

The
College Register



1925-1926

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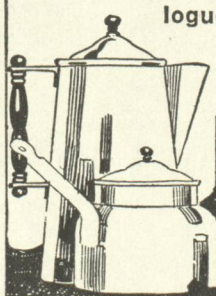


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FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

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Editors' Foreword

It is with considerable hesitation that we launch this publication. Although we fully appreciate the intelligence of the students of Regina College, we have debated considerably whether or not the general tone of the book is too elevated for them to appreciate. However, we are doing our best to assist the faculty in the spreading of culture and we feel with them that no one casts his bread on the water in vain.

Bacon says, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested." We are not conceited but we would be very glad to think that this book might be placed in the last category.

Seriously we wish to state here that any merit which this book may possess is due to the splendid co-operation we have received from all quarters. We particularly wish to extend our thanks to the other members of the editorial staff, to Miss Leitch and Mr. Taylor and to the form reporters for their valuable assistance. We also appreciate the work of the many who sent in anonymous contributions. We assure those whose work does not appear that it is because of no lack of merit but merely because the supply of material greatly exceeded the amount of space allowed us.

We now leave the book in your hands and trust that it will not be too harshly judged.

VERNON FOWKE, Editor-in-Chief.

KATHLEEN DEMOREST, Asst. Editor.

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1926



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Editorials

The Students' Executive

Acting as a government for the students and as such caring for their welfare, the Students' Executive holds office. Here the principles of responsible democratic government are intended to be carried out and it might be said that the plan is a government of the students for the students by the students.

The first act of organization among the students, when they gather in our College and get acquainted is the election of the Executive. This election might have as its aim the appointment of members for the Dominion House with a group of "side kick" Progressives in the running to complicate matters, considering the excitement shown. From the time of nominations and the candidates' speeches until the results are announced everyone becomes a real politician—except that bribery is strictly "taboo".

This year the elections were by no means below the average in exciting events. Particularly among the girls and in the election of a Girls' President,

did the party spirit rise to a feverish heat. Any casual, cool-headed observer of this combat would quickly decide that woman's place was anywhere but on the political field. The high lights in the Boy's elections were, the generous attitude evinced by the defeated candidate for presidency, and the cold, hard-headed reasoning of the secretary in his campaign speeches.

Considering here the work of the Executive chiefly from the boy's point of view, we might say in all modesty that they are attempting to fulfil their obligations. After a confidential chat with the Boys' President I find that he is the only one that is in any way falling down on the job. For instance the Boys' meetings which might play such an important part in the resident life have been more or less neglected. The meetings that have been held have been a success. Beginning with an address by Dr. Stapleford, with several enjoyable debates by the boys themselves, and with a blackboard talk by R. Hare several interesting evenings have been spent. Up to date the above meetings include all those held.

The president takes the blame for any lack of regularity in these meetings but while pleading guilty would beg leave to make use of some little excuse. To carry a full Second Year Arts course, edit the College Register, be president of the Boys' and in that position see to their welfare, as well as taking part in the many activities and duties common to all students is considerably too much for any one person. As a result something must suffer, and usually in the case of too much responsibility everything suffers a little including the person charged with it.

The Boy's President is getting as bad as the Faculty for in a personal interview with him he proceeded to lay down a "few words of advice" for groups of students succeeding after us to the heritage of this College. He said, "ninety per cent of the students in this College at any time are capable of holding any office among their fellow students. Besides, ninety-eight per cent of them are only too glad to hold one of these offices. Then why group them! Don't be afraid to give someone else a chance. Get everybody working together, each one with his own part of the work assigned and watch the result. Give as many students as possible a little training in occupying responsible positions and rest assured that nothing will be lost by it. Oligarchies are supposed to have gone out of date long ago but they haven't—they should have. Lets get the idea of a real democracy in our College and by so doing give every person who wishes to look back on Regina College as his Alma Mater the training to help him fulfill our motto "Ut qui Ministrat".

V. C. FOWKE.

Ways for Boys to Boost Parties—Out

First of all decide not to go yourself.

Tell your friends it will be good entertainment for kiddies but not for "grown ups."

Tell how the parties are all run by one little group of people who have no originality and won't let anybody else show any.

Make it plain that they never have any good parties at College.

If it's to be a theatre party tell what a poor show they're going to. If it's a skating party be sure and want to see some famous movie that's in town that night. If they are getting a movie machine for entertainment at the College be sure and remember that the last time they did that the show was taken from Bible setting.

Be Scotch, you'll never get 35c. worth of pleasure out of the party.

If your own girl can't go, don't take any other one—she's the only one you'd be seen on the street with. (Probably you're the only one that would be seen on the street with her too.)

If your friends really want to go to the party, save them from such foolishness by offering to take them to a dance somewhere.

Lastly—If you have done all these things and still want to let the party be a success, take your friends and go to the dance.



Should Fees be Charged for Secondary Education?

For a great many centuries a battle has been waged in the interest of Free Elementary Education. At one time the State did not feel any responsibility towards the education of childhood. At first teaching was given only in the homes by private tutors, but later private schools were established to which people might send their children upon the payment of certain fees. These fees were such as to exclude practically all children except those of the better classes. It was not until the year 1870 when the Education Bill passed the British House of Commons that provision was made for Free Elementary Education in Great Britain and Ireland. That principle had already been accepted in Canada and the United States. Ontario was looked upon as a pioneer in Elementary Education largely through the leadership of the late Dr. Egerton Ryerson. All of the provinces throughout Canada rapidly followed suit and for many years now every Canadian boy or girl has had the opportunity of attendance at free schools as far as the Eighth Grade.

There are many people who have advocated that Education should also be made absolutely free for the High School work and also for the University. In Saskatchewan recently amendments were made to the Education Act making it possible for High School and Collegiate Boards to charge a fee for attendance at such institutions. This amendment has caused considerable interest in the whole problem of Secondary Education. It should be clearly understood that the amendment does not instruct school boards to charge fees, it simply gives them the power to do so if they so desire. The Act also distinctly states that no fee higher than \$50.00 per year may be charged. At the present time, therefore, High School Boards are permitted to have their schools absolutely free or they may charge a varying scale of fees up to, and not exceeding \$50.00 per year.

No doubt there are some arguments in favor of schools being absolutely free. Occasionally the fee may make it impossible for a boy or girl to attend and it would be unfortunate if anyone were shut out of an education because of lack of funds.

The question, however, is at least open to debate, if it is not possible that a fee charged for Secondary Education might be an advantage rather than a disadvantage. We are thoroughly convinced that Elementary Education should be free, but by the time a boy or girl reaches the age when they are ready to go to High School such students have also reached an age when they should begin to realize some of life's responsibilities. Strictly speaking there is no such thing as free education. While it may be free to certain ones, yet some one has to pay the bill. People have got into the way of thinking

that anything that is provided by the municipality or the government does not cost anything. It is a fine thing even early in youth for boys and girls to realize that anything worth having really costs, that anything really worth having cannot be obtained for nothing. If no fees are charged for High School work it means that the entire burden of the cost must be placed upon the taxpayers, who, generally speaking, are the parents of the children who would attend the schools. If part of the cost of education is borne specifically by a fee it brings it home very pointedly to the student that education costs money. The probability is that a student will far more readily appreciate an education when the cost of the education is brought home to him.

Students in the teen age have many opportunities in these days to earn money. A student, who by his resourcefulness and energy earns money to at least pay in part for his education will very likely appreciate that education far more than the student who allows his parents to defray the entire cost. My experience has been that students who work their way through College either in whole or in part generally succeed better in their College work than those who do not. But more than this, students who assist themselves in their own education generally make a far better success in after life than those who were always spoon fed.

Some one has defined Education not so much as the acquisition of knowledge, but as the enlargement of social experience. Education is the gradual adjustment of a growing soul to the spiritual possessions of the race. This being true, it seems to me that there will be no great hardship come to the boys and girls of High School age in this province if they are asked to become partners with their parents and with their municipalities in endeavouring to bear the ever increasing burden of the cost of education. The benefits derived from independence and thrift which will be produced by the necessary effort to share in this cost will more than out-weigh any injury which may occasionally fall to the lot of one who, by reason of extreme poverty, is not able to share in the partnership responsibility.

Some of the finest students who have attended Regina College have been students who have worked hard and saved their money in order that the privileges of the College might be theirs. I have known girls who have worked on a cook-car in order to make money for College. One of our finest girls broke up a new quarter section of land, her father paying her \$4.00 per acre for breaking the land. Many of our boys work on the farms for which their fathers give them regular wages which are saved for College purposes. Some of the boys go in for raising hogs with the idea of saving money for College. The resourcefulness which is developed by students who are ambitious to earn and save for this purpose becomes a real asset for all the after years of their life. To my mind nothing but good can come out of the recent amendment to the Education Act in this Province.

E. W. STAPLEFORD.

The Rural Teacher as a Community Leader

It is comparatively recently that the rural phase of our national life has come into such prominence as to demand a special study of its characteristics, its problems and its opportunities. Formerly, our legislators, our church leaders and our educators seemed to reason that any system or any type of work that fitted the city or large town was equally suitable for the hamlet or the open country. Only a few years ago a prominent educationalist of one of the states said, when it was suggested to him that a course in Rural Sociology would be of benefit to a school teacher in the country, "You people who call yourselves ruralists make me tired. As if rural sociology or the social problems of the country were fundamentally any different from the general social problems of the nation. There isn't any such thing as Rural Sociology." It reminds us of the story of Uncle Josh at the circus when he saw a giraffe for the first time. "Yuh can't fool me; there aint no sech animal." The educator in question simply refused to believe in the existence of that which he didn't know anything about. More and more we are coming to see that the rural problem in all its phases, economic, social, religious and educational is a distinct type of problem; that rural sociology in its more inclusive sense is a distinct member of the family of social sciences.

If this be true, the men and women who are to succeed in the rural field in any profession in the future must be rural specialists—not quacks who have a panacea for all rural ills and who carry a graduated scale showing just how large doses to give every so often. There is no panacea for all rural ills and the man who attempts to discover one has a job for eternity.

That which is a success and an effective remedy in one community may be a complete failure in another and may do the patient more harm than good. The rural specialist must first of all be a careful and thorough diagnostician of rural ills—must be able, that is, to study his or her own peculiar problem and to find out for himself or herself just what that problem is. He must next be one who can see all the implications of the case once he has diagnosed it. Then he must be able, not only to prescribe for the patient but very often, like the country doctor when no nurse is available, to administer the treatment himself. The value to the nation of our country civilization is too great to allow a quack or a novice to undertake all this. We simply must have men and women who are specialists in the affairs of the small town and the open country.

The rural teacher is not exempt from the duty of becoming a real specialist in his chosen field. He is placed in a position of special obligation and of peculiar advantage. He belongs to all. The "belonging" brings to him the special obligation and the "all" carries the peculiar advantage. There is no one else in the whole district more aptly situated for being a community health producer and health conserver for the body politic than is the teacher. His daily contact with the children gives him a close acquaintance with the homes from which they come. If he has the confidence of these boys and girls, as have most teachers of the right type very early in their term of office, his ideas find ready acceptance and are carried home. Hence Prof. Galpin, in his "Rural Life" refers to the country children as "carriers of the

new." He says, "The child must be related to the world of new experience. gain his contacts and hurry home day by day, carrying and depositing dynamic ideas in the family group where is held the money, capital, institutions which furnish the forces of rural reconstruction."

Now, much of what has been said thus far might be applied to the city or town teacher almost—but not quite—as readily as to the rural teacher. But here I want to express my strong conviction that the rural teacher has a decidedly greater task and a much wider opportunity for constructive service than has the teacher in the town or city school. And I take it that that is what all of us in these days are looking for.

I have always believed that it takes a greater personality to become a real factor for progress in the hamlet or open country than in the city. A man or woman must have more native resource and ability to succeed in the former than in the latter. No longer is the progressive church saying of the man who is not a success in the city, "Well, he will do for the country." In the city—and the same may be said of the town in varying degree according to size—there are many agencies of construction. The work is more specialized. There is the Chamber of Commerce or the Board of Trade to become responsible for the things that have to do with the economic development of community life. The Y.M.C.A. or the organized societies of the various churches take care of the social activities. The Board of Health, the Associated Charities, the Athletic Clubs, the Musical Societies and what-not have each a part to play in the work of the community. The sphere of the teacher is fairly well defined by and confined to the three "R's" and the things that orthodox educational systems have associated therewith.

On the other hand, the teacher in the country very often, in fact usually, has the opportunity of being not only the architect and the contractor but the stone-mason, the carpenter, the plumber and the painter for the whole structure which is to be built. It may not require any better teachers to prepare pupils for examinations in the country than in the city, but if a teacher is really going to measure up to his opportunity in the country he must be a man of the strongest personality as well as of the broadest kind of training.

The writer has recently had occasion to gather by means of questionnaires various data with reference to the problems which confront the rural worker in church and school. The informants were asked to state what they considered the greatest problems and difficulties in the way of building up the best possible life in the community. It was amazing how many of them reported as a fundamental difficulty the lack of leaders. The investigation revealed the fact that a very large number of communities had no real leaders at all. They were being left to drift or wander as they pleased or as any stray upstart of a faddist might point them. No community—even of the very best—can ever reach a very high state of development without leaders. And the unfortunate fact is that even when men and women are sent into these communities to act as leaders—our rural ministers and teachers—they stay as a rule only long enough to begin to take their place as leaders and then move on to more flowery fields and their place is taken by others who must begin all over again. For leadership is never bequeathed. It must always be earned.

The analogy of the building trade has already been used. I have used it with design. I am firmly convinced that the rural school teacher must

more and more measure up to the standard of a community builder. Children are moulded, not only by the school and the home, but by the whole environment in which they live. Supt. Kern in his "Among Country Schools" reduces the decalogue of country school officers and teachers to one simple commandment: "Thou shalt enrich and enlarge the life of the country child." He says, "Anything and everything that shall minister to this enrichment and enlargement of life is part of the teacher's work. This cannot be accomplished in a rickety community any more than can the best results be obtained in a rickety school house. In each case it is a matter of refusing to be satisfied until a new building replaces the old."

In President Butterfield's book, "The Farmer and the New Day", he says, "In some respects the most important improvement in rural affairs is to develop real communities of farming folk. These communities must often be created—they do not exist. The community idea is that of a group of farmers and others closely allied with them acting together as one man. The local community is almost essential in a rural democracy and, indeed, is the unit of democracy." There seems little question that there is less of real community life and spirit in the country than there was generations ago.

The burden of putting the "unity" back into the community rests on its leaders. The old-fashioned logging bees of the East were community gatherings—the unity lying in the common work. The now almost obsolete quilting bees were community affairs—the unity being sometimes in the common work of tying the quilt and sometimes in the somewhat rough-and-tumble play of warping in the finished quilt the unwary member of the male species who happened to come along just at the right time. But even in the East these things have largely gone out of date and in the West our modern conditions have never offered their equivalent. For some reason we do not seem to have the occasions to get together as communities that we used to have. We do get together occasionally in sections, as church bodies or lodge groups or business meetings, but many of these are groups that are more divisive of a community than otherwise.

So it has seemed to the writer that one of the fundamental things for any rural worker on whose heart has been laid the burden of the isolation of the open country dweller or the lack of constructive community life of the average small hamlet is to 'start something' that will get the people together as a whole and not merely in sections. Just what that 'something' is does not very much matter so long as it is constructive and is inclusive of everyone. It is the 'together' that really matters. There are few people in a community so favorably placed for undertaking this work as the school teacher, if he be a man of poise and judgment and have the ability to lead.

What is needed is not that some supernatural vision be given our young men and young women who are seeking to find a place of real service to Canada. That is as unnecessary as it is unlikely. All we need is that they shall be allowed to see and to appreciate the magnitude of the opportunity that is theirs in rural educational work. We need very much to have brought home to them the message of Dr. Fiske's "Challenge of the Country" He says, "Alert college men even in the city colleges have discovered that we have today not only a complicated country problem but a great rural life opportunity; a problem intricate enough to challenge earnest investigation by thoughtful students, and an opportunity for a life mission worthy of strong men."

F. E. WAGG.

REGINA COLLEGE FACULTY

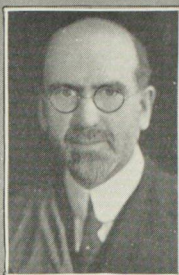
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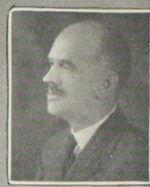
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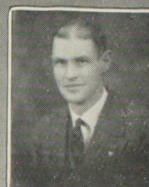
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Kaleidoscopic View of Our Faculty

To set a student at the task of writing an article about the Faculty and stating mere candid truths in that article is either a very painful or a very risky undertaking for the student in question. The pain enters in if the student is expected to perjure himself by mis-stating facts—for we would have you know our religious principles forbid any such thing. The risk enters in wherever some of the facts are not slightly glossed over. The general opinion of the novices in this "Brain Factory" is that the Faculty ought to spend their Fall, Winter, and Spring months in Europe. Needless to say, "where-soever the Faculty would go the students would go also—not!". However, I guess we can fight without getting along until June this year and so we'll let them stay.

Before going farther, in case any members of the Faculty might venture to go farther, let us state that all that is said here is not meant. I was especially requested that this little article be made humorous, and since the writer is not capable of making it such he has the one alternative of making it "peculiar." So, members of the Faculty, please do not be offended at what you read herein. We have the very highest esteem for our teachers and realize that there are none better anywhere. Also remember that "he who laughs last is very foolish for not laughing sooner." Don't be last.

Well, our introductory paragraph was one way of looking at the teachers' anti-student movement in College, but let's get down to personalities. The

newcomer's first impression of Dr. Stapleford our president, varies according to the circumstances of the first meeting. To meet him casually on the street the beginners would think. "Well, as a cane-swinger, that man's surely an artist." But to meet Dr. Stapleford in our college halls minus his cane and most professional street manner, such minor details escape notice entirely, and the assured warmth of his reception immediately puts the innocent "Fresh-ie" at his ease. Everyone wonders how the President, along with his ordinarily very heavy duties, can find time for a word of cheery greeting for everyone he meets. Our president is one to be proud of, as any student who has spent any time in Regina College will heartily assert.

From the opening of the College in 1912 there is one teacher who has been here every year to date, Professor Doxsee, Dean of the Academic department. Every student, whether returned from former years or a beginner last October, was extremely sorry when illness at Thanksgiving time forced Professor Doxsee to give up his position for a year. Those looking forward to another year in College are also looking forward to his return with health fully restored once more. Professor Doxsee's place in this College can be filled in his special way by one man only—Professor Doxsee.

Speaking of patience personified, how about Mr. Wagg? Since Professor Doxsee left last fall Mr. Wagg added the duties of Registrar, and Dean of the Faculty to his own, already heavy, and surely he does his duties well. He is very willing to give re-admission notes to any student as long as his absence hasn't been caused by the serious illness of Uncles more than twice in the one week. If the student has indulged in the pastime of visiting sick Uncles more often than this in a week, he is very liable to attend his own funeral Friday evening—in Detention. Of course Form V admits that it's a pretty well trained form but when it comes to being on time for Economics class, literally and figuratively speaking, "There's nobody home." That's one of the places where Mr. Wagg displays his endless supply of patience.

Our Ladies' Dean and French Teacher, Miss Smith is a fine example of what our own University of Saskatchewan can produce. She talks French in class just like we'd like to, and when she ends up about a yard of inspiring (to the student?) French syllables with the little query "N'est ce pas?", we feel highly flattered. Oh yes, Miss Smith, if there's anything in French that you don't know just ask us. We're not as hopeless as we look perhaps, and someday when we learn to speak English fairly well we'll be more inclined to learn French.

The Boys' Dean, Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee is one that any group of boys might be proud of having, for his own very recent stay in University has given him the understanding of Boys' problems and needs which is all so necessary for successful treatment of them. Just as a reminder of a fact which is becoming more or less forgotten among the persons not closely concerned, Mr. Doxsee's stay in University gave him more than a knowledge of boy's life. Apparently it showed him that the disposition of the "Contrary Creatures" would also be a very interesting study. Now since Professor Doxsee has had the title "Grandpa" prefixed to his name, Mr. Doxsee has begun to look forward to someday being able to "take his ease in his inn." We might warm him, though, that the first twenty years of a young son's life are the

longest and most interesting of all to the hopeful daddy in more ways than one. By the way, any of the young ladies who have the idea that Mr. Doxsee is a "woman-hater" surely are mistaken. Close observation would soon correct the error of their views.

Mr. Taylor is our long suffering but not much trodden on Science Teacher. If you complain to him that you don't exactly know the difference between frogs' eggs and a loaf of bread, he will calmly advise you to have your rations analysed each day for fear you should attempt to eat some of the former. The students will tell you that any announcements in Chapel are more welcome than Mr. Taylor's. In these he extends (to certain people) very cordial invitations to a little gathering on Friday night. These gatherings aren't exactly banquets. Oh, well, a philosopher would say "Poor Peter!". He didn't seem to fit in exactly with the students' life here. He was so young and innocent!

Considering Mr. McEwen from the students' point of view would surely do him credit but would not do him full justice as we realized when we interviewed a member of the Faculty. The students see in Mr. McEwen a very clever and capable teacher and a quiet and reserved young man. The Faculty sees all this and more. They remember that he has the titles of M.A., M.Sc. attached to his name and half of the course finished for the title Ph.D., and they consider what a short space of time it has taken him to acquire these distinctions. As mentioned, they know him better than the students and as to considering him the quiet, reserved, young man, they are not quite so sure. Oh, well, "a little nonsense now and then—etc." His quiet sense of humor will see him through many a difficult spot.

Miss Murphy is here now for her second year and perhaps her first year was the heavier of the two. Last year she was known as "The College Math Teacher," and when we remember that Form IV had about 15 classes a week with her, and the other forms all had corresponding amounts, we suppose that her time table was fairly well filled up. This year she has her work divided and has some little variety added through teaching other subjects. Though every formula in a math. book is one that the student "must have at his finger tips", she never despairs of the difficulty of getting it there. Any person who wishes special help or cannot absorb some little detail from the general explanation to the class can rest assured that Miss Murphy will be willing to give assistance at any time. Her own interests are ever sacrificed to the needs of the students.

When Miss Leitch was asked for some information about herself she said she was too modest to give any and referred us to Mr. Taylor as an authentic person for reference. Mr. Taylor has been too busy of late to interview, but anyway, we know a few things ourselves. Miss Leitch is another fine example of a Saskatchewan "U" graduate and is a real asset to the College. Another thing, she has helped to make this paper what it is and under her supervision great improvement has been made. As an English and History teacher she is a success. With her broad knowledge of these subjects she is able to impart to the classes some of her own range of vision and also she neglects none of the details so necessary to give a grasp of general tendencies.

Miss Milliken's phase of the Course of Study is perhaps one of the most important of all for the girls, for she has the task of teaching them the real

way to a man's heart. The tasty things they learn to make under her supervision will no doubt be the undoing of more than one unf— I mean fortunate man, in the days to come, and the fortunate girl will as a result not be an old maid.

When Mr. Patterson left last fall to take a Post-Graduate course in Chicago the position of Religious Instructor in College was left vacant. Into this vacancy was forced the somewhat larger frame of Mr. Taylor, assistant pastor of the Metropolitan Church. Mr. Taylor does his best to give us a closer understanding of the Scriptures and if in any case he is "casting his pearls before swine", the fault is by no means his. If we do not aspire to the Pearly Gates we can not blame Mr. Taylor.

Since the building of the gym last year there has been a new addition to our Faculty in the person of Mr. Kasenberg as Gym Instructor. In the days not so long ago when Mr. Kasenberg was a student in these halls he was a star athlete and pitcher of that famous "nine" that played two score games without a single defeat. Now Mr. Kasenberg's knowledge of sports stands him in good stead in his new duties. As a gym instructor he's fine. As a collector of manuscripts he's fine too. Some day that Form I. write-up that he collected this year will be ancient. Then it will be of some value.

Miss Trueman is our long suffering and much abused girls' gym. instructor (what girls' instructor wouldn't be?) The girls are very glad that Miss Trueman is just about as anxious for morning gym. as they are. Some of the girls who were favored by a ride in her car out to Scott Collegiate one night would advise her to bring along the chauffeur the next time. At present Miss Trueman is at work training some actors and actresses for a play and we are sure that when it is produced the results will fully justify the trouble taken.

When Mr. Doxsee was forced to leave his classes here last fall two substitutes were selected for his place, Mrs. Knight-Wilson for the College classes and Mr. Dorey for the second year arts Latin. Mrs. Knight-Wilson is still with us. Though she claims that French is her favorite subject, yet in her ancient history and Latin classes she has such a store of legends and little incidents in her mind that she is able to make it all very interesting. Her affectionate treatment of the boys and girls makes her liked by all. The boys don't seem to mind it at all even if they are girl-shy.

Mr. Dorey was with us until Christmas and if any one wants to know how he was liked, just ask Form V. The other day when he appeared in the halls once more he was immediately surrounded by a bevy of smiling girls and handsome boys—all from Form V. He explained his absence on the grounds of having to "preach to the heathen"—as if we weren't heathens ourselves. His class was greatly shocked one day when Mr. Dorey broke his chalk and calmly informed the group in general that if he had to use chalk like that very much he would "soon become a hardened blasphemer." However to be afflicted with poor chalk along with the average Latin class is enough to try the patience of any saint.

Mr. Hewitt, who is now filling Professor Doxsee's place as Form V Latin teacher is another man of remarkable patience. If his class were any but that of Form V his kindness would be wasted, but of course we know how to appreciate it—at times. We think that at one time Mr. Hewitt must have

been a champion cricketer in Ireland—I mean England. For when he wants us to attack a piece of Latin poetry and slaughter—yes, I said slaughter—it, he asks us to “ ’ave a shawt at it.” The class is getting almost shell-shocked from so much shooting, and doesn’t seem to have found the range yet.

With another plea for mercy and a sense of humor for this article the writer will leave you in peace—even if the Faculty are in pieces.

V. C. FOWKE.

Conservatory of Music

Musical Faculty

George J. Coutts.
Helen K. Wight.
Charlotte Tutt.

Mrs. E. M. Hawkin.
Margaret Forsyth.
Carlotta Wheatley.

Vocal Department

Dan A. Cameron.

Violin Department

W. Knight-Wilson.

Mrs. Mary Powell.

Trombone and Cornet

A. H. Bomphray.

Clarinet and Saxophone

Bert Anderson.

Mandolin and Guitar

Grace Newman.

Faculty Recital

The Faculty of Regina Conservatory of Music were heard in their annual recital on November 2nd in the Metropolitan Church.

The ‘Teen Age Orchestra displayed a great variety of talent under the baton of Mr. Knight-Wilson.

Mrs. Edna Hawkin, pianist, recently attached to the Conservatory Staff made her first appearance in Regina in Chopin’s “Fantasie in F Minor.” Her perfect technique and distinctive interpretation made her performance a memorable one.

Miss Wight, pianist, has an individually brilliant style, and the technical equipment to make it musically effective. Her Saint-Saens number, an elaborate waltz-etude, made in instant appeal.

The audience listened with rapt attention to a very skillfully read synopsis of Longfellow’s “Evangeline”, presented by Miss Trueman. With sympathetic style her method of presenting it is unique and attractive.

Mr. Coutts contributed a Bach organ number and joined with Mr. Knight-Wilson in two movements of a Grieg sonata for violin and piano. Mr. Knight-Wilson’s pure classic style shows to supreme advantage in this exquisite art-form, and supported by Mr. Coutts’ equally polished handling of the piano part, an attentive audience heard what amounted to a practically flawless presentation of a really great work.

Mr. Dan. Cameron's fine baritone voice was heard to excellent advantage in a group of three songs, namely:

- (a) "The Pauper and the Princess"—August Bungert.
- (b) "Choric Song"—(Tennyson) John Tasker Howard.
- (c) "John Peel"—Old English Hunting Song.

Miss Wight's accompaniments were above reproach.

An address was given by our worthy president, Dr. E. W. Stapleford who marked well the different departments of the College. The programme chosen was of a high order, and the event marked a fine recognition of the work of the staff.

Choral Society

On November 8th, the Girls' Choral Society gathered in the Assembly Hall for the election of officers resulting as follows:

President—Winifred Tansley.

Secretary—Dorothy Sparrow.

Librarian—Jean Prosser.

Pianist—Pearl Johnson.

Under the capable leadership of Miss Doris Williams the girls had interesting practices every Wednesday evening singing choruses and part songs. The girls sang "The Christmas Carol" at a concert given in the Reception Room on December 20. On February 18, in the City Hall the Regina College Girls' Chorus, led by Miss Doris Williams, brightened the Trustees' Convention with two group songs, namely: "Sir Eglamore" and "Last Night."

Joint Recital

The Conservatory staff presented a number of their pupils in a recital in the Regina College Assembly Hall on the evening of Tuesday, November 24th. The programme of difficult works was very well played and reflected great credit on the work of the teachers.

Recital by Mrs. Edna Hawkin and Dan. A. Cameron

Edna Hawkin, pianist, and Dan. A. Cameron, baritone, gave an interesting recital on Tuesday, December 1st in the Regina College Gymnasium. Selections from classical and modern composers were effectively rendered.

Recital by Pupils of Miss Wight.

The advanced pupils of Miss Helen Wight were heard at a piano recital on Tuesday, December 8th in the Regina College Assembly Hall, assisted by violin pupils of Mr. Knight-Wilson. The large audience responded to the performance with much enthusiasm.

Miss Tutt and Miss Trueman Give Twilight Recital

Miss Charlotte Tutt, pianist, and Miss Isobel Trueman, reader, gave a twilight recital on Saturday, February 13th in the Regina College Gymnasium. There was a large audience which responded warmly to the efforts of the performers.

Conservatory Orchestra

Under the capable leadership of Mr. Knight-Wilson a College Orchestra was organized consisting of thirty-five 'teen age players. They provided two

numbers at the Faculty recital given in Metropolitan Church on November 2nd. They play with a professional assurance, a uniformity in pitch and rhythmic delicacy which speaks volumes, not only for the conductor but for the orchestra members as well.

The orchestra was also heard at the Trustees' Convention held in the City Hall on February 17. They played with brilliance and fine tone.

Harmony Glee Club.

Every Tuesday night at seven, for an infinitely long three quarters of an hour (or so it appears to the eager (?) listener) sweet strains of music issue forth from the auditorium. These profuse outbursts of song are the efforts of that sweetly smiling bevy of masculinity who boast the proud and extremely dignified title of the "Glee Club". The total enrolment of this organization is forty two members, but few and far between are the days when all the smiling faces are seen in the auditorium. But perhaps it's for the best, as there are fewer discords when less are present. But to borrow one of our more learned quotations, "music has charms to sooth a savage beast."

Mr. Wagg is our worthy long-suffering conductor and his task is by no means easy. He devotes half (or to be exact 37-75ths) of his time trying to draw forth profuse strains of too much premeditated art from rather unpromising, but at times, budding young musicians.

The Glee Club Party.

On Friday the twenty sixth of February at 7.15 the Glee Club indulged in the pleasures of a sleighing party. Three sleighs were occupied by about sixty enthusiastic songsters and Co-eds. The sleighs were driven around the Parliament buildings and in the light of the silvery moon the revellers sang appropriate songs. Snow battles were waged between the sleighs and there were, luckily, no casualties as a result.

On the return to the College the group, after being given a few minutes to recuperate met in the chapel. Here Mr. Taylor gave them a few reels of high class comedy, which were greatly appreciated.

From the chapel the party proceeded to the Assembly Hall where stump speeches were given by various members of the club.

Lunch was served and was more or less welcomed after the strenuousness of the evening. Mr. Wagg led the group in the singing of "John Browns' Baby" and other such songs with Winnie Tansley accompanying on the piano.

The party broke up about eleven with the singing of "Good Night Ladies" and the "National Anthem."

"Glee Club Yells"

Rip saw! Rip saw! Rip saw Bang,
We belong to the Glee Club Gang,
Are we in it? I should smile,
We've been in it for a long, long while.

Two bits, four bits, a dollar,
Why don't you kids wake up and holler,
R. C. Glee Club, Rah!

Our officers this year are:

President—Harold Batty.

Vice-President—Dewey McPeek.

Sec.-Treasurer—Hugh Armour.

Executive—Neal Breckon, Russell Williamson, Edward Fletcher.

Wise cracks on our Glee Club Members:

Warner: "I don't think I deserve zero for this biology paper."

Mr. Taylor: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest I can possibly give."

x x x x

Russell Williamson agrees that this is a pretty measly place since he has become confined to the hospital with them.

x x x x

Harold Batty admits he's a shiek.

x x x x

Thos. Parker suggested that we sing popular songs in Chapel service instead of Hymns.

x x x x

Stanley Fowke: "You know me—I'm Fowke's brother."

x x x x

Lorne Thornton has even attempted to take out the Ladies' Dean. What do you think of that for nerve?

x x x x

Neal Breckon—He's strong for our girls—Yes, and our girls are stronger for him.

x x x x

Mr. Doxsee: "When was the revival of learning?"

Hugh Armour: "The night before exams."

x x x x

Miss M.: "Take for homework, 11, 13, 16, 21 —"

Bruce McCombs: "Signal off! Start again."

x x x x

Miss Milliken: "What would you do if you saw a child eating Paris-Green?"

Henry Gohn: "I'd suggest a change of diet."

x x x x

Fred Batty: "I've decided to become an artist."

Father: "I've no objections as long as you don't draw on me."

x x x x

A. Docking: "What is steam?"

V. Fowke: "Water crazy with the heat."

x x x x

Miss M.: "Can anyone tell me what the spine is?"

Cliff. Gilroy: "It's a bunch of bones that runs up and down my back and keeps my ribs together. My skull sits on one end and I sit on the other."

Langford: "I've got a dairyman's job at the confectionery store."

Missellbrook: "What do you do?"

Langford: "Milk chocolates."

x x x x

N. Penfold: "What have we for dessert today?"

F. Murney: "Pie."

N. Penfold: "Oh, I guess I'll keep my knife."

x x x x

The Debate

Resolved, that initiation ought to be abolished in Regina College.

Affirmative: Rev. R. R. Hare, Rev. W. R. Welsh.

Negative:—Brown Brothers.

Debate won unanimously by Brown Brothers.

x x x x

A. J. Federspiel: "How do you like K's marcel?"

L. Sumner: "I think it looks O.K."

x x x x

McLardy: "I'm the wisest guy in second form."

Selby: "Do you know who I am?"

McLardy: "No."

Selby: "I'm the guy you think you are, only I don't rave about it."

x x x x

R. Sergeant: "Did you notice that when I asked her to go to the rugby game she gave me a funny look?"

T. Morgan: "No, she didn't, Ross, you always had it."

x x x x

F. Fowke: "Can you chord on your guitar?"

Therrien: "No, but I'm pretty mean when it comes to discording."

x x x x

Lewis: (listening to radio) "Darn the static!"

Downs: "Static nothing! That's Rudd in collaboration with his E flat axophone."



The College Orchestra

With the opening of College last fall came the inevitable influx of students. This was to be expected. But with the students came a most heterogeneous conglomeration of instruments for the purpose of music. This had not been expected. Students from all points of the compass flocked to the College carrying, besides their usual quota of luggage, cases containing instruments of all kinds. There were whole families of valve horns, saxophones too numerous to mention, mouth organs, clarinets, jews harps, fiddles by the score, ukuleles and frisco whistles.

The faculty were distracted. Every night from different rooms the discordant melodies of these instruments mingled with the noise of falling plaster rent the calm of the autumn air. In vain did the members of the staff seek to break up these gatherings. After several attempts it was given up in despair. It was far too dangerous due to the vibration of the air and of the building. They put their heads together and discussed ways and means in solemn conclave. Then suddenly one of them—we do not know who—had a bright idea. It came like an arrow from the blue. Why not organize these aspiring musicians into an orchestra? Make them practise and play at the social functions. Everyone knows that a boy hates doing what he must but delights in doing what he must not. The faculty retired in good humor and slept the sleep of the just.

The orchestra was organized immediately. True to expectation it had a marked effect upon the noise production of top floor. Following the in-

trodition of the orchestra, horns were little in evidence, and when a fellow blowing a few soft notes on a saxophone heard a knock at his door he hid his horn in dire fear that it was an invitation to play in the orchestra. Only a very few of the original number of noise producers turned out to the first practices and even they wore a half ashamed look and were inclined to quit. The faculty were delighted. Such great success had not been anticipated. It would not even be necessary to reinforce the ceiling of the Assembly Hall as they had expected.

But the organization did not dissolve entirely. They were called upon to play at a party on short notice and did very good work considering the practise they had.

Christmas holidays came and left them minus a member but a marked increase took place shortly afterwards.. At present the orchestra under the able leadership of Dewey McPeck consists of two saxophones, two cornets, four violins, a trombone, a baritone and the pianist.

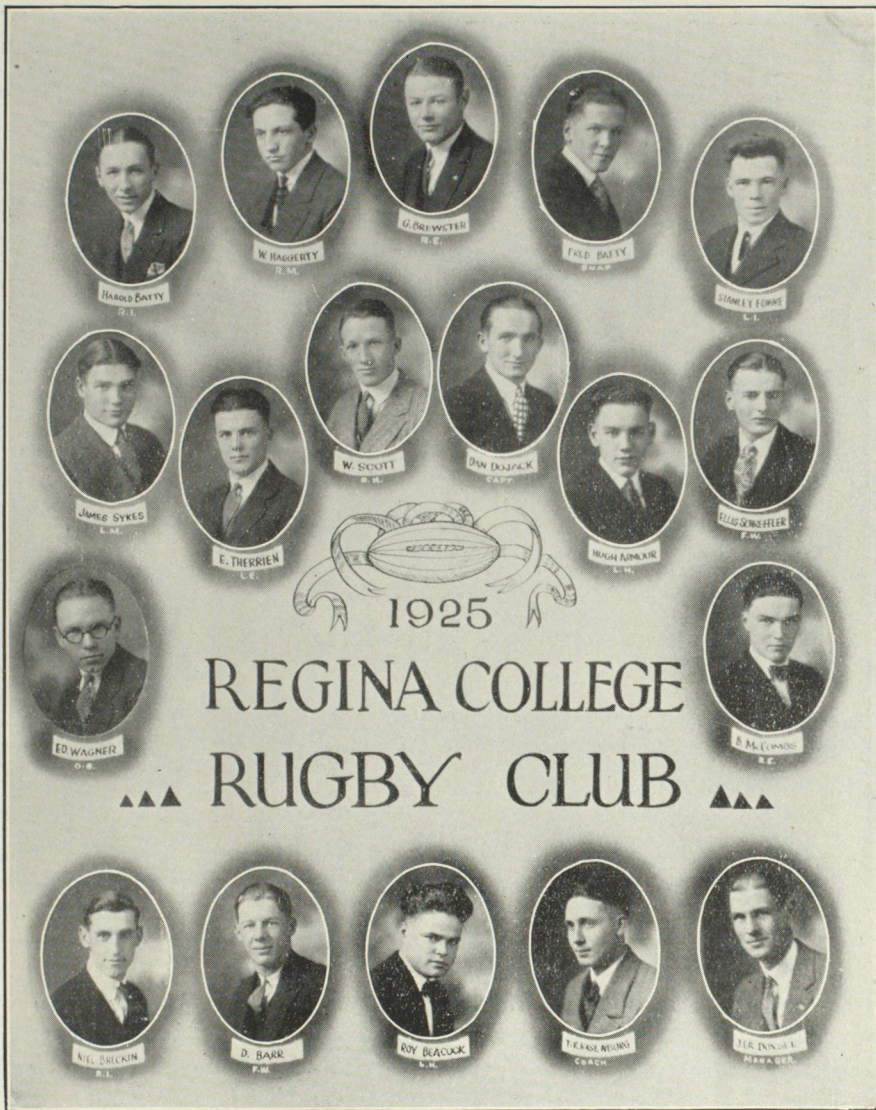
They were asked to play at the annual trustees' convention in the city in February. They were also in evidence at the college banquet and took part in the program by the college broadcasted from CKCK on March 11th.

This is practically the first orchestra that has ever been organized among the academic students but we hope it will continue to be a part of the student activities. Those of us who are members this year, and who return next year, will do all in our power to keep the movement going; and those of us who do not return wish them every success.

A little organization which gives much pleasure to it's members and a lot of noise to the public is the Hawaiian Orchestra known as the Wailana Quartet. It is not an official organization, being rather of a private nature, but its popularity attests to its quality. It consists of three guitars and a ukulele. The personnel is: F. G. Fowke, solo guitar; V. C. Fowke, second guitar; E. Therrien, spanish guitar and S. N. Fowke ukulele. Although it has not appeared much in public the nightly practises in room 322 after study hall are well attended.

Can You Believe It?

1. Girls fishing for T.L's.
2. J. E. R. Doxsee scratching his head!
3. Elva W. playing jazz!
4. Gladys M. singing for us!
5. Getting Boston Cream Pie for lunch in our dining room!
6. All the boys, star performers in Form IV Latin (?) or at least Mrs. W. says so!
7. Eddie Fletcher not chewing gum!
8. Dorothy Sparrow and Jean Prosser, the College Vamps!
9. The Deans letting us do what we want to, when we want to, etc.!
10. College boys being called shieks!
11. Regina College being what it's supposed to be!
12. A Adair being Bro. W.'s friend!



Boys' Sports

Rugby

Regina College had one of its most successful years in this popular pastime. Not only were there several outstanding stars developed, but the College benefitted from the game through the press, who commented on our team a great deal.

Had the College team been given a longer period of training, undoubtedly they would have made a still better showing. Handicapped by the short training period and lack of experienced material so necessary for a first class football machine, the college suffered defeat in its first two intercollegiate games. In the first game the Regina Collegiate team defeated our squad to

a tune of 16—5 on our own campus. However, our boys kept on training religiously, and in the second game against the strong Champion team they played much better. Though the team again lost by a score of 11—8 it was a close and spectacular match. The open style of play and the smooth running interference, introduced by our coach was gradually being mastered by the team. Our backs now were feared by every opposing team through their running and plunging plays.

The biggest game of the college football season was with the Regina Pats, the Canadian finalists. The fellows went on to the field with a great determination and spirit. Every member of the team realized that every atom he possessed was necessary in this game. Today we still contend that had the game been played on dry ground Dan Dojack the college "half" would have had at least three touchdowns. Through the splendid interference given him by the line he was able to break away for several long spectacular gains, the longest run on this ocean of mud being a little over sixty-five yards.

Our team greatly impressed the spectators and football critics who watched the game.

Here are some clippings from Sporting pages:

"A great little machine with a wonderful fighting spirit."

"If this team can be kept together for another season they will be a hard bunch to beat out for the title."

"The team is modelled around several outstanding stars. They had speed to burn and ample weight but were sadly lacking in experience."

The following week we met the Normal team and here was where our string of victories began. Our team were snapping their plays out to perfection. Coach Craig of the Collegiate said after the game, that he would not know this was the same team that was beaten by his well-drilled squad several weeks ago.

The annual invasion of the Moose Jaw College team was the next game of interest. Moose Jaw played a strong game throughout the full sixty minutes, but could do very little against the Regina line. They suffered a 41—0 drubbing. Our "backs" played especially well in this game, Dojack running across for four touchdowns and Armour and Sykes plunging for two a piece.

Rugby Football has become one of the most popular games of today. Our team made an unusually fine showing in the local campaign last fall, but it was again evident that the team had not been given the proper support and encouragement by the college and the faculty.

Other Colleges and Universities have gradually found out that football is great benefit to the college in many ways. It not only is the centre of interest in the institution itself, but—if the college can boast a powerful grid squad, it will soon become famous and prominent. Queen's University was very seldom heard of until it produced a "nifty" football team. Illinois University did not come into prominence until "Red Grange" and his "fighting Illini" entered the "bowl". Today it is the dream of every red-blooded high school fellow to go to a Queens or a Illinois. How about it Regina College?

College Senior Team

Snapback F. Batty, R.I.W. H. Batty, McCombs; R.M.W. W. Haggerty, R.E. C. G. Brewster, L.I.W. S. N. Fowke, N. Breckon; L.M.W. J. Sykes, L.E. E. Therrien, Q.B. E. Wagner, R.H. H. Armour, W. Scott; L.H. R. Beacock, C.H. D. Dojack (Capt.); F.W. D. Barr, E. Schreffler. Coach T. R. Kasenburg, Manager J. E. R. Doxsee.



Basketball

With hardly a pause the College boys laid aside their Rugby uniforms for those of basket ball. It was seen from the very first that basketball was to have a banner year in 1925-26. Many basket ball aspirants toiled mightily to gain the Senior team and it was with no little difficulty that the squad was chosen.

Early in November an inter-Collegiate league was formed comprising three clubs; Central Collegiate, Regina Normal and Regina College.

The opening game of the schedule found our boys playing at the Normal. Whipped into shape in a short time both teams played fast basket ball. Led by Ed. Wagner, College captain, and exhibiting great combination and shooting ability the College downed the Normal 41 to 17. All who witnessed this game agreed that we had the beginning of a great basket ball team. Later events proved this.

The College and Normal met many times after. The games were closely contested but always ended with the same result, a victory for the home quintette.

Enthusiasm always runs high whenever the Collegiate and College mix. So it was when we played them in basket ball. The first game was very

fast. Snappy passing and unerring shooting contributed to the victory of the Collegiate who won 37—25.

Since that first game with the Collegiate they have only been able to defeat us once while we have won the inter-Collegiate Championship of the first half. Arrangements are now being made to play off the championship game of the whole year.

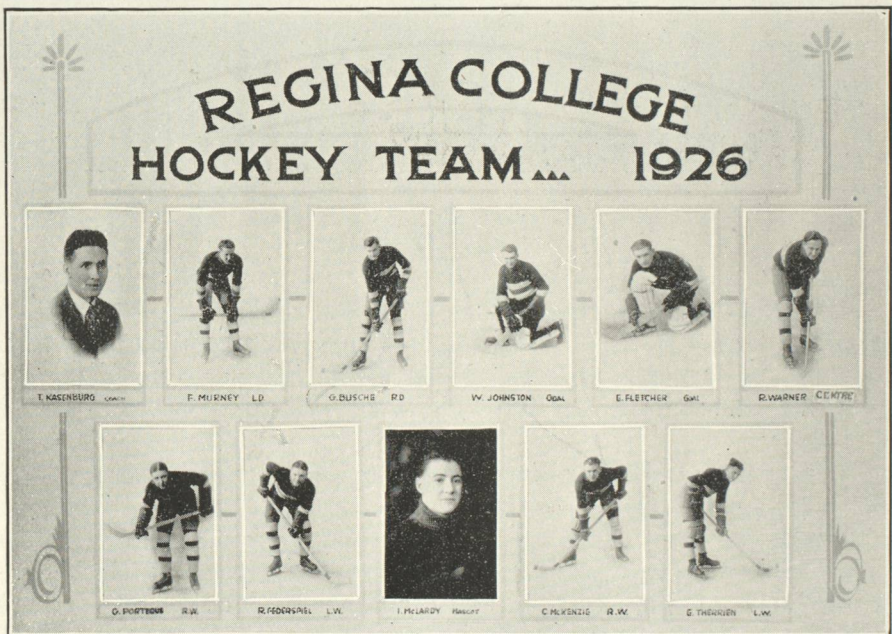
College line up: Forwards Wagner, Barr, Schreffler; Centre Martin, Therrien, McPeek; Guard Dojack, Scott, Haggerty.

The annual visit of the Moose Jaw College basketeers took place Jan. 23. Moose Jaw brought a strong squad but failed to win, mainly on account of Wagner and Martin, Regina's forwards. The game was witnessed by a literally cheering mob who saw Moose Jaw College go down to defeat 44—28.

One of the longest journeys ever taken by Regina College Basket ball squad was on Saturday, March 6th. The team invaded Saskatoon to meet two teams, Nutana Collegiate and the Varsity. Although we are sorry to say that they lost both games, yet they went down to defeat fighting gamely. A return match is to be played here on March 13.

Inter-Mural Sports

Inter-Mural sports have thrived as never before. Teams in basket ball, hockey and volley ball are in full swing and every one is striving to make them a success.



Hockey

College line up: Goal Ed. Fletcher or W. Johnston, Defence F. Murney, G. Busche. Forwards G. Porteous, R. Warner, P. McKenzie, E. Therrien, R. Federspiel.

The Regina College Hockey Team opened their 1925-26 career by playing

the "All Star" team of the Normal. During the season four games were played with the Normal. The sides being well matched caused the games to be fast and interesting throughout. However in each game the Normal managed to come out on top with scores of 2-1, 4-1, 4-2, 4-1.

In the game played with the Success Business College more spirit and better plays were made and as a result the College was victorious with a score of 3-1. The game was rough at times, but as the bell was in the hands of Mr. Doxsee there were no serious results.

A fast and exciting game was played with the Central Collegiate, the final score being 5-2 for the Collegiate.

The next interesting game was played with Champion College, The Champion boys were in fine shape and put up a good fight for the game which they won with a score of 3-0.

The Hockey Team from Moose Jaw College came to Regina to play the R.C. boys. The game was rather one sided, the R.C. boy's being always in the lead, which resulted in a score of 6-1 for the home team.

The game played with the Regina Central Collegiate Motor Institute was rather slow on account of soft ice but however the College boys were victorious with a score of 14-3.

The most interesting game of the season was played with the Heward "Goal Getters", who put up a fast clean game of hockey. The College goal keeper had been previously hurt, so one of the star forward men was forced to take his place until the second period when another goalie was obtained. This made the College team rather weak during the first period and as a result the Heward boys gained the lead. The last two periods of the game were more exciting as the star forward of the College team had again taken his position on the ice and assisted the College in making three goals. The College however could not overcome the scores made by the "Goal Getters" in the first period and the result was 9-3, for the Heward "Goal Getters."

A game was played with the "Waiters" in which the regular team was victorious, the score being 7-4.

Immediately succeeding this game the College played the Argos. Since the boys were tired from their game with the "Waiters" they could not do their best but however they tied the Argos with a score of 6-6.

The Boys' Initiation

About two weeks after the Thanksgiving holidays, an important and imposing notice was placed on the bulletin board outside the study-hall room. The innocent looking paper bore a very suggestive message. In the centre of it was a select bit of verse; it read:

"They seek him here,
They seek him there,
The Freshmen seek him everywhere.
Is he in Heaven?
Oh! this me tell;
That Demon with the crest of Hell!"

It was artistically decorated with the "Brown Brotherhood Brand" and there were none who did not get the meaning of the notice. Who could help but realize that one and all were going to join the Brown Brotherhood, willingly or unwillingly? Some daring Freshmen displayed their valour by even adding remarks to the proclamation.

That night every one was prepared; (that is, the Freshman were prepared to be initiated); but they were fooled. The initiation was not held that night and the Freshmen in rooms 302 and 303 were confidentially informed that it was all off because of lack of finances and old students to carry out the operations. Of course, that was told them confidentially at about 1.00 a.m.

However everyone knew it was all off at breakfast, the following morning. Still, it was told confidentially! Well as far as the Freshies were concerned it was all off and that was what we wished. The Freshmen forgot there ever was such a thing as an initiation and we made our plans for a little party for them.

During that week all plans and preparations were made and the Freshies were given a surprise the following Friday at dinner. Dinner had been in progress for ten or fifteen minutes when the Grand Demon entered the dining hall firing shots from a beautiful Colt .38. He was also saluted from various windows and doors by similiar shots. The Grand Demon was dressed in the flowing brown robe and cap, significant of his position, his face painted a bright reddish color and carrying that colt .38. The quaking Freshmen were ordered to change to old clothes or gym suits and to bring a blindfold and two-bits to the chapel. After they had all gathered in the chapel, they were escorted through the tunnel to the gym where an impressive ceremony took place.

All members were brought before the Grand Demon for trial and were found guilty. Some thought they were dead at the first shot but it often took two and sometimes three to finish them correctly. Of course they were not killed but just in a semi-conscious state. When they reached this condition they were taken upstairs in the gym and the bodies were dropped to the floor to make the semi-conscious state somewhat lasting. Of course, the body was caught in a net to relieve the strain from the floor of the gym. Each body was passed around to little groups of Sophomores who applied certain embalming fluids and arranged each body so that it could be recognised with little trouble. After each body was prepared it was brought back to the Grand Demon who applied a few negative elections to it to remove the cloud that appeared to be in each little brain. When they regained consciousness by this method, (which did not take long), they swore the Oath of Allegiance to the "Brown Brotherhood" and drank to the health and prosperity of the fraternity from the "Brown Brotherhood Goblet."

Following the ceremony, the boys were given a lunch and all agreed that they had had a good time.

Mr. Taylor in Physics Class: "My hat represents the planet Mars. Is there any question before I proceed.?"

George C. P.: "Is Mars inhabited.?"



Girls' Sports

Hockey

We have this year for the first time a girls' hockey team and much interest has been shown in this sport. Ellen Moritz has proved an efficient captain and several interesting games have been played.

A game with the normal was played in the Arena Rink on February 26th, neither team scoring throughout the game.

On March 6th the team went to Indian Head and although the college suffered a slight defeat the girls played a fast game. During the first period no goals were scored. At the beginning of the second period, Indian Head scored two goals. No further score was made during the game, 2-0 being the score at the finish.

Line up: Goal, Iva Ellingson; Centre Ellen Moritz (captain); Wings, Lenore Pegg; Genevieve Thompson; Defence, Lillian Corscadden, Lenore Miller; Spares, Edna Pengally, Jean Prosser, Audrey Taylor, Catherine Botton,

Feminine Ages

- Six—"Nice mans."
- Nine—"Carry my books."
- Sixteen—"I'll ask Mother."
- Twenty—"Drive Faster."
- Twenty-five—"Do call me up."
- Forty—"Nice mans."



Basket Ball

The girls have had a very successful year in sports and the interest shown in this phase of our college life is increasing each year.

The Basket Ball team in particular has developed greatly this year. The team with Grace Donnelly as captain again joined the Junior League of the city. The season opened successfully for us. Our first league game was played against the Central Collegiate team in the college gymnasium on January 22nd in which our girls were victorious, the score being 23—17.

The girls have played exceptionally well in the league games having been defeated in one only, that being the one with Scott Collegiate. In our first game with Scott in the Scott gymnasium on February 10, Scott won from the College by two points. In the return game in the College Gymnasium on March 3, the College won by two points. This necessitated a play-off between the two teams for the place of winners of the Junior League and at the same time of the R. J. Williams cup which was captured by Scott last year.

The play-off in the Central Collegiate gymnasium on March 10 resulted in a tie. The game was fast from the minute it started. The teams were well matched and both were out to win. At the end of the first period the College led by two points. During the second period the College retained the lead being one point ahead at the end of the period. The Scott team put forth a tremendous effort in the third period and led by one point. In the last period Scott was leading by two points until within the last minutes of the game. The score was 17—15 when on two penalty shots in close succession our star forward Marjorie Carper with steady aim put both shots through the basket bringing the College score up to 17.

Line up: Forwards—Marjorie Carper, Helen Northfield. Centres—Laura Peachall, Ruby Peterson.

Defences:—Grace Donnelly (captain), Mayme Weatherald,

Spares—Addaleen Adair, Margaret Stapleford, Ethel Cross.

The second play-off with Scott in the Central Collegiate Gymnasium on March 15 was well attended by the College students and cheers for the College team were heard on every side.

It was a hotly contested game and several times the score looked as if it were going to be another tie game but at the close of all the periods, College was in the lead. In the forward line Mayme Weatherald played one of the best games of the season.

At the end of the first period College led by two points and at the close of the second by four points. In the third period the score became even and at one time Scott was leading but at the end of the period College led by one point. The hardest fight was perhaps in the last period. The score came up on both sides to 18 and it seemed as if neither team could drop the ball through the basket. Time out was called several times on account of injury to players. The score remained even until the last of the period when our forwards shot the ball through the basket and immediately after the whistle blew for time. This made the score at the close of the game, College 20; Scott 18.

Hurrah, for the girls' basket ball team!

Girls' Initiation

Wasn't it a relief, girls! when October 19 was over. After reading the warning notice, the expectations of the freshettes rose to their highest for that long dreaded day.

At last it arrived and many a sigh of relief was uttered, although deep down in their hearts there was a feeling of fear. After four, the freshettes were ordered to go for a walk until five and not to return a minute sooner or later. On their return they found their rooms slightly amiss with many articles lacking. At dinner, the freshettes appeared in a garb queer enough to produce laughter from the boys and even from the faculty. Faces painted in a very unbecoming manner, skirts on upside down and middies on backwards and the hair braided into as many small pig-tails as possible.

After dinner they returned to the reception hall where they found their hats bedecked with huge green paper bows. These they were made to put on backwards and likewise their coats. Then they were led on a merry march up and down College Avenue. On returning to the College they were blindfolded, led through "Devil's Alley" and up and down innumerable flights of stairs and finally to the gym where the dark and gruesome undertakings of initiation, which cannot be told, took place.

Traces of initiation were visible on all the freshettes for two weeks afterwards. Altogether the freshettes agreed that "initiation" is not so bad as it sounds, but very thrilling.

Regina College Enters the S. C. M.

The Student Christian Movement is not a church but was designed especially to meet the vital needs of students. In the past they have rightly complained that their religious training has supplied them with very little that they could call their own and left Christ a merely historical figure. The S.C.M. therefore, aims to eliminate those features which have tended to obscure Him.

Chief among these has been the tyrannical emphasis upon belief at the expense of intellectual honesty, the putting of our minds in cold storage, if you will. We have been led to conclude that thinking is a dangerous thing unless it is done by those who have preceded us. "This thing is all worked out "once for all", therefore, let your mental muscles relax—your father's will do your work. Above all do not question, do not criticize, lest you destroy the "faith of your fathers".

But the typical student mind does not work that way. He reasons that what has intrinsic worth, will not suffer from impartial investigation. On the contrary by this process only will be revealed its true dignity. To the student above all else comes the appeal: "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy Mind"; from the lips of Him Who, while he grew in favor with God, grew in Wisdom.

Our knowledge of the Gospels can be a hindrance. We may have got it too soon or too easily. I heard once of a man who hoped his daughter would not see the New Testament till she had reached years of understanding. His madness had its method. A religion easily got, or thrust upon us will be as easily cast aside. The S.C.M. places before the student such an array of questions that at first he may find he knows nothing—an excellent beginning—but whatever the method, it is more than justified, if the student finds himself wrestling desperately for the keys to life's problems in the records which he thought he knew by heart. Do we want to know about Jesus? Only a heart hunger will prompt the restless digging and thinking which will reward us with a religion of our own for which we would willingly die.

Study in Groups, small enough to admit of fellowship, is another essential. Throughout his life the student will recall with peculiar satisfaction the friendships he formed in an intensive study of the life of Jesus. National and international problems are given a large place in most open-minded discussion, and it has been seen that not only a great contribution to the intelligent solution of our present day problems has been made by students expressing their ideas thus familiarly; but they themselves have found life more meaningful by allying themselves with Christian Students of the World. And here, without fail, we find ourselves treading dangerous paths with Him Who alone can lead us.

For we make the discovery that He can be with us, that before there was a Bible to discuss as fallible or infallible, there was a Jesus in the lives of His disciples. And this experience so counted with them that it changed the world. Possessing Martin Luther, it made him bolder than a lion, it was a greater force than miracles. The King and the Pope could make the nations

obey. Luther did what they could neither do nor undo—He made them think. He was a Student Christian.

The aim then of the S.C.M. is that the world's thinkers should know Jesus Christ. We differ from similar organizations only in the method which we find most adaptable to students. Confident that it will unfold for you a more satisfactory understanding of life, I call you to this Adventure which is at once as old as the prophets, and the most modern thing of the twentieth century.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition, let the light
Pour through windows broad as Truth itself,
And high as God. . . .

Why should the soul peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

Mr. Doxsee says:

You may know the fellow who thinks he thinks,
Or the fellow who thinks he knows.
But find the fellow who knows he thinks, and you
Know the fellow who knows.

x x x x

Mr. Taylor says:

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn till dark,
Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted on the ark.

REGINA COLLEGE EXECUTIVE



Social

The wise sayings of prominent people on the executive:

Vernon F.: "I wish some of the members of that faculty would hurry up so we could get to work."

Lola F.: "Do you kids mind if I do my French verbs here?"

Tom Parker: "I suggest Mr. Welsh."

Ellen M.: "Now, Eddie!"

Stan Fo.: "How about a party?"

Dot S.: "Oh! Harold leave me alone till I get these minutes down."

Harold Batty: "Dorothy, will you—"

Margaret S.: "I forgot—"

Ross H.: "I'll see if I can jew them down, or let's leave that to the social convenors."

Lola M.: "I don't think so."

Will W.: "I move we adjourn."

Addaleen A.: "What do you think we social convenors are anyway?"

Ruth D.: "Beautiful, but dumb."

Russell F.: Girl shy—no comments.

Andy H.: "I simply can't get here for evening meetings."

Verna F.: No comments.

Ruby Jamieson: "Sure, that's all right."

Eddie F.: "Well, I did it last year and it's no joke."

Vernon: "The meeting will please come to order and we'll have the minutes of the last meeting."

Sec.: "Oh Gee! I forgot them. Harold will run and get them. They're in my room."

Faculty Reception

The first social event of this term took the form of a reception, when the Faculty entertained the students on October 17th, in the Girls' Reception Hall. The students were received by Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. R. Doxsee, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Doxsee and Miss Smith. After the Grand March, groups were formed and each of these composed a song and a yell, all of which showed great originality. The feature of the evening was a mock field meet to which each of the groups sent representatives. After the prizes for this event had been awarded Miss Trueman gave a reading and Mr. Taylor conducted a sing-song. Supper was served towards midnight, during which Mr. Doxsee gave a graceful exhibition of aesthetic dancing with a tray of tea-cups. The evening was brought to a close by the college yell and the National Anthem.

Hallowe'en Party

Gypsies, old-fashioned ladies, beautiful flowers, Turkish and Egyptian maidens, sailors, clowns and convicts, all took part in a masquerade party held in the Gym on October 30th. The masqueraders gathered in the Reception Hall, where partners were chosen by means of numbered cards. A grand march was then organized which proceeded through dark corridors and spooky rooms, to the gayly decorated gym, where they were welcomed by an electric shock. This was followed by a Grand March, from which the following were chosen as having the best and most original costumes:

Phyllis Wilson—an old-fashioned girl. Ruth Deter and Marion Nichol—"Tanlac—Before and After." Hattie Selby and Kay Wilson as "Twins." Dorothy McBride as a "Rose." Emile Therrien as a "Cat." Art Balfour in a Dutch costume.

By various means the students found partners for numerous games and contests. Musical selections were given by R. Hare, D. McPeck and the orchestra. Miss Trueman gave two enjoyable readings. Lunch was served at the conclusion of the evening and prizes awarded in the Assembly Hall, which brought the very pleasant evening to a close.

Theatre Party

On November 20th the students held a theatre party. The guests met in the Assembly Hall and proceeded to the Rex Theatre. On returning to the College, lunch was served in the Assembly Hall and an entertaining programme of music was provided by the students. The evening ended with the National Anthem.

Installation of the Joint Executive

The installation of the Joint Executive took the form of a social evening on November 13th. Lola Fosnot and Vernon Fowke, the presidents of the two executives were first installed by Dr. Stapleford. They then installed the following officers:

Vice-President—Ellen Moritz
Secretary—Dorothy Sparrow
Social—Addaleen Adair
Athletics—M. Stapleford
Treasurer—P. Jamieson
Religious—Lola Murphy
House Committee—Ruth Deter
Outside Representative—V. Thompson

Vice-President—T. L. Parker
Sec.-Treasurer—S. N. Fowke
Con. of Debates—E. Fletcher
Sports—R. Beacock
Social—W. Welsh
Devotional—R. Hare.
Con. of Speeches—H. Batty
Outside Representative—A. L. Hall
Commercial—R. Federspeil

After the installation service, Rev. Mr. Thomson of Carmichael Church gave an interesting talk. Then the students gathered in the Assembly Hall for lunch, during which the orchestra gave several selections. The evening closed with a sing-song and the College yell.

Christmas Entertainment

If one had looked into the Reception Hall on the evening of December 20th, a very effective picture would have greeted them. Under the direction of Miss Trueman a number of the girls gave a pleasing interpretation of the "Birth of Christ", after which the students joined in singing a number of Christmas Carols.

Tea

On January 10th, the Girl's Executive entertained the new girls, who came in for the November term, at a tea held in the Reception Hall. Miss Smith received the guests. Musical selections were given by G. Thompson, Margaret Stapleford and G. E. Wilson and Phyllis Wilson gave a reading. A dainty lunch was served by the girls of the executive.

Interest Groups

Since Christmas, the girls have formed themselves into four groups, which are held on Mondays after classes. The groups are dramatics and story-telling, under the direction of Miss Trueman, basket-making under the direction of Miss Smith, and sealing-wax novelties under Mrs. Lee Grayson. The groups have been very successful and many useful and interesting articles have been made.

Skating Party

The first skating party of the College Year took place on January 15th at the Arena Rink. After skating they returned to the College where they enjoyed lunch. After this the students joined in a sing-song and had a short musical programme which brought the party to a close.

Valentine's Party

The annual Valentine's Party was held on February 13th in the form of a theatre party. The students met in the Assembly hall and proceeded to the Met. theatre. On returning to the college, lunch was served which concluded a very enjoyable evening.

The College Banquet

The Annual College Banquet was held on Friday evening, March 12th. The guests included both day and resident students, and the Faculty, with twenty-four ex-students from the Normal.

The Toast List.

THE KING

Proposed by Dr. Stapleford
as toastmaster

Response: God Save the King

CANADA

Proposed by Miss Ethel Cross

Response: O Canada.

VOCAL SOLO—Miss Margaret Bennett

OUR COLLEGE

Proposed by Mr. Leonard Sumner

Response: Mr. F. E. Wagg

College Yell

ORCHESTRAL SELECTION—Regina College Orchestra

OUR FACULTY

Proposed by Miss Winnie Tansley

Response: Miss E. R. Smith

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO—Miss Gertrude E. Wilson.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Proposed by Mr. William Welsh

Response: Mr. D. J. Thom, K.C.

VIOLIN SOLO—Mr. Dewey McPeck

ATHLETICS

Proposed by Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee

Response: Mr. Emile Therrien

THE STUDENTS

Proposed by Mr. Kasenberg

Response: Mr. Rossington Hare

INSTRUMENTAL DUET—Miss Pearl Johnston and Miss Gertrude
E. Wilson.

THE EX-STUDENTS

Proposed by Miss Estelle Maxwell

Response: Miss Lucille Jones

ORCHESTRAL SELECTION—Regina College Orchestra

THE LADIES

Proposed by Mr. Edward Fletcher

Response: Miss Phyllis Wilson

Vote of Thanks to Miss Theal. Moved by Mr. Vernon Fowke and
seconded by Miss Lola Fosnot.

For Boys

If there's anything that worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find out somehow
If she gets a ghost of a show.
This poem she's already read,
We knew that she'd get it somehow.
Even though she had stood on her head.

From those at Regina Normal School 1925-26

Illa Robinson:

"I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips
And sometimes to my nose."

Ethel Karstad:

"She's stately like yon youthful Ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between."

Phyllis Robb:

"Human bodies are sick fools,
For all their colleges and schools."

"Bus" Warner:

"So much laughter, so much life enjoyed."

Annie Rosher:

"Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Annie:

Reggie Bird:

"Does a lovelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright!"

Phyllis Slater:

"Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease your aim."

Iola Ames:

"It's good to be merry and wise
It's good to be honest and true."

Franklin Fowke:

"I can hold up my head with the best of the breed."

Irene Crossley:

"I'll act with prudence as far as I'm able."

Florence Wood:

"Give me a spark of Nature's fire,
That's all the learning I desire."

Lewis Patterson:

"I am nobody's lord
I'll be slave to nobody."

Margaret Stevenson:

"You are so grave, no doubt you're wise."

Mabel Armstrong:

"Far off fowls have feathers fair."

Rema Ross:

"She's always good natured, good-humored and free."

Allan McCrae:

"At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
Grave, thoughtful and reserved amongst his mates."

Ella Hamilton:

"I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
So long as I'll enjoy it."

Ethel Allen:

"Give me the hour of gloaming gray."

Kathleen Lewis:

"It is true, she had one failing
Had a woman ever less?"

Lefty White:

"I know yor bent—these are no laughing times."

Alta Haggerty:

"The Queen of Love did never move with motion more
enchancing."

Lucille Jones:

"To sum up all, be merry, I advise
And as we're merry, may we still be wise."

Blake Harper:

"Hope springs exultant on triumphant wing."

Aletha Andrews:

"Good sense and taste are native here at home."

Kathleen Craven:

"A perfect maiden, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

NOTE—All those wishing to communicate in anyway with either Hattie McKenzie or Vern Hortness consult Edward Fletcher and Lucille E. Jones, respectively?

Personals

Once there was a man who didn't fight with his room-mate—he roomed alone.

x x x x

Armour: "Why were you kicked off the Glee Club?"

McKenzie: "I had no voice in the matter."

x x x x

Andy: "I ran across an old friend of mine this morning."

Mildred: "What did you do with him?"

Andy: "I took him to the hospital."

x x x x

McPeek says he knows a Co-ed so dumb she thinks a head-linesman is a newspaper man.

Mac: "Sheep are certainly stupid animals."

Twins: "Yes, my lamb."

x x x x

George P.: "I didn't see you in church last Sunday."

Rev. R.R.H.: "I don't doubt it. I took up the collection."

x x x x

Harold B.: "Why is a co-ed's veil like a mud puddle?"

Fred B.: "They're both in the way."

x x x x

Similarity:

A city and a chorus girl

Are much alike, 'tis true;

A city's built with outskirts,—

A chorus girl is too.

x x x x

Advice to Mothers:—

"Buy a davenport and keep your daughter at home."

x x x x

Mr. K.: "Say, is your dog clever?"

Mr. T.: "Clever? I should say so. When I say 'are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't."

x x x x

Shoulder Arms!

Mother uses cold cream,

Father uses lather,

My girl uses powder—

At least, that's what I gather.

—One who Knows.

x x x x

You say something Pearlman, I want to warm my hands.

x x x x

T. U.: "What's the matter, Vern?"

U.V.: "Jus' a little dizzy from reading a circular letter, that's all.

x x x x

W.X.: "How do you like the arrangement of my room as a whole?"

X.Y.: "As a hole, fine. As a room, not so good."

x x x x

Miss Murphy: "The reason ideas die quickly in some heads is because they can't stand solitary confinement."

x x x x

Dan: "Ever been in an accident?"

Mr. K.: "No, but I've refereed basket ball games."

x x x x

E. L. F.: "Johnny has just eaten a dozen plums."

R. W.: "Good Lord! Call the plumber."

x x x x

Jean: "You brute! You have broken my heart."

Kirk: "Thank Goodness! I thought it was a rib."

The Average Boys' Time Table at the College

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8.45— 9.30	Dress	Sleep	Algebra	Sleep	Bath
9.30—10.10	Read Paper	Sleep	Relax	Sleep	Dress
10.10—10.30	Chapel	Locker	Basement	Dress	Locker
10.30—11.00	Geometry	Dress	Sleep	Reads	Relax
11.00—11.30	S.S.	Shave	S.S.	Recreation	Dreams
11.30—12.00	Sleep	Literature	Laundry	Shave	Dreams
12.00— 1.00	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch
1.00— 1.30	Walk	Snowball	Smoke	Gym	Sleep
1.30— 2.00	Literature	Show	Sleep	Shower Bath	Writes Dad
2.00— 2.30	Music	Show	History	Rests	Writes Belle
2.30— 3.00	Music	Show	Elite Cafe	Dress	Sits & Think
3.00— 3.30	Sleep	Show	Elite Cafe	Algebra	Sits
3.30— 4.00	Strip for Gym	Show	Return	Y.M.C.A.	Caught
4.00— 6.00	Gym	Skate	Hockey	Swimming	Detention
		x x	x x		

In the Dining Room

Cook: "I believe in letting coffee boil for thirty minutes; that's the only way to get the good out of it."

G. F.: (tasting his and leaving it)—"You succeeded admirably."

x x x x

F. R.: "I wonder how this chicken could live with so little meat on it."

V. F.: "It didn't. That's why it's here."

x x x x

H. N.: "This fish, cook—"

Cook: "Was killed this morning."

H. N.: "You did right to kill it."

Cook: "Yes? Why?"

H. N.: "Because from the time it has been ashore it must have forgotten how to swim, and would have drowned if ever it had gone to sea again."

x x x x

So this is what one of our ex-students is teaching. He had the following examination in hygiene handed in to him by his brightest student in Grade Six.

I. The noise has a tube runing through the throat and runs to the lungs, the mouth. It runs to the stumick there are all sorts of tubes in the stumick.

II. Don't know.

III. The nerve system should not have two much noise. Don't yell because it wears away the nerve. Try to keep yourself in health to keep up your nerve.

IV. The hygiene of the eye—the eye has two coatings. There are the lens in side of the eye. At night the eye gets bigger. The puple is the outside coating. The optina nerve is the coat of the eye that leads out.

V. Organs of Circulatory system are—left orical, left ventricl, greatora veins, arteries, pomeryveins, pomery arteries.

Whose fault? Not the teachers, he was educated at Regina College.

Miss Smith: "This steak is terribly tough."

Head Waitress: "Madame, we are not responsible for the morals of our food."

x x x x

Famous sayings:

Mr. Doxsee—"Aw shucks."

Miss Murphy—"I propose giving you a test."

Mr. Taylor—"I would like to see the following students in my office."

Mrs. Knight Wilson—"You know dears you are still in first year work."

Mr. McEwan—"Can't you get that?"

—(otherwise, Gee you're dumb.)

x x x x

Paul Morton says; "Not every minor is a cave man."

x x x x

Hare to Head Cook: "Where is the broom?"

H.C.: "The waiters had it for breakfast."

x x x x

McKenzie: "It takes Mr. McEwen to dish up the ice cream."

Stella: "Why?"

McKenzie: "He has studied higher mathematics."

x x x x

Mr. McEwen: "Mr. Dojack, why are you late to your eight forty-five class every morning?"

Dan: "The rest of the class came too early."

x x x x

Rupert McLoughry an ex-student applied for a position in a glue factory He was refused on the grounds that college men do not stick to their jobs. (So now he's taking agriculture at Saskatchewan University.)

x x x x

Nurse (suspecting measles): "Why is it you scratch your back so much?"

Fowke: "Oh, I must have the galloping dandruff or something."

x x x x

Ode to our girls—

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,

Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise.

—Johnson.

x x x x

Mr. Doxsee admits he's no farmer—Yes, and when he starts talking about a "blind furrow" we admit it too.

x x x x

What we never do at Examinations:

Indif Ferent attitude.

Indo Lent disposition.

Irreg Ular attendance.

Idle Ness in class.

Ir Ksome studies.

Askers Answered

Address all questions to Miss Tell-Me-Troo, The Register; Regina College, Regina.

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

Can you tell me, please where I might get some one to keep me awake during classes?

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Lorne Thornton.

x x x x

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

I write to you Miss Tell-Me-Troo, knowing that I will receive the greatest sympathy. I am grieving because I can't get a steady girl. Won't you please help me?

Harold Batty.

x x x x

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

Will you please send me the name of a company that manufactures sanitary receptacles in which to keep gum? Yours truly,

Ed. Fletcher.

x x x x

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

On behalf of the Third Form, dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo, I apply for a medicine called "Pep". It has been very highly recommended to us by First, Second and Fourth Forms and we are anxious to try it.

I remain yours sincerely.

Genevieve Thompson.

P.S.—Please send first shipment very soon.

x x x x

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

I am deeply in love with one of those dark haired, brown eyed, manly looking commercial gentleman. What can I do to make him see that I love him?

Pearl Johnston.

Dear Miss Tell-Me-Troo:

Could you please tell me where I might be able to secure the book entitled "Secret formula for avoiding all work." Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain. yours truly,

P. Morton.

x x x x

Snapshots

Pet sayings—Will the following see me in my office at noon.

Favorite resort—Giving advice.

Characteristic sayings—Yes, yes, that's so! So's your old man.

Favorite Song—Work for the night is coming.

Failing—Study Hall.

Amusement—Getting "Firsts."

On Sunday mornings the fellows are so hungry they could eat the jam off the door.

x x x x

Waiter: "Any complaints about the soup?"

Whitney: "Yes, sir. The cook forgot to take the collar off the dog."

x x x x

Rudd: "What made you vote against Fowke, at the election, Salstrom?"

Salstrom: "Oh, he'll never amount to anything, he does nothing but study."

x x x x

Fish is a brain food, said never to fail,

I, therefore, recommend that you eat a whale.

x x x x

Advertisements

Send your boy to the Regina College for a good time. Hard work of all kinds is considered injurious and absolutely forbidden. Will feed him on the richest and heaviest food.

For terms, apply to The Registrar.

x x x x

Let us install our automatic self-freezing radiator in your home. Used in all up-to-date Colleges, including the Regina. We positively guarantee them not to heat. Swearing made easy if you have our radiator. Easy terms.

Inconvenience Radiator.

x x x x

M. L.: "I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I've tried everything I can think of."

E. W.: "You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."

x x x x

I. M.: "I think my boy's compliments very crude. He even said the sight of my beautiful face made his mouth water."

W.H.: "The idea! I'm sure your face doesn't look quite that much like a lemon."

x x x x

In Study Hall

Pete—reads College Humor.

Clif—talks in his sleep.

Paul M.—tells jokes to Rublee.

Mr. Taylor—stands at the door in expectation.

Hughie—does unconscious studying.

Fletcher—sits close to the apple box.

Fred—matches for coppers.

x x x x

Whyte: They have a cheese factory in our town, haven't they, Morton?"

Morton: "Sure."

Pete: "I thought so."

x x x x

Max C.: "I'm behind in my studies, so I can pursue them."

Mr. D.: "Your answer is as clear as mud."

Edith C.: "Well, that covers the ground anyway."

x x x x

L. P. (the aspiring Sherlock Holmes) "A street car just passed here, I see its tracks."

x x x x

Select Smiles for 1926

Punctual as an eclipse.

Close as a collar button to your backbone.

Useless as a curry-comb in Detroit

Starved as a mouse at a Scotch picnic.

Mad as a laughing hyena with a split lip.

So still you could hear the microbes gnashing their teeth.

A face as long as a winter night in Norway.

x x x x

College Cream

Early in the morning

Our milkman, John B. Zugg,

Bottles up his milk

From a water jug.

x x x x

Scotty: "Why all the upholstery?"

Mack: "Gotta see the dean, the belt is to hold my trousers up, the suspenders to hold my courage up."

x x x x

Another Chicken Gone Wrong

Mrs. Ewald: "Isn't this a good chicken?"

I. Dempsey: "It may have been morally but physically it's a wreck."

x x x x

Eddie: "Say! you're an angel!"

Pegg: "You don't expect to see me home, do you?"

x x x x

Teacher: "What is etiquette?"

Peter McK.: "Saying 'No, thank you', when you mean 'Gimme'."

x x x x

First Flea: "Been on a hike."

Second Flea: "No, on a tramp."

x x x x

Our dietitian claims that the only reason she gives us coffee in the morning is that it will keep us awake during classes.

x x x x

Paul Morton has asked the Editor to print a written request that he be called Charlie—his middle name—by the student body and teachers.

What Is And What Ain't

Kill time by working it to death.
How uncommon is common sense.
Mysteries—Love, Women, and Hash.
It's seldom pas-time to get up.
A lie is legless but it travels fast.
Many a College degree is zero.
Trouble is one production where supply exceeds the demand.
Many a school girl complexion is kept in desks.
Girls get marcelled to look good over the "week" end.
If you are up against it, go around.
"I" in idea is what counts.
Many a poor fish is seen in College.

x x x x

Preference

I'd rather be a famous man
Than be a long haired poet
I'd rather cut a great big dash
Than I would have to sew it
I'd rather be a Fourth Former,
Than be a millionaire.
I'd rather go to Regina College,
Than almost anywhere.
I'd rather help lick Third Form,
Than help to lick the Japs.
And put the name of Fourth Form
Down on the College maps.

—WE! !

x x x x

Together we have studied,
Together broke the rule,
But oh! who could have helped it
In this College High School.

—Thomas Morgan.

x x x x

A Farmer Boy's Love Letter (perhaps H. Batty):

Do you carrot for me?
My heart beets for you,
My love is as soft as a squash;
But, I'm as strong as an onion,
For you're a peach,
With your turnip nose and your radish hair.
You are the apple of my eye.
If you cantaloupe with me;
Lettuce get married anyhow,
For weed make a fine pear.

Example of Perpetual motion:

Rags make paper,
Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,
Banks make loans,
Loans make poverty,
Poverty makes rags.

x x x x

Biology Prof.: "Name a parasite."

MaT.: "Me?"

Biol. Prof.: "Yes, but name another one."

x x x x

Whyte: "McKenzie is smoking Robinson Crusoe cigarettes now."

Armour: "What brand is that?"

Whyte: "Cast-aways."

x x x x

Russell: "My razor doesn't cut at all."

George: "Why Russ, you don't mean to tell me your beard is tougher than the pie I cut this morning?"

x x x x

A ship without a rudder,
An oyster without a Pearl,
But the funniest thing I've ever seen
Was Morton with a girl.

x x x x

The creed of Regina College students: "Live a fast life, die young and have a good looking corpse."

x x x x

Little dabs of powder
Little dabs of paint
Make the Co-ed's beautiful
When they really ain't.

x x x x

The student body of Regina College give their best support to statements of the Hon. member of Hanley when he says that the exams of third and fourth year are set and marked too severely.

x x x x

Regina College is quite a measly place of late.

x x x x

Math. Teacher (pointing to Busche): "Now, little boy, back there, can you give me the answer to that question?"

x x x x

Frank Hill: "Where are my glasses?"

Cliff G.: "On your nose."

Frank: "Oh! don't be so indefinite."

x x x x

Mr. Kasen: "What is a banquet?"

Max. C.: "A 60c. dinner that costs \$5.00 but you get the parsley free."

Chemistry Prof.: "What is alcohol?"

Sumner: "A liquid for preserving almost anything but secrets."

x x x x

J. E. R. Doxsee: "You were not here yesterday—any excuse?"

Fletcher (brilliantly): "Yes, sir, I was absent."

x x x x

Miss Milliken (in hygiene class): "What are the 5 senses?"

Priscilla S.: "Nickels."

x x x x

Mr. Taylor: "What are the different roots?"

R. R. H.: "Tap roots, fibrous roots and square roots."

x x x x

Dad: "What! at the bottom of the class?"

Lyle P. "Oh, it's alright Dad, they teach the same at both ends."

x x x x

A two-word story that tells just an awful lot:

"Date—Gate."

x x x x

Miss Milliken: "What is his reason for wanting to marry you?"

Miss Trueman: "Why, because he loves me. "

Miss M.: "That's no reason, that's an excuse."

x x x x

And He Did.

In her soft clinging gown, fresh from London's greatest house of modern fashion, Edith looked exquisite.

"Tonight", Edith had said to herself, "Neal will propose, I feel certain, and therefore I must look my best." And now with Neal seated by her side she knew she was not mistaken. For during the last ten minutes his voice had been growing huskier with every syllable; the nervous way in which he fidgeted about in his chair spoke volumes to her. She knew what was coming.

"Edith", he said, and his voice seemed dry and parched, "do you think that you—"

"Go on Neal dear", she murmured, "I'm listening."

"Well-er- Edith, would you'er-do you think you could-er-get me a drink of water. I'm as dry as a fish."

x x x x

Famous Stops on the Organ.

Stop! How dare you.

Stop! You're mussing my hair.

Stop! or-oo-oo-o-oooo-oo-o-oo!

Stop! My hat's coming off.

Stop! I'm not that kind of a girl.

Stop! I can't get my breath.

Stop! You're crushing my bouquet.

Stop! Sirr-r-r-r-rr!

Stop! You're tearing my hair net.

Stop! I'll tell the Dean on you.

x x x x

A Sad, Sad Story.

Five cents—
Fifteen Cent Store—
Gum—
Teacher—
Waste Basket!
x x x x

Pass Me Up.

Pass me up, Mr. Professor
Do not call on me.
While on others thou'rt calling,
Do not call on me.

Ask me not for information,
For I've none to give,
While the others thou dost slaughter;
Professor please let me live.

Oh! the blessed bell is ringing.
What a sweet relief.
For I know I'll last till next time,
Tho' that time is brief.

Let me by, when the College year,
And exams are o'er,
If no other place you can pass me,
Pass me thro' the door.

—Anonymous.

x x x x

The STORY of a Rugby Game.

There was a breathless hush as the two teams trotted out onto the field. Then the cheer leaders got into action and gave them a rousing ovation. For upon this game hung the ownership of the cup. Through many a hard fought game during the season these two teams had battled their way to the top of the league and now the championship was to be decided.

The College men had been practising hard in the **Northfield** all season but, on account of the ground being **white** with snow, the game was to be played on the **Moore**.

For several days the notice of the game had been posted in the **Hall**.

Rugby

Regina College vs. **Scott** Collegiate
Two big **Nicholls** admission to
Dee Frey expenses.

And now the big day had arrived and all of the rugby fans were on hand to root.

The referee called the teams together for a final word before the kickoff.

"This ball is soft," he said. "Why don't you take it to a black **Smith** and get it tightened?"

"You sap," replied the coach, "when you **Adair** to a ball, it gets tight."

College kick. The teams lined up. The **Bell** rang and they tore down on the ball. Ping!! It soared up and out. Plunk! it dropped into the arms of a waiting man. He was away but not far, for a College man was upon him with a flying tackle.

The teams lined up: signals cracked; the ball snapped out. A fumble, a high dive over the line. College ball.

"Let me have it", yelled Dan, "I'm **Gohn** to make a touchdown."

"**Dojack**, and I'll be your uncle for a week," Ed. said.

Again the ball snapped out and Dan was away. An end run. He carried the **Balfour** yards but slipped on the **Dewey** grass and fell.

Meanwhile the **Dean** was standing on a chair so she could **Seymour**, **Wagner** head like a **Wiseman** but suddenly the wind blew an inside kick over and the ball hit her head, rebounding without **Breckon**.

"**Warner** to keep farther away," said the referee. So the game went on; neither side scored. The last quarter came and the time grew short. College ball, five minutes to go and no score.

The quarterback scratched his helmet and devised a scheme. "I'll **MacDonald** take the ball this time. He is fresh and the others are **Werry**. He can run around in the **Lee** of that **Hill** and hide in the **Busche**. I'll sneak around the other way and he can forward pass to me. I'll gain a **Rodd** and make a touch." The signals cracked and the ball snapped out.

"**Tucker** under your arm and hike," he yelled.

But the opponents were not to be baffled. The rough **Hicks** plunged through the line and leaped for the man with the ball. One grabbed a **Curle** of his **Hare** and tripped him.

"Mind that high tackle", said the referee.

"That's **Wright**, ump. He's a **Fowler** player than I ever saw before.

Two **Downs**, yards to go. **Armour** took the ball. He was **Buchan** his way through the line but finally came down under a pile of men. With a groan he slid into the **Blackwell** of oblivion. But he had made yards. He awoke feeling rather **Mooney** but would not leave the field altho' his head was **Aitkin**.

Williamson took the ball. An end run, a snappy pass to fool the opposition and he was away with a clear field ahead. But he was tired and his opponents seeing him **Bolton** for the goal did their best to overtake him. Now he was near the goal but there were so many **Fowkes** around trying to stop him, even, the goal posts would not stay in one place. Well, he would go a little farther anyhow. But there were so many people around—they would **Rumpel** his hair. His blood began to **Boyle**. They were all **Ketchen** hold of him. How could they expect him to run! He was getting **Cross**. Well, there was one guy ahead that he would take down a **Pegg**. He hoped he could knock him **Batty**. He aimed a blow just over his **Hart**. The man did not **Parry**. **Waugh!** He had hit the goal post. Then he fell, still hugging the ball, beneath a heap of scratching, kicking, grunting, fighting men.

Slowly they untangled. Yes, the ball was over the line but Willie did not know it. They picked him up and his breath came back.

"Gee", he said, "I saw the **Stellas** twinkling and heard the **Sparrows** singing that time."

"If it **Fosnot** for your so large feet, I would **Kelly** you off the field," said the little flying wing.

"Are you going to kick the convert?" asked the referee. "Be careful you don't hit the **Barr**."

The ball sailed straight and true over the **Barlow** but clear.

The final whistle blew.

There was great rejoicing in the College that night. The team was carried triumphantly into the College **Halls** on the shoulders of the rooters.

"Ring the **Campbell**," said the cook, "It is dinner time."

The opposing team were **Guests** that night and a sumptuous banquet of baked **Murphys** and **Rice**, both **Staple** articles of diet, was keenly relished by all.

(Apologies to all concerned, S. N. Fowke.)

x x x x

An Incident

An epidemic of measles,
Descended on old R. C.
Doctors and Nurses couldn't stop it
With all their surgery.

One night from the hospital window,
Two forms were seen to steal;
To spend a night down town
And get a good square meal.

They wandered among downtown cafes
And quenched their appetite.
And both of them said on returning,
They had spent a wild old night.

Their pleasure was of a short life;
For fate hung over them like a knife.
That night they were seen from the window to drop.
And the next morning h—— started to pop.

At nine o'clock the next morning,
At the hospital door came a knock.
Then in walked Dr. Stapleford,
And gave the boys a shock.

"You ought to have known better Eddie,
You've been here for many a summer.
I can forgive Jim a little, because,
He's only a newcomer."

"This matter will be reported,
To the police if it happens once more."
Then, with a flourish of his hand
The Doctor passed out the door.

The boys stood dumb and silent.
To think they had been caught
Then Jim looked square at Eddie
And said, "Happen again? I'll say not."

It didn't.

—E. Therrien.

x x x x

Solemn Schreffler: Sophomore

Some Sentimental Short Story.

"Solemn" Schreffler, slim, simple student stood stock still staring sullenly—suddenly saw "Spiffy" Sparrow, "sweet sixteen", stepping sturdily.

"Sumie" Sumner, sly sport, sat surveying surroundings sadly, saw sublime "Spiffy" sauntering slowly. "Sumie" seeking "Spiffy" saw "Spiffy" seated silently, so "Sumie" swaggered softly "Spiffy" ward.

"Spiffy" screamed—slapped "Sumie". Soon "Sumie" sampled "Solemn's" strength. . . . Sumie,—"Solemn" struggled; "Spiffy" shouted "Strike 'Sumie'!" Soon "Sumie" sped swiftly somewhere.

Summer's sun sank slowly. Stars shone shimmeringly. "Spiffy", "Solemn" sat strangely silent. "Solemn" suddenly said something surprising.

"Spiffy" simply said, "So sudden!" Soon "Spiffy" shared "Solemn's" savings.

So stops "Solemn's" sentimental story. —"Weary" Willie.

Harold: "Have you heard my last joke?"

Ilene: "I hope so."

x x x x

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

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

x x x x

Kathleen D.: "Why do blushes creep over girls faces?"

Andy: "If they ran, they'd kick up too much dust."

x x x x

Walter M.: "If you send me away I'll get a rope and commit suicide."

Ilene: "Well, don't be hanging around here."

REGINA COLLEGE

ARTS & SCIENCE CLASS

1926



RHODA ANDERSON



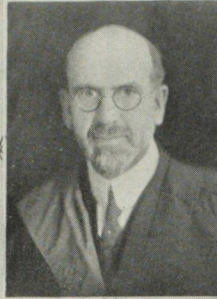
MAY BROWN



ARTHUR BALFOUR



DON BARR



DR. STAPLEFORD



HAROLD BELL



NEAL BRCKON



KATHLEEN CAMPBELL



KATHLEEN DEMOREST



GRACE DONNELLY



WILLIAM FERRIS



ANDY HAMILTON



JESSIE HAW



MILDRED LARSON



LEONA LEMIEUX



VERNON FOWKE



WALTER MILLER



WALTER MARTIN



IRENE MASON



JULIA REENTLE



EDITH GLENDINNING



MRS. SEYMOUR



WALTER SCOTT



DOROTHY SPARROW



FRANK KUDD



ELLIS SCHREFFLER



ARTHUR PARRY



MARIONIE WISEMAN



EDWIN WAGNER



VERNA THOMPSON



LEONARD ROBSON



HELEN NORTHFIELD



MARY INWARDS



G. TUCKER



MEL STAPLEFORD

Form V.

Hark to the annals of the best Second Year Arts Class the College has ever had; being the first one, we say this without hesitation. Seriously, we are very proud to be members of this class and we have done our humble best to set a worthy example to those who will be following in our footsteps.

Following are the members of the class executive who ably steered us through the various activities of social and student life.

Honorary President—Dr. Stapleford.

President—Harold Bell.

Vice-President—Kathleen Demorest.

Secretary-Treasurer—Don Barr.

Although Dr. Stapleford kindly assured us that we all did well on the exams, some of us excelled, among them Vernon Fowke and Bill Ferris, who have won scholarships in the past and will no doubt continue to do so. Those who excel in muscular power and consequently take a leading part in the College athletics include Walter Martin, Don Barr, Walter Scott, Ed. Wagner and Wilmer Haggerty. Among the girls we have Helen Northfield and Grace Donnelly on the girl's basketball team.

We also take a somewhat prominent part in student activities. Vernon Fowke is president of the boys, and editor of the "Register", he is also a prominent member of the Glee Club. Harold Bell is the assistant business manager of the "Register". Among the girls we have Dorothy Sparrow, secretary of the Executive and Choral Society and social editor of the "Register". Verna Thompson is the day girls' representative and assistant business manager of the "Register". Kathleen Demorest is the assistant editor of the "Register."

Although we do all these things we still find time to study and enjoy ourselves considerably. May the classes that follow us take away as pleasant memories of their year at Regina College as we have.

Extract from the "Buyer's Guide" June 28, 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bell entertained the members of the '28 Arts Class of Regina College last night.

M. Inwards, N. Breckon, W. Miller, W. Ferris sent their regrets from Hollywood, where they are producing a ten reel tragedy called the "Rip of the Sock" in which Miss E. Glendinning is starring.

Mrs. Switzer, (nee Leona Lemieux) also sent her regrets because though she is one of the few perfect cooks and housewives, she was remaining with her husband as he recovered from his third attack of acute indigestion.

The lions of the evening were Miss J. Gehl, famous Russian dancer—her advertisements say she has her picture taken once every minute; and Mr. A. Hamilton, novelist whose style can be compared with Shakespeare's, besides being a French professor at the University of Peking.

Miss Gehl gave us an exhibition of her art as an item on the programme. General dancing was prohibited because of the presence of Mr. F. Rudd, renowned evangelist, and the former Miss Sparrow. Miss Sparrow is home

from the mission fields of the Sahara desert with her husband, a medical missionary, and is engaged in rousing Regina people to make more red flannel petticoats for the heathen under her care.

The host had great difficulty in reconciling Miss Marjorie Wiseman, owner of Regina Wine Brewery, and Miss M. Brown, the lawyer who is at present engaged in defending the libel suit which Miss Wiseman has started against Demorest and Fowke, Newspaper Publishing Company. He finally succeeded in placing Mr. W. Martin, rancher from Drumheller, between them, thus avoiding an open scrap.

Miss K. Campbell, foreman in Miss Wiseman's brewery, particularly in the cork making department, was unusually riotous. It was suggested that she may have partaken some of their own products. Miss Rhoda Anderson, teacher at Lang, was present with her friend Miss H. Northfield, famous violinist. Miss Northfield's secretary, Mr. W. Haggerty, was alleged correspondent in the Mason divorce case in the past year. It is rumored that Miss Anderson is expected to marry Mr. F. B. B—— in the coming year.

Miss I. Mason was present for only a few minutes between trains. She is on her way to China after her third divorce. She says that she intends to discover the race of best husbands. Then she will be able to publish her memoirs containing information in regards to these people. She, also mentioned her recent visit to Miss J. Howe, librarian for Socialistic Russian political literature in Moscow. Another literary member is Miss V. Thompson whose recent book on "How to Get Thin" has been widely received.

It was with difficulty that Miss M. Larson, head of the English department at Toronto University, and Mr. D. Barr, Latin professor at Regina College, were separated. On being questioned they mentioned they were renewing old affection. After such an explanation they were left strictly alone.

E. Schreffler, concerning whom all artists are raving because of his athletic form, was only persuaded to come because of the presence of Mr. A. Parry, famous sculptor. He said that Mr. W. Scott had recently sailed for Paris, and that the newspapers were not sure whether it was to find his wife, who arrived there a year ago, or to get rid of his present one and find a new one.

The host related an amusing incident of his trip to Spain to get a port wine ad. for the College Register.

Mr. E. Wagner, whose wife is the Canadian President of the W.C.T.U. rendered a (very) bass solo. Fortunately it was nearly half-past ten, and he was induced to sing "Home Sweet Home." The remainder of the company hastily departed after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bell.—Mrs. Bell was also a member of that famous class,—for the enjoyable evening which they had spent renewing old enmities and creating new. Mr. and Mrs. Bell regret that most of their silverware is missing but expect to replenish their stock the next time they travel.

Form V Form Parties.

Although we are conscious of appearing studious and dignified at all times except in classes, in the study hall, at chapel and elsewhere, we nevertheless confess that at times we abandon ourselves to the lure of those forms

of pleasure known as parties. Being naturally somewhat reserved and suspicious, an icy chill hung over the class for the first few weeks of our sojourn together. This however was most pleasantly broken when Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford entertained us at their home one Friday evening late in October, giving us an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them and each other. We found everyone charming and spent a most enjoyable evening at games and contests, which were topped by a dainty lunch. The party broke up towards midnight with many expressions of appreciation to Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford.

Having found out that we were not quite as dull as we looked, we decided to try another party. A clear frosty Saturday evening was chosen for the event and shortly after eight o'clock numerous flivers chugged up to the home of Kathleen Demorest, where the party was to be held, and gallant lads and winsome maids filled the air with their glad voices. Soon we were all tripping the light fantastic to the succinct strains of the victrola and judging by the number of sandwiches consumed and victrola records broken, the evening was an unqualified success.

About a month later our restless spirits again sought diversion and this time Verna Thompson lent her home, having just taken out an accident policy anyhow. Although the rink lured some of our happy throng away, we had a merry time and were nearly all able to attend our Monday morning classes as usual.

Shortly after this came exams, then Christmas, then exam results and then a period of sober purposeful study (which lasted about two evenings) when we relaxed and decided to have another party, for which Don Barr cheerfully offered his home. On this occasion Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford and Miss Smith kindly lent us their patronage and professed to have had a pleasant time. We, of course enjoyed ourselves with our usual gusto.

Our next social undertaking was a banquet which was a very charming event and was the first of what we hope will be an annual function of the Second Year Arts Class of Regina College. It was held on Friday evening, March 5th, at seven o'clock, in the Assembly Hall, which was tastefully decorated in green and white, the University colors. Special guests were Dean Ling of the University of Saskatchewan, Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford, the faculty of the Arts Class, Mr. Darke, and representatives from other educational institutions in the city which included, Miss Myra Smith-Jones from the Collegiate, Mr. Peter Linden of the Normal School and Mr. Therrien from the Regina College. Harold Bell, president of the class, was the toastmaster. Following was the program for the evening.

THE KING

Toastmaster.

God Save the King.

THE COLLEGE

Verna Thompson.

Dr. Stapleford.

Musical Selection—piano solo by Miss Julia Reekie.

THE CLASS

E. Therrien.

Vernon Fowke. (Class Yell).

THE UNIVERSITY

Dorothy Sparrow.

Dean Ling.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Art. Balfour.

Mr. Darke.

Violin Solo—D. McPeck.

THE FACULTY

Grace Donnelly.

Mr. Wagg.

Selection—College string quartette.

THE GUESTS

Kathleen Demorest.

P. Linden.

O Canada.

God Save the King.

We are looking forward to yet another form pary but up to the time of going to press, it has not materialised. The numerous impromptu events held in our study hall, three or four times daily, we have neither the time nor space to describe. Perhaps Mr. Wagg and Miss Graham will some day publish their version of them.

“What Samantha Jane thinks of the weaker sex”—Some men tell the truth; other are popular. The less men think, the more they talk. Once upon a time there was a man who never spoke unkindly to his wife.—He was a bachelor. (We apologize for this one. Evidently Samantha is a cynic.)

“The man who gets a divorce is no sport—He doesn’t believe in a fight to the finsih. The average man is proof enough that woman can take a joke.”

x x x x

Mildred says:

Women’s faults are many,
Men have only two;
Everything they say, and
Everything they do.

x x x x

Form V. Latin Students:

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child.
—Goldsmith.

x x x x

Ed Wagner’s favorite saying:

“While we live, let’s live in clover,
For when we’re dead—we’re dead all over.”

x x x x

Ilene: “It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains.”

Mr. Doxsee: “And women have no whiskers, because of the intense activity of their chins.”

x x x x

Robson says: “Men’s troubles usually wear skirts.”

Andy: "May 'I see my history marks."

Walter: "Have you a microscope?"

x x x x

Scotty says : "It is better to remain silent and appear a fool than to speak, and clear the doubt."

x x x x

To be college bred, means a four year loaf, requiring a great deal of dough, as well as plenty of crust.

x x x x

Miss Smith (in class): "Order, please!"

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

x x x x

Breckon "Hey Rudd, pull down your cap, here comes a woodpecker."

x x x x

J. E. R. D.: "Goldsmith never married. He had no sense of humour."
—(ask Mr. Doxsee he knows.)

x x x x

James Warner wants a girl with:

A sweet disposition.

A knowledge of cooking.

A figure.

Some knowledge of sewing.

Money.

Without:

A removable complexion.

Spendthrift habits.

A temper.

A mother-in-law.

Oh! Well, we had our ideals when we were young too.

x x x x

Mr. Taylor suggests the addition of his picture to that of the Girl's Basketball Team, in order to give it a scientific finish.

x x x x

You never notice the slivers in the ladder of fame until you begin to slide down—keep climbing.

Our Glee Club—

"The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar"—Dryden.

x x x x

Can You Imagine

W. Haggerty—shining his shoes?

H. Rice—with squeakless shoes?

Miss Smith—"You may do your French if you wish?"

H. Bell—Not attending a ladies aid meeting?

Mr. Wagg—not leading chapel singing?

A Hamilton—home at 10 p.m.?

Breckon and Rudd—Doing the Charleston?

E. Wagner—doing chemistry?

M. Wiseman—rooting for a basketball game?
 A Balfour—not being shy?
 L. Lemieux—with a new pair of rubbers?
 K. Demorest—without speeches to make?
 K. Campbell—without the measles?
 R. Anderson—without Batty?
 M. Inwards—with a boyish bob?
 M. Larson—not singing soprano?
 D. Barr—without his Simpson wavers?
 J. Reekie—not working?
 W. Scott—with a red hat?
 W. Martin—not talking about basket ball?
 E. Glendenning—not owning a Wallace Reducing Record?
 M. Brown—missing morning walk?
 Mr. Hewitt—in his Boy Scout uniform?
 Form V—missing chapel?

x x x x

Miss Smith: "Wagner, have you any opinion on the subject, or would you like some one to answer first so you can contradict them?"

x x x x

Dot. S: "These biscuits are as hard as rocks."
 Breckon: "Well, I told you to take your pick."

x x x x

Dr. S.: "Would you care to join in our new missionary movement?"
 Dorothy Sparrow: "I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?"

x x x x

Edith: "Why are there more thieves now than in the old days."
 May: "Because people know the world isn't square."

x x x x

Andy: "Where have I seen your face before."
 Mildred: "Just where you see it now."

x x x x

Mr. Taylor (in lab.): "What does As stand for."
 Haggerty: "Just a minute—I've got it on the end of my tongue."
 F. H. L. T.: "Then spit it out man; its Arsenic."

x x x x

Fowke: "Say waiter my cocoa's cold."
 Breckon: "Put your hat on."

x x x x

Haggerty: "How far is it between your ears."
 Wagner: "About five inches."
 Haggerty: "No; one block."

x x x x

Leona: "It is said that people of opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages."

Scotty: "Yes, that's why I'm looking for a woman with money."

x x x x

Walter M.: "Whatever I have accomplished I owe to myself."
 Ilene: "How delightful it must be to be so clear of debt."

Song Hits Form V.—

- “Oh Come All Ye Faithful”—Latin Class.
“Sleepy Time Gal”—Miss Smith.
“Gallagher and Shean”—Martin and Scott.
“Yes, Sir She’s My Baby”—Verna Thompson.
“How Dry I Am”—College Library.
“Barney Google”—Mr. Rice.
“Dream Daddy”—Mr. Doxsee.
“Sleep”—English Classes.
“Golden Gate”—The front door at 4 o’clock.
“Love Me Love my Dog”—Mr. Taylor.
“Runnin’ Wild”—“Cyc.” Robson.
“The Shiek”—Frank Rudd.
“Why Did I Kiss That Girl”—Breckon.
“Where the Lazy Daisies Grow”—
“Anvil Chorus”—
“Ain’t We Got Fun” } Study Room.
“Just a Girl That Men Forget”—Helen Northfield.
“I Need Thee Every Hour”—French Dictionary.
“The Mocking Bird”—Ed. Wagner.
“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp”—Bell, Balfour, Barr.
“Father Bob Your Whiskers”—Doctor S.
“I’m Forever Blowing Bubbles”—Martin.
“The Prisoner’s Song”—Resident Girls.



REGINA COLLEGE

FORM IV

1926



JOHN MAHAN



GORDON McARTHUR



EMIL THERKIER



RUSSELL WILLIAMSON



FERN ASHTON



ELLEN GAULT



NOREL DOWNIE



FRANK HILL



LOLA MURPHY



EDWARD WRIGHT



LEONARD DYMIEL



GEORGE DYMIEL



ARCHIE FLUEREPIEL



EDWARD FLETCHER



ETHEL CROSS



DEWEY MUPAK



ROSSINGTON HARE



GERTRUDE E. WILSON



GERTRUDE H. WILSON



EVELYN HAWKS



MAYNE WEATHERALD



ANGELA BUCHANAN



MURIEL HARRIS



CECILE MACARTHUR



LORNE THORNTON



ESTELLA MAXWELL



HELEN BAIRD



LAURA BEACHELL



FRANKLIN GALLAWAY



CHARLES DINSPHEY



ANDREW HALL



LOLA ROBNOT



CATHERINE DALTON



RUTH THACKREY



JANET CAIRNS



GRACE HOWARD



HAROLD GATTY



RAYMOND LAWLING



EDITH CURIE



HELEN WAINWRIGHT



EDDITH UNDERWOOD



LILLIAN PETTIT



ALEXANDER BONNOR



ARLIN MOONEY



PEARL JOHNSON



LENORA PEGG



FRED GATTY



RUBY JAMIESON



ELISH WARNER

Form IV A.

Friends, Students and Faculty,
Lend me your ear.
A tale I tell of a good old gang,
Called the Grads. of the Four A year.

x x x x

Frank Hill—

“I have no other choice,
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.”

Fred Batty—

“Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the days' disdain.”

Eileen Gilroy—

“When her slender, shapely fingers,
Melt their whiteness with the keys.”

Edward Fletcher—

“Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.”

Charles Dempsey—

“The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity.”

George Busche—

“You may esteem him,
A child for his might;”

Edith Curle—

“Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry:”

Ethel Cross:—

“There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow.”

Helen Barrie—

“There be none of Beauty daughters,
With a magic like thee.”

Alex. Bonnar—

“What wondrous life is this I lead!”

Edna Ashton—

“A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!”

Catherine Bolton—

“She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover.”

Grace Howard—

“She was a Phantom of delight,
When first she gleam'd upon my sight.”

Rossington Hare—

“Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never work—”

Laura Beachall—

“A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird.”

Muriel Harris—

“Will-O'-the-Wisp, O Will-O-the-Wisp,
I would I could follow you.”

Ferguson Galloway—

“Oh, Cuckoo! Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice?”

Pearl and Ruby Jamieson—

“Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make:”

Henry Downs:

“Lord of himself, though not of lands.”

Harold Batty—

“But love shall be my own again—
Be it moments or ages slow!”

Vesta Hicks—

“Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies.”

Andy Hall—

“I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;”

Amelia Buchan—

“For such a faithful tender heart,
Can never break in vain.”

Evelyn Harris—

“I never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.”

Loa Fosnot—

“One have I mark'd the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest.”

Archie Federspiel—

“I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee!”

Essie Jarrett—

“Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face—”

Janet Cairns—

“Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee?”

College A-B-C—Fourth Form.

A is for Arthah a smart little imp,
B is for Batty, far from a simp.
C is for Charles, with short fuzzy hair;
D is for Dewey, who studies more than his share.
E is for Estella, smart as a shrew,
F is for Frankie from Saskatchewan U.
G is for Gertrude, star student of all;
H is for Hattie so prim and so small.
I is for the author whose name is not here,
J is for Johnny, the poor little dear.
K is for "Kelly", she thinks lots of "Stan.",
L is for Lola and Willie's the man.
M. is for Margaret, with never a frown;
N is for no one of any renown.
O is for Orin at Latin so keen.
P is for Pearl who's not known when she's seen.
Q is for question who's answers we don't know.
R is for Ruby who plays the piano.
S is for Stewart who at math. is at prime.
T is for Thornton who sleeps all the time.
U is for Underwood who has not a par,
V is for Venice our lucky star.
W is for "Willie" a good natured boy.
X is for marks that we do not enjoy.
Y is for Young he looks like a peach.
Z is for zenith, the height that we reach.

x x x x

NOTICE—For Latin Scholars Only. By order Mrs. K. Wilson.

There was a puella with hair of bright yeller,
Who came ex flumine Po.
Et every dies she bared her knees
Et danced in a New York show.

Now haec puella met up with a fella
Qui watched her allegro moto
Et erat so took cum the way she shook
That he fell in amorem in toto.

x x x x

Ethel Cross debating: "Now mark you friends, this passage I am going to quote, is taken from a book written by an American, why he lived in America for three years'".

x x x x

Mrs. Wilson (very much irritated at Form IV Latin Class): "Now take this sentence for example; 'This girl never has her homework done! What case is 'this'?'

Red Mooney (in the back seat): "Oh, the usual case."

Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee (in fourth form literature class): "Shelley says 'I fear thy kisses gentle maid.' Now class why did Shelly fear her kisses?"
Frank Hill (suddenly inspired) : "Because his wife would be jealous."

x x x x

George Busche and Chas. Dempsey arguing:
George: "Well, Charlie, what do you think of Hamlet?"
Chas.: "I think he was an ass."
George: "Oh, I thought Hamlet was a tragedy."

x x x x

Mr. McEwen to Laura Beachall:
"Laura can you prove that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides of this triangle?"
Laura: "I don't have to prove it, I admit it!"

x x x x

Miss Leitch: "We borrowed our numbers from the Arabs. Our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can anyone think of any other examples?"
Fergie Galloway (blushing, very much embarrassed): "My Trig. from Gertrude Wilson, my French from Edna Ashton and my Latin from Hattie Selby."

x x x x

R. Federspiel: "Can you tell me how to get into the museum?"
Muriel Harris: "Well, you might let your hair grow a little longer and wiggle your ears."

x x x x

Walter Scott: "Is Gertrude M. Wilson in?"
Lena: "No sir."
Walter: "Very sorry; I will leave this candy for her."
Lena: "Thank you sir. She was just wishing she had some when you rang."

x x x x

Ilene had a little lamb,
You've heard it oft before
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

x x x x

Grace Howard: "Don't you think Dewey McPeek's violin obligatoes beautiful?"
Evelyn Harris: "Can't say, wait till he turns around."

x x x x

Alec Bonner: "Ah, Prunella, your face reminds me of the poetry of Bobbie Burns?"
She: "Mean you that it touches the heart, beloved?"
Alec: "Nay, my wee bonnie heather blossom, it's full of hard lines."

Ray Langford to "Maw" Thornton, in chemistry class:
"They say that a student should have eight hours sleep a day."
Thornton: "True, but who wants to take eight classes a day?"

x x x x

Eileen Gilroy: "How did you get that bump on your head?"
Henry Downs: "Oh, that's where a thought struck me."

x x x x

Mr. F. H. L. Taylor: "Now this plant belongs to the begonia family."
Catherine Bolton: "Ah, yes, and you're keeping it for them while they
are away."

x x x x

Mr. Taylor: "Give me an example explaining, like attracts like."
Howard Wright: "Eddie Fletcher drank some wood alcohol and it went
to his head."

x x x x

Mrs. Wilson: "Helen Waugh will you decline the verh "amo"?"
Helen: "I'm afraid I'll have to ma'm."

x x x x

It is rumored that half the college boys have ceased wearing shoes, since
the new style oxfords came to Regina. Well, what do we care; nobody can
see them if they do have them on.

x x x x

In Miss Smith's classroom: "Fermez la porte, s'il vous plait, Monsieur
Galloway."

Fergie: "Huh?"

Miss Smith: "Now the next person that says "Huh" will be sent out
of this class room."

Chorus of all: "Huh?"

x x x x

Mr. McPeek: "I got 50 in my intelligence test."
Amelia Buchan: "That makes you a half-wit, then!"

x x x x

Mr. J. E. R. Doxsee: (to Fred Batty whom he has caught smoking):
"Smoking, hey!"

Fred (indifferently): "No, sir, it's tobacco."

x x x x

Mr. F. H. L. Taylor says: "A telescope does not increase the delight that
one finds in gazing at the stars."

And surely Mr. Taylor ought to know.

x x x x

Mr. Taylor says he is very fond of Chemistry and his favorite pastime
is preparing disulphide potassium iodide—Formulae KISS.

x x x x

Miss Smith: "Why don't you answer me?"

Esse Jarrett: "I did shake my head."

Miss Smith: "Well, I couldn't hear it rattle away up here."

Heard during measles epidemic:

L.P.: "You better get in there before you catch cold."

E.L.F.: (standing outside the R.R. window): "Oh, dearie, you know I could never catch cold talking to you."—Life.

Form IV B.

That's us, look us over, the pride and heart-break of many of the teachers. Our records touch the zenith and roll in the dust. We invariably roam around to the top of the honor list since our form includes such scholars as G. E. Wilson, A.T.C.M., Hattie Selby and Estelle Maxwell, scholarship students for 1924-25. We also hold the booby prize and many degrees of excellence in between.

Other celebrities we boast including, "Ma" Thornton, champion day dreamer. Len Sumner whose melodious voice is heard so often in the halls; Paul Morton's saxophone sobs, are real sobs! (?) Robson the leading disposer of food, we challenge anyone to consume more in the same time. Jimmy Warner famous aid to the math. teacher, he always finds the mistakes. We have five members of the male double quartette, the cheer-leader, orchestra leader and several prominent debaters.

Sport Celebrities of 4B.

The illustrious 4B boasts of the greatest number among the ranks of the athletics. We are represented in all manner of sports, from taking a girl to the show on Saturday, to the rough and ready games of Hockey, Basket ball and Rugby.

Hockey tops the list, showing in its ranks such celebrities as Warner, chief goal getter, Murney, star defence, and Porteous and Therrien on right and left wing.

Among the squad of pig skin chasers are to be found, Sykes, now belonging to the famous Pats, Therrien squatted at left end and fleet-footed Schreffler on flying wing.

Now let us look at the famous and invincible Basket tossers. Of the eight in the squad, three boast affiliation with 4B; Schreffler, notable forward not only in basket ball but also forward in class, Therrien and McPeek at centre make great endeavours to get the jump.

So much for the sons of this great form. Now let us look at the daughters. Hockey has its star in Pegg, small but full of pep, mainstay of the team. Basket ball has its share of our form in Peterson at centre and Weatherald forward.

Now just look this over, something to make us feel good, eh?

In fact in every branch of college activity, you will find members of this great class.

JUST IMAGINE—

4B not being the "boost" form of the college.

"Ma" Thornton missing his daily nap in math. class.
Porteous with his home work done.
Pegg at the head of the form.
McPeek without his violin.
Therrien not taking Ruby out Saturday afternoon.
Gertrude M. Wilson specializing in biology.
Mr. Taylor assigning no homework.
Miss Murphy taking up the Charleston.
Schreffler in any other field but a north(field).
Mooney coming to classes on time.
Scott stuck on a trig. problem.
Williamson singing a Lola(by) to put himself to sleep.
Eddith Underwood shouting in class.
Robson becoming a poet.
Warner missing a hockey game.
Estelle Maxwell not working.
Hattie Selby skipping classes.
Sumner keeping a secret.
Parry making ten blocks in eight minutes.
Lillian Pettis not powdering her nose.
Ruth Thackeray without a smile.
Mihain with the same weenie three weeks.
McCombs with a collar and tie on.
Gertrude E. Wilson passing without honours.
Gordon McArthur with his hair combed.
Young taking a shave every morning.
Lola Murphy worrying.
Charles McArthur in a hurry.
Langford failing in science.
Ruby Peterson missing a basket ball game.
Mayme Wetherald vamping "Cyclone."
Wright tipping the scales at 100 pounds.
Morton playing a tune on the sax.
Margaret Stapleford in any mill but miller's.
Murney not playing a rough game of hockey.

x x x x

R stands for Regina where our College stands.
E stands for English which much study demands.
G stands for Grammar which suits not our taste.
I stands for Ink which all of us waste.
N stands for Nothing which we all know.
A stands for Answers of which we do not blow.

C stands for Calculus said to be a pest.
O stands for Oral Comp. which all of us detest.
L stands for Latin dead as the Roman.

L stands for Love which here effects no man.
E stands for Exams. where we all shine so bright.
G stands for Girls over whom we all fight.
E stands for Education to which we all aspire.

x x x x

Miss Milliken: "Would you like to join our domestic science and modern house-keeping class?"

G. Murphy: "Does it include a course on how to catch a man to keep house for?"

x x x x

Psalm 23

Hark Ye.

Latin! O, Latin is my downfall, for I do not like it. It maketh me to attend detention, it getteth me into hot water. It boreth my soul; it leadeth into the paths of profanity those who take it. Yea, though I plod till midnight I shall never learn it; it plagues my sleep. Its nouns and verbs discomfort me. They have prepared an exam before me and my cup of bitterness runneth over. Surely this thing shall not follow me all the days of my life, else I shall soon dwell in the house of the insane forever.

x x x x

Mr Taylor said the other day that he wouldn't mind being a worm.
We wonder if Miss Sharp is an early riser.

x x x x

Mr. Wagg (from experience?): "Shakespeare considered the liver the seat of affection; Mr. Sumner, what is your opinion."

Len: "It's a man's knee nowadays. "

x x x x

There may be a lot of issues confronting college students but all eyes are on silk stockings.

x x x x

There is one thing a woman can do when out of work that a man can't—she can get married.

x x x x

Gertie: "Sometimes you appear to be really manly, whilst at others you are quite effeminate. How do you account for it?"

Rossie: "I suppose it must be heredity, you see, half my ancestors were males and the other half females. "

x x x x

Who can it be?
I know a girl
Who paints
And she certainly
Can draw
Men.

IV B Conundrums.

What kind of a potato is Lola Murphy?
Did you hear Helen Waugh?
Have you ridden in Isabelle's Lang-ford?
When did Emile Tarray-on?
Who put Edith Under-wood?
When did Jimmy Warn-er?
Is Johnny Young
Is Ruby Peter's-son?
Who made "Red" Mooney?
Is this Dewey, McPeek?
How did Lillian Pett-us?
Why did Leonard Rob-a-son?
Have you seen Howard Wright?
Gertrude, May Wilson leave the room?
How many pounds in a Thorn-ton?
Have you seen Ruth's Thack-array?
At what Price does Hattie Sel-by?
Is Max well?
When did Leonard Sumn'er?
Can Mayme Wetherall?

x x x x

A Dirge

(apologies to Shelley)

Oh Trig! Oh Comp! Oh Chem!
On which all night I cram
For fear of Murphy, Leitch and Taylor's wrath
When will come forth results of their exams
Would I could do Math!

Out of the day and night
A Joy has taken flight
More Latin, French and Algebra
Move my faint heart with grief but with delight.
Never more—Oh, never more.

x x x x

Mayme W. (to her room mate): "I suppose you're very fond of "Lambs Tales'."

L.P.: "Can't say; I never had any but I like ox-tongue pretty well."

x x x x

Mrs. K. Wilson: "What is the meaning of the word "corona'?"

Lenora Pegg: "Typewriter."

x x x x

Mr. Doxsee (striding in to the Practice corridor): "Here, here, Busche! I'll teach you to make love to Miss Waugh!"

Busche: "Wish you would, I'm not making much headway."

Gertrude M.: "Where are you going Mr. Taylor?"

Mr. Taylor: "Out for a wild thyme."

Gertrude: "Let's both go."

x x x x

Ethel C.: "He thinks I'm the nicest girl he ever met. Shall I give him a date?"

Marjoire C.: "No. Let him keep on thinking."

Form III A.

S-s-s-s Boom!!!! make way there in the front ranks. Here we come. Yes, we're III A and mighty proud of it. There ain't no flies on us, no-siree. But we have some strange creatures as members of our form, and we could were we permitted "a tale unfold whose lightest word would harry up thy humour, rouse thy young blood and make they sides convulse with laughter."

But when we get down to business we are not to be treated lightly for we are right there with the goods, yeh, you bet. According to Mr. Taylor there are half of us at least who deserve a reserved place in the Rogues gallery of the hall of fame for discovering new chemical formulae. And the other half of us were born a century too soon. We can prove that statement. He thinks we are crazy because of some of the things we say and do. Well weren't Edison and Jimmy Watt and Columbus thought to be insane? But we admit today that they had brains and inventive genius too far advanced for their day. Who can say but possibly a hundred years from now people may admit that another name had inventive genius. Why he had already forgotten more chemistry than Bartholamew Diaz ever knew. Well, if old Barty Diaz wasn't a chemist, who discovered the formula of the North Pole? And we all know more about Geometry right now than Aesop ever expected to. Why just the other day Moffat discovered that pie R squared isn't used any more. He made an exhaustive research through the bakeries of the city and all the pie tins were round.

And furthermore we're all most optimistic. We are a living proof that the world has progressed since the days of Euclid. The other evening when Randall jumped into a full bath tub and overflowed the surplus water on the floor he didn't tear down the hall in his bear skin bathing suit yelling, "Ut qui Ministrat," like Aristotle did. No he just said, "Oh darn, I got my neck wet and I just washed it last Sunday."

We've got some radio phans—not fans, they are to keep cool with—in our form also. We read of the marvellous distances these "SuperHet's" will carry. But that is nothing. Why our own Art Destree reports that he can, with his crystal set, get Chili any night by opening the window. And on one occasion he got static. Where's static? Well if it ain't in Timbuctoo we all wish it was.

We are a real unified bunch too. We stick together just like tangle-footed flies. The other day when Stan Fowke was late for religious educa-

tion the whole class reported him sick when his name was called. Thirty five seconds later when Stan walked boldly into class the good Mr. Taylor didn't know whether to repeat the Lord's Prayer or say "get thee behind me Satan."

One act alone mars ours escutcheon. It happened in the Chem. Lab. One of the students prepared a jar of chlorine gas and left it on the desk to kill the measles germs which are known to combine with chlorine to form very good fertilizer. Unfortunately the janitor entered the lab. and not being a germ, did not appreciate the joke. He thought it was Langemark, the second. At any rate we nearly lost our janitor. But we entirely lost our reputation.

Social and Personal

A most delightful evening was spent at the home of our honoured president and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford on January the twenty-second.

Although the gentlemen were a little shy when the young ladies arrived they soon recovered and in the excitement of the moment allowed the ladies to confiscate the softest seats. After games and contests, refreshments were served which all enjoyed. The evening closed by everyone expressing their appreciation to their host and hostess and agreeing that the evening had been a most enjoyable one.

Miss Iva Ellingson was the hostess at a tea given in room 3 between January 32 and 33. She was ably assisted in disposing of the tea leaves by Miss D. McBride. After the refreshments the guests "slunk" silently to their own quarters about 2 a.m. The young gentlemen were markedly conspicuous all evening by their absence.

A Few Things We'd Like to Know.

Does H. Armour use Danderine or Seven Sutherland Sisters?

Is Miss M. Carper always detained in the hall when she is late for French?

Where does Miss Embury get the peaches and cream complexion?

Where has "Peter" gone?

Why did S. Fowke sing, "My Wild Irish Rose" under the window of room one of the ladies' residence?

Biographies.

Miss L. Gish:

She greets the morning with a roar,
And says, "Get out and shut the door."

Disposition:

10.00 a.m. Dangerous.

12.00 a.m. Improving.

6.00 p.m. Gentle.

12.00 p.m. Uproarious.

Favorite Pastime. Beauty Column. Woeful Wail—Where's my double socket?

x x x x

Irene Bachman:

Ambition: To be tall and willowy.

Charms. Nice rosy cheeks.

Favorite occupation. Trying to cure a headache.

Favorite expression. Lend me. . .

Fond Mother: "Is Stanley still using Forhan's tooth paste do you know?"
 Student (who knows Stan.): "No, I don't suppose so; he's rooming with Randall this year."

x x x x

"The good looking generally dye young."

x x x x

Our college shiek, Mr. Moffat, was heard to say; "I'm fallin' for you", as he slipped on the reception room floor.

x x x x

Landlady (knocking on bedroom door): "Eight-o-clock, eight-o-clock."
 Dojack (sleepily): Did you? better call a doctor."

x x x x

Science Teacher: "We will now take up the products of nitrogen. Mr. Morgan, what have you found out regarding the nitrates?"

T.M.: "Well, they are much higher than the day rates."

x x x x

H. Armour—advice to young people troubled by popularity. Buy a saxophone.

x x x x

C. G. Brewster (at exam time): Oh, father Adam, look down upon thy son Cain and make him Abel.

Form III B

Name	As Others see Them	Occupation	Dislikes
Lila Staple	Modest	Doing homework	Spares
Lyle Pearlman	Thrifty	Copying	Working
Jean Prosser	Happy	Being seen but not heard	Latin
Elmore Werry	Marcelled	Flirting	To be alone
Priscilla Stice	Dimpled	Dreaming	being teased
Genevieve Thompson	Contented	Playing Hockey	To sleep
Phyllis Wilson	Talkative	Retiring	Work
Whitney Randall	Ambitious	Doing Physics	Shaving
Mason Whyte	Blushing	Plugging	Being rushed
Dorothy Swinehart	Quiet	Staying put	Being talked to
Opal Swinehart	Shy	Worrying	Pantages
Ross Sargent	Sober	Studying Physics	Fish stories

The Sponger

Abie: "Mama, vot do cows lif on?"

Mama: "Fodder, Abbie."

Abie: "Oi, oi! I didn't think father was so generous."

x x x x

Ivor: "What do you put on your face after shaving."

Sister: "Court Plaster, generally."

Three Graces

Faith—In your ability to scrape though the “finals.”

Hope—That the examiner is in a cheerful mood when marking your paper.

Charity—When the newspaper announces that you have passed in all subjects.

Oh! Girls! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

x x x x

Werry (very inquisitively): “Oh, say Muriel, what do you think of a church union?”

Muriel: “Oh! this is so sudden.”

x x x x

John M.: “I dreamed I died last night.”

Gertie M.: “What woke you up?”

John M.: “The heat.”

x x x x

Say it With Hymns (Form IIIB)

8.45—French. “Tell me the old, old story.”

9.30—Chem. “What Various Hindrances We Meet.”

10.10—Chapel. “Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.”

10.30—History. “Lord, Let Mercy Now Attend Us.”

11.00—French. “There We Suffer Grief and Pain.”

11.30—Literature. “Art thou weary, Art Thou Languid.”

12.00—Noon. “Peace, Perfect Peace.”

1.30—Latin. “Rescue The Perishing.”

2.00—Algebra. “Go, Labor On.”

2.30—Geometry. “Fight The Good Fight.”

3.00—Physics. “The Wise May Bring Their Learning.”

3.30—Physics. “There we Suffer, Grief and Pain.”

4.00—Finis. “Now The Day is Over.”

4.05—Detention. “Abide With Me.”

A Holiday. “Day of Rest and Gladness.”

x x x x

Mr. Taylor (telling about the monkey, noticed a lack of attention): “Class, he said, “you will never learn anything about this animal unless you look straight at me.”

x x x x

Can You Imagine

Miss Murphy chewing gum?

Helen Northfield weighing one hundred pounds?

Mr. McEwen wearing Oxford bags?

Werry with his hair combed?

Dot not talking?

Maw and Velma being angels?

x x x x

Pearlman: “Can you be punished for something you haven't doen?”

Mrs. Wilson: “Certainly not.”

Pearlman: “I haven't done my Latin.”

If we had lots of money we would buy:

1. Some brilliantine and shoe polish for Werry.
2. Some razor blades for Ivor.
4. Some new curlers for Don Barr.
4. Some new gum for Evelyn Smith.
5. A cute little drug store in the middle of the Saharah desert for Alice.
6. A nice straight centre part for Mr. Doxsee.

x x x x

Miss Smith: "My, it's stuffy in here."

Randell: "Yeah! Some one hum a little air."

x x x x

Mr. Kasenberg: "Who laughed?"

Brewster: "I sir, but I did not mean it."

Mr. Kasenberg: "Did not mean it? Elucidate!"

Brewster: "I laughed up my sleeve, but I didn't know there was a hole in it."

x x x x

Miss Smith (drawing the attention of the class to an asterisk): Always count the stars when you see them, class."

x x x x

Father: "Failed in your examinations again! What's the excuse this time—"

Werry: "Well, what could you expect? They set the same silly questions."

x x x x

College

Lenore: "I was told that you were a bigamist."

Fletcher: "Oh no, I never make the same mistake twice."

x x x x

Martin: "Where's everybody going?"

Barr: "Nowhere."

Martin: "Then why the sad farewells?"

Barr: "Much adieu about nothing."

Form II

Really folks, we in Form II are two exhaustively engaged in the mighty task of absorbing knowledge to have much time for writing class notes. But because we feel sure the College Register will not be a success without our contribution, we hereby contribute our notes with the hope that they may prove of benefit to all future Form II students.

We have come from various parts of Saskatchewan, have brought our various aims, hopes, ambitions and ideals yea, and personalities and have merged them so that they form one brilliant whole known as Form II of Regina College for the year 1925-26. In upholding the records of previous second

forms we have found it to be no easy task but we believe we have more than excelled ourselves this year in the Arts of Music, Athletics, and Studies.

Speaking of our class activities, which by the way have not been many, let it be said we have known how to enjoy and appreciate each other. Our chief social function was a very pleasant evening spent at Dr. and Mrs. Stapleford's home on Friday evening January 15th. The time was enjoyably spent in Music and Games also in forming a more intimate acquaintance with our president.

Unfortunately this is all the space allotted to Form II in which to relate its history but we trust this short account will meet the need for which it is entrusted.

Henry Gohn Tells One

One summer evening I was returning to the College from a long walk in the country. It was a very warm evening and I was tired from my walk, so I decided to sit down and rest for awhile. But the mosquitoes were so bad that I could get no rest. Just then I noticed near the road an old boiler of a steam tractor, from which the flues had been taken. I crawled into this and closed the door. Lying in the darkness I soon fell asleep.

In a short time I was awakened by a loud roaring sound, which at first puzzled me greatly. Peering out through a crack in the boiler wall I was amazed and greatly alarmed to see a host of enormous mosquitoes surrounding the boiler. But the fact that alarmed me was that they were drilling into the boiler with their bills, evidently having smelled my blood. At first my fear nearly overpowered me but my self possession asserted itself and I sat down calmly to think a way out of this dilemma. As I leaned back I felt some object and picking it up I found it to be a small mechanic's hammer. A thought struck me and I leaned back to await results.

I had not long to wait. The bill of one of the fierce brutes came suddenly through the boiler plates near my head. I sat up and with a few well directed blows I bent the point of the bill over and clinched it firmly. Others followed in quick succession and I was kept busy for several minutes riveting these bills.

Suddenly I became aware of a new sensation. I felt myself rising and moving through the air. The cause flashed through my mind. I had fastened these creatures to the boiler and now in their attempts to get free they were carrying me through the air at a terrific rate. The hum of their wings sounding like the drone of a huge motor was the only sound breaking the stillness. I was terrified. Where would these creatures carry me? Were they not likely to carry their burden out to sea and become weary and drop it? Thoughts of my home and friends I might never see again filled my mind and I sat in the dark wondering what the end would be.

Then again I took myself in hand. I had been through too many tight places to give up without at least a fight. I still had the hammer in my hand. Groping about in the darkness I was not surprised to find a cold-chisel. Then I set to work cutting off the riveted ends of those bills. It was a hard task but I kept hacking away. Soon I felt my ship settling slowly earth wards. The remaining mosquitoes could not support the great load.

I opened the door and looked out. We were over a city but what city I could not say.

Then I saw a river. Heavens I hoped they would not light in it. But, yes they were drifting slowly downward directly toward the river. I climbed out on top of the boiler and as it touched the water I dived off and struck for shore. I climbed out on the bank and looked back for my strange craft, but it was no longer in sight. It had sunk like lead.

I climbed up the bank and went into the city, which I soon saw was Saskatoon. Going to the depot I purchased a ticket for Regina and arrived back at college in time for the morning classes. Needless to say I was severely reprimanded by the dean for remaining out all night without permission. I refrained from telling my story as I had no proofs to offer and feared he might not believe me. But somewhere in the Saskatchewan river is a steam boiler to which cling a number of monstrous mosquitoes.

Ambitions of Form II

Carl Mackenzie—to pass in math.
Violet Wilson—to wink at the boys.
Thompson—to be first in the dining room.
H. Gohn—To talk French.
McLardy—to sit near Evelyn Smith.
Salstrom—to eat lead pencils.
Stella Moore—To keep quiet.
Beryl Pulfer—to flirt with the boys.
Audrey Taylor—to talk to Welsh.
Victor Swedburg—To get along.
Albert Swedburg—to get ahead of him.
R. Kelly—To do homework.
Mac Hislop—to talk like a man.
Evelyn Smith—to have a beau.
Verla Murphy—to oblige the boys.
Mable Emerson—to ask questions.

x x x x

Things We Want in Form II

A few razor blades for C. Mackenzie.
A little hair grease for W. R. Welsh.
A wider seat for W. Welsh and Audrey Taylor.
Short pants for Frank Thompson.
Vanity case for M. Bell.
A few nipples for Salstrom.
A pair of dancing pumps for M. Hislop.

x x x x

A Few Sayings in Form II

Miss Murphy: "As soon as there is silence I shall proceed to talk."
Mr. McEwen: "Mr. Salstrom will you please come to the front."
Mac Hislop: "I forgot my geometry set to-day."
Mable Emerson: "What's that for."

Caustic

Gohn: "I want some consecrated lye."

Welsh: "You mean concentrated lye."

Gohn: "It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor."

Welsh: "I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Gohn: "Well, I should myrrh myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it."

x x x x

Mr. K: "Class, give me the name of a city or place beginning with Y."

Form II: No one answers.

Mr. K.: "Why, that's very easy—just use a little grey matter."

Form II: No answer.

Mr. K.: "It's very simple. Zanzibar, for example, begins with Y."

x x x x

Teacher: (to class standing at front) "All right, McLardy, move over towards Miss Pulfer a bit."

McLardy shuffles around a bit.

Teacher: "Never mind, I've seen you closer than that."

x x x x

Salstrom lost his purse. Gohn found it:

Gohn: "Here's your purse."

Salstrom: "Give me two bits interest for the time you had it."

x x x x

Swedberg: "Who gave you that black eye, Kelly?"

Kelly: "Nobody gave it to me. I had to fight for it."

x x x x

Evelyn S.: "How long did it take you to learn to skate?"

Beryl P.: "Oh, about a dozen sittings."

x x x x

Miss Murphy: "Max, can you tell me the capital of Alaska?"

Mac A.: "No'm."

Miss M.: "That's right."

Form I

1925-1926

One night near the dead hour of twelve a large gray touring car came spinning along the road at a good speed. The man in the car turned his head and saw a light ahead of him. "I guess some poor chap's having car trouble, but that all goes with the joys of a car. Here's a helping hand", said the car owner as he stepped out beside the hard working auto repair man.

After giving the car the once over, they found it impossible to finish the repairing of the car without aid from the garage. So the owner of the car said, "I will take you to your destination." "I am going to see a very ill patient at Imperial, yes and by the way my name is Dr. Ross, and yours is?"—"Mr. Godkin." "I don't suppose you are any relation to Hibert Godkin,

who went to Regina College at one time, about twenty-years ago." "Why Hibert Godkin, that's my name, don't say you're Kenneth Ross." "Well it's no other than he." "Oh! isn't this the luckiest coincidence." "Have you ever heard from any of the classmates of ours since we left the old R.C.?"

"No, I haven't, oh, by the way I have from William Lewis. He wrote and asked if I still had my old College Register. I sent it and he had it for about seven months or so, and he sent it back the other day. I'll bet it's in my suitcase right now." Turning on the light and bending over he got the suitcase and hurriedly opened it. "Ah! here it is, ha, ha ha ha, look there, ha ha the old faces and staring us right in the face is. Form One."

Form One—

Colin Campbell who was always late.

Grace Stilborn, so sedate.

Alma Soli with the madonna face.

Lenora who is so full of grace.

Max who, detective stories reads.

Frank who in the boy's class standing always leads.

Matilda who is a party sport.

Margaret who is the best of sort.

And Bill Lewis, a first rate chap.

Douglas Clark with the thinking cap.

Wilhelmeme who studies till late.

Ruth who makes a perfect room mate.

Oh! Carl, who was tall and thin, he got the nickname Slim!

Anna who bites money, to see if it's tin.

Jessie who's a dandy sport.

Olga who gets the wonderful report.

Kathleen who is quite a dear.

Clara who when exams came has no fear.

And here's to Dr. Stapleford the dad of all this crowd. Whom we're sure had every reason to be proud.

"That sure was some write up but it sinks right to my feet now—what? are we at Imperial already, and to be sure at the right house. Well, I must go" So the two happy men parted. One to the sick and one to the City where he was manager of a large firm.

Ken. rode along and he sighed—

"Ah! the end of a perfect day."

Chemist: "Something to kill moths, have you tried moth balls."

Ruth McCosh : "Yes, but it's no use, I couldn't hit the little blighters."

x x x x

Commercial Form

Although no one but ourselves realized this, the fact remains that the Commercial Form is the most brilliant class of students in the college. Most students are satisfied with taking for the truth just what the authors of various text-books state in their products. However the 1925-26 Commercial students are all too ambitious to allow these books to impede their educa-

tional progress. During class hours everyone tries to improve on these works of these great men and women, particularly Webster. Indeed two of them became so efficient that the college could no longer restrain their ambitions and they made their escape through a window at four o'clock one frosty morning.

The Commercial Course as outlined and executed by the College staff is very attractive and very beneficial to the average student. The various subjects train one in lines which are necessary in the life of every ordinary individual. A general knowledge of business management will prove to be a great asset to anyone. All material advancement is acquired more easily by a "business head." Regina College affords this opportunity for an improved education.

Commercial Popular Song Folio.

- "You've Got to See "Mamma"—Velma Rosell.
"Sleepy Time Gal"—Doreen Smith.
"Sleepy Head"—Winnie Tansley.
"Let it Rain Let it Pour, etc"—Sam Cade.
"Good Night Nurse"—Lloyd Ismond.
"K-K-K-Katie"—Richard Gendall.
"Ma Girl Don't Love Me Anymore"—Louis Kirk.
"I'm Knee Deep in Daises
and Head over Heels in Love"—Stewart Scott.
"Home Sweet Home"—Tulloch and Bradley.
"Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"—Messrs. Federspiel.
"Oh, It's a Windy Night"—Walter Johnson.
"Brown Eyes"—Martin Mueller.
"Show Me the Way to Go Home"—Norman Penfold.
"The Prisoner's Song"—Harold MacLennan.

x x x x

- C is for College in which we reside.
O is for Our Form the best one inside.
M is for "Ma's" girl Velma Rosell.
M is for MacLennan on whom measles germs dwell.
E is for Endless, a bookkeepers goal.
R is for (W)riting with errors untold.
C is for Civics which brings flowers and rest.
I is for Intelligence with which we are blest.
A is for Arithmetic where Interest is found.
L is for Law which makes business so sound.
- F is for Frank the best Professor of all.
O is for Order which ain't here at all.
R is for Richard, six foot two.
M is for Mueller who just simply flew.

Commercial Chuckles

Mr. Kasenberg: "Scott can you give me a seven letter synonym for dumbell?"

Scott: "Sure T-U-L-L-O-C-H!"

x x x x

Dr. Stapleford: "MacLennan, what is the difference between direct and indirect taxation?"

Mac: "Why the difference between you asking me for money and going through my pocket when I'm asleep."

x x x x

Mr. Hare: (in special grammar class): "What is the future of 'I love?'"

Sam Cade (promptly): "I divorce."

x x x x

Cade: "Say fellows I'm going to try and get a microbe to help me with my arithmetic."

Scott: "What good would a microbe do you?"

Cade: "Why, I just read in this paper that microbes multiply rapidly."

x x x x

Mr. Kasenberg: "What is an advertisement?"

A member of the brilliant commercial form, after thoughtful consideration replied: "An advertisement is the picture of a pretty girl eating, wearing, holding or driving something that someone wants to sell."

Ye Slingers of Ye Hashe.

Dedicated with all due respect to that long-suffering, much abused body of white-coated tray bearers who, in spite of innumerable difficulties, make it possible for us to satisfy the cravings of the inner man.

The College Waiters.

Of all the blamed fellows in College,
The waiters are surely blamed most.
They get blamed for muddy, black coffee,
They get blamed for cold, tough, dry tost.

They get blamed for bent pins on the chair seats;
They get blamed for hair in the butter.
They get blamed when the porridge is scorched,
Because the cook was in a splutter.

They get blamed when the crackers are too dry;
They get blamed when the soup is too wet.
They get blamed for all things 'neath the sky,
Without losing their temper, and yet.

Who wouldn't be a College Waiter,
Wear a white coat and carry a tray;
Eat what you like, when you like, where you like,
Gol-blamed if I wouldn't I say.

—S. N. Fowke.

Sacred to the Memory of
BILL TULLOCH
and
JIM BRADLEY

Gone but not forgotten,
Recollected but not regretted.
The paths that these men reached and kept.
They were attained by sudden flight,
For they, while their companions slept,
Were sneaking out into the night.

NOTICE

To All Whom It May Concern:

Due warning is hereby given to the public that under no consideration are they to let their treasured poodles roam at large on the precincts of the college. Several have already mysteriously disappeared in that district. It has been noticed by defectives from Scotland (back) Yard employed on the case that shortly following these disappearances the student body breakfast on weiners.

Whatever may be the cause of these disappearances remains a mystery. The defective found a clue, but anyone can do that. Why only one brief day after our own little Peter wandered kitchenward and vanished, a weiner was found with a red ribbon tied around its neck. We wonder where the hair went. But your can't hang a clue for dog slaughter or manslaughter either. So at present all we can do is watch and warn, for the sausage mill has an insatiable appetite.

x x x x

Synopsis of the Gang

Yes sir, we are the college waiters. We are a distinguished bunch of hustlers, not the slightest doubt about it. Now just lemme interduce you to the gang for your own special enlightenment. Frinstance here's Neal Breckon. He has a most winning smile and is a general favourite with the ladies. Just ask them. No getting around it, he's a hustler.

Then we are honoured to have in our ranks the Rev. Mr. Hare. He is the moral impulse of the flock—and even he is becoming corrupted. But he has no use for the women, not at all.

Then we have Frank Thompson, nice quiet unassuming little boy is Frankie, his father's pride and his mother's joy; but he craves his eats.

Russell Williamson is aussie one of the fine up and coming members of our order. We hear that a certain member of the fair sex aspires to make a man of him. But Willie is a reglar feller and doubtless will resent all attempts to grow him up too quick.

Then too there is Johnny Mihai, quiet and unassuming at all times but nevertheless wide and awake and chuck fulla pep.

Nor must we forget "Cyclone" Robson, so called because of the noise he makes eating soup, and the size of his feet. It is rumoured abroad that Cyclone has to go out of the kitchen to turn around.

"Jimmy" Ralph Warner is the nearest approach to a clown that we allow in our gang. But his cheerful air and carefree ways make him liked by all.

Henry "Willie" Gohn is also entitled to carry a white coat and wear a tray. His witty, rebuttals to all jokes cracked at his expense make him at once a good entertainer and a man to be left alone.

"Scotty" Stewart Scott is the one upon whom the dignity of the gang rests. He is slow to anger and slow to smile, easy going, but capable, and the girls think he's the cat's meow.

And finally we come to Stan Fowke. Stan is very romantic. Always ready to dash to the aid of any fair stranger who enters the dining hall late. But Stan is something of a dreamer. And yet, considering the cause, we do not wonder too much and we blame not at all. We are not all so fortunate.

There were some others but they have dropped out. One of our number graduated to the order of white pants. This sphere became too small to contain one so bubbling over with enthusiasm and pep.

Two of our members are gone entirely from our order. We have duly recounted their virtues before.

Many of the common herd have aspired to our envied positions, but we, the chosen few, alone have been found worthy of the tray and coat, the badges of our office.

And truly an enviable position is ours. No man dares insult us lest we curtail his milk supply. No woman but smiles upon us lest we medicate her tea; no teacher would deprive us of our privileges lest a pin find its way upon his or her chair. Thus we live and thrive.

x x x x

Two tables had scarce arisen ere I perceived in the shadows, three mysterious forms. They crouched and waited their opportunity. Then as the last table filed out they slid stealthily in and pounced upon their unsuspecting victims—the crumbs upon the floor. They were the sweepers of the dining hall.

x x x x

A little humour now and then,
Is relished e'en by College Waiters.

N. B.: "Tea or coffee, sir?"

Mr. McEwen: "Well, which ever you call it."

x x x x

WANTED—Two shock absorbers, front and rear, guaranteed to work in front of kitchen doors, made specially to fit head waitress.

x x x x

Scott: "Where did that weiner go off my plate?"

Warner: "Mr. Taylor was just down and got it. He has run out of dissecting specimens.

x x x x

Williamson: "Here's your strawberry short.cake, sir."

Mr. Kasenburg: "Huh, call that strawberry short-cake, take it out and berry it."

We wonder if there is any connection between the biology dissecting classes and the nameless stews we get for lunch sometimes.

x x x x

J. W.: "How did you lose your teeth?"

N. B.: "Shifting gears on a cookie."

x x x x

S. F.: "Oatmeal or baled hay?"

L. F.: "Say I ain't Scotch and I ain't a horse either."

x x x x

Waiter's Ten Commandments

Thou shalt serve thy favorite lady with the largest dish of ice cream and the largest piece of pie. For thy favorite lady is a jealous lady and perchance would visit the small piece of pie upon thy head.

Thou shalt not lean upon the side table lest it slide from beneath thee and embarrass thee before the girls.

Thou shalt not speak to the persons at thy table nor transport from them any note except when no teacher regardeth thee.

Thou shalt not spill water upon the floor for thy fellow waiter to slip on lest haply thou slideth thereon thyself to thy great discomfort.

Thou shalt not offend thy tables lest they wax vindictive and overburden thee with orders for tea.

Thou shalt not meekly suffer insult but shall strive to seek thy revenge by other means whereby thou canst properly discharge thy vengeance.

Thou shalt love thy fellow waiter as thyself and when his girl sitteth at thy table thou shalt not fail to serve her well lest thy fellow waiter beat up on thee.

Thou shalt not steal thy fellow waiter's place in the toast line.

Thou shalt not covet thy fellow waiter's big tray nor his big gravy bowls nor his first place, nor anything else that thy fellow waiter has gained fairly by the unwritten law of the waiters.

Remember the dinner time to keep it free from odd jobs. In it thou shalt do no other work but thou shalt wait diligently upon thy tables, so mayest they leave for thee the extra piece of pie.

x x x x

Last Will and Testament

We, the College Waiters of this year do hereby devise and bequeath to the College Waiters of next year the following articles as hereinafter set down.

Our white coats, with all pockets, buttons, button holes, other holes, and all other appurtenances thereof.

Our trays with electric starting and stopping devices.

Our four-wheel brakes which are a very necessary appurtenance of the profession—also to the well being of the head waitress.

The coffee drinking men, the tea drinking women and the hot water fiends, may the ruminations of their stomachs cause them to change their tastes.

Our places at the waiters' table with full permission to use them to the greatest capacity.

All the articles as hereintofore mentioned we do bequeth to our successors.

—“To you from passing hands we throw the tray.
Be yours to hold it high.”

Meditation

The day had been a comparatively mild one in fall—I say fall—well it was late November. The few barren trees, the snow upon the ground, and the short day revealed the typical climate of the East.

All day the sky had been clear. Tom was looking forward to the time when he could return to his home. In the meantime, he could only think of the beauty that was his, even if he could not get out to enjoy it. He could see the beauty in everything, but most of all he loved to look at the sky and all the outside surroundings, for he was stretched upon a hospital bed. Raising his head by a great effort, he could see in the distance a few tree tops, and the roofs of the houses at the foot of the mountain.

All day long he had been looking at the little cross on the top of the cathedral, and it had caused him to think. He had never been called religious, yet there was something about him—perhaps it was the squareness of his jaw, the high forehead, and the deep blue eyes that looked straight at you that told you he was a man of his own convictions; and you thought while looking at him, that he might be compared to a tree which grew alone in the open. In time of wind, rain and terrific storm, it would sway and bend a little, but due to its deep rooting, it remained a stronger, weather-beaten tree. So with Tom. He was not like small trees in a large forest, which, the moment they are transplanted, wither and die in the sunshine or in time of storm are uprooted, but rather his strong character had imprinted itself upon his face.

He lay thinking—thinking, thinking. There was something about this evening that particularly awed him. What could make him see things in such a light? Something was on his mind, but he could not fathom it. His wife and child had been to see him that afternoon. He had talked over with them the possibilities of his getting out of hospital soon. They went home with the glad thought that soon their dearest one would be with them again. Yet Tom felt that all was not right. Three years before, on this same date, he was brought into the hospital, with no hopes of recovery, but instead of dying, as the doctors had predicted, Tom began to feel better. He took a great interest in the things around him, but his greatest joy was to watch the sky, the sun, and the cross on the distant cathedral.

Tom was thinking of all these things when the Sister came in. Oh! how he wished to be alone with his thoughts. “Do you want anything?” No; he did not. Would he have a drink of something. “You know, Sister, Ontario is dry; and besides I have never taken a drink since my return from overseas.” The sister laughed, knowing that Tom wanted to be left alone. She asked if he was comfortable. “Quite.” Once more he was alone.

The sky had changed from the pale azure to a deeper hue. One or two clouds appeared across it. Then by some great magic it seemed to fade away into a pale purple, with here and there bits of pink, gold and yellow, while ever in front of it all the Cross stood out. Somehow tonight it seemed smaller, perhaps it was because of the great majesty of the sky; and yet it made him think.

Never before had he thought much of a cross—well, why now?—the thought bothered him just a little. Slowly, yet how quickly, that sky changed. Now it was almost a glow of red and gold—how beautiful it must be at the horizon! He had never thought so much of a sunset before.

Now it was dying away—the color, and the day. Yet this thought came to him, that throughout all ages, for hundreds of years, that cross had stood and its symbol had never changed. Other things changed, would it? He wondered. Just at the time when twilight and dusk seem to mingle, when you scarcely know which is which, the sound of footsteps was heard coming towards him. They stopped, and then he heard music, and some one singing softly. What was the piece? He had heard it before, but where? Oh yes, now he could remember. It was a hymn his mother used to sing years ago. How fitting for such an evening. The singing ceased—her voice was not particularly sweet—but it was music to Tom.

The footsteps were heard again, and again they paused at yet another bed; and again she took up the strain, and still on and on. Finally, it became very faint, yet this singing was consoling to Tom. The sky was now a deep grey-blue, one lone star came out, while through it all the cross stood out a little darker.

Weary and tired, he finally slept, only to dream of the true meaning of sweet music and a cross.—Andrew Hall.



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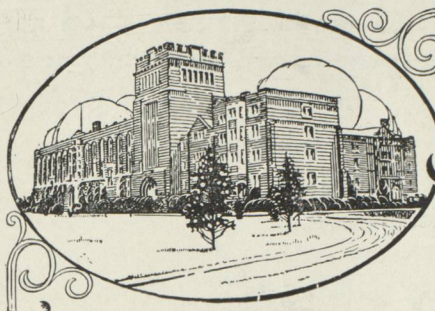
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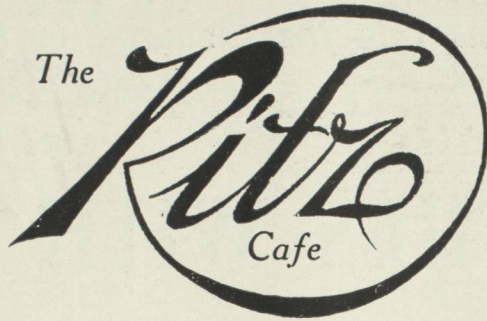
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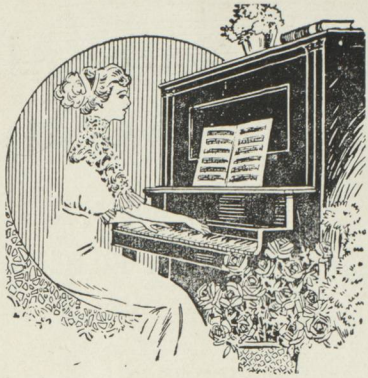
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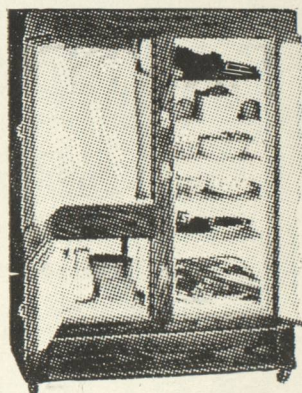
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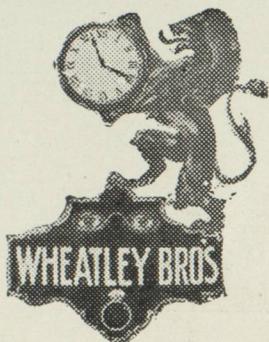
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