poutitis.....	A baby smile, drooping eyelids, and a bewitching pout	A long train of admirers
H. Gifford.....	Proudina Grineritis.....	Loud voice, shoulders lifted, head thrown back great use of pronoun "I", disappearance of all facial features	Strict censure of all communications with the male sex

FACULTY WARD

Dr. Stapleford.....	Beardisimus.....	A dark colored growth on the chin	A Gillette's Safety Razor
Miss Strangways..	Conductitis.....	Frequent outbursts on the subject	?
Prof. Ansley.....	Lecturitis Lateleavious.....	A stern look, a loud voice, and a firm step	Saturday night study hall

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

Out on the farm my classy hose
Were made to wear out never,
But now I'm wearing silken socks—
"Them days is gone forever."

Back home each night we took the car
No matter what the weather,
And went to see our dearest sweet—
"Them days is gone forever."

The easy chair with room for two—
And when her mother let her
We'd close the parlor curtains, but—
"Them days is gone forever."

"Will that young man go home to-
night?"
Her father then would tell her,
"Or will he have his breakfast here?"
"Them days is gone forever."

We used to talk of camel walk
And other steps as clever,
But now the steps are college stairs—
"Them days is gone forever."

Last year we saw the matinee
On Saturdays together,
But now the rules have changed a bit—
"Them days is gone forever."

And now I'll close my little rhyme
And write no more, not ever,
I might have made a poet once—
"Them days is gone forever."

If you have a nose turned up at the end
Take care when it rains or you'll drown
But be glad that you have it to point
you a way
That leads onward and upward, not
down.

Does your voice sound peculiar; per-
haps it is cracked,
Well, so is the Liberty Bell.
But still it is famous and all just for
that,
So you may be too, who can tell.

Is it true that your mouth is inclined
to be large?
Don't worry, it's really a charm.
For it isn't your mouth that may stand
in the way,
It's an over-worked hinge that does
harm.

I'm aware that it is hard to be pleased
With some of the mugs that we have,
But "play the game" well and give
thanks for your face
If it only makes somebody laugh.

Many are called on—few recite.



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