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THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

ANNUAL BOARD.

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Greeting

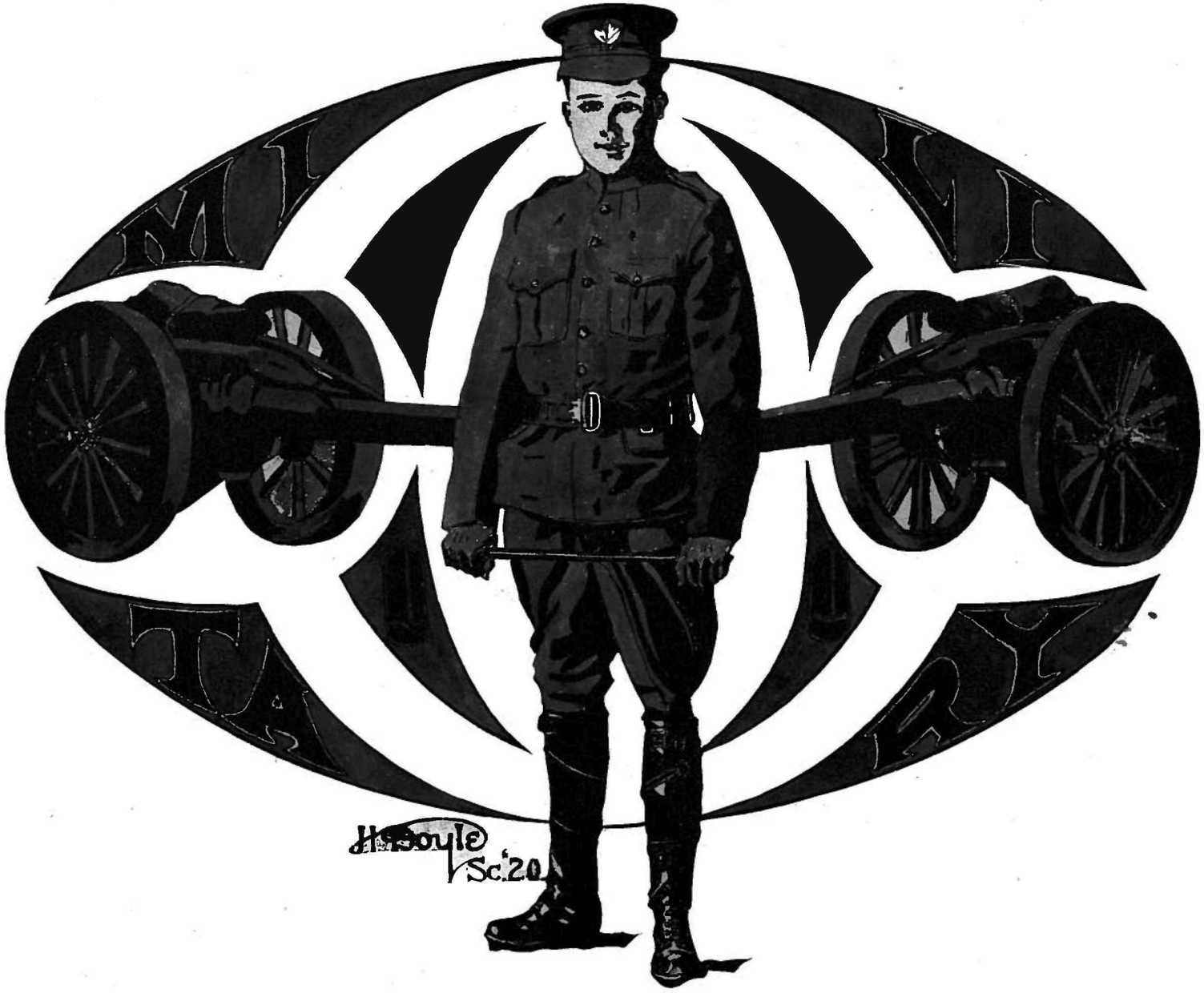
Now that the session is ended, those who have borne the burden and the heat of the day realize that for the number of students in our University we have had too many activities to enable the attainment of as high a standard of scholarship as would otherwise be possible. It is true that some day our institution will need these, and that for the students who will come after us, we are laying foundations which will make their course of greater benefit, as firmly established organizations; and they, if they think of this, will say of us, that we "builded better than we knew." This foresight; this recognition of a debt we owe, not to contemporary society alone, but to those of the distant future; this unemotional, prosaic effort, which for the labor expended can receive no adequate return—this is the only justification for our having carried so heavy a list of activities this year.

But if they should not think so? It may be thought we were indifferent to the subtle, ennobling influences gradually evolving from The Great War. Our later critics may look back upon us a cruelly unsympathetic student body and wonder why we did not forego all activities in order to throw our whole weight of support upon patriotic societies alone—our own Red Cross for instance. How are we to be justified when our deeds have been entered in the history of our University; when those who knew us not, call our record before the bar and analyze our motives; and when we in the far corners of the earth, cannot make reply?

We cannot compel posterity to read as we prefer, or to accept our versions. But here we have gathered the achievements of the year, crystallized as it were, in the record, and offer them as greetings to "our boys" who are "doing their bit" in The Great War. There are some from our ranks—"God's soldier-saints"—who "sleep well"; in memory of them, have our common tasks, our routine of activities, and the main purpose of our University—our studies, been performed in a light or careless spirit? Under the tragic influence of their memory, may it be that we also dedicate our lives in the homeland sphere to their highest and noblest possibilities.

—THE ANNUAL BOARD.

In Recognition
of the sacrifice made by
those of our comrades
"who took the khaki and the gun
instead of cap and gown"—
to
OUR STUDENTS OVERSEAS
the Annual of 1916-1917
is respectfully dedicated.


MILITARY
H.B.Doyle Sc.'20

June Fifth, Nineteen-Sixteen

"He stood and talked with others, on the deck,"
This is the last that we shall know of him;
And of the great grey battleship, a speck
Storm-tossed and drifting shoreward, tells the grim
Too common tale—the shuddering pause, and then
One common coffin for her men.

And he, whom Life had loved so well, who gave
Back to her freely all her richest store,
Who trod her farthest frontiers in the brave
Young days of danger, daring death before
He had drunk deep of life—what memories then
Had he, the captain of a world of men?

The desert spared him, tho' it took for toll
The life that England sought, too late, to save,
(And England ill could spare that steadfast soul!)
The border-tribes let fall the spear, and gave
Obedience to the man whose word they knew
Once spoken, never proved his act untrue.

The veldt (that murdered more than lives of men)
Became his path to peace; the little wars
Waged in the favored lands beyond the ken
Of wrangling politicians, left their scars
And traced the deep lines deeper—steeled his soul
To loneliness—but Death withheld his toll.

Egypt and India felt his iron hand
In times of peace—but Sikh or Dervish knew
Their cause was his; who took no lofty stand
Throne-wise upon a dais, hid from view
'Neath carven canopy, but moved among
The crowds, with rapier-glance and silent tongue.

This was his long apprentice-ship—and then
The flash of powder and the trumpet-call
Wakened from slumber all an Empire's men
And sent them grimly out to fight and fall
Under his orders; his the mighty brain
That formed the plan and made the doing plain.

Then, his stupendous task well done—a land
Civilian, by its own slow-moving will
Become an army under his command—
He faced, with eyes as unrelenting still
As when he looked on Gordon's lonely grave,
The bitter end—"Himself he could not save."

What thoughts were his in those last moments, when
He knew the work he lived to do, was done?
What thoughts are his among those mighty men
Whom he has joined, out there beyond the sun?

Up past the Orkneys all the sea suns red
Into the sunset. Kitchener is dead.

—Elspeth Honeyman.

Pro Patria.

IN the year of Grace, nineteen hundred and seventeen, the U. B. C. Annual comes into being at a time when stirring deeds are the order of the day; a time so momentous that never before, during all the history of the ages, has the world been called upon to face so grave a crisis; when all the carefully-built-up fabric of Christianity seems to be tottering to its fall, under the scourge of the most ruthless and sanguinary people that the world has ever known; whose deeds of brutal savagery make the atrocities of their barbarian ancestor, Attila, seem mild by comparison, and even eclipse the mad-cap antics of Nero, "The Fiddler," whose deeds have been long regarded as the highwater-mark of human depravity.

At such a time as this we naturally ask ourselves the question, "What is the University of British Columbia doing, as its share in helping to save the world from this threatened catastrophe?" Loud and high the answer comes, "On the blood-red fields of France and Belgium, on the desert wastes of Mesopotamia, on the rocky shores of Gallipoli and Salonika, even on the Eastern front, in the realm of the Great Bear, are the men who formed the first classes of this University, cheerfully laying down their lives in defence of the sacred cause they hold so dear, and although the U. B. C. is the youngest University in Canada, not one can show a more splendid record."

Nine men killed, approximately forty wounded, three prisoners of war and five who have won decorations, seems to show that our boys were always there, when the going was the hardest and the outlook most dark.

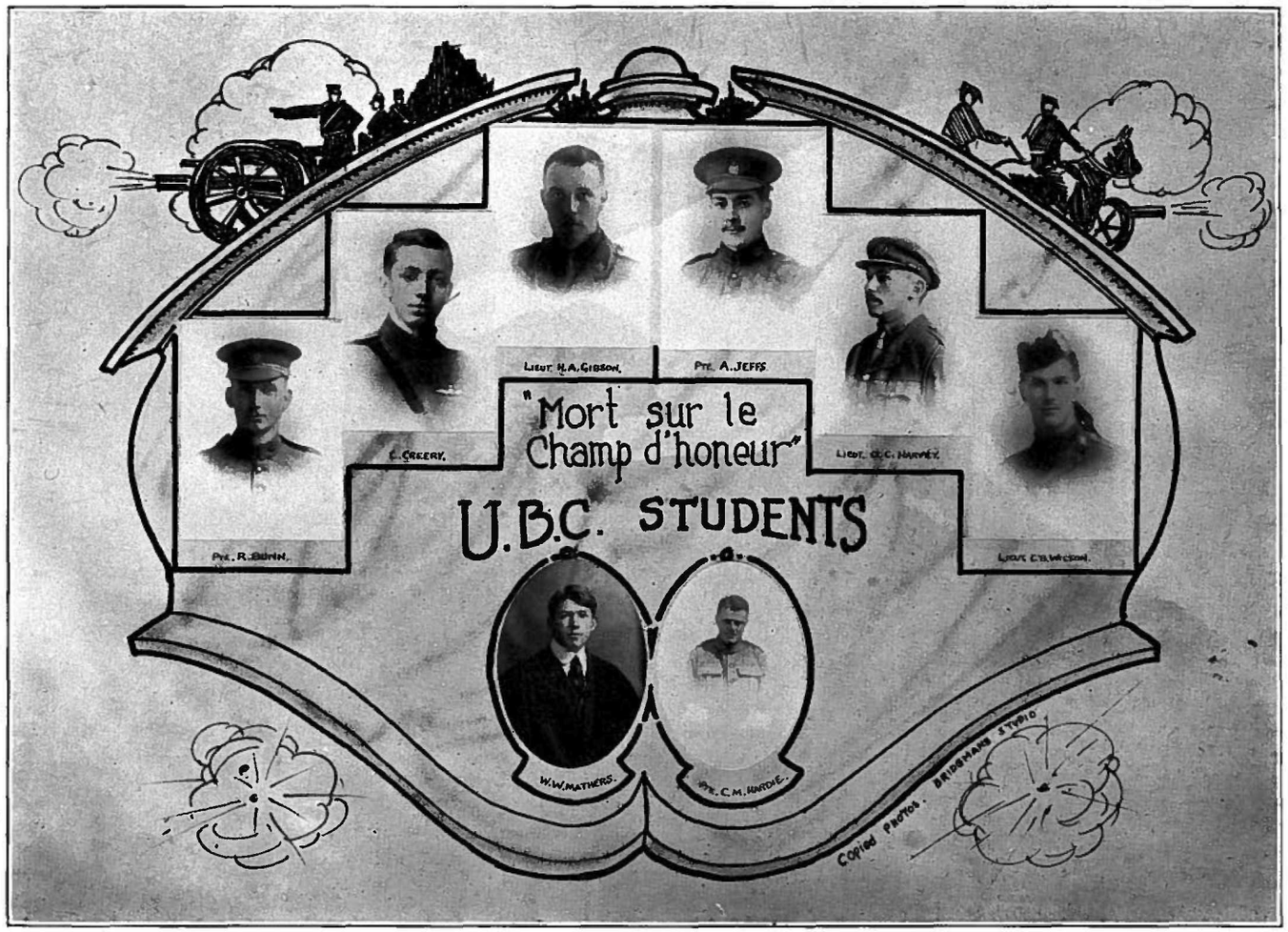
We have indeed reason to be proud of our men at the front, some of them merely boys in years, yet who in the thick of bloodiest onslaughts, and in the midst of the most damnable of shell fires, coolly and carefully gave back shot for shot, and opposed bayonet to bayonet, so manfully that the "fiery Hun" would much sooner attack anywhere else than on the Canadian lines.

It is not only on the battle field, however, that the University is doing "her bit." Here at home, we have one of the finest Officers' Training Corps in the Dominion, whose work has done much to help the Military authorities, of this District, as the demand for trained officers is always greater than the supply.

The Red Cross work, undertaken by the women of the University, shows that they too have a feeling of responsibility to the Empire during this trying period. This society is one which is doing work of almost incalculable value in helping our boys at the front; and we are sure that if the women could only hear the words of praise given by grateful soldiers, they would put forth greater efforts still.

Another form of University war activity is the work lately undertaken by Prof. Killam, with the intention of giving a short course in Gas Engineering. In this, the most technical and scientific of wars, the man with a knowledge of motor engines is in great demand. The course is very young yet, but great things may be expected from it.

From this short summary of the University war work, it would seem that we should have every confidence in the way in which our Alma Mater has assumed its share of the burdens arising from this war. But this is by no means a good and sufficient reason for us to rest on our oars and say to ourselves, "We have done much. Let others do their share." It must not be; for, ever the cry from the trenches is: "More men, more socks, more bandages, more of this and that, and always more supplies"; to which the work carried out by those who remain at home is the only answer we have. Let this be your motto, that so long as this conflict rages you will give work, more work and still more work, for in this way alone can you back the men who are shedding their blood for you.


"Mort sur le Champ d'honeur"
U.B.C. STUDENTS
LIEUT. H.A. GIBSON.
PTE. A. JEFFS
LIEUT. G.C. HARVEY.
W.W. MATHERS.
PTE. C.M. HARDIE.
COPIED PHOTOS. BRIDGMAN'S STUDIO

". . . and to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead who stayed behind."

R. BUNN.—Raymond was one of our boys who enlisted with the first draft of No. 1 McGill Company. Like the others, he left Vancouver early in the spring of 1915, and after an unusually short period of training was sent over to reinforce the Princess Pats. Bunn, on account of his genial smile, was a general favorite with every one in the company. When the mud was thickest and the rain heaviest, "Bunnie's" smile was always in evidence. He was very fortunate all through the dreary winter of 1915-16, never receiving a scratch until that fateful June 2nd arrived, when so many of our boys fell before the fury of the Hun. From all accounts Bunn was wounded early in the fighting on that day. He had his wounds dressed and was left by himself in the shelter of the trench. When the stretcher-party returned, Bunn had disappeared, for at this point in the trench an enormous shell crater had been formed by the bursting of a "Johnson." An exceedingly careful search was then instituted for him, but without a single clue of any sort being found. For a long while his relatives have hoped against hope, that he had been moved before the big shell arrived

ARMOUR JEFFS (Arts '18).—Pte. Jeffs, son of Dr. Jeffs of this city, joined the first McGill Overseas draft to the Princess Pats, leaving here in April, 1915. He proceeded with his company to Montreal and thence to England, where he underwent his final training. Jeffs, who was the smallest man of the company, standing just the requisite "five feet five," was a friend to all, but particularly to Ian Gibson, "six feet four," the biggest man in the "Pats." The sight of these two chums wandering around together was quite striking, and helped to make them the two best known men in the company. Pte. Jeffs fought all through the winter of 1915-16, and well on into the summer, without receiving a scratch; but on June 2nd, with a great many other Vancouver boys, he made the supreme sacrifice.

At first hope was entertained that he would eventually turn up, but nine months have now elapsed without word of any kind. A boy in years, yes, but "every inch a man," in the last great test of all.

W. W. MATHERS.—Still another of that ill-fated company, the first draft to the "Princess Pats," was "Ford" Mathers, who joined up in April of 1915, going overseas with his company in May. With the others he underwent training at Shorncliff, and first saw service at the historic old town of Armentiers, where he did splendid work in keeping up the spirits of his companions.

Throughout the winter of 1915-16, he fought without being wounded, never complaining at any of the thousand and one discomforts in the trenches, playing the man in the biggest game of all.

He took up machine gun work during the winter, and was soon appointed to the machine gun squad. This squad is known as the "Suicide Gang," for it is one of the most dangerous and exacting positions in the front line. But, as we have said before, he was very fortunate, until that dreadful day of June 2nd arrived. "Ford" was last seen with his gun, helping to stem the torrent of grey-coated figures swarming across "No Man's Land"; and although diligent efforts were made to find him, no trace was ever discovered, nor have his relatives ever received any word other than rumours of various sorts.

There is a slight possibility of Pte. Mathers being a prisoner of war; but even though that probability is very obscure, we all hope that his relatives may some day soon be cheered by good news of him.

C. M. HARDIE (Sc. '18) joined the first McGill Overseas draft which left Vancouver on April 4th, 1915, and proceeded to Montreal to undergo his training in that city. When the company arrived in England, Pte. Hardie, on account of his fearlessness and natural ability, was chosen as a bomb-thrower. On his arrival in France, his sunny nature and cheerful disposition made him a universal favorite, not only with the members of his own company, but with the "Old Pats" as well.

After serving nine months, Pte. Hardie was wounded through the right elbow, while acting as mail-carrier in the Ypres salient. He was rushed to the clearing station, where his wound was dressed, and thence to England. While there the Editor had the privilege of seeing him quite frequently, and often discussed the possibility of getting back to the dear homeland, that he had left so long ago. However, in September he was again sent to France. This time he went to the Somme and was one of those who participated in the taking of Thiepval, a fortress which had long held up the Australians, but fell to the persistent hammering of the Canadians. Soon after this Pte. Hardie was struck on the head by a flying piece of shrapnel and stunned. This wound was not at first thought to be serious, but three days later an operation had to be performed, which was, however, unsuccessful.

LT. H. E. GIBSON.—Harold Gibson was another of the University men who joined the first P. P. C. L. I. draft, and, along with the others of his company, went into action at Armentiers during the early summer of 1915. He too was a general favorite; of a thoughtful, quiet nature. His unvarying cheerfulness under all conditions of discomfort won the respect of officers and men alike. While a private in the "Pats," he went through all the heavy fighting with that unit, up to and including the most famous of all days, the 2nd of June, 1916. On that day Pte. Gibson was slightly wounded and sent to a hospital in England. During the period of his convalescence, Pte. Gibson was able able to get in touch with the authorities, who granted him permission to attend a school of instruction. Obtaining his lieutenancy in September, he was appointed to the 58th Battalion, and again saw service, this time at the Somme. Here his battalion went into action at ——, and lost sixty-five per cent. of its officers, including himself. He was posted as missing for some considerable time; but there seemed to be no doubt that he had met his death at the head of his men, in one of the bloodiest battles of the war, but which resulted in the taking of a position of almost incalculable value.

L. B. SMITH (Student at Latimer Hall).—Pte. Smith enlisted with the third Overseas Company from McGill University, and was sent with that company to the Princess Pats. After training for a short time in England, Pte. Smith went to France late in 1915. He did his full share of the hard work of the winter, and was officially reported killed after June 2nd, 1916.

C. WILSON joined one of the early battalions for service at the front, by special request, owing to the fact that he spoke German fluently, and was of great value to his corps in performing the work of an interpreter. He was attached to the 16th Battalion of Canadian Scottish, and was reported killed in January, 1917.

We very much regret that we are unable to furnish pictures of these two men, whose supreme sacrifice entitles them to a place in our gallery of heroes who have given their all for the sake of their ideals.

K. McLENNAN.—"Kenny" left Vancouver with a detachment from the Canadian Army Medical Corps, which left here early in 1915. After the usual period of training in England he was sent to France. He was killed but eight days after reaching the front.

We are very sorry that we have also been unable to obtain a photograph of Pte. McLennan, for we feel that his splendid example of doing his duty entitles him particularly to a place of honor amongst our fallen heroes.

COLIN HARVEY (Sc. Lt. 3rd Battalion, South Lancashire Regiment).—Lt. Harvey went to England in the spring of 1915, and after attending a school of instruction at Harrogate, obtained his commission in the above mentioned regiment, one of the famous old English regiments. The remainder of his training was taken at Harrogate and Great Crosby, where the battalion was rounded into shape. His regiment was ordered to France in August, 1915, so that he served throughout the winter of 1915-16 without hurt of any kind. Almost a year later, however, while leading a bombing attack on July 7, 1916, he fell, shot through the head by a German sniper. His work with the battalion was of the very finest, as Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig both mentioned Lt. Harvey for gallant conduct on the field.

C. T. CREERY (Sc. '18), Killed in Action.—"Cuthie" Creery joined up with 11th C. M. R.'s early in the spring of 1915, trained with them in Canada and proceeded with them to England. While there, he was able to transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, and obtained his commission in that branch of the service in December, 1915.

He was sent to France in April, 1916, and first experienced active service flying at Armentiers, near the border of France and Belgium. He had the misfortune to be wounded slightly in an aeroplane accident in May, but soon recovered, and took part in many daring air-raids on the railways and Zeppelin hangars in Belgium. His squadron was sent down to the Somme to participate in the big push, where it did splendid work, being thanked, in person, by Sir Douglas Haig.

After serving for nearly five months in this locality, Lt. Creery was instantly killed in an aerial battle on January 20, 1917. His body was found later, and buried with all honors at Hailly, France.

The Officers' Training Corps, 1916-17.

On the outbreak of war, the students of the University, then known as McGill College, formed themselves into an Officers' Training Corps, with the object of providing efficient officers for the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The enrollment consisted of nearly one hundred and seventy men, of whom thirty-one enlisted immediately for overseas service; of the remainder, the majority, in fact, nearly one hundred and fifty, have since joined. This work, so ably commenced by Prof. H. Logan, has been carried on through two succeeding years, with the result that about 70 per cent. of our boys have joined up each year. Dr. Wesbrook, on coming to the University, was appointed Officer in Command, with Captains Jordan and Elliott in charge of the actual training work. The result has been that every branch of the army and navy contains young men who received their primary instruction in the ranks of our C. O. T. C.

Because of the fact that a certain amount of drill is compulsory for all male students, the work of the Training Corps is divided into two distinct classes, those who are taking all the drill possible because they are going overseas, and those of the "Conscript Gang," who are taking drill because it is impossible to avoid it. In the one case the men receive fifty per cent. more drill than the others.

This year the new Ross Rifles arrived, and our men are now able to undertake drill of a more interesting character. With the aid of the rifles and a shooting gallery, the inevitable boredom and lack of interest, which has a tendency to crop up in any company taking primary drill has been overcome. Skirmishing, day and night manoeuvres, trench digging, the making of loop holes and machine gun emplacement, rifle shooting, bayonet exercises and bomb throwing are highly interesting and of the utmost importance to those who in time of need may be called upon to defend their home and country. At present, of course, it is impossible to give training in these, but after the war, we confidently expect that a thorough course along these lines will be given, so that every man may be qualified to perform the highest duties of citizenship with the least possible expense to his country. That is what has been done in Germany during the past twenty years, with the result that with "two miserable allies," she is able to defy the whole world, and although the Germans are fiends incarnate, yet they have brains of the brilliant sort which we would like to see in the possession of, we'll say, our Higher Command.

Given a sufficient number of students, there does not seem to be any reason why our present C. O. T. C. should not expand into a large school of military instruction where engineering and theoretical work could be given to regular army officers, somewhat after the manner of Kingston or West Point of today. A school of this sort situated in Vancouver would derive immense advantages from its natural location, where complicated practical problems for the engineer and gunnery officer can be found within an hour's march of the city.

One thing, however, is certain, that our C. O. T. C. has done an immense amount of work already and, it may be, has laid the foundation stone of bigger things to follow.

Wounded in the "Great Adventure."
U.B.C STUDENTS
PTE. IAN. GIBSON.
CAPT. WALLIS.
PTE. A. McDOUGAL.
PTE. C.V.H. MACFARLANE.
PTE. D.A. WRIGHT.
PTE. MUNROE. PRISONER OF WAR.
LIEUT. R. CREERY.
LIEUT. H. SIMONDS.
S.J. GALBRAITH.
E. CRUTE.
W.G. McLELLAN.
LIEUT. W. LIVINGSTONE.
PTE. L. ELLIOTT.
PTE. M. DESBRISAY.
Copied Photos
BRIDGMANS STUDIO.

Wounded.

R. H CREERY, 2nd Lt. R. G. A.—"Ronnie" enlisted as a private in the 87th Battalion from Vancouver. Went to England in a draft, June, 1915. Trained there for two months, and was sent to France in August, 1915. Given a commission in the Royal Garrison Artillery in December, 1915. Back to France, July, 1916. Wounded slightly in shoulder and leg, January 31, 1917. After five weeks, was discharged from the hospital, and is now back with his battery.

G. CRAIG (Arts '16).—Enlisted with 2nd Overseas Company, from McGill University. Trained at Montreal. Joined 1st Company in June and went with them to "Princess Pats." On June 2, 1916, was captured, in company with A. Munroe, and slightly wounded in the back. Was last heard from teaching school in Poland at Ph—rts—xyz.

C. V. H. MACFARLANE (Arts '19).—Joined 46th Battery in fall of 1915. Left for overseas January, 1916. Trained at Bramshott. After two months' service in France, had his right leg broken in two places by a kick from a horse. Convalescent in England at Epsom. Has been pronounced fit again by the Medical Board and has rejoined his battery.

A. McDOUGAL.—Joined first reinforcements' company of P. P. C. L. I. Trained in England as a bomb-thrower. Was through all the hard fighting in Ypres and two months on the Somme, without a scratch. Was given a commission in the Pats. For meritorious work in the field, was appointed bombing officer. Knocked out by a bomb while leading an attack. Lost right leg above the knee and had left arm broken. Is returning home soon.

W. G. McLELLAN (Arts '18).—Enlisted with first Overseas Company of McGill University. Trained in England. Was the first Vancouver boy to be wounded, losing an eye on the Somme, October, 1915. Sent to England and given discharge on convalescence. Returned home February, 1916.

S. B. PLUMMER (Sc. '16).—Enlisted with first McGill draft to Princess Pats. Trained in England. Took up machine gun work in France. Was severely wounded June 2, 1916, at Ypres, and taken to England. On being able to get around again, he was appointed to a school of instruction, where he obtained his commission, and has since been appointed to his old battalion, the P. P. C. L. I.

R. H. SIMONDS (Art '18).—Enlisted with McGill Overseas Company, April, 1915. Was trained as a bomb-thrower in England. Fought through the summer o f1916 without receiving a mark of any kind, but was wounded on the Somme in the fall of 1916. His wounds were not serious and he was soon able to rejoin his company. There is a report that he has received his commission in the "Pats," but we have obtained no confirmation of this matter. If it is correct, we wish him every success.

R. M. WILSON, "Scotty" (Arts '17).—Enlisted with McGill draft. Joined Princess Pats at Armentieres. Had slight touch of fever in fall of 1915. Was wounded one night through the right shoulder while on a "bligging patrol." Sent to England, where the arm was found to be semi-paralyzed. Returned home on leave, February, 1917.

W. A. WRIGHT, "Rasty" (Sc. '16).—Enlisted in first draft to P. P. C. L. I. from McGill University. Left Vancouver as a corporal in partial charge of Vancouver section. Trained at Montreal and Niagara before going overseas. Was wounded severely on June 2nd at Ypres. From all accounts "Rasty" tried to stop a large percentage of Krupp Works, being covered with numerous wounds which, though not severe, were exceedingly painful. At present he is attending a school of instruction at Epson.

H. F. G. LETSON, Lt. 54th Battalion.—Information has just been received of the wounding of H. F. G. Letson, who is the first member of the 196th Battalion to be injured in the war. Harry left here as a sergeant in the 196th. On arriving in England he was given his commission and drafted to the 54th Battalion. We wish him a speedy recovery.

S. F. GALBRAITH (Theological Student at Latimer Hall).—Enlisted in first draft of McGill Overseas Company. Trained as a machine gunner while in England. Was the first man to be scratched in his company, being burnt on the back of the hand by a German bullet, without doing any harm other than causing him to give vent to an exclamation not learned at Latimer Hall. Was wounded during the Ypres fighting, but, having been pronounced fit, has rejoined his regiment.

I. GIBSON (Arts '16).—Enlisted with the first Overseas Company sent from McGill University to the Princess Pats. Left Vancouver April 4, 1915, as corporal in charge of the section from this city. Went through the winter of 1915-16 without a scratch. Was wounded about the head, on June 2, at Ypres, losing partially the sight of one eye. Sent to England, where, after convalescence, he was attached for duty at the base, being permanently unfit for active service abroad.

W. LIVINGSTONE (Sc. '16).—Enlisted with first McGill draft in March, 1915. Given commission in Royal Engineers, November, 1915. Wounded on Ypres-Commiers Canal, December, 1915 (slight). Wounded again at St. Eloi, January, 1916. Discharged. Returned to Vancouver September, 1916. Rejoined February, 1917.

A. MUNROE (Theological Student at Latimer Hall).—Enlisted with first McGill Overseas draft to P. P. C. L. I. in spring of 1915. Trained at Montreal and Niagara before going to England. Was severely wounded and taken prisoner at Ypres on June 2, 1916. Wounds in right leg and left arm, so serious that he has practically lost the use of both members. Was last heard from at *Krieggefengenlaaeger, Dulmen i.w. (*Being Irish by extraction, we do not vouch for the spelling.)

H. J. CAMERON (Sc. '16).—Went overseas early in summer, 1915, and obtained a commission in the 63rd Naval Division. Went down with the Mediterranean Expedition, and has since been wounded; how severely we are unable to say, but hope that it will not be long before he is back into harness again.

E. CRUTE.—Student of Theology at Latimer Hall prior to War; enlisted with first McGill draft to P. P. C. L. I. in April, 1915. Trained for some months as a machine gunner. Wounded in the shoulder and arm at Ypres in May. On becoming convalescent he was appointed instructor at the base camp, but has lately rejoined his battalion in France.

M. DesBRISAY (Arts '16).—Enlisted with 1st McGill Overseas Company, March, 1915. Took up machine gun work while in France. Wounded in the leg during third German attack on Ypres, June 2, 1916. Lay for three days without attention in shell-swept trench. Taken to England, where on convalescence he was declared unfit for further military service. Given convalescent discharge December, 1916, on returning home. Now in the Senior year at University.

L. ELLIOT (Arts '19).—Enlisted with first draft of McGill Overseas Company in March, 1915. He, like the others, took up machine gun work. Was wounded on June 4, after passing unscathed through the inferno of the 2nd. Sent to England, and, after convalescence, was judged unfit for further military service. Arrived home in January, 1917, suffering from a broken ear-drum. Given convalescent discharge.

G. FOWLER (Sc. '19).—Enlisted with first draft to Princess Pats in spring of 1915. Had his shoulder pierced by a piece of shell, and, while lying on the ground having his wounds dressed, was again struck, this time by the nose-cap of a "Whizz Bang," which broke his arm at the elbow. "Buddy" did not reach England, as his wounds were not judged to be of a severe nature, and has again joined his battalion at the front. We should dearly love to have heard his comments on not getting to "Blighty."

G. L. FRASER (Sc. '18).—Enlisted in first Overseas draft of McGill University in the spring of 1915, and, while training in England, took up bomb-throwing as a pastime. Was given his corporal's stripes, near the end of December. Wounded slightly in the shoulder while at Ypres. Returned to duty in September, 1916. Was again wounded while on the Somme, this time severely. Granted Military Medal for gallantry in action. On convalescence in England, was judged unfit for further service and is now on his way home.

On Active Service.

Anderson, A. J., 196th Battalion.
Anderson, C. W., 72nd Battalion.
Anderson, J. A., 196th Battalion.
Archibald, A. J., 6th Engineers.
Banfield, W. O., 68th Battery.

Baxter, F. R., 50th Battery.
Berry, E. W., 9th Brigade H. Q. S.
Best, E. L., 196th Battalion.
Bickell, W. A. B., M. T., A. S. C.
Blair, A. G., 231st Battalion.
Bunn, R. S., P. P. C. L. I. (missing, June 2, 1916).
Brock, Major R. W., 196th Battalion.
Bennett, J. L., 196th Battalion.

Cameron, H. J., 63rd Naval Division (wounded).
Campbell, F. C., 196th Battalion.
Clark, G. S., 231st Battalion.
Cline, H. M., 231st Battalion.
Coates, W. W., 68th Battery.
Coughlan, J. C., P. P. C. L. I. (disabled in England).
Craig, G., P. P. C. L. I. (prisoner of war).
Creery, C. J., Lt. R. F. C. (killed in action).
Creery, K. A., Lt. R. F. C.
Creery, R. N., Lt. Artillery, No. 12 Siege Battery (wounded).
Creighton, C. P., Lt. R. F. C.
Cross, G. C., 196th Battalion.
Carter, B., H. Q. S. 9th Brigade.
Crute, E., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded).
Clement, C. M., Capt. R. F. C.
Coles, E. M., R. F. C.

Dawe, W. A., Lt. 7th (Canadians); Military Medal.
DesBrisay, H. A. (returned).
DesBrisay, M., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded, returned).
Dixon, G. C., Imperial Artillery, O. T. C.
Duncan, C. A., 196th Battalion.
Dunstan, A. B., B. C. Engineers.
Day, F. J., 196th Battalion (wounded).
Duncan, R. G., 102nd Battalion.

Drewry, J. H., R. F. C.
Elliott, L. M., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded, returned).
Ellison, P., C. M. R.
Emmons, E. F., C. A. M. C., Salonika.
Evans, C. S., Sgt. 196th Battalion.
Eastman, Dr. M., 196th Battalion Draft.

Fountain, G. F., 46th (Canadians).
Fowler, G., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded).
Frampton, G., Sgt. Signallers.
Frampton, C. S., 25th Battalion.
Fraser, G. L., Sgt. P. P. C. L. I. (wounded twice).

Gillespie, R. M.
Gillie, K. B., H. Q. S. 9th Brigade.
Gordon, A. M., 3rd. Div. Signallers.
Galbraith, S. T., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded).
Gibson, H. A. F., Lt. P. P. C. L. I. (killed in action).
Goodman, E. M., M. T. A. S. C.
Gibson, T. I., P. P. C. L. I. (wounded).
Gale, W. A., 62nd Battery.
Gregg, E. E.

Harvie, C. M., P. P. C. L. I. (died of wounds).
Harvey, O. C., Lt. 7th South Lanc's (killed in action).
Helme, H., M. T. A. S. C.
Heynen, R. H., K. R. R. C.
Holmes, A. T. F., 196th Battalion.
Hoult, J. H., P. P. C. L. I.
Hughes, N. V., 196th Battalion.
Hurst, A. M., 196th Battalion.
Hamilton, R. S.

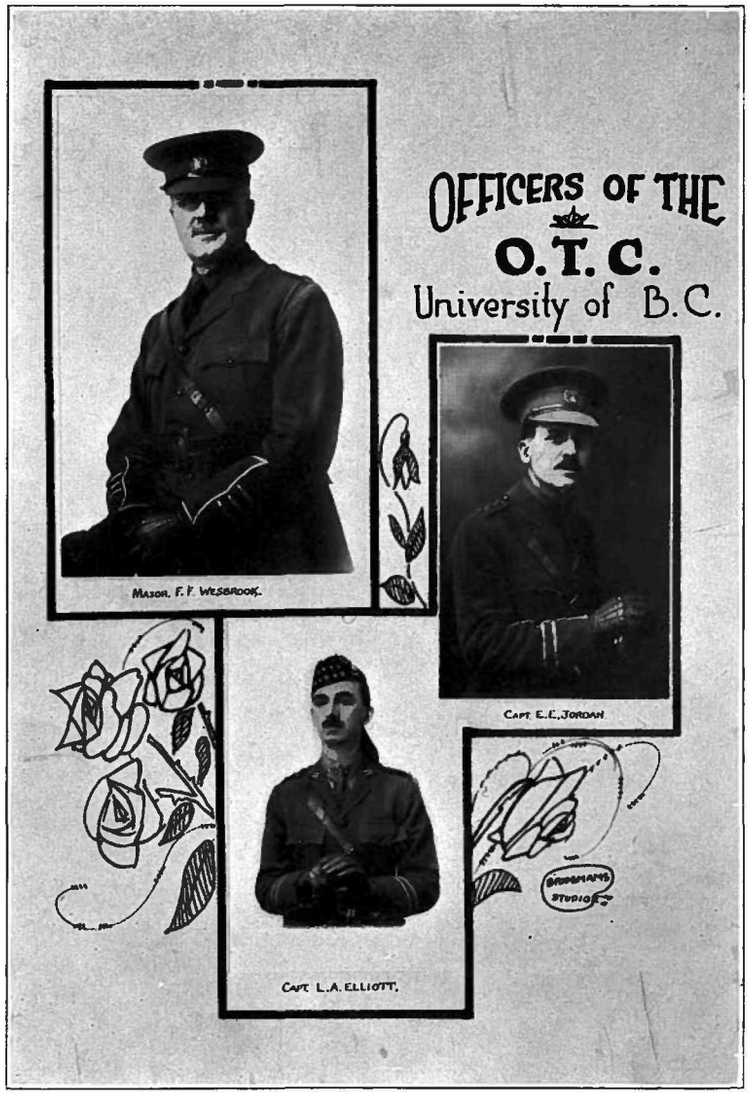
Jackson, Major J. A., 29th Battalion (Military Cross).
Jeffs, W. A. C., P. P. C. L. I. (missing, June 2, 1916).
Johnston, H. L., 2nd Army Troops Coy.

Kearne, G. N., 47th Battalion.
Kerr, J. H., Lt. 196th Battalion.

Lambert, N. D., Imperial O. T. C.
Lawrence, J. L., Strathcona Horse.
Lawson, D. M., 196th Battalion.
LeMessurier, E., Lieut. 143rd Battalion.
LeMessurier, T., R. F. C.
Letson, H. F. G., Lt. 54th Battalion (wounded).
Lett, S., Lt. 121st (W. I.) Battalion.
Lord, A. E., 196th Battalion.
Lord, E. E., Lt. R. E.
Livingstone, W., Lt. R. E. (wounded twice, returned).
Logan, H. T., 4th Div. M. G. Section.
Leckie, C. P., R. F. C.

Mathers, F., 46th Battery.
Mathers, W. W., P. P. C. L. L. (Missing June 2, 1916)
Maxwell, W. F., 46th Battery.
Mayers, J. C. F., 196th Battalion.
Meekison, D. M., Sgt 196th Bat.
Merrill, G. H., 196th Battalion.
Miller, A. H., 196th Battalion.
Miller, C., 46th Battalion.
Milton, E. L., 46th Battery.
Moore, G. B., Lt. R. F. C.
Morrison, A. H., 46th Battery.
Morrison, L. A., 68th Battery.
Murray, K. W., 196th Battalion.
Munro, A., P. P. C. L. I. (Wounder—Prisoner of war)
May, J. G., 62nd Battery.

MacFarlane, C. V. H., 46th Battery. (Injured in France)
MacLennan, N. K. F., C.A.M.C. (Died of wounds)
MacLeod, W. R., 196th Battalion.
MacPherson, G. A., Lt. Tyneside Scottish.
McPherson, C. S., Lt. P. P. C. L. I.
McPhalen, H. C., 46th Battery.
McAfee, W. R., 50th Battery.
McGown, T., 68th Battery.
McIlvride, R., 27th Battalion. (Military Medal)
McLelan, A. G., Lt. 6th Brigade.



LIEUT. WILLIAM DAWE
(Arts '16)
7th Battalion

SERGT. G. L. FRASER
Military Medal

McLellan, W. G., P. P. C. L. I. (Wounded. Returned)
McNamara, J. A., 6th C. E.
McTavish, A. M., 121st (W. I.) Battalion
McDiarmid, D. DeC., 62nd Battery.

Palmer, R. C., 196th Battalion.
Palmer, W. M.
Pim, E. H., H. Q. S., 9th Brigade.
Plummer, S. B., Lt. P. P. C. L. I. (Wounded)
Powell, F. T. S., Capt. Pay Office.
Powell, H. M., B. C. Horse.
Payne, W. R., 231st Battalion.
Pearse, H. A., 62nd Battery.

Rae, D. H., H. Q. S., 6th Brigade. (Military Medal)
Ritchie, R. G.
Rose, H. A., 68th Battery.
Ray, G. H., R. F. C.
Rive, A., 196th Battalion.

Sclater, J. L., Lt. 7th Battalion.
Scott, G. W., Scout H. Q. S., 6th Brigade.
Scott, S. M., 196th Battalion.
Seidelman, E. J.
Sexsmith, F. F. B., Imperial Artillery O. T. C.
Shearman, T. S. B., 196th Battalion.
Simonds, R. H., Lt. P. P. C. L. I. (Wounded)
Smeeton, J. T., Lt. 54th Battalion.
Smith, L. B., P. P. C. L. I. (Killed in action)
Southcott, J. P. C., 68th Battery.
Stephen, J. F., M. T. A. S. C.
Smith, R. R.
Stewart, E. R. ,196th Battalion.
Stone, C. E., 68th Battery.
Schofield, S. T., Lt. 196th Battalion.
Stewart, C. C., 196th Battalion.
Southam, H. D., C. A. M. C.
Smith, R., 68th Battery.

Taylor, J. M.
Thompson, A. B.
Thompson, D. L., 46th Battalion.
Timberlake, M., 46th Battalion.
Traves, C. W., 196th Battalion.
Traves, E. C., 196th Battalion.
Trapp, D. J., C. E.

Usher, C., 68th Battery.

Waddington, G. W., No. 1, F. A., C. A. M. C.
Wade, H. R., Motor Boat Patrol.
Walkinshaw, W .R., 46th Battery.
Wallis, P. R. M., Capt. 16th Can. Scots. (Wounded)
Walsh, H. E., Div. Signal Corps.
Weart, J. F., Sgt. Imperial Training School.
Wilson, C., 16th Battalion. (Killed in action)
Wilson, F. R., 196th Battalion.
Wilson, R. M., P. P. C. L. I. (Wounded)
Wilson, W. C., 46th Battery.
Wilkinson, E. C., 196th Battalion.
Woodward, E. R., Lt. Tunneling Co., C. E.
Wright, D. A., Cpl. P. P. C. L. I. (Wounded)
Wright, R. C., 68th Battery.

Medallists.

Fraser, Jackson, Rae, McIlvride and Dawe are the men who have conferred the highest honors on their University by winning decorations for gallantry in action. These splendid fellows, by simply doing what they considered their duty, have won for themselves a niche in the hall of fame, which will last as long as our Varsity shall endure.

The deeds which won these men their coveted honors would form a noble narrative were one permitted to obtain it, but unfortunately their modesty is as great as their bravery. For they keep the stories of their exploits locked within their breasts, and as a result, we who would like to hear them must be content with knowing that, though the doers themselves make light of them, their deeds would fill an honorable page in Canadian history, or any other, for that matter. Lyle Fraser, in particular, is so reticent that he has not even told his people at home; they learned from mutual friends in England that he has obtained the medal. It is rather unfortunate that we are unable to obtain these stories, for we think that they would not only make a very strong appeal to those who have not gone, but would be used as an incentive to those of the younger generation who are at the right age to appreciate these things.

Of course, the majority were men of McGill, B. C., and so we cannot claim them as U. B. C. men; yet they are the men who laid the foundations of our present University, and some recognition is certainly nothing more than their due. There are nearly two dozen Military Crosses among this number, and at least two D. S. O's., a fact which makes us very proud of our B. C. boys, whether of old McGill, or U. B. C.

University men of British Columbia, we rise to salute you, for your deeds have helped to make British Columbia's "Iron Brigade" famous in a nation famed for its regiments and their glorious traditions.

Red Cross Society.

I. Harvey — M. H. Hardie, Miss MacInnes — P. Gintzburger

In these days, when so much is being done to keep the home-fires burning and draw our thoughts from the battlefields, there is a danger, seeing the Red Cross work succeed so well, that we shall forget or be careless to do our bit. After such splendid addresses as that of Miss MacInnes to the W. L. S., and Sir Herbert Ames to the student body, a few more workers turned out, but it was not long before this influence had ceased to operate, and the Red Cross rooms were once more practically empty. There are many to whom our organization is deeply indebted. We very much appreciate the financial support we have had from the Players' Club. From it we received $200 in the spring of 1916. In September Mrs. Harvey held a garden party at her home, and kindly donated $26 of the proceeds to our society. This, together with gifts from several of the faculty wives, the proceeds from the raffle of "Bacon's History of Henry VII." donated by Mr. Robertson, and the monthly fee of 25 cents from the members, has been the mainstay of our treasury. Thirty dollars of this money was given to the city headquarters to purchase comfort bags for the men. All the rest has been used to buy material.

The society has carried on last year's traditions and the boxes sent to the central depot have been declared by Mrs. Mills to be splendid and perfect in every way. This gratifying report has been possible only through the conscientious work of Miss MacInnes and her executive who have devoted so much of their time to the society.

On March 13th a tag day was held in the University, and the sum of $50.87 realized. We have been reminded lately that "He profiteth most who serveth best." That the male members of our Alma Mater have done their share is unquestionable. In future years, when comparing universities, it will be asked, how did you serve your country in its time of need? Shall we be able to say, "We did our utmost?"

Benedictus

The original of this poem, which has not been published previously, was formerly in the possession of Mr. A. N. St. John Mildmay. It was presented to President Suzzallo as a gift to the University of Washington from members of the Faculty of U. B. C.

Something so tender fills the air to-day,
What it may be—or mean, no voice can say—
But all the harsh, hard things seem far away.

Something so restful lies on lake and shore,
The world seems anchored, and life's petty war
Of haste and labour gone for ever more.

Something so holy lies upon the land
Like to a blessing from some saintly head,
A Peace we feel, tho' cannot understand.

—Pauline Johnson.

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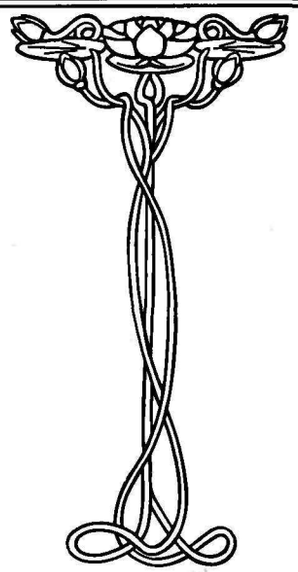
1. Behind the Sandbags
2. Princess Patricias
   Gun Section Entering Trenches

3. S. B. Plummer
4. E. Crute (*on left*)
   M. DesBrisay
   S. B. Plummer (*on right*)

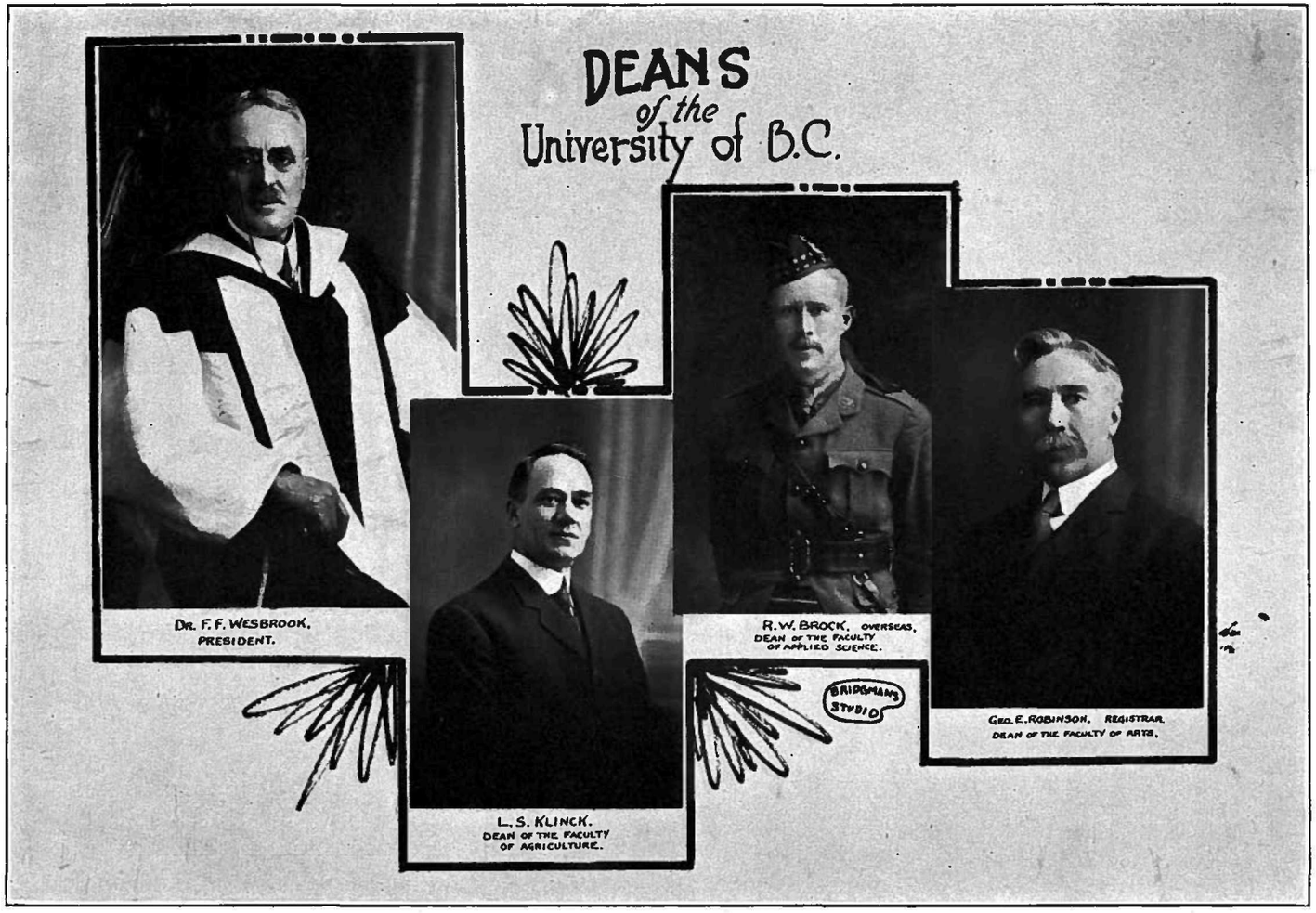
5. Standing on Right:
   Rasty Wright, Sc. '17
6. E. Crute and Eric Woodward
7. Locke Elliot

8. Off Duty in Trenches
9. R. Symonds
   R. Macpherson
   —MacDougal
   Lyall Fraser

Freak of Sunset



Autumn maples flame and flicker o'er the western sky tonight—
Freak of sunset! There is Vulcan on the far Olympic height!
Vulcan knotted o'er his anvil, sledge upraised with Titan strain;
'Mid the purpling billows surging, frothing the ethereal main,
As the armor of Aeneas glows to form beneath the stroke,
Blue steel's supple sinews blended with the stubborn strength of oak.
Surely Venus leans beside him, by thin rosy mists half-veiled,
As the billowed clouds, fanned crimson, round their feet are zephyr-galed—
Fiery core, empurpled embers, red at heart, out-turned to dun,
Fade and brighten, glow and deaden, feint and flicker, pause and run,
Till, o'er-rolled in smoking purple is the forge and godlike smith,
And out-drawn in smoother levels from the ancient Grecian myth,
Slow is forged the shape of England in an open saffron sea,
England, from the smoke of battle, rising bruised and scarred, but free.
Freak of sunset? O, Thou England, forge of Peace and right to be!


DEANS
of the
University of B.C.
DR. F. F. WESBROOK.
PRESIDENT.
L. S. KLINCK.
DEAN OF THE FACULTY
OF AGRICULTURE.
R. W. BROCK. OVERSEAS.
DEAN OF THE FACULTY
OF APPLIED SCIENCE.
BRIDGMAN'S
STUDIO
GEO. E. ROBINSON. REGISTRAR.
DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS.

Appointments in the Faculty and Staff.

THEODORE H. BOGGS, M.A., Ph.D.

Dr. Boggs, though come of a U. E. Loyalist family of Nova Scotia, is not himself Canadian born. His parents were missionaries, and his birthplace British India, near Madras. He left India at an early age, however, and received his education in Canada, graduating from Acadia in 1902. Two years later he went to Yale, where, after repeating his senior year, he continued to the degrees of M. A. (1906) and Ph.D. (1908). He remained at Yale as instructor in the Department of Economics until 1911, when he accepted a position in the same department at Dartmouth, which he retained until his coming to us at the beginning of the present academic year. Dr. Boggs has published a number of articles on economic and political subjects, three of which have appeared in the University Magazine. While at Acadia he took a prominent part in the athletic activities of the University, being a member of the rugby, baseball, basketball, and track teams. In spite of his having spent so many years in the United States, Dr. Boggs is enthusiastically Canadian, and we are not always hearing about the wonderful superiority of the institutions on "the other side"—which is, perhaps, one of the reasons why his classes are so popular. The principal one, however, is—but, come to his lectures and you will soon discover it for yourself.

Formerly most of us knew Mr. Willis only from his signature on our High School certificates. This term, however, we who desire to lisp in Latin numbers have been given the opportunity of forming a more intimate acquaintance with him. Mr. Willis is from the ends of the earth, that is, of Canada, his early home being in Prince Edward Island. Though he graduated from McGill, he comes to us from Victoria, where he was Principal of the High School and Dean of McGill University College. He is one of our most modest professors, claiming "to have done nothing and, therefore, having no hesitation in giving full information," but while we cannot doubt his veracity, yet Mr. Russell and Mr. Robertson speak in warmest praise of him. Those who take lectures under him know him as a man at once just and considerate, and if wisely exacting, only the more unsparing in his own efforts. His kindly toleration and sympathy with the Juniors, who have this year come under the ardent spell of Catullus, makes full amends for the fact that he has not yet donned the characteristic color, the familiar emblem of the department of classics. With Prof. Robertson, he has been taking Greek lectures in the absence of Prof. Macnaghten.

S. J. WILLIS, B.A.

JOHN ULRICK RANSOM, B.A.

Mr. Ransom, though a new comer, is now a well-known figure in our midst, with his floating gown and well-poised mortar-board. He received his education at Bedford, and took his degree from London. Though he has taught and travelled widely in France and the colonies, we notice that he is still very partial to the land of his birth. He is the author of numerous valuable text-books, and at one time was acting professor of modern languages at the University of New Zealand. His hobbies are swimming and elocution, and he betrays a distinct liking for the humorous in life. To those who sit beneath his watchful eye, drinking in the flowing words of his French translation, he is a most good-natured and kindly instructor. His chief aim, at present, is to cultivate the memories of our freshmen, who, however, are inclined to feel in the examination room the poigancy of the saying "Memory is like a purse—if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it."

When Dr. Mack Eastman resigned his position as head of the department of history, owing to profound interest in military matters, he chose to take his place. Walter C. Barnes, whose knowledge of history is both wide and extensive and whose method of imparting historical information is fascinating and interesting. Professor Barnes was educated in the Public Schools of New Jersey, whence he proceeded to the University of Colorado, where he took his degree in Arts in 1912. He then continued his studies in Post Graduate work under Professor Stephens, of the University of California, and in 1913 brought great credit upon his Alma Mater by winning the Rhodes' Scholarship. During his three years' residence at Oxford, he specialized in History and his ability in debating won for him the presidency of the Debating Society of Lincoln College, Oxford. In 1916 Professor Barnes graduated, coming back to his former leader, Prof. Stephens, of the University of California, where he lectured for one session prior to his arrival at the U. of B. C. It can be said without hesitation that it is a privilege and a pleasure to take notes from one who makes historical studies so alluring.

WALTER C. BARNES, B.A. (Oxon.)

P. H. ELLIOTT, M.Sc.

Mr. P. H. Elliott, of the Physics Department, is a graduate of McGill University. He obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemistry in 1907, and in 1909 received his M. Sc. degree. Mr. Elliott's college career was not one of mere study, for the athletic field found in him no mean ability. His specialties in this line were cross-country running, and "the manly art of self-defence." He captained his University Harrier Club for one year and held the lightweight boxing championship for two years. These two athletic distinctions gained for him two small "M's." Since graduating from McGill, Mr. Elliott's time has been spent mainly with the science department of the Victoria High School. Since his advent to our own academic halls last year, Mr. Elliott has shown himself quite ready to participate in student activities, and incidentally we believe that his election as Hon. President of the B. C. University Mountaineering Club has put some "pep" into that organization.

This is the first year that Dr. Clark has been with us at the University of B. C., and we would extend to him a very hearty welcome and a warm appreciation of the service he has already rendered since his arrival last September. Dr. Clark began early to take high honors in chemistry, having won, as an undergraduate, both the "Edward Blake" and the "Sir Daniel Wilson" scholarships in that subject. Upon graduation in 1905, he was awarded by Victoria University the "Governor-General's Medal for Highest Standing in Any Honor Course," and also the "Hon. Geo. E. Cox's Gold Medal" for similar standing in any Natural Science Course. In 1906, he obtained his M. A. (Toronto), and shortly after was awarded the '1851 Science Research" Scholarship for the years 1906-09, by the Senate of The University of Toronto. This carried him as a post-graduate student through the University of Leipzic, where, under Prof. Dr. Arthur Hantzsch, he worked upon the relations existing between the color of organic compounds and their chemical constitution. During this course he obtained his Ph. D. (1908), University of Leipzic. From 1909-11, he was Professor of Chemistry at Clark University, and from 1911-1916, Professor of Chemistry at Whitman College. 1917 sees the doctor in B. C., where we hope he will stay.

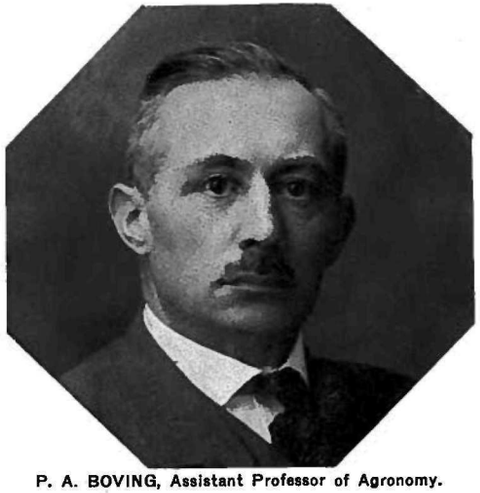
R. H. CLARK, M.A., Ph.D.

T. C. HEBB, M.A., B. Sc.

Dr. Hebb is a blue-nose—the bluest of the blue. Graduating from Dalhousie, he won the "1851 Exhibition Research Scholarship," later taking his doctor's degree at Chicago University. About that time he was elected member of the Sigma Xi. Becoming home-sick, he returned to Halifax, but after one year as head of the Physics Department in Dalhousie University, he grew restive, and the year 1905-06 found him teaching physics in a High School in St. Louis. But here, also, one year was sufficient. After spending part of a year in the Research Department of the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburg, he was engaged in special research work for the American Telephone Company. From 1907 to 1915, he was contented to settle down as professor of physics in a Michigan Normal School, but took to his books again in 1915, and for a year before accepting the position which he now holds, studied at Columbia and Chicago Universities. Dr. Hebb is an excellent professor—we could not wish for better. Let us hope, therefore, that he will not take a dislike to our breezy western climate.

The University of B. C., still in its amoeboid stage, put forth another process in 1916, known as the Department of Biology, having as a nucleus, Prof. A. H. Hutchinson, M.A., Ph.D. An interesting progression was noted in him shortly after Christmas, 1916, from Bachelorales to Benedictales. Under his supervision, the Department has developed into a healthy organism, and is already displaying some of the characteristics of living things. Receiving his High School training in Aurora, Ontario, Dr. Hutchinson went to McMaster University, where he obtained his B. A. in 1909, his M. A. in Education in 1911, and in Botany in 1913. He then enjoyed a Fellowship in botany at the University of Chicago, for two years, obtaining his Ph. D. in 1915. The year 1915-16 he spent at the M. & A. College, of Texas, as Assistant Professor of Botany. In addition to membership in the Gamma Alpha and Sigma Xi Scientific Societies, he became a member of the Botanical Society of America in 1915. He represented his University in both Association football and rugby, and it is rumored that even now he does not fear any effect upon his professional dignity from an occasional basket-ball practice. Favorite saying—"We'll continue our little talk next Friday."

A. H. HUTCHINSON, M.A., Ph.D.



P. A. BOVING, Assistant Professor of Agronomy.

Mr. Boving, although a member of the Faculty of Agriculture, is better known among the students as the gentleman who drives the department motor. We do not know whether the study of Agronomy includes a course in "chauffeur-ship," or whether it has a beneficial effect on the disposition, but after watching Mr. Boving's efforts to "get her started" on a cold morning, we conclude that both would be useful. We marvel at Mr. Boving's linguistic attainments, even though we know that he is a native of Sweden, and a graduate of Malmo and Alnoro Agricultural Colleges, and that he has studied in various parts of Europe. As Editor of the "Journal of Agriculture for Western Sweden," and as author of numerous bulletins, he has introduced many improvements in agricultural methods. He has held positions on the staffs of the Rowneby Agricultural and People's High School, the Royal Agricultural Society of Bohnslau, and Macdonald College. His accomplishments are not all in the agricultural line, however, for he is an excellent dancer, an interesting conversationalist, and stands in absolutely no awe of the gentler sex.

EDWIN T. HODGE, M.A., Ph.D.,
Assistant Professor of Geology.

When Dr. Schofield surrendered his position in order to go overseas with the University Battalion, Dean Brock was very fortunate in securing Dr. Hodge to fill his place. Dr. Hodge came to us from across "the imaginary line to the south," where he has spent most of his days. He is a very hard worker, a fact to which the students who take his courses will bear witness, but, nevertheless, the Doctor finds time to attend college functions, and if one cares to put in an appearance at the practices of the basket-ball team, he will probably see our professor cavorting around the floor in a manner which indicates clearly that he is no novice to the game. Dr. Hodge took his M. A. degree at the University of Minnesota, and quite recently received his Doctor's degree from Columbia University, New York. This final thesis was on "The Geology of the Coamo-Grayama District, Porto Rico." He has always been interested in practical geology, and has held many important posts as Geologist in the Eastern States.

LEONARD RICHARDSON, B.Sc. (Lond.)

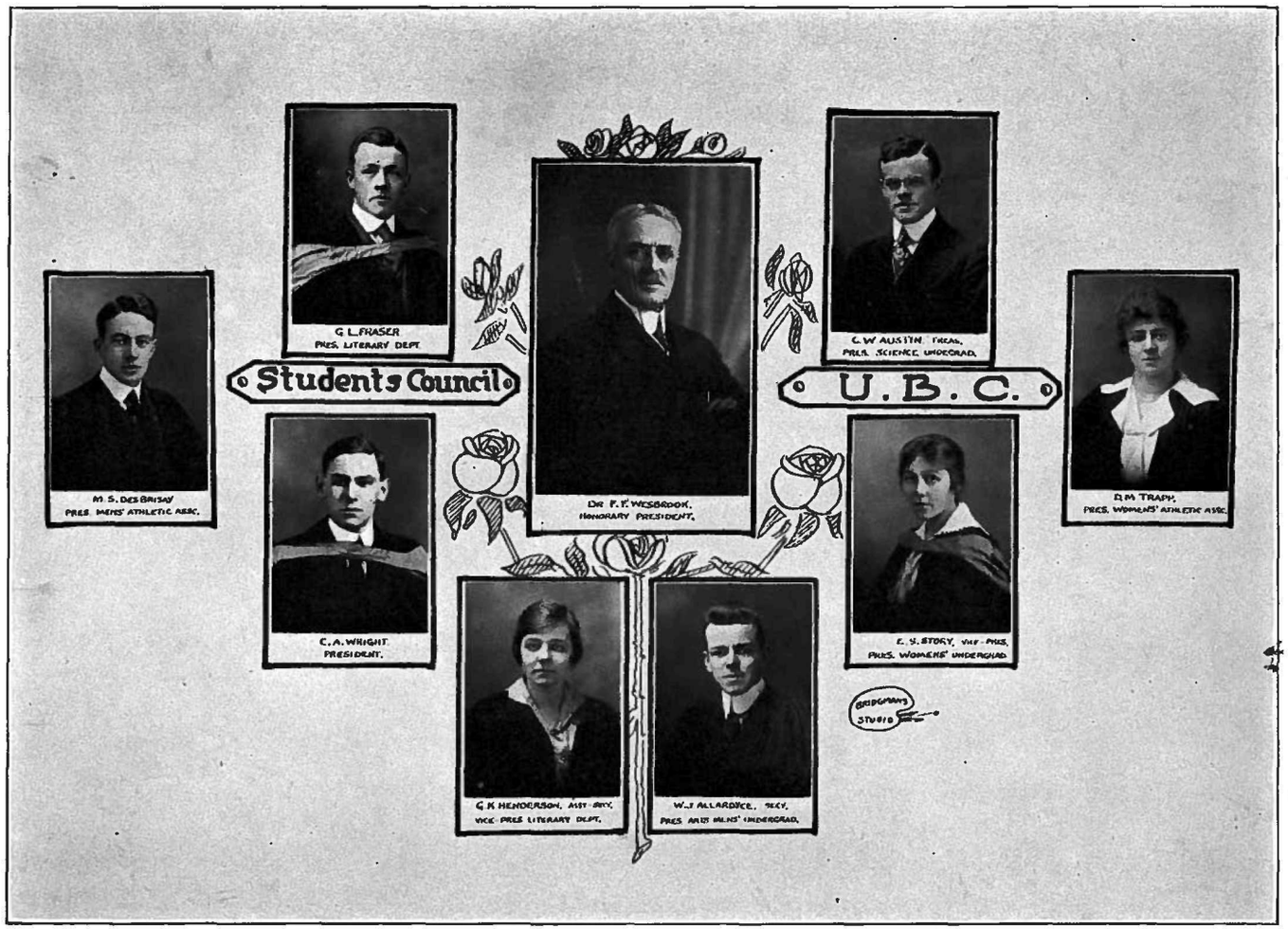
Mr. Clement hails from Ontario. We would naturally expect, then, to be able to tell him little about farming. Raised upon a farm in Lincoln county, he is acquainted with fruit growing from every angle of the game. He received his elementary education in Niagara-on-the-Lake High School, and in 1911 graduated from Ontario Agricultural College with honors. About that time he completed the Orchard Survey of the Niagara Peninsula for the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Immediately upon graduation he was made District Representative for Elgin County. In 1912 he was appointed to the staff of MacDonald College, and till 1914 had charge of the Horticultural Department. In 1914 he became a director, and was asked to reorganize the work of the Vineland Experimental Station at Vineland, Ontario. Mr. Clement has published numerous reports and bulletins, and his work has been valued and thorough.

Like the famous pudding, Mr. Richardson hails from Yorkshire. He was educated at Nottingham, but received his degree at London in 1910. He early became a devotee of Pure and Applied Mathematics, showing "that strong propensity of nature" which characterized him during both his college days and the three years which he spent as a member of the staff of the Hull Technical college. He has the happy faculty of bringing order out of chaos and of explaining the seemingly inexplicable. A keen sense of humour, which he tries to tuck in his pocket before lectures, will crop out in spite of him. In leisure moments Mr. Richardson becomes a dangerous opponent at bridge, pays homage to Harmony, having been a member of the Victoria "Orion Club," and to the, as yet, unnamed muse of the Cubist's Art. Like Byron and Swinburne, he enjoys swimming, but unlike them, sees poetry only in mathematics.

F. M. CLEMENT, B.S.A., Professor of Agriculture.

In November, 1916, Mr. McLean was appointed a member of Faculty of Agriculture of U. B. C. Although Canadian born, and receiving his B. A. degree from McMaster University in 1902, he has spent a considerable time "over the line." He obtained the degree of B. S. A. from Iowa State College in 1905. During the next year he was Associate-Professor of Animal Husbandry at the Colorado State College, and during the two years following, he held the same position in Iowa State College. From 1908 to 1910 he was attached to the Missouri Experimental Station, and until 1916 held his present position in the Massachussets Agricultural College. Although, to our great disappointment, Professor McLean has not given lectures this term, we have all received the benefit of his genial and tolerant smile.

JOHN ALLAN McLEAN, B.A., B.S.A.

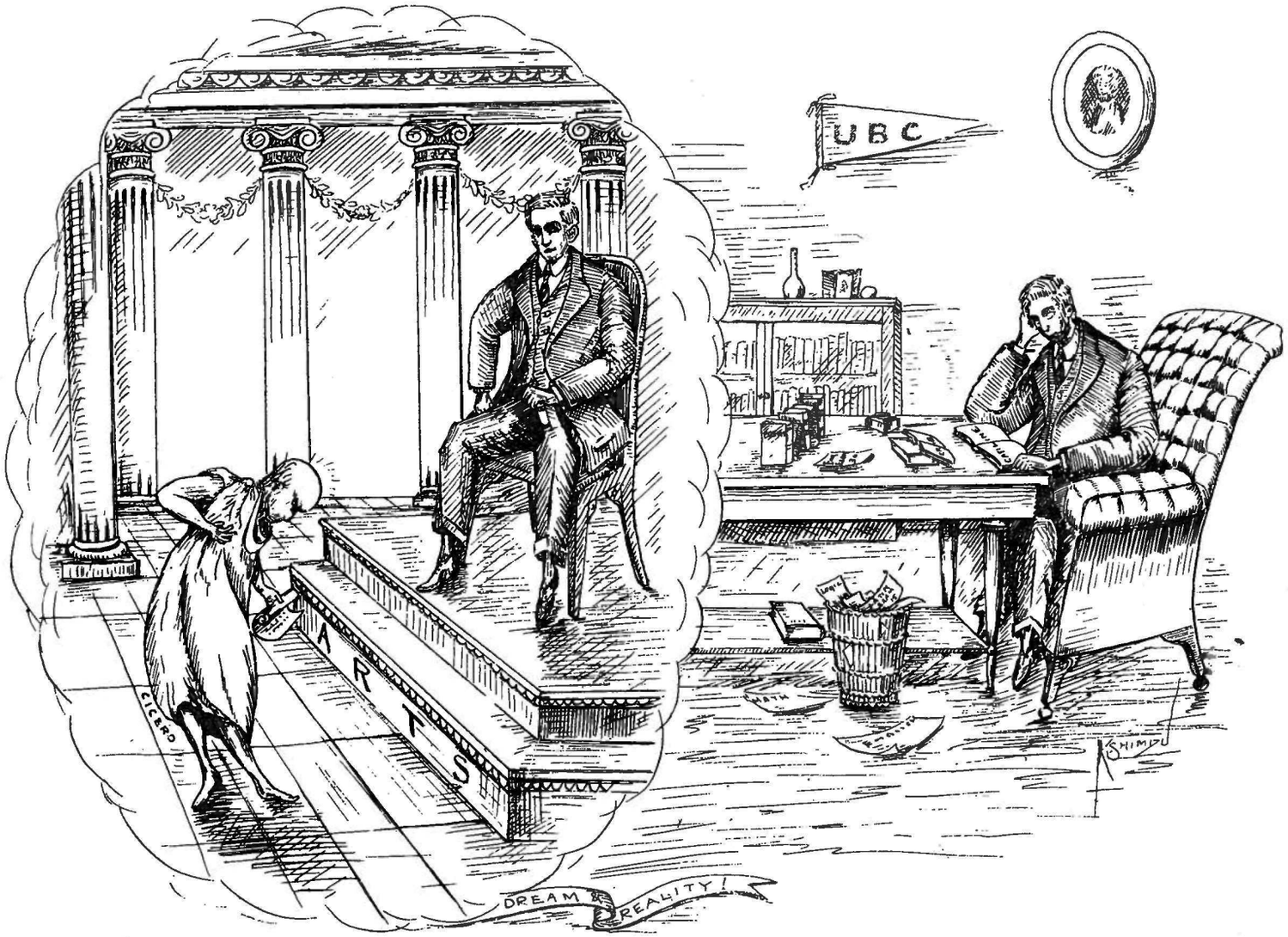

Students Council
U.B.C.
G. L. FRASER
PRES. LITERARY DEPT.
C. W. AUSTIN, FREM.
PRES. SCIENCE UNDERGRAD.
M. S. DESBRISAY
PRES. MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSC.
DR. F. F. WESBROOK.
HONORARY PRESIDENT.
D. M. TRAPP.
PRES. WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSC.
C. A. WRIGHT.
PRESIDENT.
E. S. STORY, VICE-PRES.
PRES. WOMEN'S UNDERGRAD.
G. K. HENDERSON, MST-SECY.
VICE-PRES. LITERARY DEPT.
W. J. ALLARDICE, SECY.
PRES. ARTS MEN'S UNDERGRAD.
BRIDGMAN'S STUDIO

The Students' Council

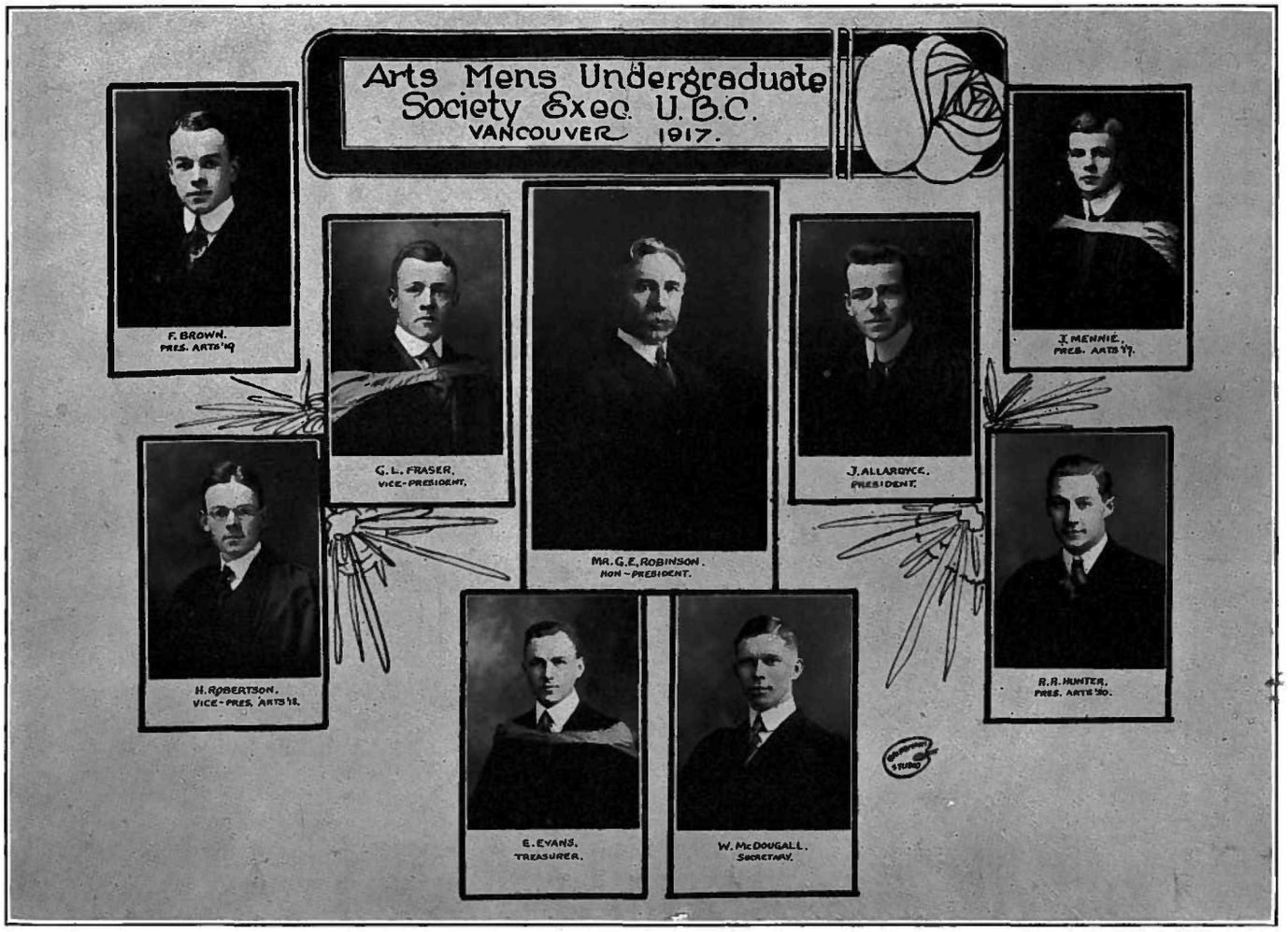
TO quote from its constitution, the object of the Alma Mater Society is to promote, direct and control all student activities within the University, as represented in the following organizations: The Undergraduate Societies, the Literary Department and the Athletic Associations. It can, therefore, be easily understood that the executive of this society, the Students' Council, has no mean duty to perform. Its usefulness is two-fold. In the first place, it acts as an administrative body, controlling and supervising the activities of the various organizations represented upon it. In the second place it has a disciplinary power and takes the place of the proposed "Students' Court." Fortunately, the council has never found it necessary to exercise its authority in this latter capacity. It is the only recognized medium between the Alma Mater Society and the University authorities, all other organizations and the general public. In order to have a point of articulation between the University authorities and the student body, a joint committee of student affairs has been formed. This committee consists of three representatives of the Faculty, the President of the Alma Mater Society, and two other members of the Students' Council. Any action which the Students' Council undertakes in connection with affiliated societies must first meet the approval of this committee. The last, but by no means the least, duty of the Students' Council is to promote social intercourse and academic unity in the University."

The Students' Council consists of eight members: The President of the Alma Mater Society, who, by virtue of this office is President and Chairman of the Council, the Presidents of the three Undergraduate Societies, namely, the Arts Men's, Arts Women's and Science Men's, the President and Vice-President this, the first year of its existence, the Society has established for Athletic and Women's Athletic Associations. These organizations embrace all the student activities of the University and under this scheme each subsidiary organization has a spokesman on the council in the person of the President of the organization to which the lesser society is subordinate.

During this session of 1916-17 the Students' Council has been carrying on its work under difficulties. It has been working under the new constitution which was adopted by the student body early in the fall term. Consequently, its regime has been more or less one of experiment, and it is to be hoped that the Student Councils of the future will gain greater efficiency as they gain in experience. Ever new efforts are being made to amend the constitution, particularly in regard to the control of the Alma Mater funds. It is generally thought that the Students' Council holds too tight a rein upon the purse strings, thus giving the subsidiary organizations very little control in the money matters concerning them. Moreover, there is a great deal of "red tape" in connection with the aforementioned money matters that might be avoided by making some minor changes in the constitution. In another particular, the constitution has shown itself inadequate. The vice-president of the Literary Department has no definite duties on the council, as the business of the Literary Department is brought before the Council by the President of the Department. However, these flaws are very obvious ones and the constitution, on the whole, has proved satisfactory. At any rate, we are convinced that our university is taking steps in the right direction in its efforts to realize its ideals of student self-government.


UBC
ARTS
CICERO
DREAM
REALITY!
SHIMDU

Womens Undergraduate
Society Exec. U.B.C.
VANCOUVER B.C. 1917
B. BAIN.
VICE-PRES. ARTS '19.
E. J. STORY.
PRESIDENT.
MISS. I. MACINNIS
HON. PRESIDENT.
R. V. FULTON.
VICE-PRES.
M. DAY.
PRES. ARTS '20.
N. E. COY.
PRES. ARTS '18.
M. WHITE.
SECRETARY
E. FRAME.
TREASURER.
M. MAYNARD.
VICE-PRES. ARTS '17
BRIDGMAN STUDIO


Arts Mens Undergraduate
Society Exec. U.B.C.
VANCOUVER 1917.
F. BROWN.
PRES. ARTS '19
G. L. FRASER.
VICE-PRESIDENT.
MR. G. E. ROBINSON.
HON-PRESIDENT.
J. ALLARDYCE.
PRESIDENT.
J. MENNIE.
PRES. ARTS '17.
H. ROBERTSON.
VICE-PRES. ARTS '18.
R. R. HUNTER.
PRES. ARTS '20.
E. EVANS.
TREASURER.
W. McDOUGALL.
SECRETARY.

History of Arts '17.

WHEN McGill University College opened its doors for lectures in October, 1913, one of the very finest Freshman classes stood without, ready to enter and to learn. This was long ago, before the war, when everyone was happy at heart, and ready to share in all the mirth which came their way. Consequently, the first year of this class will always linger as the brightest spot in its entire history.

We were a vast throng to inhabit the present physics building, and this was particularly noted when the men of Arts '17 valiantly stood in a body to protect the Sophomores and Juniors from the Indian pranks of the Sciencemen. It is recorded by the scribe that the latter were very much humbled before the year closed.

Even in those days, Mr. Robertson had for his diversion the arrangement of the time-table. It proved at first, however, such a riddle that he managed to solve it only by sending the entire class back to K. E. H. S. for lectures in the auditorium, even though, we thought we had safely escaped its grey walls, but the presence of the young ladies so distracted the attention of the male contingent that lectures were resumed in the old building in 1914.

Arts '17 was the first aggregation of students energetic enough to hold a social affair in the building. This took the form of a Hallowe'en celebration, which proved a wonderful success, even though it did happen in the Science Drafting Room.

In athletics, our year was not at all backward. Each branch was loyally supported and strengthened by our enthusiastic efforts. When examination time came around—that annual event to which all true university students look with keen delight, that connection which helps to make life worth living—Arts '17 exhibited some uncanny and truly wonderful ability. Our worthy Professors viewed the results of their labors with much satisfaction. In a word, Arts '17 established itself. Fortune smiled upon us and our record was made. Our Freshman year had been a complete success.

During the vacation the present Arts Building was erected, so it was there. that we assembled in October, 1914. How different to just one year before! The place was so huge and so new that we all felt strange. Our ranks were greatly depleted, as many had deserted for other fields of learning, yet we were a goodly number, just as enthusiastic and ambitious as ever. We suffered a far greater loss before our Sophomore year closed, when most of our men gave themselves willingly in answer to the call of the Motherland. Arts '17 measured up just as admirably in this time of sacrifice as on happier occasions. Those of us, destined to remain behind are proud to have been the colleagues of such worthy men. All honor to their names.

Arts '17 now realized that it was very necessary to uphold the reputation so gloriously acquired. Each member began to feel a more personal duty to his year, and it has been through this entire co-operation that our success has been so well maintained.

We have had the distinct honor of being the first Junior Year in the University of British Columbia, and according to one of our illustrious and well-beloved professors, "that is something after all." There were many other changes in our institute of learning as well as our significant name. New societies were formed, necessitating new constitutions over which great deliberation and care had to be taken. Our Seniors were too rushed, and involved in strenuous and frantic efforts to gain the foremost letters of the alphabet, to spare much thought to such apparently secondary matters. The task naturally fell to the competent Juniors. In this way Arts '17 has been a vital factor in laying the foundation of a vast portion of this university life beyond the curriculum. In every department we were efficiently represented. Talent of every description has been discovered in our motley band and brought to light, resulting in greater fruition and more honor to our year. We must admit that our third year was in a measure quite a gay one. We all enjoyed it throughout and gained a great deal more than our courses prescribed. The Junior year is a true blessing. We advise others to acquire all they possibly can from its great richness and many possibilities.

On September, 1916, the members of Arts '17 found themselves Seniors. It was hard to credit, but we very shortly assumed all the grave airs and dignity entailed by such a remarkable class. How very changed from our first days at M. B. C! The original noisy host has dwindled away and the number though re-enforced by some of other years, is in comparison rather small. We have had a very decisive goal during this our final year, yet it has not prevented us from partaking of all the various features of college life. We have active members in the Literary Societies, the Y's, and the Players' Club, as well as a fair representation on the different teams in athletics.

Our four years spent in university have been a wonderful opportunity. We have been greatly influenced by the lectures of our capable professors, and benefitted by association with such noble and praiseworthy men. We are, therefore, anticipating still greater achievements from our class of Arts '17, in the broader university of life.

Permanent Executive

HON. PRESIDENT	PROF. F. L. ROBERTSON
PRESIDENT	JOHN N. MENNIE
VICE-PRESIDENTS	EVELYN STORY MERRILL DESBRISAY
SECRETARY	PEARL ROSEBRUGH
TREASURER	JOHN RUSSELL

JOHN H. MENNIE

"And still the wonder grew . . . .
That one small head could carry all he knew."

This youth's accomplishments are very few. He is merely President of his class, a basket-ball player, an Associate Editor of the Ubicee, a debater and "shark" at everything. Advanced chemistry and mathematics have no terror for him. As a senior he ably performs the duties of vice-president of the Men's Lit. and acts on the Chemistry Club Executive. But of late Johnny has been getting frivolous. What happened at the Christmas plays? We are quite confident, however, that this will not occur again.

MARGARET MAYNARD

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Such is the opinion of our charming vice-president, after having held several meetings to discuss various things for the grads. Margaret has done her best to reform these meetings, but coming to the conclusion that some things are beyond human power, she has given up the task and consoles herself by thinking of her own conduct, which is all that is becoming in a senior. We rejoice to say that nothing else has had a bad effect on her this year, not even the fourth year math. which she was courageous enough to attempt.

MARION MOUNCE

"Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."

It is with the deepest regret that we are compelled to admit an increasing fickleness in the character of the fair wielder of our secretarial fountain-pen. 'Tis true, she still devotes her spare time to her first love—French, but most of the time she is to be seen flirting with the latest language arrival at the 'U'—Spanish. Even her beloved Latin has sunk into insignificance and we no longer hear those resounding phrases that of old used to delight our ears: Arma virumque, mirabile dictu, by gosh! Her eloquence now is confined to the two demands, "Have you brought your Patriotic Fund money?" and "What will you bring to eat?"

L. T. BAKER

"E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

"Linc" is a man of various pursuits. His zeal for argument took him to the platform, where he ably upheld the honour of his year, and was manifest in the halls where he might be found discussing anything from evolution to the latest economics lecture. As class reporter and University reporter, he has done good work. As captain of the class basket-ball team, he was the impregnable defence which the third year's could never storm. Certain rumours of his interests in the Freshettes have reached us, but of this no more. Last, but not least, he is a member of the Y. M. C. A. executive, by by way of penance for his other frivolities. He is a man who, whatever may be his sphere in life, is sure to bring honour to the class of Arts '17.

WILLIAM ABERCROMBIE

"'Twas a grand recess but for the subsequent necessity of work."

"Aber," as we fondly call him, hails from Central Park. He is Varsity's star basket-ball player and the mainstay of our class team. A true Roman, the pleasures of Vergil are enjoyed by him. Yet the mysteries of analytical chemistry have no terrors for him. In fact, this Literary Representative of ours is a very versatile gentleman indeed.

JEAN ABERNETHY

"Some to church repair,
"Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

We may mention in passing that Jean is an enthusiastic member of the choir in Eburne, is President of the Glee Club, and very fond of playing on the ukelele. As some of our learned contemporaries has said, "Some people are born pests and others learn to play the ukelele." At our Arts '17 party Jean officiated at the Ouija board, but we are privately of the opinion that she was "the man behind the gun" in this case. It is only just to say that Jean manoeuvres her French exercise much better and aside from a learning to such expressions as "*si beaucoup*," and "*faisent*," which well-nigh prostrated a certain Professor of French, manages to secure marvellous marks, in spite of merciless censorships.

MILTON D. BAYLY

"It is not meet for man to live alone."

Milton, our class treasurer, is one of those unfortunate seniors who has to bear the weight of managing things in general. As President of both the Men's Lit and the Y. M. C. A., he has been a very efficient officer. A moral philosopher, an Imperialist, a follower of John Wesley, and a basket-ball player—these strangely conflicting avocations he doth pursue. But, alas! He is a Benedict, the first of Arts '17 noble bachelors to woo the goddess Hymen.

JOHN M. BUCHANAN

"The Gentleman from Steveston."

The fact that you are late quite often "Johnny" and that certain fair freshettes hail from Eburne, has caused us much worry. Calculus does not affright this youth, who even braves the branch of mechanics. Johnny is secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and an enthusiastic member of the Discussion Class. We hope you will reform your conduct, our tender youth of twenty summers!

EVELYN STORY

"Her walking voice a lyre of purest range."

Evelyn is the walking information bureau of the university, as well as the guardian of the key to the kitchen and the mainstay of the Students' Council. She seems to be one of these rare individuals who are wound up at 7 a.m. and go, without stopping, until various hours of the night. Occasionally the inhabitants of the common room catch snatches of song as Evelyn warbles her way blithely round the corners, but her only really frivolous moments are those immediately preceding Bible study class, when ——— ——— ——— (censored) ———. As a rare specimen of a devotee to both studies and student activities, Evelyn should be put under a glass case as an example for the rising generation.

"Poor little Evelyn."

MAIZIE SUGGITT

"For Frensh of Paris was to her unknowe."

Behold our "infant phenomenon!" After several years of gay and giddy life at the U., during which time she dabbled in various subjects in the old brown barn, Maizie has suddenly developed a strange appetite for learning—even for French! She fairly "saps up the wisdom of the ages as a kitten does a saucer of cream," while her mania for taking history notes has been a constant source of worry to a certain professor. In all other respects Maizie is quite normal, confining herself to ice hockey, functions, ukeleles and teas!

JOHN RUSSELL

"He has a lean and hungry look."

We do not mean to insinuate that Jack is at all like Cassius, but we are a little scary of his extreme youth. As Secretary-Treasurer of the Lit, he is a very busy man indeed. With Johnny Mennie he is always to be found—the two are like the Siamese twins. Jack indulges in the culture of Ancient Greece, as well as in the culture of the modern chemical world. A member of the class team, he is a basketballer we could ill dispense with. What worries us, though, is his behaviour at our class party.

MAY McCRIMMON

"She in sooth
Possessed an air and grace by no means common."

May displayed a wonderfully courageous spirit this year by braving the rigors of fourth year Latin, but she has evidently repented of her rash act for, ever since then, she has been heard bemoaning her hard fate. Seemingly she is the only one worried by the course—perhaps it is because her power of concentration has been lessened by the distracting influence of that ring which she flashes continually on her left hand. Of course, she says it's only because it's tight and won't come off, but——

THERESA POLLOCK

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

This petite "sweet flowerlet of the rural shade," about Victoria, is making valiant efforts this year to survive the French course Being one of those benighted individuals who take no English, she feels it her solemn duty to make a little noise in French, wherefore her sweet innocent face is always to be seen at the *Cercle Francais.* 'Tis said, too, that occasionally her gentle voice can be heard quite plainly in Mr. Chodat's class, but all her other chirpings are suppressed until such time as she lifteth up her voice in Glee.

"Oh, dear, I haven't done my Spanish!"

PEARL ROSEBRUGH

"And when she smiled, the earth a heaven seemed."

As President of the Women's Lit, Pearl finds her time rather fully taken up in attending Lit Executive meetings, brandishing constitutions and exerting the charm of her winning smile on various persons within and without the University. The C. O. T. C. seems to be the only thing able to resist the hypnotic power of her fascinating dimples, for drill continues to be held in the auditorium on Lit. afternoons. In her spare moments Pearl is in great demand by various members of other classes —being renowned as a lightning calculator of how many eats a given number of students can consume under given circumstances.

LAURA PIM

"A charming maiden with a winning smile,
Her pleasant manner doth all hearts beguile."

After two years of experience in the hard cold world, Laura decided that the University was sadly in need of someone to demonstrate how things were done in the good old days of yore, so she has returned to the fold and is gracing both the Lit. and Y. W. executives, being also official coffee-maker of the University and Valedictorian of the Seniors. We were horrified at the beginning of the year to find in her one of those un-enlightened heathens who eschewed all English courses for the pleasure of fussing around in the Physics Lab. doing wonderful experiments (always wrong). Time, however, has shown that her eloquence is still sufficient to uphold the class honor in debating. ——"A word with thee."

KATHLEEN PECK

"For Frensh she spake ful semely."

After several years of arduous labor in various offices, her natural energy seems increased rather than abated, for, between the hours that she spends in fulfilment of her duties as president of the far-famed Players' Club, she finds ample time to engage in debates and Glee Club warblings. Her classes, however, do not suffer, for she still drives us to distraction by the criminally high marks that always adorn her English papers, while her wonderful French accent makes the other student members of the *Cercle Francais* turn green for very envy. Of her musical ability sufficient to say that one day her rendering of that pathetic little song, "He Cometh Not," etc., lured several science men to the place of performance—doubtless in the hope of being accepted as substitutes for the fickle one.

KATHLEEN MUTRIE

"I have a reasonably good ear in music.
Let's have the tongs and the bones."

Her former ardor for *la langue francaise* having been quenched by one of the powers that be, K. has this year displayed a passion for Bugology or whatever they call it, where they cut up various bugs, animals, etc., to find out how the wheels go round inside. 'Tis reported that this charming maiden, owing to her position as president of the Musical Society, is always chosen to play the funeral march at the interments that follow these operations. The quantity of ink she uses in recording these events is the reason for her frequent visits to the office ink-well and her everlasting inquiry, "Can you give me some ink?"

VERA MUDDELL

"And when she spake,
Sweet words like dropping honey she did shed."

——Sometimes! but not when she waxes eloquent in German. However, it has been rumored that our famous hockey player is studying German preparatory to training as a spy with the intention of entering the government service. If so, we highly approve of her course. Perhaps the rapid get-aways that she makes in the green Napier after hockey games, etc., is another part of the same training. We admire the fortitude she displays when her duty, in the shape of the green Napier, calls her from the enticing 'eats' at a class tea.

MABEL LANNING

"Her dusky eyes, two tiny fragments, dropt
From out the darkness of night's stormy sky."

The sweet, charming nature that Mabel brought with her from Columbian College, we are glad to say, remains unchanged, while her few bad habits are disappearing one by one. It was a great relief for us to learn that Mabel had given up her habit of rising at unearthly hours to travel daily from the far-off city of Ladner to our own renowned institution. However, a few flaws remain in this otherwise perfect character; we could appreciate a little more giddiness and frivolity. Even at Red Cross, Mabel continues to wear her serious expression and works as though her life depended on the number of seams she sews. "Yes, dearie."

SHIRLEY CLEMENT

"Her words are trusty heralds of her mind."

Shirley is famous for her political opinions and her uncanny knowledge of unusual French words. She is a strong supporter of Women's suffrage and has been known on occasion to wax eloquent on that subject, even in French. Much of her time she spends in caring for the monies of the Players' Club, her spare moments being given to ground hockey and praise of a certain professor for whom she has a wonderful admiration. In the opinion of the Freshettes, Shirley is the most seniory looking senior of the bunch.

"Dr. Boggs———"

MERRILL DESBRISAY

"A soldier returned from foreign parts."

Merrill used to be a valiant member of Arts '16, but left in the spring of 1915 with the McGill contingent overseas. Now, "having had his whack at Kaiser Bill," he is back with us once more to complete his course. Of course, he finds Arts '17 vastly preferable to Arts '16, seeing we are the elite of the college world, "the one-time champs of old McGill." Merrill is a debater of considerable ability and also a budding actor. We are sure you will make a success of whatever you take up, Merrill.

ETHEL EWIN

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star."

Ethel was at one time a happy member of Arts '15, but being firmly convinced that the B. C. Telephone Co. was going to the "Demnition bow-wows," she left our classic halls to untangle their lines. Having now successfully accomplished this task, the former basket-ball star has returned to our midst, bearing with her several hearts in the shape of sonnets. We are pleased to note that Ethel's taste in literature has improved somewhat, her constant companion being now a volume of Dickens instead of the "Ladies' Home Journal."

"Mother says ——— ———"

ANNIE FOUNTAIN

"Rolling stones all come rolling home again."

Annie was another of our rolling stones. At one time she was a member of Arts '16, and renowned for her daring and her firm belief that the woman's place is the home. This year, however, she has become quite meek, her one ambition being to star as a Latin orator. 'Tis said she makes a daily practice of turning the Ladies' Home Journal into Latin.

HAROLD NEWTON

"Thou foster-child of silence and slow time."

This quiet young man evidently believes that "silence is golden." But, doubtless, he waxes eloquent in modern debates, being one of our valiant warriors to defeat the "Sophs." Formerly a member of Arts '15, we welcome him into our class and feel sure that he will prove worthy of the traditions of Arts '17. Built in noble proportions, nature has endowed our Professor of Silence with all the characteristics of "Homo Sapiens."

LEROY C. WRIGHT

"Behold the fair-haired youth."

"Roy" is last but not least of this old brigade of Arts '17 men. He is one of our consulting chemists, his only other hobby being fussing. We cannot persuade him that he ought to pay more attention to his studies. Last November he left us to join the Artillery Corps. Arts '17 wishes you the best of luck, Roy, over in France, and a safe return.

HELEN WHITE

"Never let your studies interfere with your education."

Having now attained the dignified (?) rank of senior, our charming maiden of the auburn locks considers herself entitled to consign her studies to spare moments and to engage in a wider range of activities than ever. She is a standing example of what a seven years' diet of peanut butter can do. A member of both the Undergrad. and Y. W. executives and guiding star of the Bible study class, she still finds time to win fame in both ground and ice hockey. The first of the season saw her in basketball as well, but she gave it up in favour of the stage.

DOROTHY GEOGHEGAN.

"I'm no fool myself."

After several years of academic pursuits, Dorothy still has a fair amount of intelligence left, but she fully expects to have disposed of it by April. Her combined duties as president of the grass hockey club and secretary of the Glee Club having failed to accomplish this expected been trying the effect of the result, she has of late *Cercle Francaise.* The result is very encouraging. Dorothy, this year, plays grass hockey, the violin and the vocal cords, and so has no time to read the classics of the Common Room, preferring to spend her spare moments in solemn musings on the possible or impossible future of the orchestra.

"I say, have you done your French?"

AGNES GREGGOR

"A goodly babe—lusty and like to live."

For the last two years Agnes has distinguished herself as a rolling stone, but has now settled down permanently convinced that Arts '17, taken as a class and individually, is superior to all others that have come within her range of experience. In looking for a means whereby to become famous this year, Agnes decided, in an unlucky hour, to take mechanics and hydrostatics, and has ever since been bemoaning her rashness.

HERMAN W. HAGELSTEIN.

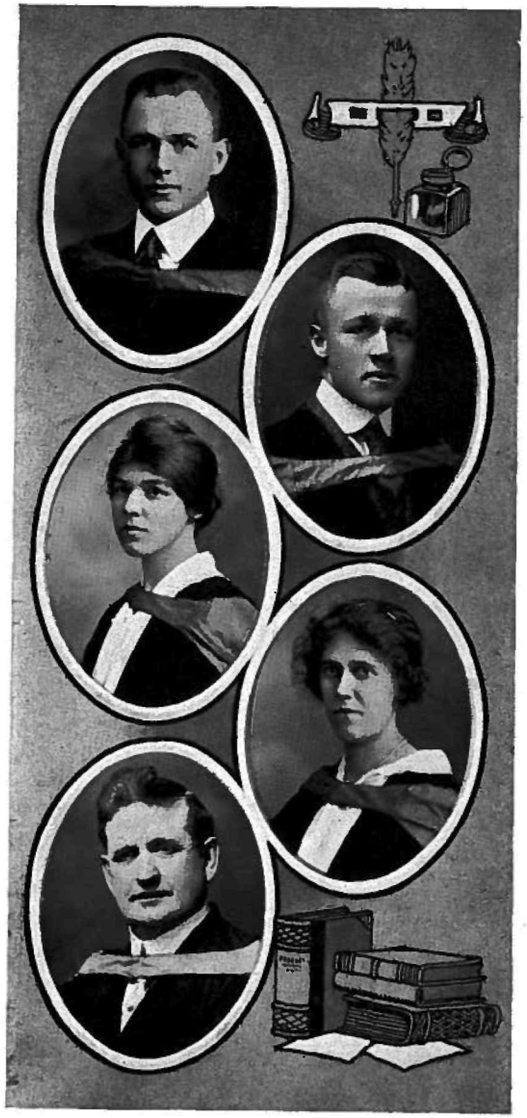
"What a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls!"

"Hagel" is a very accomplished young man. He can speak two languages and preach as good a sermon as his great master, John Calvin. In other words, he is a theolog—"but a mighty live one." An excellent debater, he helped defeat the juniors. He fills the office of chairman of the "committee of meetings" in Y. M. C. A. in a very creditable manner. We wish you the best of luck in your coming ministry Hagel, old boy!

WESLEY C. THOMSON

"Give me your smile."

"Wes" is the companion in crime with Elmer Evans in resisting the assaults of the "coeds." He is Varsity's star hockey player and indulges in such amusements as the Orpheum quite often. Long walks at night have an attraction for him. We wonder why? He is one of those three "fortunate" youths who tread the path of advanced economics and have to write theses. As President of the men's ice hockey club, he has proved to be a most efficient officer.



ELMER EVANS

"A combination and a form indeed
To give the world assurance of a man."

Elmer is distinguished by his quality of being girl-proof. He is the chief defence of Arts '17 against the fair sex, along with "Wes" Thompson. Elmer is treasurer of the Arts Men's Undergrad. and one of the star guards on the class basket-ball team. He spends most of his time in Lab. when not reading "Life."

GEORGE L. FRASER

"Here's one for 'Patsy' who's always on top
From Economics on Monday to Saturday's hop."

"Pat" is one of the busiest men in the University. The presidency of the Literary Dept. has been very effectivly handled by him. A first-class actor, he is very popular with the ladies. With his genteel appearance he makes an ideal matinee hero. Finally, his qualifications as a golfer and billiardist of no mean ability surely complete the characteristics which denote an all-round senior. We feel sure this budding economist will be a very creditable addition to the legal profession of this province.

OLIVE ORR

"Few things have failed to which I set my will;
I do my most and best."

This being an all-important year in the history of Arts '17, this high priestess of still higher maths. undertook (under pressure of the 15 unit regulation) to demonstrate her ability to combine fourth year maths. with a course in philosophy plus a little English, two courses in economics and some history. In this way she is set apart from all ordinary mortals, as is becoming a daughter of Euclid, and only mingles with the common herd when she assists the poor wandering altos in glee. As scribe for the "Y" she records voluminous minutes for that flourishing organization with characteristic precision.

WINNIE LEE.

"The pen is mightier than the sword":

Therefore Winnie is not a militant, but is reporter for the W. L. S. She is also treasurer of this Society. To help her in these tasks, she took "Labor Problems and Social Reform." To escape that tangle, she added two "Englishes." In further desperation, she took "Religious and Canadian History." To all these difficulties she added "Ethics."

Favorite expression: "Where's Pearl?"

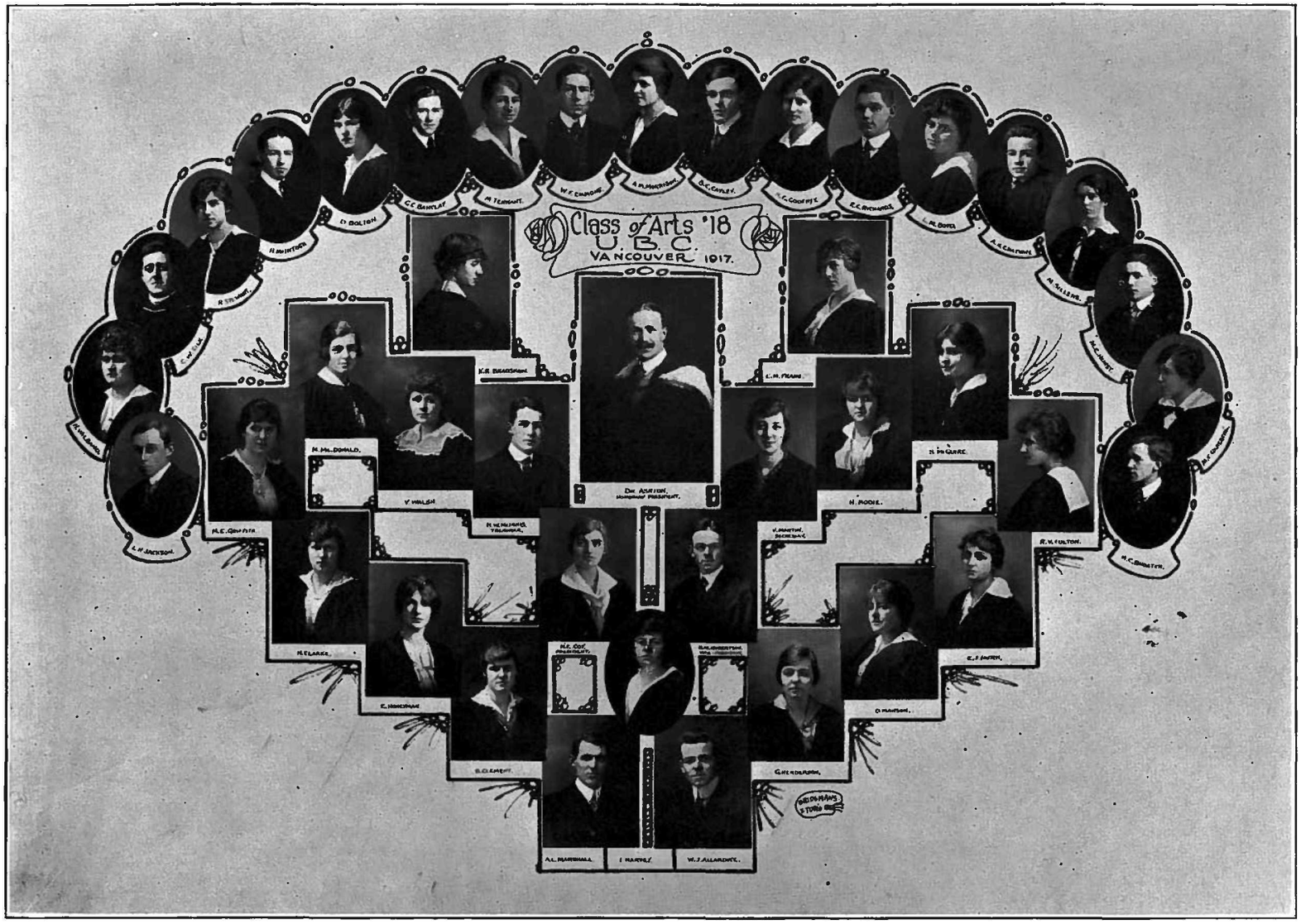
EDWARD S. LOGIE

"Of Aristotle and his Philosophie."

Mr. Logie took his Bachelor's degree in Arts with us last year, and is now taking his M A. degree in economics. He is reported to be fond of argument.

Valedictory

No view, O Seniors, of the Promised Land
That lies beyond our gates (id est, the door;
The "portals" doubtless, are on Point Grey's strand
Awaiting entries on that western shore)—
No foresight of that bourne, the humble Third,
We "tender Juvenals" would dare to make,
For if we bade you farewell, word by word—
The dictionary whole—you still would quake!
Go forth, go forth, O Seniors! Leave the fold;
Forsake the pasture; you have had your day,
Another dawns beyond the blue and gold;
Go—speed you comfortably on your way!
For Father Time, or else the God of Chance,
Prods each class onward with his nimble lance!


Class of Arts '18
U.B.C.
VANCOUVER 1917.
H. McINTYRE
D. BOLTON
C.C. BARCLAY
M. TERHUNE
W.E. CHANDLER
A.M. MORRISON
B.C. CAPLEY
E.K. BACHANDE
L.M. DOYLE
A.H. CRAIGHEAD
H. WILLIS
H.C. SMITH
H.V. FULTON
H.C. BRUSTER
R. SHUMAN
C.W. LAW
R.W. LAWRIE
L.W. JACKSON
K.R. BEARDSMORE
L.M. FRANK
H. McDONALD
V. WALSH
H.E. GRIFFITH
H. McINNES
Dr. ASHTON
H. PODIE
H. McGUIRE
V. MORTON
H.E. CLARKE
E. HANCHANE
H.E. COX
B.A. ROBERTSON
E.F. SMITH
O. MUNTSON
B. CLEMENT
G. HENDERSON
A.L. MARSHALL
I. HARTLE
W.J. ALLARDYCE

As Juniors, we have been laboring under somewhat of a disadvantage this year; for only once a week, when we make attendance at compulsory Comp., are we able to say to whomsoever may inquire: "We are the class of Arts '18." To pass the class in review, however, let us give a sort of "Essence of Parliament" of our own little democracy. **John Allardyce** is responsible for the hieroglyphics which appear under the caption, "Alma Mater Meeting"; **Grace Henderson,** as Assistant Secretary, is his accomplice. Johnny is also President of the Men's Undergrad. **Ethel Mutch** is the President of the "Y" and has infused into it much of her own go-at-it-iveness. **Pansy Munday** as Editor of the **Ubicee** is able once more to gratify her childish passion for cutting up paper and making scrapbooks. In sporting events we are well represented, more especially by the **Misses Martin, Clement, Macdonald** and **Tennant,** and **Messrs. Richards, Emmons** and **Hurst.** At the beginning of the year debating trembled in the balance, owing to the number who had enlisted; but **Allardyce** and **Broatch,** and later **Hurst** and **Jackson,** rose to the occasion and at least saved us from obscurity. The ability of the women is attested by the fact that the member of the Players' Club, chosen both in last year's play and this, has been a member of Arts '18. Our popular class president, **Norah Coy,** is noted both for being the first woman to hold this position and also for her recently developed cough. When Norah was asked her opinion of her charges she answered: "They are divided into those who are Orpheum fiends and those who are not." **"Pat" Robertson,** our vice-president, who holds the same office in the Glee Club, has asked us not to cite him as an example of the former, for his mother is sure to read the Annual. At a recent session several bills were introduced. **Ruth Stewart** has for some time been a "conscientious objector" to the way the men render mutual aid in Latin 3 and agitates for it to cease—unless they speak loud enough to help her. **Jackson's** indictment of the B. C. E. could not be printed—dreams of the "good old days" when street cars resembled human ant-hills. A vote of thanks was passed to **C. W. Silk** for his recent visit to a tonsorial parlor. Formerly it was impossible to distinguish between Silk, "Pat" with his head down, **Dorothy Bolton's** far-famed blush, or the planet Mars, which is said to have a reddish tinge. **"Vi" Walsh** suggested that every student should have at least ten library tickets—due perhaps to the fact that she had been advised not to argue with Mr. Wood over a book of which she has read only half. The B. C. E. was informed that to exterminate the jitneys they should strike at the root of the evil by furnishing **Mary Macdonald** and **Grace Henderson** with alarm clocks. An intermission brought to light many strange facts. There is an uncanny group which is athirst for Fourth year Latin, unsated with their own allotment of "units," and in defiance of "Freddy's" touching delineation of such abnormalities. We think the germ came originally from the Island, since those Victorians, **Teresa Garesche, Marjorie Tennant** and **Norma Clarke,** all take "double Latin." Teresa's gentle shadow haunts the reading-room incessantly, though in spare moments her winsome manner makes her a welcome assistant at Red Cross. Norma's loyalty to Latin is undoubted, but she has a habit of gazing meditatively out the window; perhaps she waits for the inspiring music to commence in the little hospital below. Marjorie's marked aversion to early rising for ten o'clock lectures never fails to win Mr. Robertson's envious approval. "Ah yes! Sleep while you're young!" is his greeting to the last entry in the column of tardies. **"Junk" Marshall** is also from Victoria, but apart from an uncanny knowledge of electricity, seems otherwise normal, while his superlative degree of locomotion will no doubt aid the Annual in its circulation. **Kathryn Bradshaw,** too, is representative from the "Urbs Ventosa." We surmise that she has a caustic disposition since her frequent expression is, "Lend me your knife." **Stella McGuire** is another being possessed of a "cutting" disposition. Perhaps the callousness obtained from her monthly task of massacring the Alumni enables Stella to treat dance programmes as "scraps of paper." **Helen Godfrey** has so far escaped our Secret Service Agents, that all we know of her is that she wears a green sweater.

Our Irish instincts are upheld by **Margaret Browne.** We miss **Virginia Page** this term; she is now in California. The riotous nature of the Juniors is safeguarded by the presence of **Dr. Morris.**

Very little takes place at U. B. C. (except drill) in which **Grace Henderson** is not actively engaged. **Myrtle Sillers** is a new girl among us—quiet, docile, altogether too nice to be taking Bacteriology and Biology. **Castleman**—"Seldom he smiled . . . . and scorned his spirit that could be made to smile at anything"—has one response for everything: "You should have seen the Ballet Russe!" **Ruth Fulton** has that degenerate type of mind which prefers Latin to dances, but redeems herself by intense interest in more useful Varsity affairs—such as mountaineering. **Dorothea Manson** is another hard worker. Because of her knowledge of ethics, she was appointed Social Service Convenor on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. **Don MacArthur** is a confirmed militarist, and worthily upholds the traditions of Platoon IV. **Richards**,as Advertising Manager of the Annual, supports the dignity of that arduous position by the motto: "I think, but dare not speak." **Mr. Godsmark**, not content with holding his own at U. B. C., also heads his classes at Latimer Hall. His customary greeting in the halls is: "Are any of you gentlemen coming to Discussion class?" Another chromatic phenomenon with which our class is familiar is **Lena Bodie's** sweater coat. It changes from pink on fine days to green on rainy days, while, during exams., it is very, very blue. She is to be congratulated for her remarkable summary of the weather. "It's a bitteh, bitteh winteh." (Certified true.) **Miss Clement** was unable to spell her first name for us, so it was deemed advisable not to print it. However, she is called "Bonnie" for short, and, to say the least, it is appropriate. There is a report that **Agnes Morrison** and **Lilian Boyd** seriously plan a novel about the love affairs of various members of the staff. We earnestly advise them to remember the awful fate of Emma.

Ethel Mutch ("Modesty") is one of the few "whose greatest fault is that she has no fault at all." Considering the variety of her capabilities, we are forced to exclaim: "How little shapes much substance may include!" But when we notice the length of time she spends in the Geology building, for no other reason than to sub-edit the Annual, it makes us wonder who takes Geology Lab.? An unconfirmed report states that the reason for holding dances in the Auditorium is that **Hazel Wilband**—"a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair"—objected to being constantly mistaken for the pillars in that quondam classroom. It is probably her classic dignity that persuaded her to take Latin this year. **Barclay** is said to be contemplating entering vaudeville with a mono-dialogue between Jiggs and Maggie, but at present the "two-fold shout" necessary for various phases of this role is in the stages of "a monstrous little voice." **Frank Emmons**, a sceptical Science man masquerading in an Arts course, is consequently a disciple of the "Everlasting No." He even doubts the necessity of doing essays for "Freddy." **MacInnes**, our Boundary representative, is also a sceptic, being brought to that condition by his position of treasurer. **Isobel Harvey** is another of those irrational souls who mix Arts and Science in equal proportions. In her spare moments she acts as secretary of the Players' Club and also took an active part in the December plays. **"Pen" Frame** is one of the tribe of lovable people who do the work while others think and talk about it. Like certain others, she made a name for herself at the "Y" Camp last year, but her reputation at Varsity is really much better. **Viva Martin,** our class secretary, and the only woman taking Organic Chemistry, is our chief histrionicette, being particularly capable, as we have seen, in adapting a leisurely Scotch burr to Cockney omissions. **A. C. Broatch** and **Hazel Wilband** are our representatives in the Literary societies. Broatch, although a debater, loses his voice at drill and on those occasions when it is necessary for him to argue with Mr. Barnes. If any of our Varsity poets are worried about the existence of the universe, we refer him to **Ewart Hurst's** weird knowledge of geology. **Harold McIntosh** attends Calculus lectures, but has been unable to convince the lecturer that he understands them. **Dorothy Bolton** is in much the same condition in Mechanics. There was a rumor that she had read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," but she denies it. **"Alf" Chatwin** denies his relationship to Alfred the Great; but from his constant reference to his watch in Eck. III., we surmise that if the one had not discovered how to measure time, the other would have. **Cayley** is a confirmed cynic and Carlyle-worshipper, who seems to say —"What fools these mortals be!" **Mr. Stuart** is one of our "partials," an Irishman, and a graduate of the Royal University of Ireland. After teaching in the public schools of our Province for eight years he "became tired of talking" and is now taking a rest cure in U. B. C. Incidentally, he is finding entertainment in the pursuit of some thirty "units." **Rev. T. H. Wright** reminds us of our Chaucer: "Curteys he was. There was no man nowhere so vertuous." I beg **Iona Griffith,** when she executes her decree of having "nasty" people banished from U. B. C., to recollect that the present chronicler writes not from desire but

because the powers that be demand it. One more step and Arts '18 will become a class of grave, sombre Seniors. The days are past when it was our greatest joy to lock out lecturers, and then, having clambered down the fire-escape, appear innocently at the door and demand admission. In union there was strength. Now we are materialistic, and are apt to think of our caution money when some absent-minded Freshie puts his elbow through the window; while during the lectures we are surrounded by the demoralizing influence of Sophomores and the blighting gravity of cheerless Seniors.

Dawn.

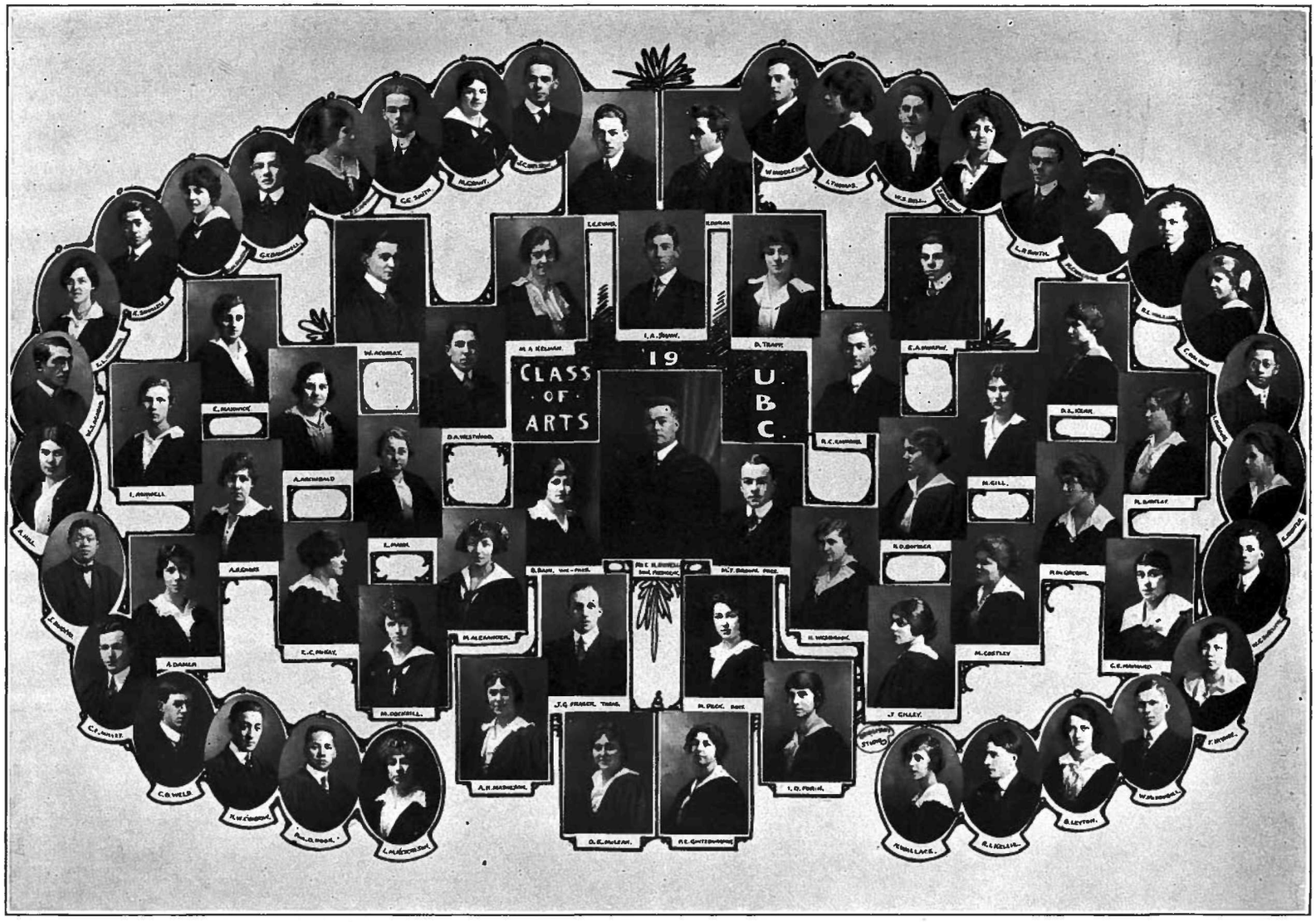
Lord, lay Thy wounded hand upon my lips,
That stutter pitiably ev'n in Thy praise,
That often bar the passage of the rays
The eager heart would send, but faster slips
The drawn bolt. Not yet the sunrise tips
Those two unwearied watchers, and delays
The fuller light, lest vanish this thin maze,—
Dim pallid tints o'er Inlet, city, ships.
Ere day demand my presence, lay that hand
But lightly o'er my head—nay, not upon.
Be this my morning Bethel; sweetly, low,
Silence my being to Thy royal command;
And when the first flush of the joy be gone
Thy single radiance lead me where to go.

—C. P. M. '18.

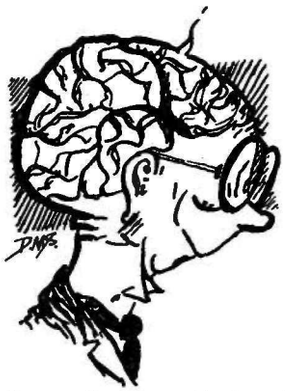
Spring.

Fair Spring hath come with all her beauteous train,
Upon this earth to make her holiday;
So she hath sent abroad full many a fay
To deck her court in gladness for her reign.
Her artist-elf, at her command doth stain
Sweet opening buds that perfumed zephyrs sway;
The birds, her happy minstrels, with their lay
Hymn the bright sun and sôft, refreshing rain.
Oh youth! make merry in the court of Spring!
Too soon are fled those joyous care-free hours
Of gleeful song unto her ringing lute!
But yet, beware, for once I heard her sing
As swift she fled and cast her seeds in showers,
"I sow, I sow, but Autumn reaps the fruit!"

H. G. W.—Arts '18.


CLASS
OF
ARTS
19
U.
B.
C.

Sophs.

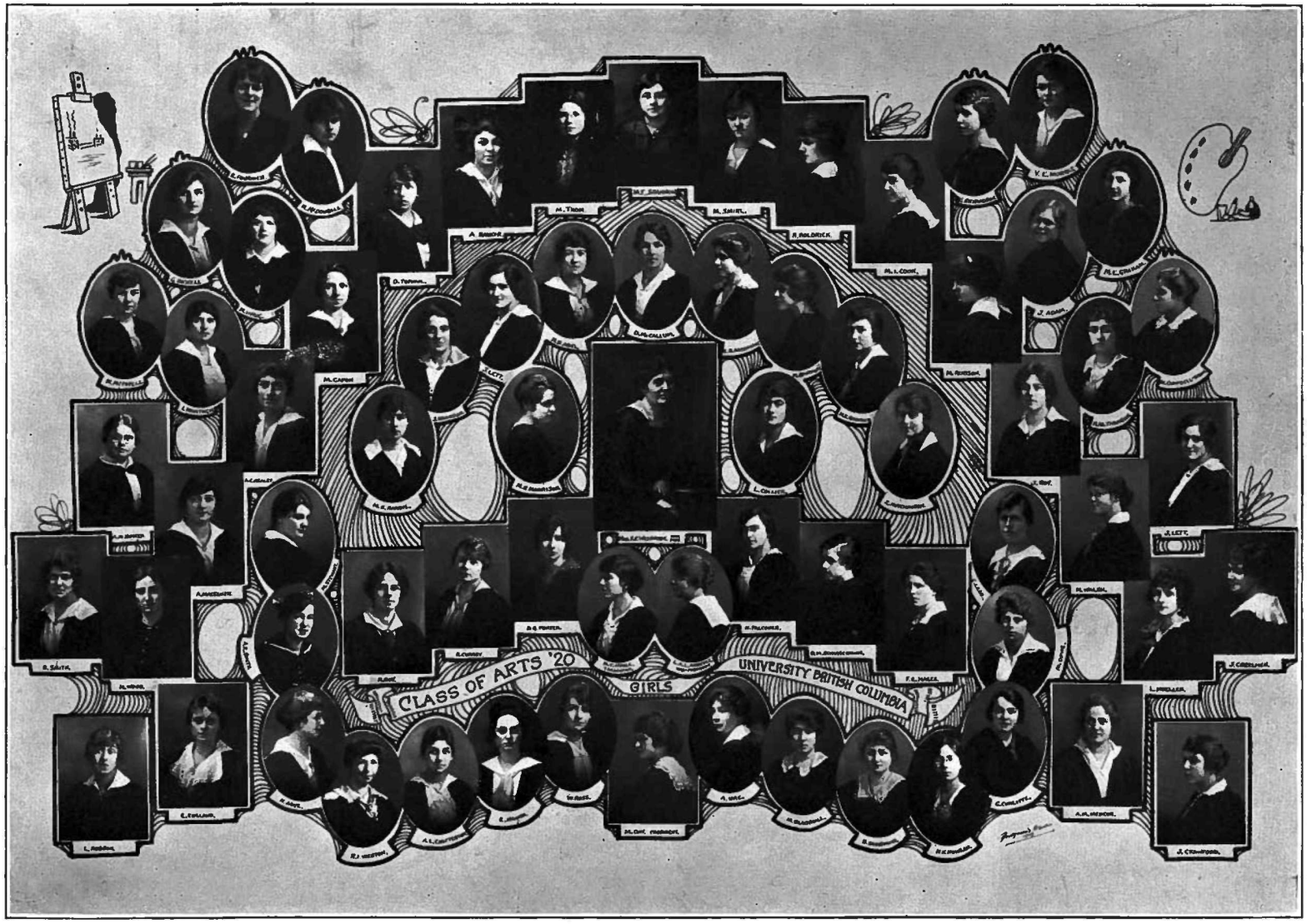


The following chart may prove interesting, not to say useful, for future use:

Burnie Bain is our president, noted as much for her dimples as for her ability in making class parties a success. At her right hand is *Hermine Bottger*, our financier. *Pauline Gintzburger* represents us at the Red Cross, where she works as energetically as at French and German. *Helen Wesbrook* writes sonnets and short stories and has also won fame in play acting. *Madge Gill* wishes she were a boy, as she could swear; but, Madge, don't forget that a college boy must swear with distinction. *Connie Highmoor* is a "shining light" in dramatic circles, and is noted for her athletic prowess as well. *Miss Ashwell, Miss Hunter* and *Jean Rollston* are quiet members of the class who come and go without causing any disturbance. *Miss Barclay* and *Clara Dalton* are "too good to be true." You've heard of *Margaret Cameron,* who is captain of the ground hockey team. *"Toddie" Dockrill* and *"Dodie" Trapp* are star players on the B.B. team, and *"Dodie"* is also president of the Women's Athletics. *Donna Kerr* asked us not to mention her connection with basketball and ice hockey, so we promised not to speak of it. *Isabel Forin* is noted for her punctuality (?) at all lectures. *Olive McLean* rushes around the college on Saturday morning in a lab. apron. *Muriel Costley* comes from Kamloops and doesn't altogether approve of the Rainy City. Perhaps you didn't know one could be both a darling and a debater, but such is *Marjory Peck. Merle Alexander* felt so sure the negative would win that Sophomore debate. *Alice Gross* is a "marvellous, mystical maiden" in chemistry. *Edith Howard* is a model math. student, but was greatly worried by problems involving cards since she does not acknowledge their acquaintance. *Norah Wallace* fears that "Probabilities will lead to the development of a gambling instinct." *Laura Ketcheson* is a devotee of knowledge in all forms, while *Bessie Layton* and *Helen Matheson* are embryo philosophers and mathematicians. *Edith Marwick* and *Muriel Grant* are loyal patriots of the Capital City, and Muriel's musical ability is recognized. *Nellie Ballentine,* the energetic captain of the ice hockey team, buttonholes allenthusiasts about the halls. The Woman's Lit. knows *Agnes Damer,* for she is their secretary, and what would they do without *Dorothy Houston* to play their accompaniments? *Dylora Swencisky* is another artist, only she draws pictures instead. By the way, we have noticed that Mary Pickford's picture bears some resemblance to that of *Phoebe McGregor.* Of *Janet Gilley* we say—"From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of color. *"Babe" Irvine* had our sympathy when she broke her collar bone. *Miss Mann* looks over her glasses at us and wonders how we can all be so foolish, but *Annie Archibald,* her protegee, giggles at us. *Molly Wolfe* invariably announces her presence by "Hello Susie!" *Evelyn McKay* awes every one by her knowledge and divine spark in English Comp. *Annie Hill* is the good fairy to the convalescents in the hospital. *Isabel Thomas* is active in almost every sphere, but most enthusiastic over the Y. W. C. A. We fear that *Mildred Kelman* and *Catherine Maynard* have too easy a time with no lectures after twelve.

Here endeth the introduction to Arts '19 Women. Now, the men!

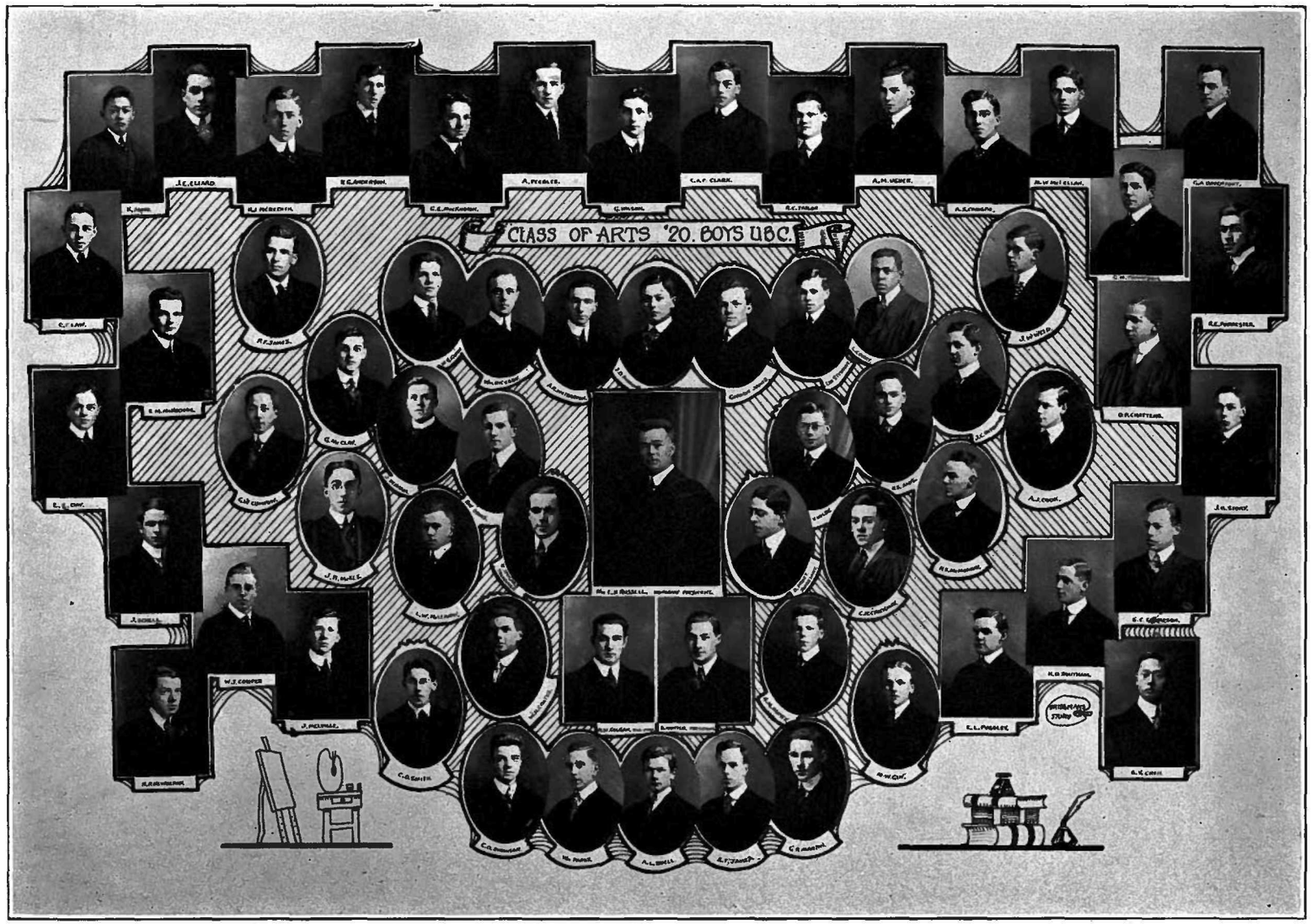
Agabob claims he enjoys the logic lectures and rarely sleeps more than three-quarters of an hour. *Aconley* says the first row at the Orpheum has decided advantages over any other. *Brown* is a most energetic President, and takes a keen interest in sports and poetry. *Barnwell* made a name for himself at the class debate when he used his pedal extremities to lend emphasis to his remarks. *Bell* makes a good forward because of his size. *Cumyow* is a man of musical talent and develops it in the orchestra. *Dunlop* is the man of mysterious wanderings when other people are eating their meat pies. For some unknown reason *Emmons* cannot tolerate "fussin'" in any shape or form. *Fraser* makes a most conscientious treasurer and studies Economics to help him in his official capacity. *Evans* accompanies *Dunlop,* who accompanies *Evans. Hokkyo,* of "The Disappearing Mustache Mystery," is a constant worry to our worthy Professors whom he frequently nonplusses with his staggering questions. *Kelly* is the Honorable Member from Lulu Lulu Island. *Leckie* was our treasurer until he joined the Flying Corps. *Milley* is a quiet soul with a perpetual grin. *Murphy* is not Irish by the way. He made a name for himself as a dish-wiper on the "morning after" our party. *McDougall,* a most attentive coach for the girls' basket-ball team, is prominent in the Men's Glee Club. *Sutcliffe, our Lit.* representative, took part in the oratorical contest and debated against Washington. *Shaw* is a sprouting journalist, and his literary nature finds expression during English lectures, when he dashes off verses with the utmost ease. *The Smiths* are brothers—both musical, both lovers of Latin. *Weld* is a representative in the Players' Club. *Moody* and *Middleton* hail from Latimer Hall, and appear only for Philosophy lectures. *Vollum* is found to be light-hearted in more ways than one. *Shimizu* is a hard working pessimist who always expects to fail in his exams. *Hosang* is our gold medalist in the Oratorical Contest. *Nelson* is famous for sports, debates, acting, singing, "fussing,' 'and several other things. Such are the men of Arts '19.


CLASS OF ARTS '20
GIRLS
UNIVERSITY BRITISH COLUMBIA

Freshettes.

Section 2—"An image gay, to haunt, to startle and *way-law*" is *Marjorie Day,* our class president. *Beatrice Abel* is prominent as a hockey and basket-ball player. It is said that, along with *Amy Barker,* she is one of Mr. Ransom's red-ink artists in French. If you address Marge as *"Miss Campbell,"* she'll answer with a frown, "I wish you to remember, my name is Campbell-Brown." *Lucie Collier* found Freshie life so enchanting that she decided to stay another year, and has now plenty of time to paint pictures. She also serves her year as representative to W. L. S. *Margaret Cook,* by her artful questions, has wrested from Mr. Russell, the secret of all the little sines and cosines. *Gert. Bickle* is as famous a basket-ball player as *Ada Chatterton* was a hockey player before Christmas, but now we see *Ada* completely engrossed in study. *Helena Boldrick*—"beware of her curly hair, for she excels all women in the magic of her locks." *Beth Abernethy* reads much, she is a great observer, and oh! how she loves exams! *Marion Blackhall*—"thou foster-child of silence and slow-time." *Jessie Crawford* is of a sweet, quiet disposition, a contrast to her friend, *Maud Capon,* who, although the youngest of the Freshies, insists on addressing even the seniors as "kid." *Jean Creelman*—"Her voice is ever soft and low, an excellent thing in a Freshie." *Ruth Curry*—"Contented toil, hospitable care, kind connubial tenderness, are there." Ruth hails from Chicago. *Myrtle Dawe's* favorite expression is "I should worry"—appropriate, since she escaped mid-terms. *Maggie Bancroft*—"eyes like stars of twilight fair, like twilight, too, her dusky hair." *Jean Davidson*—a gentle maid beloved of Arts '20! *Gladys Cunliffe* "wanders through the halls like a day-appearing dream"; *Hazel Thompson* plays hockey and is continually delighting Mr. Ransom's heart by enquiring about *"les accents francais."* *Jessie Adam*—"the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health." Blushes are due to three reasons, shyness, confusion and guilt—we wonder which it is in *Maud Walsh's* case. *Ruth Weston*—Maths. have "found a path, through the sad heart of Ruth." She captures all the hundreds. *Jessie Lett* is a debater, a chemistry shark, a basket-ball player, and an eater of big lunches. We admire *Agnes McKenzie's* charming figure, especially the one she cuts at the rink. *Bernice Murtagh* is the overworked" assistant-secretary of the chemistry society. *Maybelle Noble*—Oh tell me, little maiden, are there any more at home like you? *Ada Smith*—Do you care for art? Come, see Ada's drawings, make an early start. *Mary Stewart* is a good little (?) girl, gentle, meek and mild. *Constance Leah* acted behind the footlights last term; this term all she can do is act up in class. *Mary Graham*—with a knife she carved so neat her name into the chemistry seat (Indemnity $1.00) *Bessie Dunsmuir*—"Music, when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory."

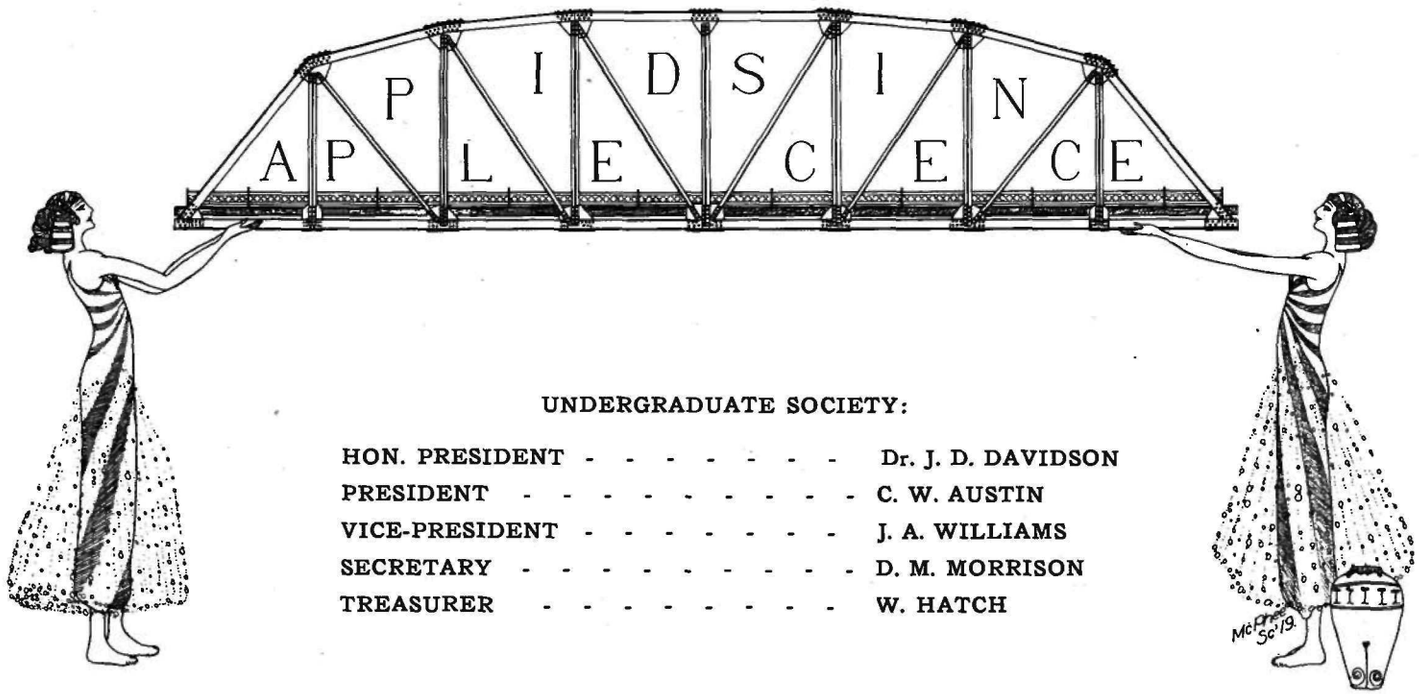
Section 3.—A notice had been posted for weeks calling a meeting of Section III. to discuss the topic—not national thrift, but something much more vital—"Should Freshettes put their hair up upon entering college?" The large attendance showed quite plainly its importance. *Lorna Roberts,* with "social smile and sympathetic tear," presided. *Margaret Morrison,* who continually wavers between two decisions, sighed as she said to *Agnes Ure,* "Oh, I'm so discouraged, the world is a strange affair." *Norah Adye*—"Tut, tut!" *Marion Mitchell,* with an "I-was-not-always-a-maiden-of-woe" look on her face, kept discreet silence. Then arose *Ethel Harris* to express her love of "such society as is quiet, wise and good." This had the desired effect, for when *Mary Inrig* suggested the universal adoption of the hump hair-pin, she could not hear herself speak. *Mildred Mercer* had no objection as long as the angle between the hump and the pin was equal to Cos. 60° for—but she was interrupted. Helter-skelter, and in came *Agnes Healy, Nellie Falconer* and *Elizabeth England,* on the look-out for any hints. When order was restored, *Ruth Smith, Lilly Mueller,* and *Norah Nowlan* requested that a committee be appointed to collect the superfluous hairpins shed with wanton waste around the corridors. "My hat!" exclaimed *Mary Godfrey. Eugenie Fournier* and *Gertrude Richardson* were too busy comparing notes on the "Awts Dawnse" to object, while *Gladys Porter* was heard to murmur, "I had a letter to-day." *Marguerite McDougall* broke in excitedly, "and they haven't had a bit of rain"—"In Victoria," finished *Margaret Hardie.* At this point *Alene Gladwin* "tried to continue the original discussion, but *Henrietta* and *Jessie Roy, Daisy McCallum* and *Daphne Scharschmidt* ,in the middle of a Latin discussion, asked only to be left alone. *Verna Morris* and *Doris Tufnail* departed with the usual five minutes to catch the interurban. The discussion now wandered back to the starting point, when *Annie Hunter* and *Ethel Magee* said they were inclined to be in favor of the bone hairpin, barring, of course, the fifteen-cent store variety. *Evelyn Hanna* and *Margaret Robson* promptly opposed the whole matter because (1) they didn't want to put their hair up, (2) even if they did, their parents objected. *Lillian Hobson* moved the matter be put to a vote. *Margaret Wood* asked that the motion be repeated, as she did not understand it. But *Marion Thom,* having just worked out the trigonometrical relation between the hump and the pin, moved the meeting adjourn. Thus the question was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, except *Myrtle Shannon,* who woke up from her dream of Chilliwack cherries in time to hear *Myrtle Smirl* say "Has anyone any idea how much caution money we'll get back?"


CLASS OF ARTS '20. BOYS U.B.C.

Let us draw the curtain of Arts '20 and let them be seen; boys, youths, young men, old men, thin and fat, preachers, politicians and actors, they are all here. First, the noted actor *Hunter,* who came safely through his Christmas examinations, and thus proved his undisputed right to the title of President of Arts '20. *Colgan* is vice-president and George Ade of his year. On *Pratt,* the secretary, has fallen the duty of collecting quarters for the Patriotic Fund, while the enviable task of securing and caring for class funds was laid on his friend, *Leigh Hughes.* Next in order is *Coates,* overseer of Freshmen athletics, who loyally attends all college functions and keeps a supply of apples in his pockets.

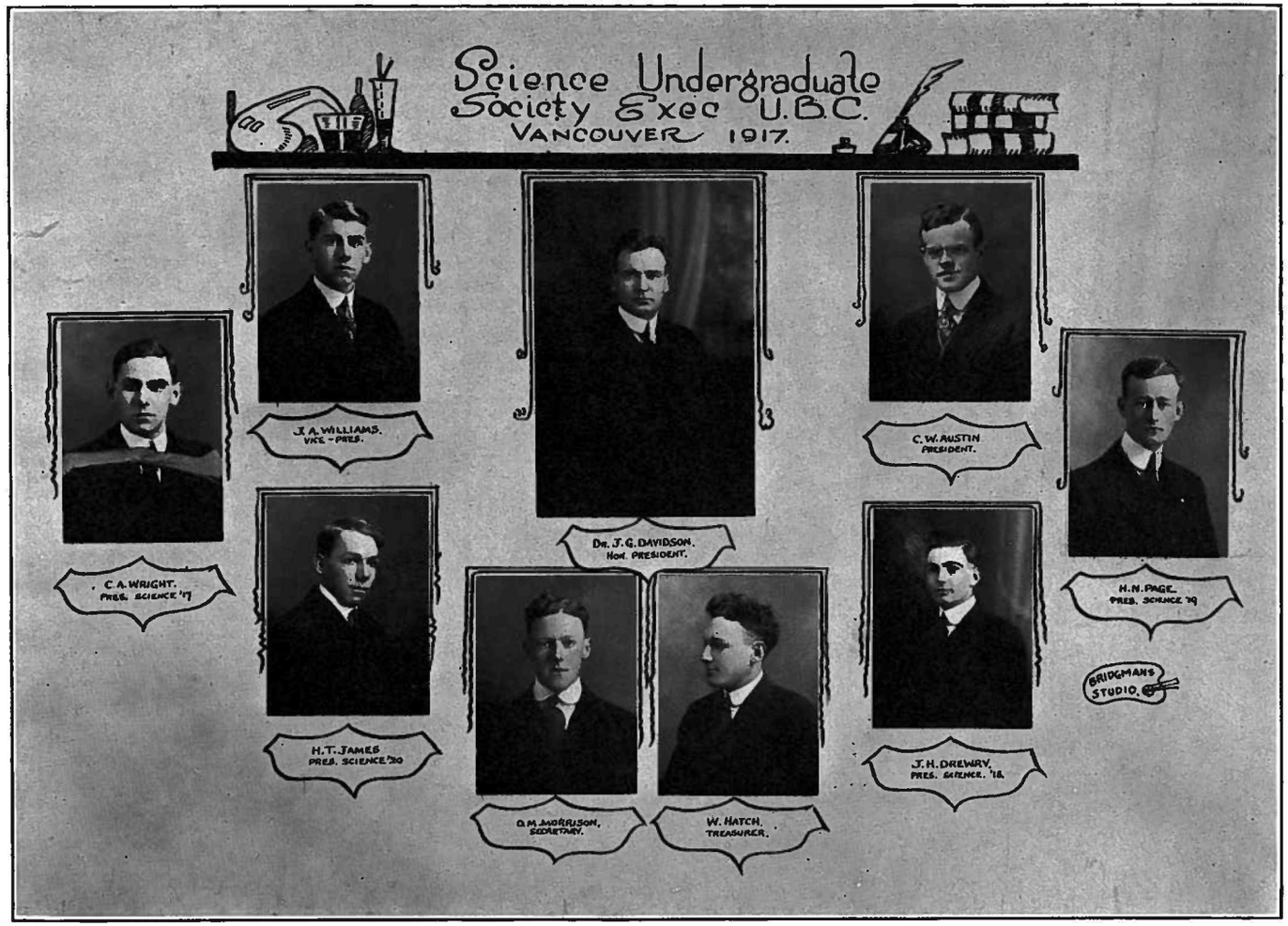
Such are our officials; now let us turn our attention to the unofficials. There is *Meredith,* of New Westminster, weekly torturing Mr. Russell with his fiddle; here are *Gordon* and *Percy James,* two inseparable cousins, while *Harvey, Jane, Martin* and *Swanson* may be identified by their J. R. and Teutonic appearance. Destined by his parents for a military career, *N. Wellington McLellan* strives to emulate his predecessor and accordingly spends five hours each week with the C. O. T. C. *Peebles,* another New Westminster man, is the proud possessor of a silver medal, a reward for diligence. *McClay* is our literary representative, the Demosthenes and Wrigley expert of our year. *Guy, Buell* and *Siddons* are military officers in the bud, while *Newberry* furnishes much fiery comedy for the conscripts. Our photographic expert is *Wilby; McKee* and *Armstrong* are with us in chemistry. For a model of deportment imitate *Crickmay,* a very "propah" young man. Medical assistance will not be lacking while *Docs McKechnie* and *McMurray* own their tool kits. *Stewart,* our "ladies' man," is noted for his sweet and deadly smile, while *Melville* wears specs and red hair. *Story* is captain of our lightning basket-ball team. *Cook* and *Usher* hail from Eburne; that explains all. *Schell* and *G. Thompson* are prominent among our chemists. *Thompson* is the latest recruit to the art of dancing, while *Ellard,* another budding actor, does the hoola-hoola between lectures. *Christie,* a connoisseur on the matter of cafeterias, dines at the K. E. H. S. *Chatters* upholds our intelligence department, while *Day* is our plump and rosy literary genius. It is rumored that *Waterson* plays hockey and sings, and that *McLennan* made 99 in trig. *Davenport* kindly excuses absences of his class mates to the professors, the former being engaged in a snow fight, while *Junn* spurs on the fighters. *Anderson* may be found either at the notice board or on the gym floor. *Parks* shows an evident fondness for brown hats and pompadours. *Weld* is an elongated gentleman, but witness his marks at Christmas. *Coray* is an expert at long range target shooting with snowballs. Both *Anno* and *Cumyow* are singularly industrious, while *Cowper* is endowed with a marvellous faculty for essay writing, and *Denham* has even been rude enough to disturb the peaceful slumber of the history class by asking questions. *Smith* is evidently an aspirant to pugilistic fame, judging by the unlady-like manner with which he treats all obstructions in his hurried progress through the locker rooms. *Pugsley* once suffered himself to be marked absent when one of the professors thoughtlessly called him *"Poogsley."* Truly 'tis of such stuff that martyrs are made. *Taylor* is an ardent supporter of the hockey team. *Davis* has a much envied and most convenient habit of acquiring 100 per cent. in Trig.; another among us inclined in the same direction is *McKinnon,* who comes to us from the end of the world, Revelstoke, or is it Trail? *R. Kaby* is a harmless young man disposed to look on the humorous side of life. When Mr. R. was reciting Virgil, *Wilson's* unbounded optimism asserted itself in a loud chuckle! It were wiser for us to draw a veil over the mournful consequences. *Clark* possessed of lungs to wonder at, is very useful to the C. O. T. C.; in later life he might make a fortune as an auctioneer or peanut vendor. *Foerster* passes examinations in a manner creditable to himself and disconcerting to his less brilliant classmates. *E. T. James,* sometimes known as "Taddy," an energetic young man, who prefers hockey to examinations; *F. C. Law,* objects to being called Freddie; J. C. *de Pencier,* who has a horror of expiring from over-work and so expends his superfluous energy on hockey and in creating diversions for a bored class, form a trio noted for the civil war it wages, not oftener than twice a week. Great credit must be given to *Mr. Boulton* for the way in which he has trained his affectionate Ford to go from high into reverse without murmuring or hesitation. Last, but not least, let us mention *Southam, Grayston, Larsen* and *Munro,* who have left us at different times and whom we mourn as the "dear departed."

Although Professor Henry declares that we are as a class unpardonably frivolous, we take this opportunity to say that we really are not as individuals, and we hope that as time goes on the freshness and greenness insisted upon by Mr. Wood will become but a memory and that we may soon acquire the sophisticated air which marks the worthy Sophomores.



UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY:

HON. PRESIDENT	Dr. J. D. DAVIDSON
PRESIDENT	C. W. AUSTIN
VICE-PRESIDENT	J. A. WILLIAMS
SECRETARY	D. M. MORRISON
TREASURER	W. HATCH


Science Undergraduate
Society Exec U.B.C.
VANCOUVER 1917.
J. A. WILLIAMS.
VICE - PRES.
C. W. AUSTIN
PRESIDENT.
C. A. WRIGHT.
PRES. SCIENCE '17
DR. J. G. DAVIDSON.
HON. PRESIDENT.
H. N. PAGE.
PRES. SCIENCE '19
BRIDGMANS
STUDIO.
H. T. JAMES
PRES. SCIENCE '20
J. H. DREWRY.
PRES. SCIENCE. '18.
O. M. MORRISON.
SECRETARY.
W. HATCH.
TREASURER.

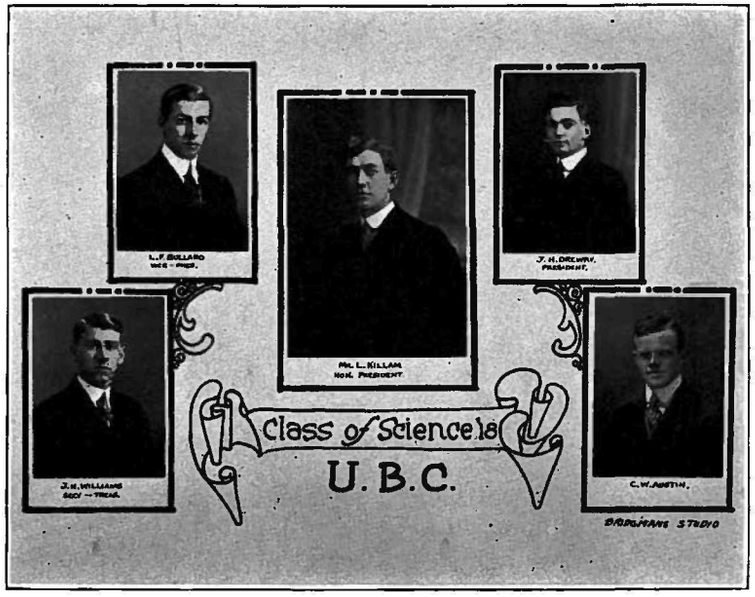
17

CHAS. WRIGHT

"Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Charlie is a blue-nose; Charlie is a learned man; therefore, blue-noses are learned men. To those who do not know what blue-noses are, we will tell you; they are fish-eaters, that is, they are "sharks." "Chas." is a shark; thus have we hunted down that metaphor whereby is explained a man's disposition "to go the whole round of creation" and come home knowing it all.

Despite the fact that "Chas." is a blue-nose—he is a good man. The fact that he has ranked high in every examination this year, as well as first, and that the student body chose him President of the Alma Mater Society, is ample proof. The capable way in which he has filled this office is known too well to need mentioning. But as yet he has not forsaken the extravagances of Freshman days. Marshall said to Mennie in the hall: "Chas. said he made a hundred in that test." Chas: "Like a hen I did!"



Science '18.

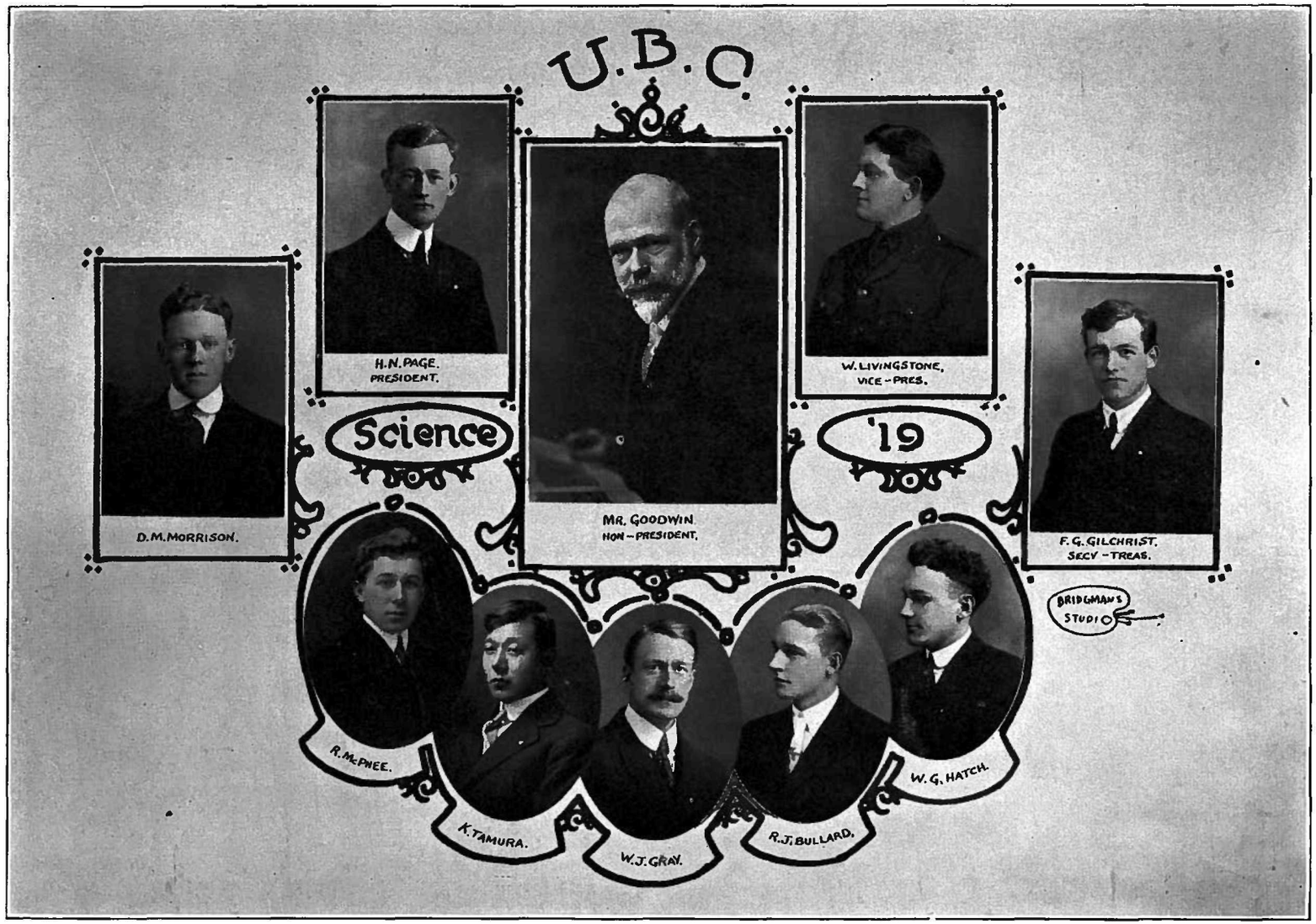
English, as a subject of the Science curriculum, receives such a jolt from the Freshmen of that Faculty, that it does not appear in successive years. Therefore, Science '18, although a Junior class, is not subject to the tortures of English 7, and consequently cannot write its autobiography. Anyhow, "it is a hard subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the readers' ears to hear anything of praise from him." In short, this is from the pen of one whose knowledge of the members of Science '18 is about as wide and variable as a straight line having length, but no breadth.

Drewry, one of the four members of this Junior class, left at Christmas to join the Royal Flying Corps. He held the Presidency of this class and the Men's Athletic Association, in consequence of which he was one of the noble Council of Eight. The best wishes of all students follow Mr. Drewry, as he goes to join other members of Science '18 now in Europe.

Someone remarked the other day that *Austin* never studies. We don't believe that, but we do wonder when he ever finds time to study. He is really a most versatile man. He can preside over the Science Men's Undergrad, affix his name to Alma Mater cheques, stir up scandal in an Irish village, ride a bicycle, and still pass well in examinations. Of course, he is also business manager for the Players' Club, but some ambitious senior is going to write a whole thesis on that subject for a Ph.D. degree. However, when he leaves the "U" his place will be hard to fill.

If you want to know anything about *Williams,* just ask *Bullard,* and the suggestion works equally well in the opposite direction. Neither of them ever haunts the Arts Building, and if it were not for their sagacity in taking geology, they might have "wasted their sweetness on the desert air" of the Science buildings. When Dr. Hodge says "Quiz," *Bullard* disappears as much as possible, while *Williams* wisely weathers the storm, and seeks exercise in ice hockey, rather than in attempting to drape himself around one of the choice garden benches in the Geology Lecture Room. *Williams* sometimes escapes from work to be Vice-president of the Science Men's Undergrad.

With the exception of Fourth Year Science, no class is as important in proportion to its numbers as Science '18. Their motto would seem to be, "Let's be happy while we may, exams. come soon enough."


U.B.C.
Science
'19
H.N. PAGE.
PRESIDENT.
W. LIVINGSTONE,
VICE-PRES.
D.M. MORRISON.
MR. GOODWIN
HON-PRESIDENT.
F.G. GILCHRIST.
SECY-TREAS.
BRIDGMAN'S STUDIO
R. McPHEE.
K. TAMURA.
W.J. GRAY.
R.J. BULLARD.
W.G. HATCH.

Science '19

When the roll was called at the beginning of this year's work, eight only responded out of a class of thirty-five strong. However, four new arrivals, one of whom proved to be a student of McGill days, swelled the numbers to a grand total of twelve.

Archibald, one of the new-comers, proved to be a "blue-nose," hailing from Nova Scotia. Somewhat older than most of the rest of the class, he watched with mild amazement the doings of his class-mates. Being an expert hockey player, he was a great support to the first team and when he enlisted during the Christmas holidays, his loss practically shut out all hope of winning on the ice. Russ Bullard, who liked second year so well that he decided to stay with it, has evidently taken a dislike to it, for he is leading in practically all the classes, without putting in any extra time at it as far as anyone can see. Russ is one of those members of the class who turn up at all college functions and uphold the Science reputation in that respect. George Gilchrist, one of the liveliest members of the class, can always be found in the thickest of the snowball fights. His professors assume that his reason for being always late in the morning is that the Granville Street Bridge is open. (Don't tell them that he lives this side of it.) George has turned out to be the card shark of the class. Gray is our veteran mountain climber, as may be surmised from his election as president of the U. B. C. Mountaineering Club. Willie has a carefully cultivated moustache which bids fair to rival Mr. Silk's beard in college history. As a partial student, Gray makes the class green with envy by the way he comes and goes at will. Among the prettiest of the girls at the second year party was Bill Hatch, and he stayed there, too. He always does. Bill is treasurer of the Science Undergrad. and one of a group who never skip lectures. Oh, no! If you see a crowd of Science boys in the auditorium, you can know Bill is in the centre—playing the piano. Tommy Le Messurier, "Mizzoo" for short, was class financier and a dilettante in society. When not dancing "Mizzoo" plies a lucrative trade supplying the class with drawing materials. The class made a wise choice in making him treasurer. Tommy left us shortly after Christmas to join the Aviation Corps. "Fish" Livingstone came to us from the trenches pretty well shot up. When he is missing from class we know he is having a piece of splintered bone or a specimen of German hardware pried loose from his anatomy. Having put in a brief appearance at college and its functions and some work as Military Editor, "Fish" has re-enlisted and is going to Kingston to join the artillery. Hats off to the man who has been through the mill and come out with many honorable scars. We record another social light in McPhee. You will find his name on the list of members of the Annual Board. This boy is a worker, but that does not prevent him from going on sprees with the class. If you get soaked going past the chemistry building, that's McPhee. "Pinky" Morrison refuses to be secretary for more than the Men's Athletic and Science Undergraduate Societies. He is class champion on the track, at hockey, basket-ball, and putting the janitor on his back. The last he indulges in whenever the janitor wants to throw him out. "Pinky" insistently claims that he doesn't know any of the girls at college, even after having talked to half a dozen. Henry Page firmly denies that he is serving a sentence in prison for stealing twenty dollars from a Chinaman, although the rest of the class insist they can prove it absolutely by clippings from the newspapers. He says the report is greatly exaggerated. This enthusiast at skipping lectures has very nearly skipped the limit and will have to be good the rest of the term. Horace Stedman comes straight from the old country, from London, in fact. This "rara avis" is very shy, especially of parties and dances. His habitat is the class room, where he may be found at all hours of the day. We defy you to find his picture in the class group, thus proving how shy he is. We bank on Horace to win a scholarship or something. He certainly deserves it if work counts. K. Tamura is setting an example of industry to the class. Rumor has it that he milks 17 cows, chops up a cord of wood and does a day's work every morning before coming in to college from Steveston. This is the explanation offered to account for his semi-somnolent state. Tamura makes his class jealous by leaving at ten minutes of five every night to catch the tram for Steveston.

Summer Survey, Sr. '19.

When the second year surveying class met in August, it was divided into two sections, captained by *"Mizzoo"* and *Pearce.* Group I. contained *Pearce, Tamura, Hatch* and *McPhee,* while *Le Messurier, Morrison, Gilchrist* and *Page* comprised Group II. Shortly after work commenced, *Stedman* and *Archibald* were admitted to the first, while *McPhee* deserted therefrom, expressing a preference for the second. The duty of these groups was to see if the trees, houses and lakes were exactly where they were when surveyed previously. The fear has been expressed that the maps, when made, will not coincide with those of last year. The first work called for scientific ability of a high (?) order. This was the measuring, by means of a tape, the distance of trees, etc., from a fixed line. At this work, *Page* developed a habit of leaving his plumb-bob half a mile back, but he also developed an uncanny knack of finding it again, while *Gilchrist* took to spearing Douglas Firs with pickets and marking pins until the diminished supply, due to breakage and loss, threatened to put a stop to all work. *Morrison* and *Page* claimed that they did more surveying than the rest, for while the others were too busy to look around, they surveyed everything in sight. At this time several marking-pins were lost in the duck-ponds, but *McPhee* positively refused to go in and fish them out.

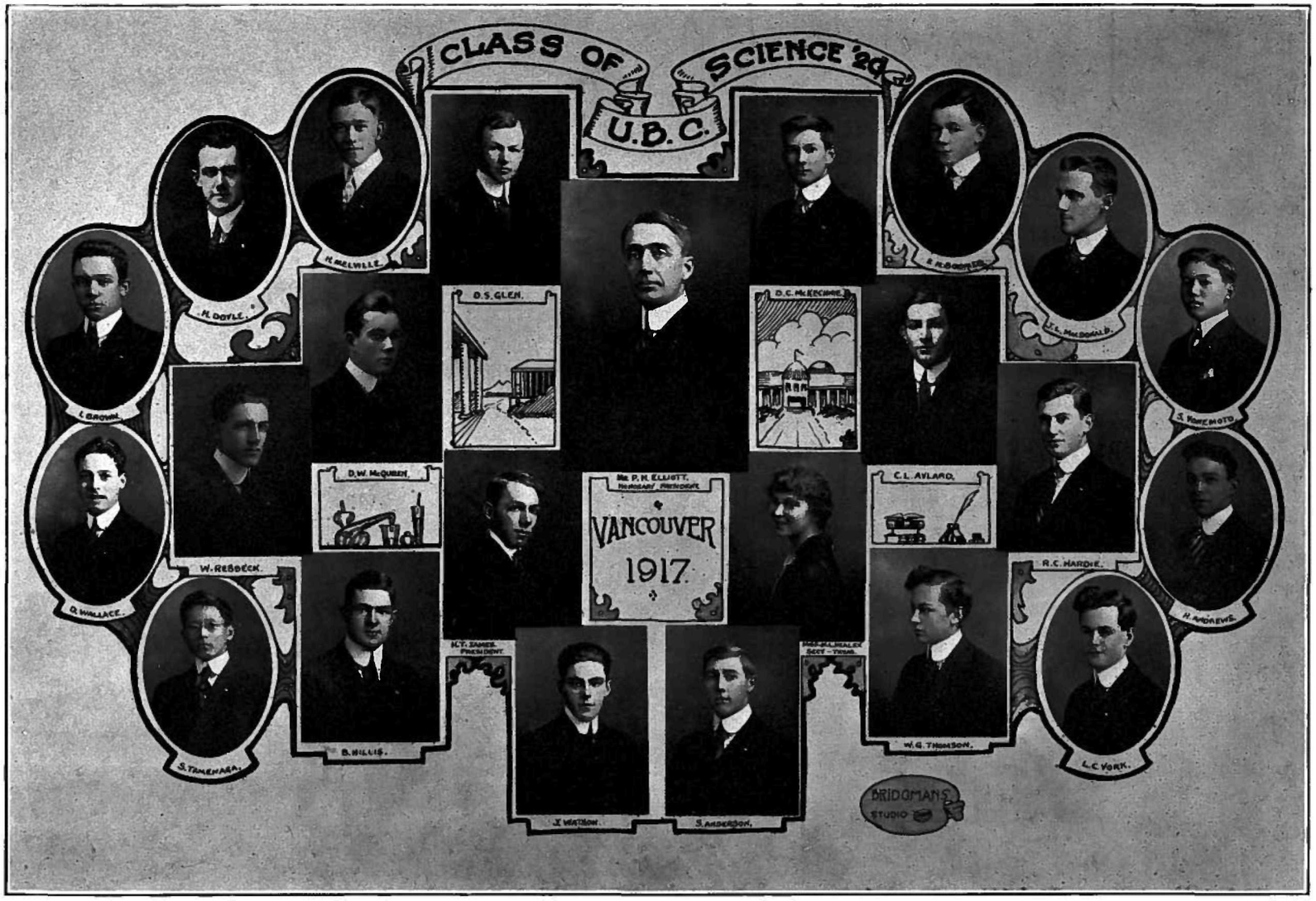
A hurried compass survey was next undertaken by both parties. The explanation for delayed return was that there was considerable "local attraction" along the roads and walks by English Bay.

When *Mr. Powell* stated that if the prescribed work was finished early the students could have the extra time off, both groups came an hour earlier and stayed an hour later each day, but did not finish before college opened. On the telemeter survey, which went clear around the park, *Tamura,* while holding the rod, had great difficulty in keeping awake. The remainder of the party continually shouted directions to him down the road, but each time to their expectant ears was wafted back the answer "Wh-a-a-at?" In a garden near a caretaker's house, Mr. Powell discovered a plum tree, bearing luscious plums, of which he indiscreetly partook in the presence of the surveyors. On closer investigation, the boys found that the vicinity of the caretaker's house needed resurveying periodically. At lunch times both parties met at the refreshment pavilion and proceeded thence to the monkey-house, where "Pinky" once had a brand-new pencil taken from him and swallowed by a monkey—then to the bear cage to watch *Bill Hatch* get the bears into a fight. That grizzly did hate to see the other bears get anything to eat!

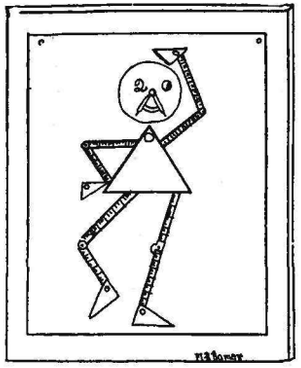
In the summer the surveyors had a grand old time while working, each man being supposed to keep notes. Now, the whole class is collaborating to see if among them they have sufficient data to plot a complete map.

Just Imagine!

Russ. Bullard—in church. Mr. Gray—minus the furnace (favorite saying "Got a match?") K. Tamura—City Engineer, Tokio. Don Morrison—With black hair. Henry Page—second in command, somewhere in Mexico. Horace Stedman—in dancing pumps. He usually has a cold; no wonder, there's so much of him on the ground.


CLASS OF SCIENCE '20
U.B.C.
H. McLELLE.
M. DOYLE.
D.S. GLEN.
D.C. McKECHNIE.
E.H. BROWN.
J.L. McDONALD.
S. YONEMOTO.
I. BROWN.
D.W. McQUEEN.
C.L. AVLARD.
R.C. HARDIE.
W. REBDECK.
D. WALLACE.
H. ANDREWS.
Mr. P.H. ELLIOTT.
HONORARY PRESIDENT.
VANCOUVER
1917
H.T. JAMES.
PRESIDENT.
SECY.-TREAS.
B. HILLIS.
S. TAKENAKA.
J. WATSON.
S. ANDERSON.
W.G. THOMSON.
L.C. YORK.
BRIDGMAN'S
STUDIO

Science '20



Speaking of English composition, we have in our class a certain lank, optimistic young literary aspirant whose main object in life, apart from asking sundry questions of lecturers, is to be different, if not original. He thought that since he could not come across with quality (such a colloquilism as "come across" is not nice, but we would prefer not to be accused of "supercilious superiority" should we use impressive words) he proceeded to go in for quantity. Bulk being a personal characteristic of this worthy gentleman, we can only presume that he suggested the idea to himself in some psychological manner. Instead of writing an essay on one of our fortnightly themes, Harry Melville, of that ilk, wrote a book. We understand that when Mr. Ridington got as far as page fourteen he decided he would not read any more and gave Harry the benefit of the doubt regarding a pass mark.

Science '20 is the biggest roughneck class in the college—even Science '19 has to admit it. We can do more damage to the square inch than any amateur photographer—vide arts' press.

Oh! by the way, we have a member in our class who is not a roughneck in the true sense of the word. However, a person is known by the company he keeps, and our only lament is that Miss Healy shows no ambition to break a record or a door or something and be a regular science student in a mild sort of a way.

Apart from a little tendency to rough-house once in a while, we have some really nice boys in our class. Jack MacDonald has such nice eyes and is such a "bootiful" dancer. Howard James is our class president, and a very efficient man at selling tickets and things. Glen is the only man who takes Descriptive Geometry with a serious expression. Brown, Bush, Caspell and Company occupy the rear of the room during drafting period and are incidentally the most adept at placing thumbtacks on stools. Wallace, who is a wrangler in mathematics, once asked them to go to minus infinity. Brown is a great big fat boy who eats too much sweetstuff but plays basketball like a whale. There was a little friendly boxing match going on the other day. Brown was introduced and said he weighed a hundred and eighty, but could train down to a hundred and thirty. Doyle said he woul take him as he was. Doyle, being the wielder of this mighty pen, is, of course, unspeakable.

Dr. Hebb told us that we can learn some things by mere book work, or memory, but that we can only get mechanics through our minds, and that is why some of us can't get it. Someone saw the joke—McKechnie, we believe. "Beans" Hillis is a good smiler and needs a shave sooner than any in the class. Incidentally he is a good roughneck. There is a future in front of him we feel sure. Boomer has many attributes, his motto being "Speed! accurary not essential." He spoils more models in shopwork than anyone, but is still ahead of the game. Speaking of shopwork, McQueen, Thompson and Rebbeck seem to get dirty quicker than the others in the blacksmith shop. We fancy their peregrinations into the moulding shop with concealed weapons in the shape of snow balls, are attended with results. Wet moulding sand is a good blackener. Coles enlisted and left for England some time ago. Sid. Anderson, of basketball fame, has also enlisted and is leaving for England shortly. York, although silent, is pretty handy when we are throwing the Arts men out of the Science building. Andrews has the air of a descriptive geometry shark. Aylard discusses passing events with a dry wit and David Anderson sometimes listens to him. Tamenaga takes things seriously and passes in all subjects. Yonemoto ridicules a man who cannot do mathematics, but laments that mechanics have got his psychological goat. Hardy is a human electrode and delights in drawing sparks of static electricity from wireless apparatus and other junk. Watson always has the air of a connoisseur of something or other. He can fall off a bicycle into six inches of mud neater than they do it in the moving pictures. Science '20 is greatly privileged in having Mr. P. H. Elliott, of the Science staff, as Hon. President. As a class we have already become bonded in good fellowship and all hope to be back again next year.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT EXECUTIVE.

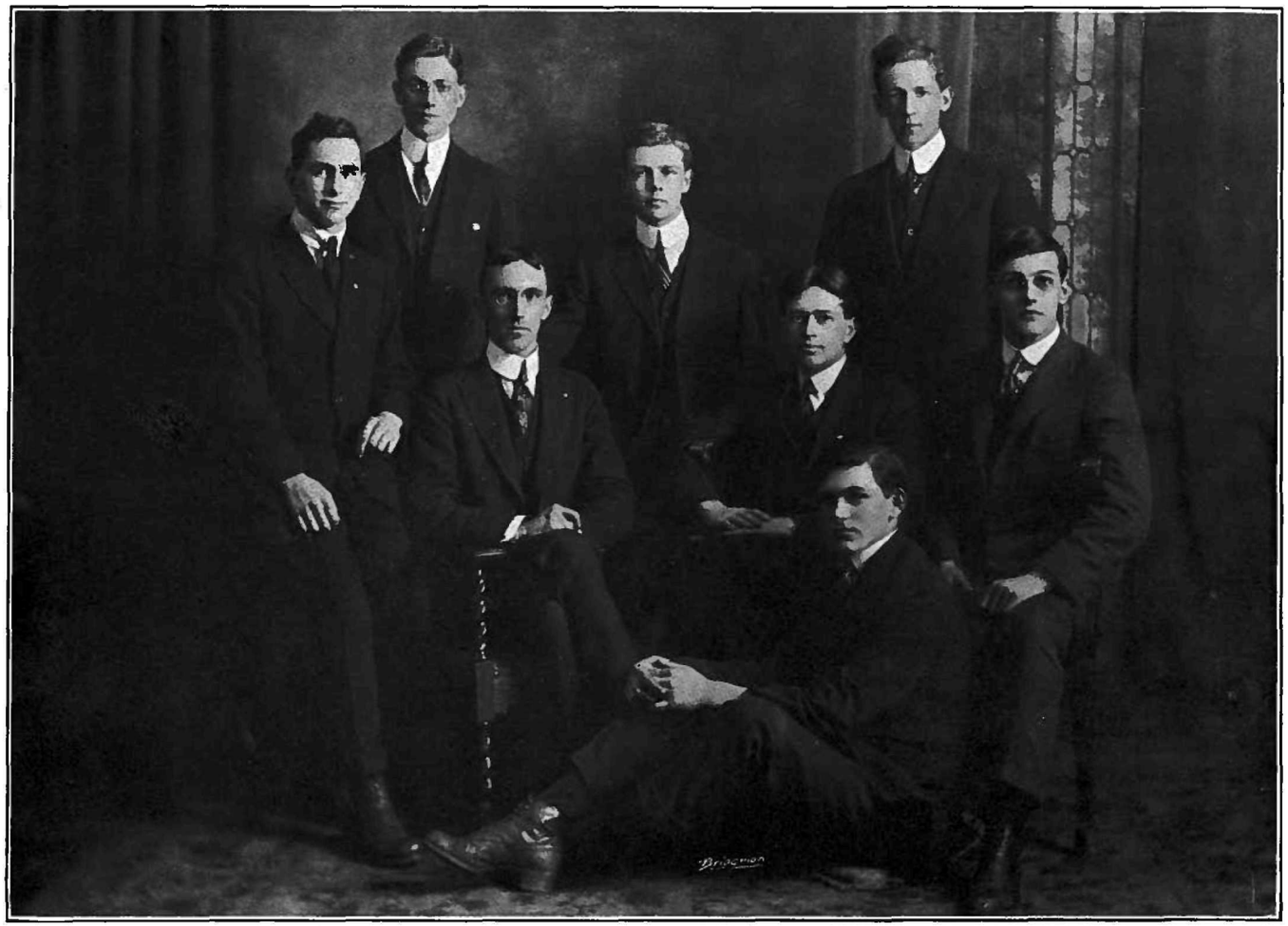
M. D. Bayly (President Men's Lit.) W. F. Emmons (President Chemical Society) P. Rosebrugh (President Women's Lit.) K. Peck (President Players' Club)
K. Mutrie (President Musical Society) G. L. Fraser (President) J. Russell (Secretary-Treasurer) G. Henderson (Vice-President) Prof. C. Robertson (Honorary President)

It has been a pleasure to have been a member during the past year. The W. L. S. has overcome any tendency to be a Social Club, and has preserved its identity as a purely literary society. Just look over a copy of the neat little syllabus which was issued early in the year, and, by the way, the printed syllabus does much to keep up an interest in the meetings. In the first page is a list of officers. Mrs. Wesbrook, our Honorary President, has not been able to attend many of our meetings this year, but we considered ourselves privileged when she consented to accept this office. The President is Pearl Rosebrugh—and Pearl it was who arranged for the many splendid addresses we have had. The presidency of the W. L. S. is no sinecure, and we have never had cause to regret our choice for President. The vice-presidency, a position implying much honor and no work, naturally falls to Laura Pim. While acting officially as secretary, Agnes Damer has had opportunity to renew such youthful occupations as cutting out pictures. Winnie Lee is our reporter and treasurer. According to Dr. Boggs, there are two kinds of bank deposits—real and ideal. Our treasurer nominally controls an ideal deposit. Even she never sees our funds. But, then, that is simply a product of our wonderful system of student self-government. Olive Orr, Hazel Wilband, Helen Wesbrook and Lucie Collier are class representatives to the executive.

The first meeting of the year was held on November 2nd, when Miss MacInnes gave an address on "College Student Ideals." This was later published in the monthly magazine, and is well worth more than one reading. At this meeting the Freshettes presided in the kitchen, and quite lived up to entertaining standards of former tribes. On November 16th, Shirley Clement and Laura Pim, representing the Senior Year, met Iona Griffiths and Norma Clarke, of the Juniors, in a debate on the question of "Co-education." According to the laws of debating, if the negative loses, the affirmative wins. Thus it was that the Seniors were victorious. Mrs. D. McIntosh addressed the W. L. S. on November 30th, when she spoke on "Feminism and the Works of Ellen Key." It seemed particularly pleasing that we should have had the privilege of hearing one of the "Faculty Wives," and it has also been a source of great pleasure to see so many of these ladies at our meetings. This was the last meeting before the Christmas vacation. The first meeting after the holiday was addressed by Mr. Wood, when we spent "An Hour with Ibsen." It was most interesting, nor did it fall on deaf ears, for Miss Menzies confided to me that the copies of Ibsen were not gathering dust in the stack-room after January 18th. The debate between first and second years was held on February 1st. The subject, "The Reforming of Canada Into a Social Democracy," was a difficult one, but Margery Peck and Evelyn McKay, of the Sophomore year, and Jessie Lett and Marjorie Campbell-Brown, Freshettes, added much to the prestige of the W. L. S. by their wonderful knowledge and handling of the subject. Several of the college men were present. We are sure they must have enjoyed the debate. Refreshments were served by the junior and senior members. Last year, Mr. Russell had planned to give an illustrated lecture on "A Tourist's Impressions of Rome." Fortunately for many of us, this was postponed until February 15th of this year. The meeting was thrown open to all students and the physics lecture room was crowded. Perhaps it was the warmth of the room, perhaps it was Bessie Dunsmuir's splendid piano selection added to Mr. Russell's interesting talk that made us imagine we were under the skies of sunny Italy. On March 1st, K. Peck and Evelyn Story championed the cause of the Senior year, while the Sophomores were represented by Connie Highmoor and Nellie Ballentine, when the final debate took place. The subject, "Resolved, that in the best interests of humanity Russia should be given Constantinople." The winners, the Seniors. The Sophomores have at last lost their laurels. The last meeting of the year will be held on March 15th, when the Rev. Ernest Thomas will bring to us the "Message of Maeterlinck." We shall look forward to this with a great deal of pleasure.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

L. Collier O. M. Orr P. Rosebrugh (President) A. Damer H. Wesbrook H. Wilband W. Lee L. Pim



MEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

W. Abercrombie W. G. Sutcliffe J. H. Mennie A. C. Broatch
Prof. F. G. C. Wood (Hon. Pres.) M. D. Bayly (Pres.) J. Russell G. McClay

M.L.D.S.

Under the new regime of student self-government in the University of B. C., the literary activities of the students have been entirely reorganized. The Men's Literary Society is no longer autonomous as it used to be in M. B. C., but is a part of the newly-formed Literary Department. In those good old days that are gone, the "Lit." used to uphold the social side of college life; following the usual debate or lecture every two weeks there was an informal dance. Now, with the advent of the University, all that is gone. We have grown more dignified and formal. The Men's "Lit." now holds oratorical contests and international debates. Under the able leadership of Mr. F. G. C. Wood, as Honorary President, and Mr. M. D. Bayly, as President, the society has done much to uphold the high literary standard of this student organization.

Early in the fall term it was decided not to enter the Vancouver Debating League, but following the precedent set last year, to debate with Washington University. An inter-class debating league was also formed, which has proved very successful.

The first and only mock parliament of the year was held on Oct. 25th, 1916. This form of debating was introduced last year by the Lit. at the suggestion of Dr. Eastman. At the meeting the Society was converted into the Canadian House of Commons. The government presented a bill which provided for a compulsory course in English in all the schools of the Dominion, and also a course in French in all the schools where the number of French students warranted it. Dr. Eastman was speaker of the House, Mr. M. D. Bayly, Premier, and Mr. Mennie, leader of the Opposition. The prominent M. P's. who spoke in favour of the measure were Messrs. Hagelstein, Broatch and Baker, while Messrs. J. Russell, L. Smith, G. McClay and Sutcliffe contended for the Opposition. The bill, after an exciting debate, was finally passed by a vote of twelve to eight. The presence of ladies in the gallery added much interest to the first reading of this bill.

The Society was well represented in the Annual Oratorical Contest of the Vancouver Debating League last November by Mr. Roland Miller, B. A., well known in U. B. C., for his prowess as an orator. By his very eloquent and splendid oration on Lord Kitchener, he certainly merited the gold medal which he won as first prize.

On November 22nd, the first inter-class debate was held between Arts III. and IV. The subject was: "Resoived, That the present policy of the U. S. A. is in the best interests of Mexico." The affirmative was debated by Messrs. Hagelstein and Newton, of the Senior Year, the negative by Messrs. Broatch and Allardyce, of the Junior Year. The debate on the whole was of a high order, Mr. Hagelstein speaking very effectively in the rebuttal. The judges, Dean Klinck, and Professors Willis and Henderson, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

The question of "The attitude of U. S. in this present crisis and its relation to the best interests of humanity," was debated in a most interesting and instructive way by Freshmen and Sophomores on December 6th.Messrs. Agabob and Sutcliffe took the affirmative for the second year, while Messrs. Pratt and McClay, of the first year, spoke for the negative side. Both sides brought out many good points, but the affirmative succeeded in proving its position. The judges were, Mr. Wood, Mr. Clement and Mr. Boving.

The annual oratorical contest held on January 19, brought forth many newcomers to the world of oratory. Mr. Inglis Hosang, a Chinese student, with his oration on "Si Yuen Hung, President of China," won the gold medal. In his presentation of "A Chinese Notable, by one of his own race," Mr. Hosang spoke with great fluency and conviction, showing a very commendable knowledge of the subject. Mr. McClay, a Freshman, taking as his subject, "Canada After the War," won the silver medal. He outlined the problems which the Dominion would have to face after peace was declared. The two other speakers, Messrs. Hagelstein and Sutcliffe, chose for their orations, "The Policies and Plans by Which World Peace Might Be Brought About for All Time." It is hoped that next year there will be more than four contestants, "just to make things interesting."

The final debate of the year was held on February 7th between the Sophomores and Seniors, to decide the championship of the inter-class league. The subject was: "Resolved, That the National Public Utilities of Canada Should be Under Government Control." The affirmative was argued by Messrs. Hosang and L. Smith of the Second Year, while Messrs. L. Baker and M. DesBrisay upheld the negative for the fourth year. Mr. Hosang dealt with the evils of the present monopolistic system, and Mr. Smith showed the benefits which this measure had produced in other countries by a most prodigious array of figures. Mr. DesBrisay dealt with the social and political aspects of the question, while Mr. Baker, in a very clear and convincing way, showed the economic problems with which we would be confronted. The debate was exceedingly close, but was finally awarded to the Second Year by the judges, Dr. Hebb, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. John Ridington.

Though the attendance at these debates has not been as large as desired, still we feel that those who have been present have received some enjoyment and benefit from thm. Much credit is due to the hard-working executive of the society for the way things have been managed. We feel that the literary side of our college life, apart from the actual class-room lectures, has been very well attended to by this organization.

The International Debate

The great event of the debating season was the international contest between the U. B. C. and the University of Washington, an event which U. B. C. can recall with particular pleasure, since its successful issue in Seattle and at home has been the means of balancing the previous success of our neighboring university.

The debates took place on Friday, March 9. Messrs. M. D. Bayley and J. Mennie represented U. B. C. at home, and Messrs. W. Sutcliffe and J. Denham at Meany Hall, Seattle. The Washington teams were composed of Messrs. P. Hodge, H. Everest, D. S. Bollman and M. Robbins, the two former representing their University at Vancouver, the two latter at Seattle.

The subject of debate was one that is of world-wide interest and importance: "Resolved, that an International Supreme Court should be established, supported by an international alliance against any nation or nations refusing to submit international disputes to such a court or to abide by its decisions." U. B. C. representatives supported the affirmative in the home debate and the negative in Seattle

The first speaker pointed out that the nations, now so tired of war, were looking for a means of permanent peace, a means to check forever, if possible, a waste of life and property so detrimental to the welfare of mankind. Furthermore, no single nation was self-sufficient in its supply of the necessaries of modern life, nor could injury be done to any one nation without its effect reaching to others. Mr. Bayley then indicated the three states of national being—(1) The present state of war; (2) a state of individual self-sufficiency, and (3) the establishment of an international supreme court of the nations. The first of these was already shown to be undesirable, the second impossible, therefore in the third must be sought the solution of the problem. To compel obedience to the decisions of this court the speakers advocated the establishment of a police force, though appeal to law, rather than to force, would be the ideal to be attained. The Hague Conference, he maintained, had accomplished much although, lacking a police force, it had failed to prevent the present conflict.

The leader of the negative, Mr. Hodge, then opened the argument for the opposing team. He endeavored to show the impossibility of establishing such a court as the affirmative advocated, pointing out that the present war had discredited international law and that economic self-interest would cause nations to refrain from participating in such an alliance. Moreover, there was a difficulty that was insuperable in the problem of race divergency. Not until uniform customs and law had been developed and a willingness to surrender individual sovereign-power attained, could such a court meet with success. These conditions, said the speaker, could never be fulfilled.

Mr. Mennie, continuing the argument for the affirmative, recalled to mind the fact that many disputes of an international nature had been peacefully settled in the past, these including cases that involved national honor and vital interests. He showed

that the difficulty of appointing judges could be overcome and indicated the place of economic pressure as an instrument for enforcing the decisions of the proposed courts.

Mr. Everest, the second speaker for the negative, maintained that, even if established, such a court could not be a success because of non-justifiable cases, such as the problem of immigration. These cases would of necessity result in disagreement, and force, as a means of coercing the powers to submit, would lead to a disruption of the alliance. The spirit of nationalism, said the speaker, was as yet too strong.

Each speaker was then allowed five minutes for rebuttal.

While the judges were arriving at their decisions, Mrs. Morkill and Mr. Cave, accompanied by Mr. Russell, entertained the audience with vocal numbers, which elicited hearty encores. Dr. Wesbrook then announced that the judges, Mr. R. L. Reid, Dr. S. D. Scott and Mr. J. W. Risk, had rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative.

In Seattle, the debate took place in the afternoon, Mr. Bollman opening the argument for the affirmative. He based his points on the fact that war was tending towards democracy and indicated the place of economic pressure as an instrument for the adequate means of enforcing the decisions of such a court as advocated.

The leader of the negative, Mr. Sutcliffe, showed that the new court was based on three assumptions: (1)—that there was universal brotherhood; (2)—that this brotherhood was desirous of universal peace, and (3)—that all war is evil. Of these, the first two were erroneous and the third doubtful. Further, economic pressure had been tried in the Napoleonic wars and had failed.

In replying and further advancing the affirmative argument, Mr. Robbins objected to the statement that there was no universal desire for peace. As an example of divers peoples living peaceably under one law, he sighted the confederation of the U. S. What had been done on a small scale, could be done on a yet larger scale.

Mr. Denham closed the debate for the negative, pointing out that the success of the whole plan depended upon alliance and harmony. The failure of the Hague, he said, marked the ruin of international arbitration. Today, ten nations were endeavoring to force Germany to abide by a decision, and they have been baffled for two and one-half years.

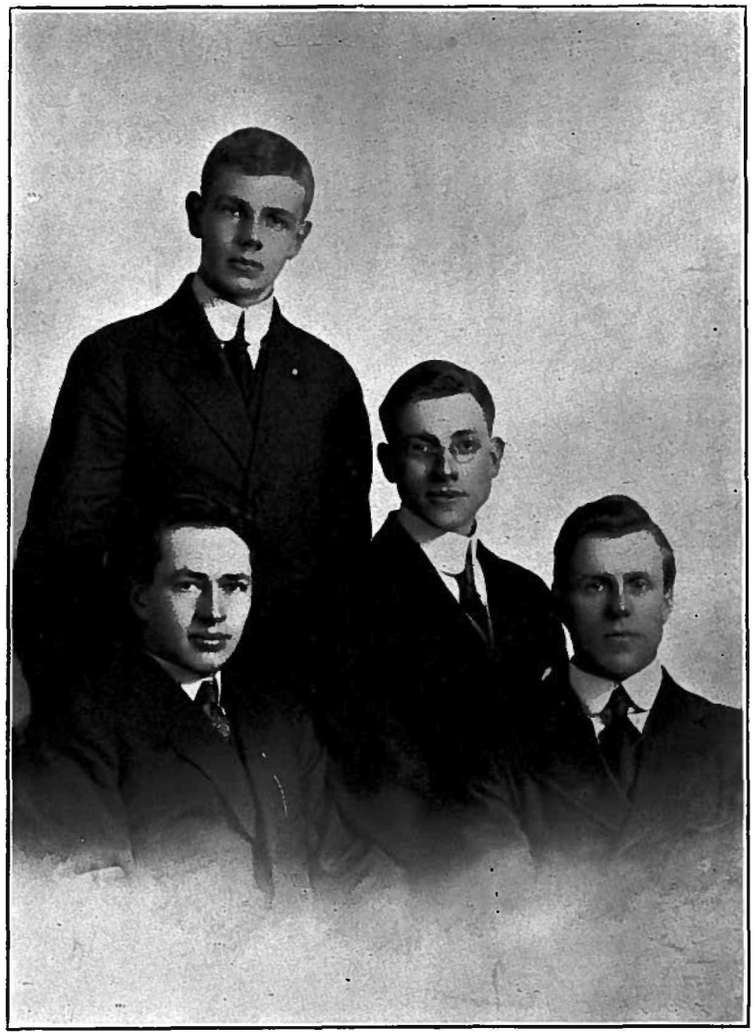
A unanimous decision was rendered in favor of the negative. Much credit is due the four representatives who so ably upheld the honor of U. B. C. Neither must we overlook the indispensable and inestimable work done by the officers in making this event one of such complete success.

The Musical Club.

Though the Musical Club was formed rather late in the year, yet it is now well established. It is divided into three branches of musical activity, namely, the Women's Glee Club, the Men's Glee Club, and the Orchestra. Mr. Russell is the Honorary President and Conductor of all three, and it is to his energy and enthusiasm that their formation and progress is due.

The Women's Glee Club, the first of these societies to be formed, has some forty members. Under Mr. Russell's able instruction they have learned several part songs, and with the aid of outside talent, presented an attractive programme at the concert which they held at the end of March in aid of the Red Cross.

The Men's Glee Club has been unfortunate this year. In the first session the men were enthusiastic, but the music was lacking. When the latter eventually arrived the time-table had been altered so that no available hour could be found for practising, seven being the largest number who could come at one time. Thus, this Club is saving its energy for next year when it hopes to meet with better fortune.



INTERNATIONAL DEBATING TEAM.

M. D. Bayly J. H. Mennie W. G. Sutcliffe J. Denham

MUSICAL SOCIETY'S EXECUTIVE.

Standing—L. Roberts J. Abernethy D. Geoghegan
Seated—C. W. Austin K. Mutrie (Pres.) Prof. Russell (Hon. Pres.)
H. J. Meredith

The orchestra has been conducted under rather trying conditions. Apart from the time-table, the usual source of complaint, drill and sports have also had to be reckoned with; finally, it was discovered that all could come after five o'clock on almost any night. Several pieces are being learned, and the orchestra made its first public appearance at the Glee Club Concert. There are twelve members, the majority playing violins; the other instruments consist of two cornets and a clarionet. Let this be an appeal for members; there is a desire for a drum and for more wind instruments, though the greatest need is for a 'cello. Everyone realizes the importance of an orchestra in the college, so if you are musical, support this Club; and be not deterred by the lateness of the practice hour; there is hope of a better time-table in the future.

Congregation.

On May 4, 1916, about 2.30 in the afternoon, groups of flustered people were seen approaching the court-house from all directions. Some were flustered because they had never entered the precincts of the law before, and had a sneaking fear that they might be hailed to the police-court before having a chance to explain what they were there for. However, the position of policeman had been temporarily taken over by Mr. Wood, who was busy keeping the Freshies separated from the Seniors, to whom they were drawn as if by a magnet. To keep the Sophomores quiet, he put them in a prominent spot where they could see; consequently they had a splendid time. Occasionally a member of Convocation would have to be untangled from the Grads and sent higher; sometimes we caught glimpses of all the colors of the rainbow in the direction of the spot in which the Faculty were congregated. At last the glimpses developed into full views and the Faculty filed past. Some of them looked perfectly happy but others seemed worried about the hang of their gowns and the fit of their hoods. However, we were all much impressed, in fact one group was almost overcome by a certain hat; it was stunning and they longed to try it on. When all the important people had passed on, the graduating class trying not to look too pleased with themselves, the common rabble followed. Now, we are by nature a modest and retiring group of students and it embarrassed us horribly to find ourselves the centre of attention. We simply had to smile at the movie man (we never will again—he left us out) and yet maintain a dignified expression. It was very trying and the guard composed of men of the 196th destroyed our last remnants of dignity, so we gave it up and enjoyed ourselves discussing the merits of the various University hoods displayed. That white fuzzy stuff did not seem to wear well.

The meeting was opened, as the minute books express it, by singing "O Canada!" To prevent dissension and procure uniformity, the words were printed on the programme, but not caring for that version, we each sang our own and it made a lovely noise. This was followed by addresses from President Tory, of the University of Alberta, who gave the convocation address, from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province and from Mr. Bowser. After this came the event, the conferring of degrees. The graduating class, having finally decided to carry their caps, arose. It was a very impressive ceremony, but we want to know why a certain youth objected to having the fateful words said over him. We would remind him that the chancellor cannot be expected to pursue unwilling students down the aisle. If he did not want a degree, why did he bother about exams? The prizes were then distributed, and here we must express our approval of calling the winners up in pairs; it adds a zest and gives the science men something to talk about besides themselves. After singing the National Anthem, we dispersed. It is a sign of student depravity that the only incidents one is able to remember about this event are the things one probably ought to forget.

PLAYERS' CLUB EXECUTIVE.

Prof. F. G. C. Wood (Honorary President) K. Peck (President) I. A. Shaw S. Clement A. W. Austin (Business Manager) I. Harvey V. Martin G. Henderson

The Players' Club.

THE Players' Club was reorganized with much enthusiasm early in the fall. The new executive consisted of Kathleen Peck as President, Isobel Harvey as Secretary, and Shirley Clement as Treasurer. Mr. Wood, the Honorary President, consented to act as coach for the season. The first difficulty encountered was a superfluity of would-be members. After careful consideration, the executive decided to limit the membership to fifty, since that seemed to be the largest number for whom there were positions. They retained all of last year's members who desired it, judging that those who had supported the club in its infancy should have some claim upon it in its fortunate days, and selected the remaining members by tryouts. It was proposed that four one-act plays should be presented in December in order to discover latent talent in the new members and to offer an evening's enjoyment to the friends of the club.

The first, "Rosalie," was a bright French sketch depicting the trials of an ambitious "bourgeois" family about to entertain a rich acquaintance. Mr. Gibson, B. A., who acquired fame last season as "Fanny's" butler, took the part of the uneasy host, Miss Hardy was inimitable as the ladylike Madame Bol, and Miss Rosebrugh commanded our sympathy and admiration, when, as Rosalie, she endured torrents of abuse, and at last, seizing her opportunity, turned the tables on her exacting employers.

"Modesty," which followed this selection, is also by a French writer and contains only three characters—a charming widow and her two suitors. Miss Ethel Mutch made a most delightful widow and no one who saw her could help envying Mr. Allardyce, who filled the role of the successful suitor, or sympathizing with Mr. Agabob, who was rejected.

As the climax of a play should occur in the third act, the climax of the evening's enjoyment was reached when the curtain rose on the third playlet, "Op o' Me Thumb," called for the sympathy of its hearers rather than their mirth. Mandy, a romantic and imaginative orphan, who works in a French laundry, falls in love with a coster, Horace Greenway (Mr. Hunter) one of her patrons. The course of true love never did run smooth, particularly if the love were not returned, and we are not surprised when the curtain falls on the disconsolate maiden (Miss Bodie) who sobs, "O, Mr. 'Orace, Mr. 'Orace, you've broken my 'eart and stuck a pin in it."

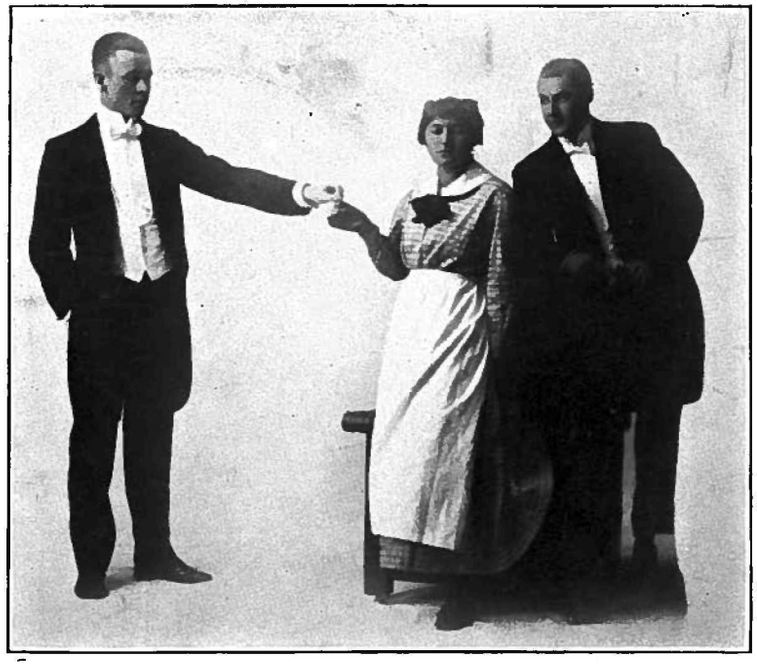
The final play of the group was Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News," a light Irish comedy. A series of misunderstandings involves all the characters in a huge "mix-up," which could happen only in Ireland. Miss Wesbrook as Mrs. Fallon, and Mr. McClay as Bartley Fallon, held the centre of the stage, while Jack Smith, the cause of all the trouble, appeared in the person of Mr. Austin.

The presentation of these selections was greatly facilitated by the kindness of the Board of Governors in having the stage enlarged and provided with footlights and curtains. The Science men aided in the construction of scenery and the whole arrangement was most effective. Two other events followed close upon this evening. An afternoon performance of the plays was given during the Christmas vacation for the pleasure of the returned soldiers in the hospital, and *"the dansant"* given by Mr. Wood in January, in honor of the members of the various casts.

Preparations were made next for the annual public performance and "Merely Mary Ann" (by Zangwill) was chosen for the occasion. The cast included Miss Bodie and Mr. Hunter, who had recently proved their talent, and Misses Martin, Coy, Peck, Highmoor, and Mr. Fraser, who had won their spurs last year.

The club members decided to give two performances of the play, the second under the auspices of the Girls' Auxiliary. The funds thus raised will go towards the new military hospital.

The costumes themselves were "triumphs of creative art." Those of the society ladies in the fourth act were copied from Paris models. Being chosen with careful attention to color effects, they greatly increased the beauty of the last scene. The costumes of Rosie and Mrs. Leadbatter were no less triumphs in their own way, and only those who saw them can fully realize how suitable they were.



Peter — Mary Ann — Lancelot

Mrs. Leadbatter — Rosie — Lancelot — Mary Ann

From
"Merely Mary Ann"

On the eventful night Miss Bodie surpassed all expectations in the excellence of her acting. She won her audience when she stood before Mrs. Leadbatter yawning until "her mouth stood open like a pillar box." She held her audience through her scenes with the erratic and unworthy Lancelot, and the grave naivete of her speeches to him was equalled only by the child-like innocence and earnestness with which she declared that God made her. When, at the end of the third act, she realized that he would not marry her because of class distinction, and that she would never see him again, her distress was so touching that more than one sympathetic listener felt the tears rise. In the last act, in entirely different surroundings, Miss Bodie was not less charming. Mary Ann's native wit, developed by education, but unspoiled by sophistication, was admirably portrayed, and when at last the birds "in her clean heart began to sing again," we rejoiced in her joy.

Mr. Hunter, too, gave an artistic interpretation of the hair-tearing musician. His acting was easy, yet vivid, and he was entirely free from the self-consciousness which hampers so many amateurs during emotional scenes. Space forbids detailed mention of Peter, Mrs. Leadbatter and Rosie, as well as of the minor characters, but the audience has lively recollections of them all, even of the canary.

"Tenax Propositi."

My life lies all before me. It brims o'er
With treasured knowledge, limitless, unthought;
The charms of Nature exquisitely wrought,
The flow'rs, the birds, the clouds—all have their lore;
The dulcet strains of Music move me more,
Or deathless forms of Sculpture and of Art,
The well-loved books which live within my heart,
Or foreign peoples on some distant shore,—
How can I know them all? My pygmy mind
Now fails me. Father wise, help me to make
One single choice, and give my weak will strength
To labor bravely and in Truth to find
My motive firm; thus striving for its sake
Steadfast in purpose, I succeed at length.

—Evelyn McKay, '19.

"Mother Earth."

Never have I soft-named thee "Mother Earth,"
Usurious lender of a little dust
Through which a straying wind blew life; non-plussed,
Thou left thy half-planned being without worth
To deem the mystery, or span the girth
Of knowledge ultimate; like lands that rust,
Blazed bare by myriad-edged rays which thrust
Down scorching talons into smouldering dearth.
And thou wilt call me back? Ah, far beyond—
Where level winds are fringed with fraying light
From stars companionable, ever dawned
With suns eternal—thence my spirit's night,
Remerged, will glow to a diviner gleam
In that unpurposed and uneddying stream.

—P. S. '18.

MONTHLY BOARD.

Standing—W. Livingstone (Military), I. Thomas (Athletics), I. A. Shaw (Business Manager), A. L. Marshall (Illustrating), O. M. Orr (Literary), A. C. Broatch (Circulation Manager).

Sitting—J. H. Mennie (Associate Editor), C. P. Munday (Editor-in-Chief), E. Mutch (Associate Editor), S. Clement (Society), L. P. Smith (Exchange), S. McGuire (Alumni).

CHEMISTRY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE.

A. Gross A. L. Marshall I. Murtagh H. J. Meredith J. H. Mennie
Dr. D. McIntosh (Hon. Pres.) J. Russell F. Emmons (Pres.)

The Chemistry Society.

The establishment of the Chemistry Society has this year opened up a field hitherto untouched by any student organization. Created through the efforts of some of the advanced chemistry students, it met with enthusiastic support from all those interested in that subject. In furtherance of its object, the encouragement of interest in scientific topics, its meetings have been devoted to lectures both by members of the staff and men from outside the University. Mention of "The Rare Gases of the Atmosphere," "The Chemistry of Photography," "The Electrolytic Production of Zinc," gives some indication of the diversity of the subjects dealt with. These lectures have not been confined strictly to Chemical topics, but, by way of variety, one meeting was devoted to "Astronomy," another to "Wireless Telegraphy."

One of the features of the year's programme has been the delivery of papers by students. Several meetings were devoted to these, the papers being: "Dyes," by Miss Viva Martin; "High Temperatures," by Mr. John Mennie; "Wireless Telegraphy," by Mr. A. L. Marshall; and "Catalysis," by Mr. C. A. Wright. Undoubtedly in the future, when the University possesses students engaged in research work, the Society will enjoy the privilege of hearing original papers, prepared by some of its own members.

It must not be supposed that the Society consists of a few fanatical "highbrows," and that the lectures are too abstruse for the general public. The membership of the Society is open to all students of the University, and the lectures have been of a nature deeply interesting even to those who possess but slight scientific knowledge. That this fact was appreciated, the excellent attendance of non-chemists at many of the meetings has shown.

During the month of December, it was decided that a social evening should be held at the last meeting for 1916. This took the form of an informal dance, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the members present.

The success of the Chemistry Society has been due, in large measure, to the interest taken in it by the staff of the Chemistry Department. To them, and to the others who spent time and labor to help us, we owe sincere thanks. By their aid, during this, the first year of its existence, the Society has established for itself a secure position among the activities of the University, and we may look forward to a continuation and extension of its work in future years.

ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE.

R. J. Bullard W. Thompson M. DesBrisay (President Men's Athletic Association) D. Kerr D. R. Geoghegan W. Abercrombie W. H. Coates
M. B. Abel V. Martin M. McDonald D. Trapp (President Women's Athletic Association) C. W. Austin Dr. Davidson (Honorary President) S. Clement

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY TEAM.

J. Abernethy, M. McDougall, S. Clement, M. Alexander, V. Muddell, D. Geoghegan, M. Cameron (Captain), B. Abel, H. White, M. Hardie, P. McGregor, O. McLean

The Game.

FROM time to time, generally at that period of the journalistic year when the correspondence columns of the English papers tell of the big gooseberry or of the ways of the sea-serpent, there is offered an attack on the flannelled goods and muddied oafs who waste their time in sport. The public schools and the older universities generally bear the brunt of the attack because it is in these institutions that sport is admitted to be part of the curriculum, and not merely a healthy recreation. Their attitude towards such an onslaught is generally that of the elephant towards the earth-worm. The playing fields of Eton, the struggles on the Cam and the Isis, have taken their place in history. The men who pulled an oar when every wearied muscle longed for rest, pulled until they collapsed, when the cox cried "Easy All!" pulled not for themselves but for the honor of their college, these men have proved in later life that they could ever pull for others and for the general good. It was such men who in August, 1914, were racing along the highroads of Britain on their motor cycles headed for their old colleges. It was they, who panting and dust-begrimed, begged the military authorities to take them and their "bykes." Their machines lie scrapped between Boulogne and Belgium, and most of the riders have an eternal rest. The value of sport as physical training, the value of sport as a preparation for the defence of one's country, is too obvious to require developing here.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the moral training that the British race has acquired from sport. Games have reached social strata in Great Britain that have remained almost untouched by religious teaching. It is through their medium, and not through the church, that the main teachings of Christianity have been brought home to the masses. A cotton operative of the north of England, one of those crowds of tens of thousands that a football game could assemble there before the war, has a practical code of right and wrong in which "sporting" "playing the game," "shaking hands," are more frequently referred to than the tables of the law. The schoolboy learns to keep his temper, learns not to be vindictive, learns to give his adversary credit for good qualities, learns to subordinate self to the common weal—not in the classroom, but in the field. It is the value of this moral training that justifies the seeming waste of time entailed by sport in our educational system. Sport carried on for profit, for personal celebrity, is worse than useless. The mere desire to "star" in any branch of student activities is defeating the ends for which one enters a university. Sport, worthy the name, makes one a better citizen. Temper, revenge, selfishness, insubordination must go or one will never be a true sportsman. Team work is an essential—as it is the essence of good citizenship. The other side must be beaten—but according to the rules of the game, and the more they ignore them, the more it behooves us to adhere to every technicality. Clean sport means the appreciation of all that is good in both sides and one has simply to widen the field when once the lesson has been learned—school, university, municipality, province, dominion, empire, international relations.

It follows from this that sport makes a better patriot. The boy who has been shrieked at to "pass"; the boy who has had to drive his oar right through with no shortening of the stroke, has learned that his own personal comfort is of no consequence when the team or the crew is concerned. The country is a team and the same law holds good. Useless the cry for clean politics, for disinterested service, unless the individual learns **to sacrifice himself,** instead of crying to his neighbor to be unselfish. Many political problems are no more than the stubborn conviction of some man in power that his adversary is wrong, utterly wrong, because—because his political color is bright blue when it should be pale pink. A sense of humor and a sportsman's training would solve the difficulty. The same saving grace is useful in international relations. Patriotism is not hating every country but one's own; it is loving one's own; no negative virtue is required or patriotism would be within the heart of the most abject scoundrel capable of hating; a virtue so positive is required that great patriots have ever been great heroes. The German soldier cannot understand why the British Tommy sings the Teutonic hymn of hate with such gusto instead of writing a special strafing ballad for himself. That is the saddest thing I know about the German soldier, and Tommy's attitude is the sweetest comfort I derive from the war. The British soldier has been through it all and has come forth with a sense of

humor and a sportsman's allowance for Fritzy. I am profoundly thankful that our long and persevering sports training has come triumphant through the supreme test. We have produced no Von Bissing, but we have found a Bairnsfather.

The sportsman is, then, a better citizen and a better patriot. He is also a better Christian. The sporting code is a good one because it is hard to follow, because it is idealistic. Playing the game will not always lead to fortune, it will not even gain appreciation in some communities, it may be anathema at certain moments—all the more credit for those who stick to it, who set their teeth tight on the quill and "pull" as the boating men do. A code of honor that breaks down in a national crisis, a religion whose main teaching has to be suspended until "after the war," are unworthy of being taken up again at a later date. If our code of honor and our religion have failed, let us be honest and scrap them both. The slacker and the atheist are vastly superior to the atheist. But they have not failed. When the mists of misconception have risen, when the fumes of childish anger are dispelled, when the slush of petty spite has dried to dust and vanished before the wind, then the men who have "played the game in whatever field the captain placed them, have no cause to be ashamed.

For the greatest sportsman the world has ever seen died on Calvary. And he was no weakling.

DR. H. ASHTON.

Women's Athletics.

The interest which the women of the University have manifested in athletics this year has been especially keen. Nor was it confined to any one branch. The four different clubs, basket-ball, ice hockey, grass hockey and swimming, have all proved that they were very much "alive." This may, without doubt, be attributed to the lively competition carried on by Viva Martin, Donna Kerr, Dorothy Geoghegan and Mary Macdonald, the respective presidents of these clubs. Each tried to swell the numbers and stimulate interest in her own organization, with the result that the first three clubs have each been able to produce two teams. These energetic presidents, under the able leadership of Dorothy Trapp, the women's athletic representative on the Students' Council, comprised the athletic executive and formed such a splendid combination of workers that the Women's Athletic Association has proved to be one of the leading organizations of the college.

Basket Ball.

Basket-ball continues to hold its proud position as the major sport of the University girls, and under the able coaching of Mr. Wright and Mr. McDougall, two teams were produced at the beginning of the year. The first team entered a league with Normal, Crofton House and Braemar, and up to the present has won all its games. Interest was further heightened by the formation of a class league after Christmas in which teams from third, second and first years compete.

FIRST TEAM GAMES

Teams	Winner	Teams	Winner
U. B. C. vs. Normal	U. B. C. 8-7	U. B. C. vs. Braemar	U. B. C. 22-4
U. B. C. vs. Normal	U. B. C. 36-2	U. B. C. vs. Normal	U. B. C. 14-6
U. B. C. vs. Crofton House	U. B. C. 26-15	U. B. C. vs. Ex-Normal	U. B. C. 28-5
U. B. C. vs. Ex-Normal	U. B. C. 12-11		
U. B. C. vs. Braemar	U. B. C. 52-11	U. B. C. vs. Normal	U. B. C. 25-6

GIRLS' ICE HOCKEY TEAM.
E. Story V. Muddell M. MacDonald
N. Ballentine D. Kerr (Captain) M. Cameron
I. Forin H. White

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.
A. M. Dockrill M. Tennant V. Martin
N. Coy B. Clement (Captain) D. Trapp

SECOND TEAM GAMES

Teams	Winners	Teams	Winners
U. B. C. vs. Normal	U. B. C. 14-6	U. B. C. vs. Normal II.	Normal 14-5
U. B. C. vs. Normal	Normal 6-2		

CLASS LEAGUE GAMES

Teams	Winners	Teams	Winners
Arts '18 vs. Arts '19	Arts '18, 15-9	Arts '18 vs. Arts '20	Arts '18, 23-5
Arts' 19 vs. Arts '20	Arts '19, 18-4		

Ice Hockey

During the last season a marked improvement has been shown in this branch of athletics, owing, perhaps, to increased competition in the sport and to the able coaching of Mr. W. Thomson.

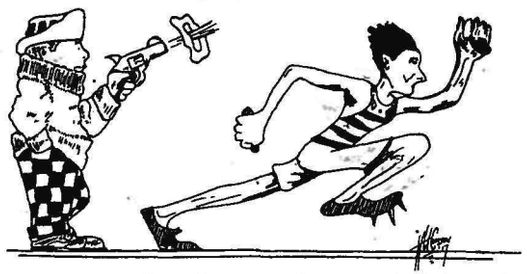
The second team has two victories to its credit. Both games were played against the Swastika second team, the scores being 2-0 and 2-1 respectively.

Grass Hockey

Grass hockey has been pursued with greater enthusiasm this year. Four games have been played, of which the University won three. The weather, as usual, has caused the postponement of several matches, but the hockeyists still have four games to which they are looking forward in the evident anticipation of winning them all. Dorothy Geoghegan, president of the club, and Margaret Cameron, captain of the first team, have done much to aid in the work of coaching the teams.

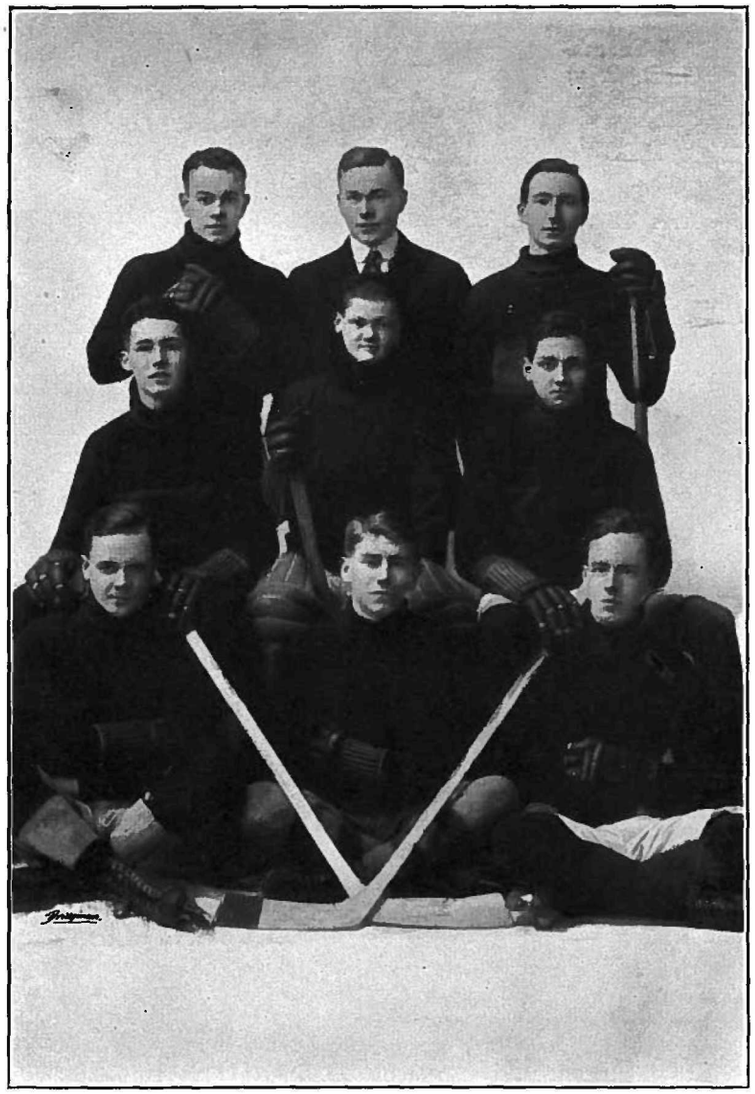
Swimming

Twenty-five of the college girls and their friends have enjoyed the weekly swims in the Chalmers' Church tank. It was hoped that a water tournament could be held between the University and the Normal Clubs, but, unfortunately, this has not yet been possible.

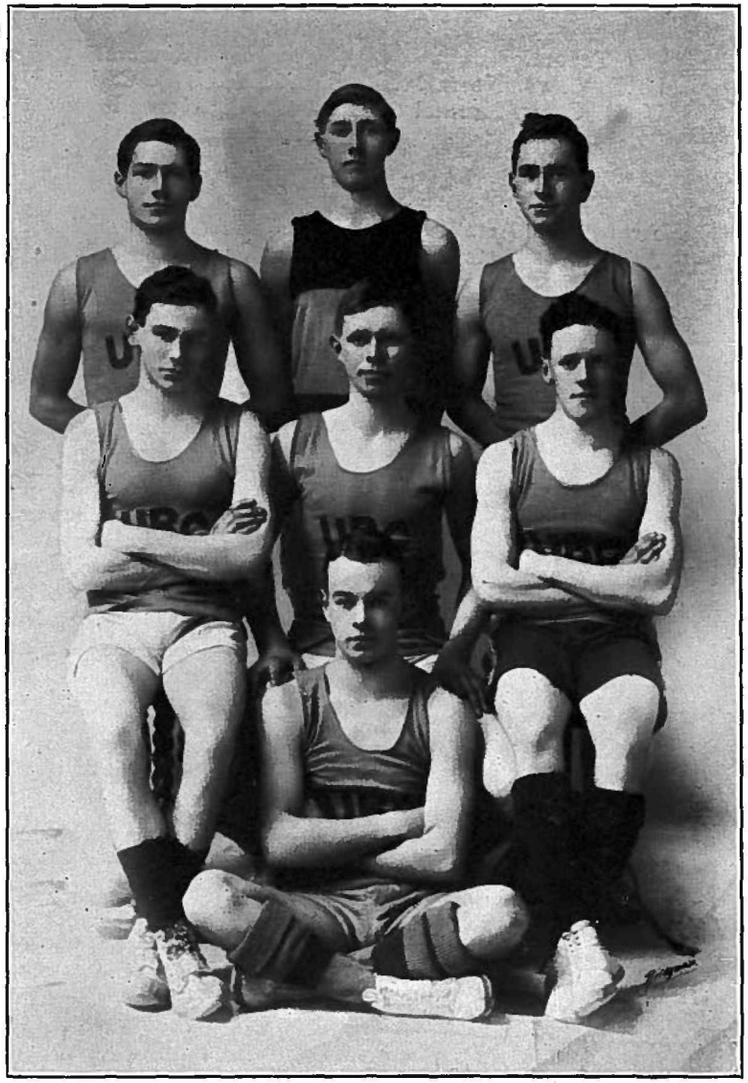


Men's Basket Ball

Although several of our best players had enlisted, there was plenty of good material to choose from at the beginning of the season. It was hard to determine who would make the first team. Accordingly, a series of four exhibition games was played with the ex-Normals. In the first two, Varsity was trying out different men for the positions, consequently they were not able to put up their best game, and lost. But when the team was definitely picked, they had no difficulty in cleaning up their rivals in the other games. Then a match was played with the Y. M. C. A. seniors, and although Varsity played a harder and faster game, the superior weight and experience of the "Y" were too much to overcome. "Chas." Wright is a crack shot and good at back-checking. "Pinkie" Morrison, the other



MEN'S ICE HOCKEY.
Inter-Collegiate Champions, 1916-17.
F. Brown W. Thomson A. R. Waterston
H. McInnes R. Taylor J. C. de Pencier
E. Caspell J. Williams (Captain) E. T. James



MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM.
F. Emmons S. Anderson W. Abercrombie
C. A. Wright W. R. McDougall (Captain) D. Morrison
F. Brown

forward, is one of the fastest players in the city, and a marvel at close-in combination. At centre is "Mick" McDougall, the captain, whose long reach enables him to get the jump most of the time, and whose success in dropping in long shots is phenomenal. "Bill" Abercrombie and "Gordie" Callaghan make a stonewall defence, and "Aber" generally outscores his check in a game. Unfortunately, just after Christmas, Callaghan left college, and Abercrombie was laid out for the season owing to an injury to his knee. Frank Emmons and "Thid" Anderson were brought up from the second team; Frank played guard, "Thid" centre, while McDougall was shifted back to guard. Forbes Brown replaced Morrison on the forward line. Suffering from a lack of sufficient practice together, the team dropped two games, one to the "Y," the other to the ex-Normals. Up to the present the team has won two games from the battery and in the senior league has lost three (one to the "Y," two to the ex-Normals).

The second team finished the first half of the intermediate league with an unbroken string of victories, thus qualifying for the play-off with the winner of the second half. Much credit has been due to their efforts in upholding the honor of the university. Fast combination and good shooting have been the charactistics which have spelt success. Owing to the transfer of "Thid" Anderson and Frank Emmons to the First team, theirs has been slightly weakened. But Bob Anderson and Harry Andrews have successfully filled the gap. The original team was this: Bennie Crann and Story, forwards; Anderson, centre; Emmons and Caspell, guards.

Men's Hockey.

The prospects of a successful hockey season seemed promising when about twenty fellows turned out for the first practice of the year. On account of the support ice hockey received, it was decided not only to enter a senior team in the city league as formerly, but also to form a second team to play in the inter-collegiate series. The senior team, however, was depleted by the loss of Faulkner, Turnbull, on the defence, and Archibald, who had enlisted. It was then decided that Varsity drop out of the city league. In the game, Varsity vs Centrals, Varsity, however, lost, the Centrals winning 5-4.

The Club now confined its attention to wresting the honors of the Inter-Collegiate League, and was well rewarded for its efforts. Varsity soon got her stride and kept the lead all the way. With Faulkner gone, Taylor the fast wing, was placed between the bars, and instructed to stop the puck with leg, stick, arm, or face, whichever was the most convenient. It took him a while to learn the ropes of his new position, but soon proved as valuable a goal-keeper as he had been a wing. West Thomson, president of the Club, and James, both proved invaluable on the defense, the former executing with success "Moose Johnson" rushes. Joe Williams, the captain, and Forbes Brown, the rover, were both hard workers, and did much towards the team's victory. McInnis and Benny Crann on the wings, completed the speedy forward line, which developed a most effective combination. The following constituted the team: Goal, Taylor; point, Thomson; cover point, James; centre, Williams; rover, Brown; left wing, Crann; right wing, McInnes: spares, Caspell and Waterston.

The Inter-Class League.

One of the interesting features of Men's Basketball this season has been the Inter-Class League. Its purpose was to train up men for the first and second teams and create a greater interest in the game. In the Ante-Christmas schedule, Science '20 put up the winning team, with Arts '20 close behind. The Freshie Engineers had a fine team, as four of their players were men from the first and second teams. Here is the team: Crann and Andrews, forwards; "Thid" Anderson, centre; Caspell and Callaghan, guards. Arts '17, '19 and '18 followed Arts '20 in order. Much credit is due the Seniors for such a good showing. In order to further increase the interest in the game, the players of the first and second teams were not allowed to play in the Inter-Class League after Christmas. With only one defeat against them, and their scientific rivals humbled, 'Arts '20's hopes are bright for winning this series when a play-off for the championship will be necessary. Arts '17 and '18 are also tied, each having won two and lost two games. Arts '19 occupy the cellar.

Y. W. C. A. Camp Song
Whytecliffe, 1916.

Said the mountains to the ocean, "What is all this din about?"
And the ocean gurgled gently, "O, I guess that school is out!"
Sang the hearty winds together, "Whence hath come this mob we see?"
And the calm trees rustled mildly, "O, they hail from U. B. C!"

Chorus:

It's a long way to old Vancouver
It's a long way to go.
I don't want to see Vancouver
For a few days yet you know.
Pass me a slice of sunset
And a fresh mosquito—do;
Let it buzz-zz-zz of old Vancouver
And U. B. C. too.

How we revel here at Whytecliff, every tree a tale can tell,
Sea and wind and sky and sunlight take us each beneath their spell,
All the little fish stand upright on their tails deep in the sea
As they hear the daily pow-wows (nightly, too) of U. B. C.

But a curious breeze that scurried everywhere a breeze could go,
Scampered through the trees one evening rippling softly, "Now I know!
These merry mobbers hither came—I know the reason why—
'Tis that in Varsity these students have a moving 'Y!'"

Autumn Evening on Little Mountain

Sunset dies in the sky
Where rainy-colored clouds
On wind-wings swiftly fly—
The winter's vanguard shrouds.
Seem downward drawn to peaks
Snow-tipped, with wooded slopes,
Seem low-hung over creeks—
Despair o'er near-grasped hopes.
Weird streaks of light (or dark ,
For color there is none;
An absence seems to mark
Yet not with glow or dun)
Play on the Gulf, although
The ridges east are dusked;
Now street lights gleam below,
But clouds are still untusked
On the single brow of White;
A pallid sunset shaft
Draws off into the night.
This is a wondrous craft,
And yet the querulous soul,
Half-uncontent, would find
The Hand that hath control,
The subtle Master-mind.

The Alumni Arts '16.

Jessie Anderson has been teaching at Maple Ridge since September, 1916.
George Annable is a law student at Moose Jaw.
Edward Berry, our Rhodes Scholar, is on active service with the H. Q. S. 9th. Brigade, C. F. A., in France.
Ella Cameron is on the teaching staff of the Lord Nelson School.
Muriel Carruthers, after attending Normal for a short time, has been teaching at Newton, B. C.
Florence Chapin is teaching at the Lord Nelson School.
Agnes Dick "is at Trail, or maybe Yale—anyway, she's teaching there."
Charles Duncan, as everyone knows, belongs to the 196th. Battalion.
Marjorie Dunton, yet another pedagogue; she's at Cloverdale.
Isabel Elliott, teaching in Mt. Pleasant School.
James Galloway, the business-like, is at Columbia University.
Henry Gibson has become passionately attached to our local Normal School.
Laura Lane has a school just outside the precincts of her beloved New Westminster.
Ernest Le Messurier is a lieutenant with the 143rd. Battalion, better known as "The Bantams."
Sherwood Lett is attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 121st. in England, after having passed his examinations in a most creditable manner.
Edward Logie is back at our university as our first M. A. student. He is writing on the subject of "Immigration."
L. C. Luckraft has a church in the city. Rumor has it that Mrs. L. C. Luckraft is no longer a mythical personage.
Jean MacLeod, after a strenuous term at Normal, is staying quietly at home for a time.
Isabel MacMillan is applying her college education to the science of managing house and is now "a shark at cooking."
William Maxwell is with the 46th. Queen's Battery in France.
Grace Miller, after teaching in Alberta, is now in a South Vancouver School.
Roland Miller, of oratical fame, intends to study law in the very near future.
Lennox Mills has been a law student since his graduation.
Edward Mulhern is helping to administer justice.
Donald Hugh Munro is teaching in Nanaimo High School, also acting as organist in a church there.
Thomas Robertson is studying agriculture on his father's farm at Westminster.
Jean Robinson is teaching in the High School at Victoria.
Gladys Schwesinger is teaching in West Point Grey.
L. B. Sexsmith is with the Imperial O. T. C. in England.
Thomas Shearman is yet another member of the 196th. Battalion.
D. Smith is a minister in one of the city churches. His favorite recreation is still a good set of tennis.
J. P. C. Southcott is with the 68th Battery.
Edna Taylor has conquered the course at Normal and is now studying music.
Clausen Thompson, a city Jehu.
Harold Walsh is with the Signalling Corps.
Mary Wilson taught for a time, but has given it up.
Wm. C. Wilson is with the 46th. Queen's Battery.
Chitose Uchida is at Czar, Alberta, where she is the schoolmistress.

Society.

THE social activities of the college this year, though as numerous as ever, have been for the most part very informal and simple. With such a number of our men at the front and so many more going, we have not felt like doing anything on a very large scale. Our affairs have all been held in the college itself and have been open only to the students and their friends. This has been no detriment to our enjoyment of them, however, owing to the facilities for entertaining at our disposal in the new wing of the Arts Building, and to the congeniality of the student body as a whole.

The social life began early in October with the Freshman Reception, at which the President of the Alma Mater Society welcomed the new students and everyone got acquainted with as many other people as possible. This was followed by the Initiations which the Freshies entered into with as good grace as was consistent with the nature of the "stunts" they were called upon to perform. The class of 1920 are good sports and we are proud of them. We also take this opportunity of congratulating the Sophomores on the competent manner in which they handled their charges.

The big affair of the first term was the Arts Dance given by the Men's Undergraduate Association. The Science Skating Party was quite an event, too, and there were several class parties which were very enjoyable. It was rather curious to notice the popularity of any man who could dance. He was almost certain to receive an invitation to everything. If he could not be worked in by inviting some executive he would be privately asked to come anyway, as nobody would know the difference.

After Christmas came the rest of the class parties, the second Arts Dance this time given by the Women's Undergrad in honour of several of our returned soldiers, and another Skating Party at which the Science men were again the hosts. Quite a number of our men have left for the front just lately and one of the most enjoyable social events of the year was *"the dansant"* given for them in January.

The various clubs and associations have contributed their share to the list of entertainments. The Y. W. C. A. held a reception for the Freshettes at the beginning of the year; their honorary president, Mrs. Klinck, gave a tea in honour of Miss Hamill, the National Student Secretary, and it was under their auspices that we were enabled to hear Mrs. McLean's most delightful dramatic presentation of certain episodes from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." In December the Players' Club staged four playlets in the University auditorium, and also put on a play on the 16th and 17th of March which was as successful as its last year's performance. The graduating class is understood to be planning various festivities for Convocation Week, and there are rumours of several other social events as well.

We wish here to express our great appreciation of the kindness of Miss MacInnes and the wives of the Faculty in coming to participate in the social life of the students in the way they have done, sometimes on very short notice, and in all kinds of weather—for Jupiter Pluvius has been very unkind to us on several occasions and the streets around the college are not remarkable for their freedom from mud in wet weather.

There is also a debt of gratitude owing to Miss Coy, Miss Maynard, Miss Frame, Miss Martin, Miss Bain, Miss Marjorie Peck, and Miss Day for their competent management of the commissariat department at the different receptions and dances. If anyone doubts the importance of this branch of "social service" let him apply to any of the men. be they Freshmen or Seniors, for their opinion of a function at which the refreshments are not both good and plentiful.

When a delegation from the Y. W. C. A. had occasion to interview Mr. Somerville of "the World," he remarked, upon no provocation from the delegates, "You seem to have a very lively organization at the University. You are always doing something. I notice you have an almost weekly report in the papers." The "Y" has indeed been "fervent in spirit" this session. With the Alma Mater Society, it is the only organization which has materially helped the Varsity Red Cross. A review of the meetings alone is somewhat like this: The Rally in October (which we hope will prove an annual event), Mrs. Stuart Jamieson, of the University Women's Club, the speaker; addresses by Dr. W. H. Smith, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Rev. F. W. Kerr, of New Westminster; Dr. Mackay at the Annual Patriotic meeting, Dr. Sherrard (before Christmas) giving a course of lectures on the great religions of the world, Dr. Riggs (after Christmas) conducting the Bible Study Class; visits from Miss Ferguson, appointed a foreign secretary to India, and Miss Hamill, National Student Secretary for Western Canada. Lastly, on March 2, the "Y" had the unique privilege of holding under its auspices the first dramatic recital by Margaret Prendergast McLean in Vancouver. Three scenes from "Les Miserables" were dramatized, with the poems "Vive la France," "The English Flag," and in response to the appreciation of the audience, "The Spires of Oxford." Those who heard her will not have forgotten the vivid presentation by verbal effect alone, without stage-settings of any kind whatever, of Jean Valjean, Monseigneur the Bishop, Javert and the various subordinate characters. The proceeds, above expenses, from this recital were handed over to our University Red Cross.

The financially independent position of the "Y" makes necessary various methods of raising money, and finance committee receives a harassing training in "high finance." Nor have they been "slothful in business"; pennants were made at the first of the session, and greeting cards sold at Christmas. While the "Y" is not as extravagant an organization in its expenditures as others drawing a paternal income from the Alma Mater Society, yet it is like the Red Cross in the fact that it can always turn to profitable account whatever funds it may have. Besides the necessary running expenses, the mission field and the social service work are always capable of expansion according to the money at their disposal. The "Y" family of last year emigrating from Vancouver, a new one had to be adopted, and the women have had an opportunity of contributing towards it. Mrs. Seville, of the China Inland Mission School in Wenchow, writes as follows regarding Nyoh-vung, the Chinese girl supported by the Y. W. C. A.:

"Our schools closed for the Chinese New Year holidays on January 5 and will re-open D.V. on February 7th. The night after the girls left there was a fall of snow, and it was very cold, so I am afraid Nyoh-vung did not have at all a pleasant journey home, for she would be in a boat going up the river all that snowy night and on landing the next morning would have a walk of nearly 24 miles amongst the mountains, part of the journey being over a high pass. We usually see some snow on the mountain tops during the winter, but it is only occasionally that it lies on the ground more than a few hours at sea level. Nyoh-vung is 17, and has been only a little more than a year at school and has made very good progress in that time; but, of course, is not as well on with her studies as many younger girls who have been in longer. She has recently been baptized, so is now a communicant. Besides scripture, the girls learn the history of their own country, and geography of their own and other lands, some physiology, arithmetic, drawing, plain and fancy needlework, and the more advanced classes write essays on various subjects. There are five classes in the school; the two highest constitute the "Upper School" and contain the girls who have finished the primary course and are taking a more advanced course of three or four years study. The other three classes form the "Lower School," and contain the girls who have not yet finished the Primary course. Nyoh-vung is in the highest of these and hopes to finish the primary course in July."

It has become an annual custom for the Varsity "Y" to conduct a vesper service at the city association. On March 4, the cabinet and other members attended the service there.

Miss Mutch, '18, the retiring president, whose motto (as her unflagging energy and enthusiasm indicates) seems to have been, "Go, labor on, spend, and be spent," has handed on to her successor an organization "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit—a moving 'Y' "—moving with the momentum issuing from a realization that the highest type of life is the one most characterized by service.

LETTERS ABOUT THE "Y" CAMP, WHYTECLIFFE, '16.

"Well, I wish you could have had the privilege of listening to thirty lusty voices shouting the camp song to the tune of 'The Jolly Sophomore.' Just believe me, that song made a hit. We sung it on every possible occasion, and on our way home, gave it and the U. B. C. yell at every station, not to mention the ferry. There was another song to which we were partial—a philosophical ditty called "What's the use?" It goes this way.

"What's the use of all the cunning little babies growing up to homely men?"

One night C. Maynard, bewildered by the presence of two reverend gentlemen, changed "homely" to "holy." It was received with applause—by the girls. Virginia used to take up her guitar and we managed to do a lot of so-called singing.

The camp was an entire success. The girls were perfectly fine and as for our camp mother, she was beyond words—charming and most lovable, a good sport, who never even looked out of temper when the row endured to the "wee sma' hoors." There is a sleeping apartment called the Dormitory which houses fourteen individuals, and the noise there endured from morn till night, from nood till dewy eve, and from thence on to midnight and cockcrow. I slept there two nights as a guest. The first night, Helen White, Madge Gill and I joined the society of 'holy rollers' and practised up and down the line of beds. Then the occupants of said beds arose in a body and draped aforementioned 'holy rollers' over ends of said beds and played at beating carpets or some other childish amusement. After the row had died down and peace reigned, four people thought of a box of cookies placed high on rafters and went as the crow flies for it. Box fell—so did people—between two beds. Noise awful. Then peace. Soon all arose and made beds over (they needed it). Finally, rest for the weary. Another night a debate arose as to whether the color of Helen's hair had anything to do with the fluency of her language. The affirmative had it.

We had an imaginary dog in the dormitory and whoever told the biggest yarn got the dog. Once everyone had an adventure but me, so I made up one; it was a dandy; Susie sat up in bed and wailed, 'O, you poor kid!' And then I asked for the dog. I got it."

"There were about twenty-five college girls 'revelling' at Whytecliff. As you know, Mrs. Klinck was Camp Mother, and a most ideal one she made. We were divided into 'tentites' and 'dormitites.' I belonged to the latter species—much the better genus, of course. Twelve of us had the good luck to sleep (that is, when we got the chance) in the dormitory. But ten had the misfortune to snore in tents. Isobel Harvey, Ruth Fulton, Madge Gill, 'Pen' Frame, Merle Alexander, and Virginia Page (sometimes) occupied the largest tent. Lillian Boyd and Agnes Morrison were in a small tent next to the above.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

I. Harvey D. Manson K. Mutrie O. Orr I. Thomas C. P. Munday
H. Bottger V. Muddell E. Mutch (Pres.) L. Pim
H. White

Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE.

J. Russell W. G. Sutcliffe L. Baker J. M. Buchanan M. D. Bayly (Pres.)
J. Denham Prof. J. Henderson (Hon. Pres.) H. W. Hagelstein

The three graduates (Florence Chapin, Jean McLeod and Mary Wilson) claimed another tent. Next to the 'Grad. Tent', Mrs. Klinck took up her abode—wise woman she was.

In the dormitory there were six beds up one side and half a dozen down the other, that is, if things were in their proper order—which they very seldom (if ever) were. The occupants of the domicile were—Ethel and Eva Mutch, Kit Johnson, Alice Gross, Kathleen Mutrie, Isobel Thomas, Virginia Page (sometimes), Ruth Harvey, Helen White, Dorothy Houston Margaret and Catherine Maynard, Jessie Gibson and Viva Martin. As a rule, we retired shortly aften ten p.m., but if you got to sleep before midnight you did well. On the nights when the 'holy rollers' were at work, it was after one a.m. before you dared try to sleep. The tentites and the people in the bungalow got to sleep after the last sound had died down in the dormitory—but not till then. Although a very noisy crowd, we of the dormitory were not found lacking in 'sociability.' We invited the tentites to a Bachelors' Ball on the tennis court. We were a gay lot of bachelors. The tentites obeyed orders—that is, they acted like perfect ladies (?) during the evening—you should have seen the rig-up; they were 'wonderfully awful.' The tentites returned our hospitality by inviting us to a country fair. It was real clever. We dormitites, as a family, appreciated it ad infinitum. Kit was mother, Dorothy was 'pop,' J. Gibson was our maiden aunt. Mary Fingland and Iosbel Thomas were grandmammas. M. Maynard and I were twins, C. Maynard was big brother Jake. R. Harvey was our sister just home from college. H. White was the baby. In the middle of the performance Aunt Sophira fainted and the baby got the colic, etc., etc. But so much for the frivolous side of our holiday.

The lectures by Rev. Thomas, Dr. McKay, Dr. Sherrard and Principal Vance were most instructive and enjoyable. Mrs. Klinck, too, gave us a series of very interesting papers on the physical, mental and spiritual development necessary for ideal womanhood. I will send some camp snaps in my next letter. They are not up to much—"but let what will be—be!"

Y. W. C. A. CAMP.—From June 14-28 Varsity girls will meet at Whytecliff for a Camp Conference. Dr. Jean Carson at the last meeting of the "Y" in March gave a most enthusiastic recruiting speech for the Camp. With instructive and interesting lectures during part of a day, the sport of the remainder is all the more enjoyable. Besides a few mercenary dollars, the chief fee is an occasional warble of the Camp Song. Prospective recruits may apply to Miss Harvey '18 or Evelyn Story '17.

Y. M. C. A.

It may be of interest to the casual observes to note that the B. C. University is not behind her sister institutions of learning in the Dominion, but has a well organized Y. M. C. A. under the able leadership of Mr. W. D. Bayly.

This year the association concentrated its study on the Gospel of John. After the subjects in the chapters were introduced by the various speakers, the meetings were thrown open for discussion. This method has proved to be very satisfactory, as many ideas were advanced causing the meetings to be extremely interesting and at times amusing. The first meeting was led by the president, Mr. Bayly, who handled in a most masterly manner the subject of the Origin of Man. His decidedly orthodox interpretation of certain passages of scripture aroused Mr. Lincoln Baker, who, armed with geological information, and knowing something of Darwin, endeavored to push Mr. B. from his moorings; but the president ingeniously answered the attack by quotations, which quite astounded some of his opponents. The second meeting was successfully handled by Mr. Hagelstein, who gave an interesting dissertation on the "Woman of Samaria." He pointed out how Christ had broken down social barriers and how it is still the principle of the Master to aid and help those in all stations of life. The visit of Nicodemus to Christ by night was well handled by Mr. Russell. A great storm of discussion arose between Mr. Agabob and Mr. T. H. Wright, on the difference between Conversion and Regeneration. If time had not intervened, no doubt the point would have been settled; but the meeting closed with all parties considering they were in the right though still in disagreement. The Casting of the Money Changers Out of the Temple was dealt with in a most efficient way by Mr. Joe Denham, whose ability in discussing socialistic problems was given wide scope. He clearly showed Christ's attitude toward undesirables in the church and the community, and gave a number of vivid pictures of conditions in certain parts of the old country. He also spoke earnestly about the need of emancipation among the poor working folk of Great Britain.

The first meeting of the term 1917 dealt largely with social problems. The topic, "The Troubling of the Waters," being ably presented by Mr. E. M. McKechnie. In his talk the speaker emphasized the great compassion of Christ in his dealing with the sick.

The second gathering was addressed by Mr. Agabob, who took as his subject the "Mysticism of Jesus." The speaker pointed out in an eloquent way how Jesus was one with the Father, and by virtue of this, His will was that of the Father. His purpose was to found a spiritual kingdom; but the Jews seeing only in a materialistic way, were antagonistic to Him. Mr. Agabob also made clear that Germany at the present time is materialistic.

We were next favored by a visit from Mr. E. A. Cornet, secretary of the National Council of the Canadian Christian Association. Mr. Cornet briefly outlined the great expansion of the organization throughout the whole world, and mentioned that the last World Conference of the Christian Association met in the ancient city of Constantinople, Turkey. "The care of the prisoners in the various prison camps" was interestingly dealt with. It appears that many of the men have gone insane in prison camps owing to the dull monotony and inactiveness of the places of confinement; but the Y. M. C. A. of the U. S. A. coming to the rescue, has established universities in the various prison camps. Mr. Corbett remarked, "These courses are almost as extensive as the courses in our Canadian universities, and are conducted by trained and scholarly men confined in these prison camps."

In conclusion we may say that it is the earnest desire of those who have the "Y" at heart to see established in its midst a strong missionary spirit. Some Universities of Canada are supporting a missionary in the foreign field. We trust that those who shall be in authority next year will foster this needed design; thus enabling the spread of "good tidings" to those who are less fortunate than we.

"Innocents Abroad" *(With Apologies to Mark Twain).*

THE weather man backed up Mr. Evans and Mr. Fraser when they convinced Dr. Hodge that March 14 was a pretty good day for a Geology "hike." To begin with, the host was half an hour late, but that only served us as time to lay in a supply of peanuts and chocolate bars.

We started from Kitsilano Beach at quarter to two, armed with note-books (for appearance's sake), pencils, two kodaks, rubbers, a geologist's hammer, first aid bandages, and a bag of arrowroot biscuits. Of course, on the whole trip we studied geology—and other things. About two o'clock we acquired a small boy, who said, after we had gone about five miles ,"Say, where are you folks going?" We told him to interview our leader, which must have led him into the belief that we were a bunch of raw recruits, for, said he, "The artillery went out here the other day." But, then, no wonder he was mistaken, for did we not have our own ambulance corps (Messrs. Fraser and Abercrombie), and our own commissariat department (Mr. Aconley)?

We got along famously until we reached the Jericho Country Club. Then Dr. Hodge had to interview some golfers before they would let us cross their reclaimed salt marsh. The small boy looked puzzled again when we went under, over, and through barbed wire entanglements. But our walk was only beginning, and we kept on until we reached a point on the beach directly below the new University grounds, where we disbanded in a bunch for the homeward trip. We had seen numerous geological features, discovered a new rock called "brick," and learned the difference between a beer bottle and a dike. There were lots of bars—barrier bars, that is—so the thirsty ones had to wait until we arrived at the University grounds for a drink.

By this time it was half-past four, and we started for home, ably led by Mr. Evans, who regretted that we hadn't brought a sandwich with us. Mr. Aconley was very determined that no one should have a biscuit. After climbing a stairway which had no steps, we were chased out of a garden, and were once more on the highway. Mr. Bullard offered to show us the way to the car. He took us across the university farm. Evidently Dean Klinck intends to raise rice. We waded for two miles and found a street car. Along with Mr. Abercrombie's coat and Miss Damer's boa constrictor, and several tons of mud, we tumbled on board. Having had the presence of mind to take the Alma Mater Treasurer with us, we didn't worry about fares until Mr. Austin volunteered to sell us transfers at an advanced price of five cents.

It was nearly six o'clock, and we were all firmly convinced of two things—that "there is no place like home" after a geology "hike," and that all lectures ought to be called off for Thursday. Then Dr. Hodge said "Quiz," and we immediately changed the subject to our coming trip to Capilano. Here's hoping that it will be as good as the first trip, and surely no one will want to miss it. It is worth a year's course to go off on such a trip as we had on March 14.

The Mountaineering Club.

THE numerous informal trips organized amongst college students during the Fall term seemed a sufficient indication that there were many budding mountaineers within the University. Hence it was determined to organize a Mountaineering Club, and on January 29th this was done, Mr. W. G. Gray being elected president, Miss Shirley Clement as vice-president, Mr. R. C. Emmons as secretary, and Miss R. Fulton as treasurer. A constitution has already been drawn up and is unique from the fact that all persons wishing to qualify for membership must have ascended to the peak of a mountain equal in height to Grouse. There is a rumor that this standard may be raised for the men. The women, being weaker vessels, will be admitted on the old footing.

What some twenty-two of the students of the University are agreed was the most enjoyable function of the college year, thus far, was the climb up Grouse Mountain, on March 3rd. With Mrs. Green as chaperone (who, by the way, has many "first ascents" to her credit), the party started for North Vancouver by the 9.20 ferry, arriving at Mosquito Creek about 10.30. Here all extra "impedimenta" was "cached" and the party commenced its ascent. Picture, gentle reader, a blue, blue sky above, a miniature Vancouver below, and an apparently endless stretch of snow ahead, thickly wooded with laden fir-trees. Add to this a laughing, cheering, capering, motley throng of what might be from appearances anything but college students, and you have the complete staging, including characters.

Conversation during the first part of the climb consisted chiefly in a study of the relative amounts of clothing each was wearing; during the second part, in a discussion as to the difficulty of climbing with or without snow and lumber-jack's boots; and during the third part in wild surmises as to the length of time likely to elapse before lunch was served. There were some whose entire conversation was along this line, but over those we draw a veil.

The majority of the party reached the plateau about 1 p.m., and after waiting in vain for two of the climbers to put in their appearance, a sumptuous repast was enjoyed. The secretary of the Club made coffee and performed other secretarial duties most efficiently, which included following the fire as it receded down into the snow.

The majority of the party continued the ascent to the peak, a strenuous hour and a half being spent before the plateau was again reached, for there was no trail. It was noticed that the women, who merely had to follow in the footsteps of the hard-working males in front, were insistent in their demands for more speed and shorter steps. Their energetic propensities came out again when they rivalled the men in their enthusiasm for sliding upon the beautiful drifts at the plateau. As a matter of fact, their attitude throughout the whole day was an excellent argument in favor of the Economic Interpretation of History, or the Effect of Environment Upon Human Conduct.

The descent was very rapid, and one had no difficulty in ascertaining what individuals had their lives insured and who had not. A pause was made at Mosquito Creek, when all, even the rear, had assembled by 5.30 p.m. After an uneventful trip on the ferry, during which no one suggested anything more exciting than home, dinner (lots of it) and bed, the weary but blissful mountaineers returned "chez eux."

The Botanical Trip.

A BIOLOGICAL hunt or, more properly, excursion was announced for Friday, March 11th. Immediately the whole biology class, with a buzz of approval, became ardent nature students. "Oh, I do hope it will be a fine day tomorrow!" "Won't we have a lovely time?" Arguments were raised for and against skipping lectures to make sure of being at Stanley Park on time. This was the atmosphere of the Thursday afternoon biology class.

Friday morning dawned as bright and clear as if it had been specially ordered. The Stanley Park car conductors must have wondered at the increased traffic to the park. The stray, curious members of the class were lured away from the greenhouse. They had been inspecting the flora and the varied animal life from the worm up.

"Now," said Dr. Hutchison, "we will have the roll call. I want you all to stand in a row on that grass bank and look at me." The roll call was automatically impressed on a film. The class was then divided into two groups: the A to H group under Dr. Hutchison and the rest under Mr. Davidson.

The evergreen trees along the driveway "furnished material for the first lecture." (Note the lab. phrase.) At the risk of stopping the traffic, we stood in the middle of the road to gaze at a giant specimen of cedar surrounded by spruce trees. Spruce needles are white underneath and, as an absolute test, are sharp when struck against the hand. This is a valuable piece of information when showing a friend around the park. If imparted with a careless air, you may perhaps be looked up to as an authority on trees. How many people really know the difference between spruce, hemlock and fir?

Leaving the main road, we entered a dark cold path, on either side of which were tiny streams and pools of water. This is the ideal haunt of the moss. On a decayed log there was a whole colony of Mnium, waving their tiny caps in the air. Here we were earnestly requested to note the three stages of growth. Then came the Feather Moss under the formidable name of Hypnum. Mr. Emmons rushed up to Dr. Hutchison with a clump of moss in his hand. "Oh Doctor, what moss is this?" "What is this? Oh, it is a moss. It would be necessary for me to take it into the laboratory to determine the exact species." This is more complicated than it sounds, as there are eight hundred varieties of moss in British Columbia, of which ninety grow in Stanley Park, with only a slight difference in the physiological characteristics. Some distance up the path Evans located an empty milk bottle and presented it to Emmons for a collecting box. It now dawned on us that the long black box Mr. Davidson carried strapped over his shoulder was not a lunch box, but was used to gather fresh specimens.

At last, after wandering through strange paths and over snow, we suddenly came in sight of Beaver Lake. Now arose the question as to whether ducks were included as specimens on the permits secured for the expedition. All the boys longed for their .22's just to have a shot at the flock of ducks that rose from the lake. To quote Emmons, "Don't those pintails make your trigger-finger itch!" Various rumors from the other section indicated that to them Beaver Lake presented many exciting adventures. A trio of venturesome boys found it amusing to slide on the ice on the south side of the lake, much to the dismay of the young ladies present. Mr. Silk got one foot wet. Miss Story was presented with a rusty cracker tin to hold her rapidly increasing collection of specimens.

By this time it was seen why the powers that be had very carefully arranged that two sections should visit Beaver Lake separately. We are still wondering why.

Irish Humor.

UPON being asked to contribute to the U. B. C. Annual, it occurred to me that it is always wise (especially in the case of amateurs) to write upon a subject more or less familiar. A residence of many years in Ireland has made me fairly familiar with Irish characteristics, and it is hardly possible to spend a lengthy period in that fascinating country without coming across many examples of Irish humor. The anecdotes in this sketch have been gathered from various sources, and I cannot vouch for the truth of all of them, but all are samples of that whimsical type of humor peculiar to Ireland. If any of them are stale or hackneyed to the reader, I beg forgiveness, but I have conscientiously tried not to give as instances of Irish wit tales which have little to recommend them but antiquity.

For many years there was an impression in most countries that Ireland was a sort of Merry-Andrew among the nations—a country inhabited largely by fools and jesters. This impression has within recent years almost vanished, as people have come more into contact with Ireland and its inhabitants and so have commenced to understand and sympathize instead of merely to scoff. The inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are as a people singularly sensitive to ridicule, and it must not be supposed that this attitude of good-natured scorn on the part of other nations has escaped their attention; it has, in many instances, embittered relations which might otherwise have been most amicable. This sensitiveness to ridicule has also been the cause of many little quarrels among the Irish themselves, and even a harmless pleasantry used at the wrong moment may strain amicable relations to the breaking point. If Tim Daly dejectedly driving his unsold cattle home from a fair, is accosted by a witty friend who asks him if "he hadn't liefer be carrying them home in his waistcoat pocket," Tim will in all probability reply with a no less satiric rejoinder, and soon blackthorns will begin to flourish. Fair greens and market places have, in Ireland, for generations, formed the battleground of many a conflict—both physical and mental. In order to fully appreciate an Irish fair, one must have seen it more than once, and it is, indeed, a sight worth travelling many miles to witness. Perhaps in no other part of the world are such strange and picturesque elements of humanity assembled. The main object of the Irish dealer in these fairs seems to be to make the best of all possible bargains—with no undue regard to scruples of conscience. The herdsman in the following story certainly was not overburdened with scruples. In sending him to market with a cow, his honest employer had given him strict injunctions to inform all likely purchasers that the animal was very troublesome to milk. When the man returned and reported that he had sold her to very good advantage, the farmer inquired whether he had given the warning. "Troth and I did so," the herdsman replied, "sure whenever they asked me was she a good milker, I up and told them it's tired milking her they'd be, and, bedad, that same was no lie!"

The political rebellions and disturbances so prevalent in Ireland in all ages, have not been without their humorous aspects, terrible and tragic though they, in reality, were. On one occasion a well known Irish country gentleman was visiting a court of justice at the moment when the presiding judge was about to pass a sentence of death on a youth for his part in some recent outbreak. The judge seemed really to wish to be lenient and asked whether there was anyone in the court who could give him a good character. The prisoner sorrowfully replied that he saw no one present whom he knew, whereupon the visitor, from his seat in the gallery, called out, "Well, now yourself's a queer boy that doesn't know your own friends when you see them!" The quick-witted youth readily replied, "Indeed, then, it's proud and happy I am to see your Honor here this day." The gentleman came forward as witness and gave the following tribute to the lad's character: "I can tell you, my lord, that from the very first time that ever I saw the boy to this minute I never knew anything of him that was not very good." Since he had never before set eyes on the defendant, his evidence was perfectly accurate—as far as it went. It saved the boy's life.

The Irish way of looking upon life is on the whole, a humorous one, which partly accounts for the ability of the Irish people to maintain a natural gaiety in the midst of hard circumstances—and in many lives there is no lack of hardship and

struggle. In George Birmingham's novels of Irish life in the west, we have many examples of this unfailing humor in the hardest and most poverty-stricken surroundings; underlying this humor the novelist, of course, gives us a glimpse of the deep pathos of the Irish as a people. It may not be out of place to say here that George Birmingham depicts to us in his novels characters whom he knows intimately and well, and although many of his incidents may appear to us far-fetched and highly improbable, yet he has a very accurate knowledge of the Celtic temperament. His humor may also seem to some, rather frivolous on the part of a clergyman, but, then, Irish clergymen are no more like the parsons of other countries than are the Irish people like those to be met elsewhere. It has been said, with a little truth, that if the Celt could not laugh he would be forced to cry. That inherent humor which permits of joke in trying circumstances might well be illustrated by the following story: "May the saints direct me into this coat," says its owner, holding up a very much tattered garment, "and I won't trouble them about getting out of it, for fall in pieces on me of itself it's apt to be."

Irish humor most truly manifests itself, not in witty sayings, and *bons mots,* but in a general characteristic way of looking at things, which one can only understand upon a fairly extensive acquaintance with Ireland and its people. In any gathering of country folks with their lively talk and ready wit, this aspect can be readily discerned. A keen enjoyment of life, even in its most prosaic form, is a noteworthy trait of the Celt.

Irish humor has always been associated with blarney—that peculiar gift for making pretty speeches (sometimes with little regard to truth!) with which the true sons and daughters of Erin have been endowed. The Irish jarvey (the person who conducts tourists around the country on that delightful vehicle known to history as an Irish "side-car") has always been, and still is, for tourists, the embodiment of humor. Whether he has in every case been guilty of the brilliant witticisms attributed to him is a doubtful question. In many cases he is the possessor of a stoical philosophy which undoubtedly stands him in good stead in his dealings with capricious humanity, as is shown in the case of the jarvey in the following anecdote (which I know to be perfectly true—I had the honor to be personally acquainted with the jarvey in question). The old man had been in the habit, for years, of driving passengers to and from a certain country station in the north of Ireland, and was, of course, supposed to deliver his patrons in good time for trains. One one occasion he arrived at the little station with a single passenger, who wanted to catch a morning train to the city—and was just in time to see the last whiff of smoke from the vanishing train, whereupon he stoically remarked, "Well, we were late, but we weren't much late!".

On one occasion a case was being tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady, and as Mr. Bushe, afterwards the famous judge, was making a speech for the defense, an ass outside the court brayed loudly. "Wait a moment," said the baron, "one at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please, one at a time." But the brilliant Mr. Bushe was soon to be avenged. When Chief Baron O'Grady was charging the jury, the obliging ass began to bray again—more loudly than before. Mr. Bushe interrupted by saying, "I beg your pardon, my lord! May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court that I did not quite catch them." It must not be supposed that upon visiting Ireland, one will come constantly into contact with individuals overflowing with wit and humor—if such is the expectation of the visitor he or she must assuredly be disappointed. Perhaps Irish wit flourishes more readily in the south and west than in the north—partly because the greater part of the population of the industrious and more prosaic north is made up, not of the Celtic element, but mainly of the descendants of English and Scottish settlers, who, perhaps, have not the time to indulge in witticisms and brilliant repartee. It would, of course, be absurd to imagine that Ireland produces in great numbers characters like George Birmingham's witty, absurd and fascinating curate portrayed in "Spanish Gold," in whose mind there evidently was no fixed line to separate truth from untruth, and who lied in the glib manner that belongs especially to the Celt.

—Margaret Browne, Arts '18.

"GEORGE," THE TRENCH RAT (A Clipping from the Trenches)

My fellow-passengers in the train on Tuesday last from Birmingham to London were a pertinacious old gentleman and a young officer returning from "leave." The old gentleman wanted to talk; the young officer wanted to read. The old gentleman wanted to know what the "tanks" are like, whether there is any bad language in the trenches, how long the war is likely to last. The old gentleman happened to read something in his newspaper that made him twitch with excitement. "Excuse me," he said, touching the young officer on the knee. "This will interest you. Listen to this. It is a letter from a man at the front. He says of the Hun's life in the trenches, 'Good luck to him if he has got as decent rats as there are on our side, for these are as big as rabbits and far more intelligent.' Now, sir, that is either true or not true. If it is not true, no man is justified in sending home misleading statements to his countrymen in these grave days."

A gleam came into the eyes of the young officer. I have seen a cat look like that on a hot afternoon, when for the hundredth time, a bluebottle has buzzed around its head. But laying aside his paper, he answered the old gentleman in the voice of one who has been almost dying for conversation. "The statement is not exaggerated. People talk about the intelligence of dogs, parrots and elephants. I would back George against any of them. Rats are not rare on the Somme," he mused, "but I will not pretend that they all have the intelligence of George. The adjutant has a rat named Emma. She keeps his dug-out tidy, and he has taught her to whistle a few simple tunes."

"One moment," interposed the old gentleman. "Do you mean to tell me that rats whistle, and whistle tunes?"

"Why not? No one ever knew anything about rats until this war. You have got to housekeep with rats and sleep with them to understand them. At first I used to shove them out of my dug-out; sometimes I potted at them with my revolver. But I gradually got used to them, and finally started feeding them from the hand. Eventually, old George singled himself He was bigger than the others, more the size of a hare than a rabbit———"

"A hare!" cried the old gentleman.

"Yes, larger if anything. Life in the trenches has altered the rats. The men over-fed them; they don't get enough exercise; they're not kept down in weight by their old nervousness of human beings. George, however, made himself a sort of sergeant-major over my other rats. He ordered them about, he made them keep tidy; he sometimes swore at them."

"Swore!" echoed the old gentleman.

"Well," said the young officer apologetically, "the trench rats do pick up a word now and then. Not that they really mean what they are saying any more than we do. As for old George, he's a perfect gentleman now and has dropped all that sort of thing since the fight."

"Which fight?" broke in the old gentleman.

"The day George decided to live alone with me. By Jove, that was a 'big push!' George won, but I had to nurse him on his back for two weeks. It was the only time I've ever known bombardment to get on his nerves—shadows where there were no shadows, quarrelsome and touchy even with me, pessimistic about the war. Thought it would end some day and that I should go back to England. I had a shocking time with him."

"Do you mean to tell me a man and a rat understand each other?" argued the old gentleman.

"Of course. Not as you and I do, but quite enough to rub along with. I don't pretend that George can talk much, but I've taught him simple words—as you teach kids, don't you know. For instance, I happen not to like my major, so I taught George not to like him. Whenever he came around George did his running-up-the-leg-back-and-shoulder-and-twice-around the collar stunt. All I had to whisper to George was 'Deploy.' George understands perfectly, knows the nights when it is my turn for wire-cutting and any other tricky jobs, and sits up anxiously till I come back safe. Knows my friends and the post corporal with the home letters, and never as much as sniffs at them, let alone biting at them. Knows I am a faddist about the dug-out being kept neat; keeps it tidy; eats up old candle ends; climbs up my shaving mirror on damp days and polishes it."

"Polishes it?"

"Yes; breathes on it and rubs it with his coat. George has got a lovely coat since I used a spot of brilliantine every day

when I brush him up. He's not only the biggest rat in the battalion, but the handsomest and the most faithful. The colonel would give his hat to have him; he's always trying to bribe me to part with George and to bribe George to go to him. He offered him potted grouse daily, but George refused. The first person to greet me when I go back will be George. I'm taking this for him," the young officer indicated a parcel. "It's a glassed tongue; he won't touch tinned things."

The train ran into Easton. "You've told me a wonderful story—a touching and humane story, sir," said the old gentleman.

"Don't mention it, sir," said the young officer.

The Women's Model Lit.

THE Women's Lit., having decided that something out of the ordinary character of their meetings ought to happen, it was resolved in the executive that a general meeting of the women should be called. After a violent discussion, most of the members refusing to vote, it was moved, seconded and carried unanimously that the Y. W. C. A. be asked to convoke the women to a mass meeting since that society would probably supply refreshments. On the last day, therefore, in March on which a function could be held, the Women's Lit. had their famous general assemblage, the President in the chair, and nine reporters taking notes for the four daily papers.

Miss Roseburgh, in introducing the program, said that since everything was impromptu, she would call on anybody to start anything. K. Peck at once demanded the roll-call, though for what purpose she couldn't just say. Wherefore, Miss Orr and Miss Maynard (taking fourth year Maths.) were requested to enumerate the throng. Meanwhile, Nellie Ballentine asked permission to present a report she had prepared for the Women's Undergrad, but had never been able to get wind of their meetings in time to present it. "I hereby solemnly swear upon my own hockey-stick" (objection from Laura Pim to a Sophomore swearing; she is referred to certain members of the Junior year) "that due to the efforts of the committee, of which I am convenor, said committee consisting of Virginia Page, Theressa Pollock, Edith Howard, Eva Mutch, Agnes Damer, Ada Smith, Laura Pim, Margaret Cameron, Marjorie Tennant, who have for some time past concealed themselves in, around, under and between lockers in the Women's cloakroom, that Viva Martin had been found guilty of using slang, without showing, as when a Freshette, ay, even as a Soph., any remorse or natural compunction." The President declared the meeting open for discussion of "this serious reflection upon the character of this canny Scot, both as a member of the Junior year, and of the Lit. and lastly Oh women! as a Varsity undergraduate!" Connie Highmoor asked Viva to adjourn so that she could make no objection to whatever might be said about her; Laura Pim (as Chief-Bun-Negotiator for the "Y") said Viva might retire to the kitchen, by way of compensation. Isobel Thomas, as Viva left, asserted her strong inclination to believe better of the accused, seeing that she played basket-ball and could knit like an egg-beater working on angel-cake, and called on Helen White to corroborate her statement. Helen said she did not feel able to agree, since she had heard that in the Bacteriology Lab. Viva had 'cooked the jelly' and left it in a most precarious condition. Pansy Munday asked permission to disbelieve all previous assertions on the ground that Viva was the only person she had ever known who knew how to fall sensibly on the ice (whenever that declivity was serviceable) and to this spectacle she had herself been an accessory after the fact, and therefore, knew the ground, "or the ice, to retain the metaphor." At this, Iona Griffith laid aside the heavy literature she had purloined from the Common Room and declared that she had no doubt that the latter remarks were true, but considering who said them she felt bound to contradict, and again took up the "Saturday Evening Post." Agnes Morrison begged leave to narrate a conversation heard in the Common Room, regarding the gifts which Arts '18 would make to the furnishing of that corral, Isobel

Harvey had suggested a rug, but there seemed no place to put it where it would not be walked on. Norah Coy was of the opinion that a tin of floor polish and a brush with a notice "to keep to the beaten path" would be preferable. Bonnie Clement stoutly advised an "O'Cedar Mop with a little Jap to run it." Norma Clarke furtively intimated a row of individual portraits by way of a Rogues' Gallery, Hazel Wilband consenting on the condition that they were miniatures and not life-size, to which Ethel Mutch made no dissent. Lillian Boyd wished a picture of the summit of Little Mountain as an inspiration to down-hearted Freshies and Sophs. Dorothy Bolton stipulated that the reservoir did not figure in it, lest the assumption of a watery grave should prove overcoming to melancholy minds. Dorothea Manson thought a Morris chair appropriate, but Viva encountered the proposal most prudently by saying that unless the division of loaves and fishes could be applied, what would one chair mean unto the resting of some twice two hundred feet, and proposed table covers, to reveal in effective relief the work of ink-bottles, magazines, text-books, etc. In her own opinion, said Agnes, this far-sighted proposal would convince the most pig-headed, ostrich-minded object. Did anyone care to contradict? The President rose, however, at this juncture and climax, declaring that the time was up, said that the vote on the matter would be indefinitely postponed, called for a dispersing chant from the members of the Glee Club, after which Miss Orr and Miss Maynard brought in their verdict, that, although they were not able to say exactly just how many were present, they felt convinced that no more than five Freshies were absent, and that they were probably in the kitchen anticipating refreshments.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

When the Steam Heat Expired.

HAVING had it urgently impressed on me that the citizens of Vancouver should show an interest in our University, I started forth one fair March morn, clad in spring attire, to visit those far-famed halls wherein knowledge is wont to be imbibed. As a result, I have received a deep and never-to-be-obliterated respect for the "precocious infants" who brave the hardships attendant upon a liberal education. I chose the reading-room as my special field of exploration, hoping to find all knowledge in a concentrated form. I did, in fact, I found more! At first I thought I had reached the polar regious; such, at least, the temperature would have indicated, as well as the figures, muffled to their ears in winter coats and furs. However, I looked in vain for the white furred animals that are said to inhabit the Arctic Circle, although I could see several shrubs of stunted growth, such as one finds in the extreme north. In my perplexity, I approached a figure which was seated apart, and which, from the top of a nose that protruded from the upturned lapels of a huge coat, I judged to be a female. "Madam," I ventured dubiously, "Can you direct me to the reading room of the university? I fear I have lost my way." Her reply quite startled me: "This is the reading-room." "But why the Arctic atmosphere?" I stammered. "Oh, then, you haven't heard," purred the soft little voice from the internal regions of the big coat."The authorities have found the royal road to learning. They discovered that knowledge, like other things, can be kept in cold storage, and we maintain the reading room at this temperature and the students come in and absorb all the knowledge they desire, it being preserved in the proper cells of their brain until such time as they choose to warm it by applying friction. Of course, it is necessary to regulate the temperature. We do it by opening the windows when it gets too cold, and letting the warm air in from outside. Ah, there, our monitor is just now closing one, the heat is becoming too intense." I turned and beheld an individual wrapped in a great coat and wearing heavy gloves, climb to the top of the English refrigerator with wonderful agility, considering his equipment, and close the transom. About this time I began to feel a drowsy numbness stealing in my veins, and not being acclimatized like the students, I staggered from the room, hearing behind me, as I closed the door, "Henceforth always ask for the cold storage room."

Yes, an education is very nice especially when there is a royal road to travel, but all things considered, I think I prefer to remain a normal ignoramus rather than an educated icicle.

—Ice and Snow, Arts '17.

FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES:

A Freshman doesn't know, and he doesn't know he doesn't know.

A Sophomore doesn't know, but he knows he doesn't know.

A Junior knows, but he doesn't know he knows.

BUT a Senior knows and he knows he knows.

* * *

Mr. Willis: "Will you please translate, Mr. A " ? ? ? ?

Mr. A. (with occasional glances at friend "Kelly"): "Will you not—ah—Cataline—ah—ah—etc."

Mr. Willis: "Don't hesitate, Mr. A. Read it right off."

* * *

Prof. Robertson (in Greek class): "Jebb, being dead, yet speaketh."

Note: "Jebb has given an excellent translation of Sophocles' Ajax."

WHY MR. SILK GAVE UP PHYSICS.

Once, in days gone by, Mr. Silk took Physics. Why he has quit, we do not know; but this is the story that has come to our ears:

One day in the electric lab., a great accident occurred. Mr. Silk was experimenting with some high-tension electricity. He was stooping over and observing very closely the deflection of a needle. Something went wrong with that apparatus, and a large streak of flame flew past, just missing Silk's chin. Oh! how terrible! It was utterly ruined!

He immediately left the lab., and went to "Madame ——'s Hair-dressing Parlors." It was a shame to do it, but it had to be done. It did not look well now, anyhow. He went in and asked how much she would give for his "Grown in B. C." spinach. She said that "It" was scorched, and consequently she could not give much for it. This was discouraging, and he faltered. The tears came to his eyes as the thought went to his head. Just to think ,five minutes would take off the growth of nine months. He had made a great resolution, and was he going to fail in resolutions? No! "It" must come off, and so it did.

* * *

Week of March 4. Prof. Barnes (endeavoring to get an answer to a question in History 4): "Mr. Bayly, what do you know about this? Oh! I forgot. You have other things to worry you now."

* * *

Prof. Jordan: "Shall we call—x 'x-dash' or 'x-bar'?"

Bullard: "Call it 'x-bar.'"

Jordan: "Yes, it has a pleasanter sound, hasn't it."

* * *

MacInnes, '18: "You wouldn't have your picture taken this year if you were me, would you?"

Story, '20 *(Sympathetically)* "With a face like yours? No!"

* * *

The rain it raineth every day,
Upon the just and unjust fellow;
But oftener on the just, because
The unjust's got the just's umbrella.

* * *

Prof. Robertson (in Latin): "What is the future of 'do-dare'?"

Freshie (with an inspiration): "Bread."

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* * *

Suggested addition to the Litany: "May we not be torpedoed on the way over."

* * *

Enquiry: "Why is not the Children's Corner of "The News-Advertiser" placed on the reference shelf for the benefit of the Freshman?"

* * *

THE DIRGE OF A FRESHMAN

The Freshman burnt the midnight oil in agony with Trig,
His brain into that fruitful mine made one resultless dig,
Down went the text-book with a bang (the echo made him scary)
He picked up Stephen Leacock's last and whistled 'Tipperary.'

The forlorn policeman on the beat pricked up his spaniel's ears,
He dragged that student from his den with protests and with tears;
And, said the sergeant at the desk, with manner prim and wary,
"Pro-Germans cover treason by whistling 'Tipperary.' "

They sent him to the National Park with handcuffs bent near double,
"A little while in there," they said, "will break the German bubble."
But he raved of sines and cosines, of other topics chary.
And they had to keep him muzzled lest he whistle 'Tipperary.'

Ruth S——: "Come snowballing, Pansy?"
Pansy M——: "No; I had enough on my climb over the week-end."
Ruth S——: "Where were you? Up Grouse?"
Pansy M——: "No; Dam."

* * *

Agnes M—— (to freshette she thinks she knows): "Oh, Hel—— Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you're somebody else!"

* * *

Scene—English Novel. Occasion—Child falls down outside, and, to the great annoyance of Mr. W——, starts to cry.
Mr. W.: "One of those Freshmen again, I suppose!"

* * *

A Freshie's epitaph:

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust;
If French doesn't kill us,
Trignometry must.

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WAR NEWS.

A basketball game is in progress, and one player strikes another in a most open and unprovoked fashion.

Referee: "Shoot, Varsity, a major foul."

Senior: "That's no Major foul; that's Private retribution."

Freshie: "Yes, and it ought to receive Corporal punishment."

* * *

Dr. Boggs: "How many are in favor of Free Trade? . . . I see. How many are in favor of Protection? Well, apparently more of the ladies than the men are in favor of Protection. But that is only what you might expect."

* * *

Jackson (to Buchanan and Evans, discussing an obstruse theoretical problem in geometry): "You fellows should never talk about anything you can't eat."

Buchanan: "I can eat it all right, but I can't digest it."

* * *

Prof. Wood: "I don't want to tune harps in heaven for eternity."

Student (in low voice): "Maybe you won't be asked to."

* * *

Report (unofficial): The fire in the Physics building was probably caused by the Freshies while they were cooking their Physics experiments.

* * *

Helen Wesbrook to Dodie Trapp: "Have you been down yet to have your map shot?"

* * *

Senior: "Oh! when we were Freshies——"

Freshie: "What freshies they must have been!"

* * *

Isobel H.: "Don't hurt yourself holding up the wall, Madge."

Madge G.: "Don't you think it needs it? Think of all the silly things that bump up against it!"

"That is an unhealthy-looking result."
"Yes, but my observations were very delicate."

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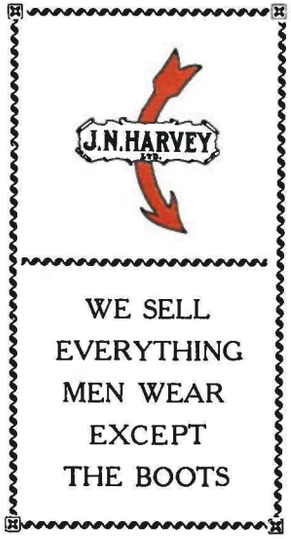

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AN ANECDOTE

When I did read of that most girlish prank
I laughed:—"Puss, Puss, oh, have you seen my cat?"
Up, down, the street—a city street at that:
And I suppose a pussy lean and lank,
Scratched, bitten, chased and mauled by bitter maids,
Broom-sticked, dog-scurried, streetcar-skairt, and wooed
By midnight-callow Toms on fence-tops strewed
With feline blood, and Master-Cats' back-braids.
Did many a youngster, wondering, turn behind
Your back, and staring with big eyes, declare
He hoped the maiden would her pussy find
Fit object of her apprehensive care?—
Yet, though I laugh, think not but in my mind
In hope you found her, I that laugh forbear.

—R. A. M.

* * *

Captain Elliott (addressing a squad of "city bred," who have never handled a gun before, or have fired from one to three shots with a .22): "Now, rifle fire is all important. If you can shoot straight—I mean bring down ten men in ten shots—you can stop the enemy from coming within bayonet distance of you."

* * *

She: "Oh! Charles, it is so cold! I would like to have something around me."
He: "What would you like to have?"
She: "Oh, anything!"
And the chump brought her a shawl!

* * *

Mr. H.: "Now be out at the Kitsilano Station at ten minutes past one. If you are not all there, I shall go on without you."
1.40: Mr. H. arrives.
Mr. H.: "I'm very sorry, but I missed the car."

Dr. Boggs: "Men would prefer work in which they could wear a white collar instead of overalls."

* * *

Prof. Henry says: "A college man may even swear, but he must swear with distinction."

* * *

Prof. Robertson (at Mr. Russell's lecture to the W. L. S.): "My bald head will make a splendid reflector."

* * *

Photographer (to fair Sophette on arranging second pose): "We won't press our lips quite so close together this time. will we?"

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Said to the Freshmen: "You are probably acquainted with the music of that brilliant Frenchman Chaminade."

* * *

WE WONDER "WHERE?"

J. S. (wishing to congratulate C. S., who won the spoon in target practice): "You're getting quite spoony lately, aren't you?"

C. S. (blushing violently): "Er—where did you see me?"

* * *

Debated: "The busy life of the metropolis," etc.

Senior (in audience): "Huh! This ain't Biology class."

* * *

C. Maynard is now a pessimist. She slept on a piece of wedding cake and never dreamed about a thing except—the faculty.

* * *

Capt. Elliott: "Peace firing is different to war time. In war there are people shooting back at you."

* * *

When we get too much Trig. homework, the whole section starts sine.

HISTORY NOTES.

Prof. Barnes: "Perhaps one-half of the people of the 18th century drank gin; at any rate three-quarters of them didn't."

* * *

Prof. Barnes: "William II., while out to dinner, is said to have eaten all the peas with his knife and did not offer any to the other guests."

Story: "Well, if he could do that, he deserved to have 'em."

* * *

C. Smith, '19: "Do we have to write our examinations on the arms of these chairs?"

Emmons, '19 (in a stage whisper): "No; they supply paper."

* * *

HEARD IN A Y. M. MEETING.

Mr. Cowper: "They need not stand at the mouth of the river and fish out those at the bottom: they should go up to the source and cut it off."

* * *

A complete description of the Freshies' Trig. professor: E. H. Russell, B.A., P.D.Q.

* * *

Scene—Main hall, Arts Building; Laura Pim selling Y. W. C. A. pennants. Enter a woman in doubt. After a general inspection she inquires: "Is this Ward O?"

* * *

CHEMISTRY LABORATORY.

Marshall: Have you a beaker belonging to me?"

Mennie: "No."

Russell: "Say, Junk, I got something that belongs to you."

Marshall (rushing over to Russell's desk and, in doing so, knocking over his own beaker): "What is it? Hand it over, quick!"

Russell: "I've just got your goat."

Marshall: ?!*!?6??!!!!!

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SCENE—*I. O. D. E. Work Rooms.* VICTIMS—*Ourselves.*

Mrs. Chatter enters with Mrs. Doleful, wife of a prominent Vancouver lawyer, and meets Mrs. Stone, prominent dentist's wife.

Mrs. Chatter: "Good morning, Mrs. Stone, so glad to see you out this morning. Isn't this dreadful weather we're having?"

Mrs. Stone: "Isn't it! We haven't had such weather since we've been in town, and that's five years this June—or was it last June? Anyway it's since Mary was born."

Mrs. C.: "By the way, meet Mrs. Doleful."

Mrs. D.: "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Stone. Mrs. Chatter has been telling me all about you."

Mrs. C: "Yes, my dear, I was telling her you must run for 'Echoes' secretary next election."

Mordax (aside): "You would make a very good "Echoes" yourself, my dear Mrs. Chatter."

Mrs. S: "Oh, no! I couldn't think of it. I have so many meetings—and besides—the children!"

Mrs. D.: "Have you many children, Mrs. Stone?"

Mrs. S.: "Six. The eldest is eighteen." (Exit Mrs. Chatter).

Mrs. D.: "Really! My only boy is seventeen. He attends the University."

Mrs. S.: "Is that so? Two of mine are there. I have a daughter in second year and my son's a Freshman."

Mrs. D.: "My dear! Don't you think those names are ridiculous? I'm sure my son isn't fresh even if he is in the first year; and then that word Soldmore, or Sophmore . . .

Mrs. S.: "O, yes, I know! It's Photomore. Then Alice says she'll be a junior next year. I don't see how she can be when she's almost a senior."

Mrs. D.: "And there are so many subjects in the first year. Especially whigery."

Mrs. S.: "You mean Trigontree. My daughter had to study so hard—two hours a night—to pass it. Then she took two supps."

Mrs. D.: "I think those supps are too ridiculous for anything. It seems to me that if they attend school all year they ought to pass at the end without examinations."

Mrs. S.: "So do I. My girl has so little time to study. In the day time there are meetings, she's on the Alma Mater Society, you know. Then, there's, the Red Cross—and the rink—and after school she always goes out with some Braemar girls."

Mrs. D.: "What do you think of this military drill?"

Mrs. S.: "I think it's a very fine thing—gets the boys out in the open air." (Door opens). "Br-r-r! Why can't these people keep the doors closed? It's like ice outside."

Mrs. D.: "Yes, you'll have to come home in our limousine."

Mrs. S.: "O, thank you so much!"

They depart, and after much flurry and a great deal of extraneous conversation, they settle down and start homewards.

Mrs. D.: "What do you think of Conscription?"

Mrs. S.: "I think it's a very good thing—only it shouldn't apply to boys under twenty. They haven't their strength—I'm sure Jack . . ."

Mrs. D.: "Yes. That's the way I feel, too. My boy went down to the recruiting station one day."

Mrs. S.: "Really! Was he rejected?"

Mrs. D.: "Well, he went to the Engineers. They asked him what he could do—whether he was a miner, carpenter, blacksmith or mechanic?"

Mrs. S.: "What did he say?"

Mrs. D.: "I can't do anything," he told them. "I'm a University student."

—Mordax Cynicus '18.

Prof.: "Mr. Hokkyo, is that heat turned off?"

Hokkyo: "No, sir."

Prof.: "Will you turn it off? It's so hot."

Hokkyo: "But — — I like plenty of heat."

Prof.: "Never mind, you'll get plenty yet. You're like the man from Arizona who went to the next world and sent back for a pair of blankets."

Puzzle: Find a Freshman who didn't fail in Trig. at Christmas.

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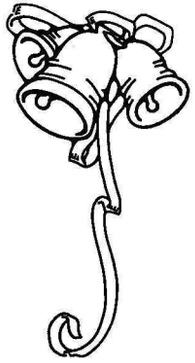

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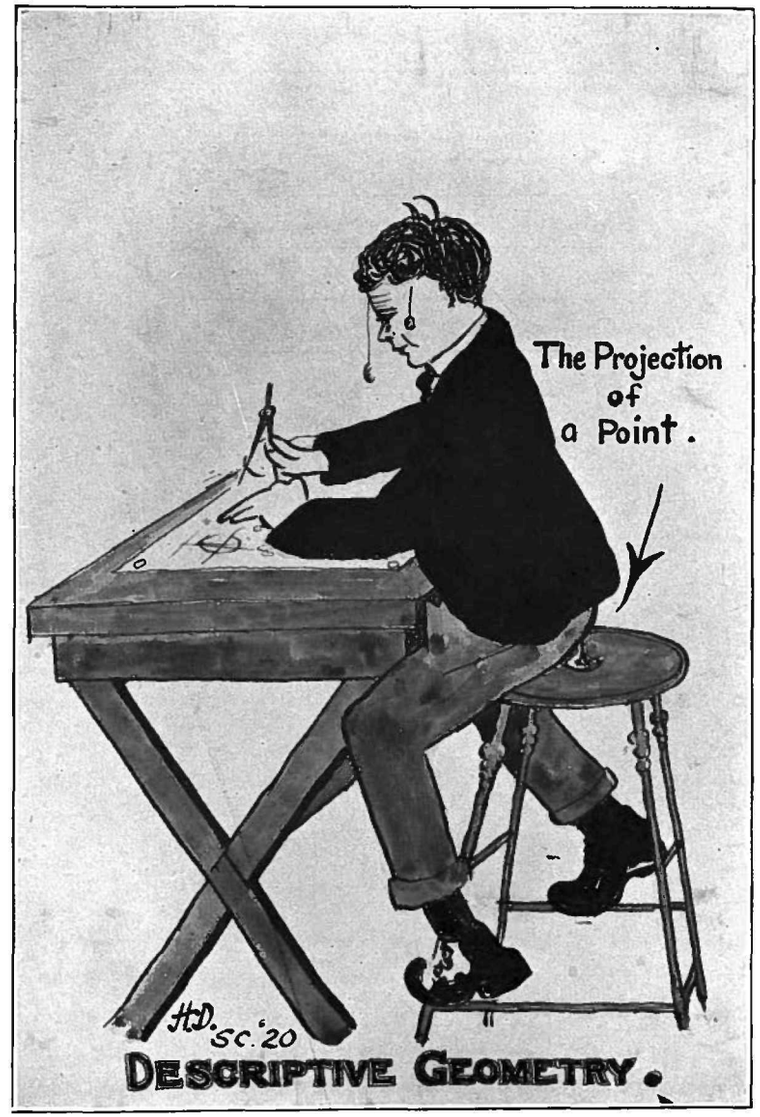

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A Ball of String.

AT the office door of the University of M—— Daily Paper, stood a short, round-faced youth with the timorous glance of one strange to such haunts. He paused as if uncertain whether to enter the open door of the sanctum sanctorum unheralded, or beat a gentle tattoo upon the wall. After several dubious seconds, he chose the former method of approach, and, advancing on tip-toe, coughed twice to indicate his existence.

The room, dark and forbidding in the late afternoon, was a veritable chaos of books and manuscripts. At a large, untidy desk piled high with papers, sat a young man, busily writing. The light from a single, green-shaded lamp fell full upon his ruffled hair and broad shoulders. He was completely absorbed in his work and the polite coughing of the round-faced one did not disturb him. The duties of editor-in-chief are arduous when one is vitally interested in college activities, in general, and in the activities of a very popular young lady, in particular. The duties are doubly trying when the aforesaid young lady is fickle. The university youth, perceiving that he might choke to death on the threshold of the office without disturbing its lone occupant, advanced three feet further, cleared his throat and took another method of attack.

"I beg your pardon—I came, that is, I was sent to report."

Peter Hayward looked up sharply from his work. "What do you want?"

"I was sent to report," repeated the round-faced person, peering out, seriously from behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Report all complaints to the janitor—second door to the left," curtly responded the worried editor, continuing his writing.

"But I came," blustered the youth, "to report—that is, I was sent to report on the paper—you know!"

Pete gave a bitter smile. "Like a job, eh? Haven't you enough work of your own to keep you busy? Believe me, son, this working ten hours a day, gratis, is not what it's cracked up to be. You better trot along back to your books and leave newspaper offices and pretty girls alone!"

The youth blinked perplexedly from behind the horn-rims. He could not comprehend the bitterness of spirit which pervaded the editor's soul this late afternoon.

"But Bud Hickerson sent me to report on the paper," he reiterated. "I'm to represent our Fraternity for the rest of the month. I didn't want to come, but—gee—a Freshman's got no choice!" Having volunteered all this information, he subsided, with a sigh of relief, and shifted his weight to the other foot.

"Sorry," apologized Pete, quickly, "Bud did speak about you. Never reported before, have you? Your name—?"

"Charles Waldo Melvin Plumber," announced the youth, with a touch of pride.

"All right, Charles Waldo," replied Pete, suppressing a smile, "Will give you a try-out. Bud said you had done some good work in English."

Such condescending words, falling from the lips of one so high in authority, warmed the timid heart of Charles Waldo, and he showed his appreciation by vigorously polishing his glasses with a silk handkerchief.

"I'd like to see what you can do, as soon as possible. All the material is in for tomorrow's edition," continued Pete, searching through the mass of papers on his desk." However, I may find something for you to report. A dance program fluttered to the floor, and as he picked it up, an amused smile passed over his face. "The very thing," he muttered, "the very thing—I'll teach her to cut my dances!"

He straightened himself slowly, and pursing his lips, considered the young man before him from top to top.

"I have a job for you, and a nice soft one it is, too." Go up to the Kappa house tonight, and interview Margaret Lewis about her part in the new play."

The youth was seized with a fit of coughing. "I can't do that!" he gasped, between spasms. "I really can't, you know!"

"Why not?" demanded Pete. "There are fifty able-bodied men in this building who'd pay me—yes, sir!—pay me good, cold cash to get such a plausible excuse to call on Margaret Lewis!"

(Continued on page 126)

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"Oh, that's all right," interrupted Pete, "just go up and say you're a reporter for the Daily. Don't need an introduction." He went back to his desk with an air of finality. "Get something striking—her views on some odd subjects—does she like this or that—and be as bizarre as you wish in your write-up. She's mighty clever herself, and likes queer things."

He listened to no further protestations, but gently and forcibly guided the bewildered Charles Waldo to the door, closed it and returned to his desk. Musingly, he picked up the soiled dance-program, and turned it over and over in his hand. "I'll teach her to cut my dances," he muttered to himself. "That Freshie's write-up will make her furious, or I miss my guess. So, you'd cut my last dance, would you, Miss Lewis? Very well!" he continued, addressing this last remark to the program.

* * * * * * * * * *

Promptly at eight o'clock that same evening, Mr. Plumber, very round of face, and very red of hue, presented himself at the door of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sororioty. Clutched tightly in one hand was a stick, borrowed from an upper class man for the occasion, and in the other hand was an enormous note-book. A maid conducted him into the drawing-room, without falling into a fit at his arrival, as he had half expected; nor did any elderly chaperone of spinster qualities pounce upon him and catechise him concerning his age, occupation and general intentions. Such had been the vague ideas he had always harbored about a sorority house and these ideas had, perhaps, been slightly augmented by certain humorously-inclined fellow-students on this very evening.

He seated himself on the edge of a straight-backed chair, clinging firmly to his note-book. He nervously wetted his lips, now and again; or cautiously cleared his throat just to see if it were still in working order. Cold chills and hot electric currents played tag up and down his spine, and he felt that his knees would tremble visibly if he ever attempted to stand.

Then, suddenly, he did stand, and there was no visible quaver of his knees, for Miss Margaret was smiling kindly at him from the open door. She was a slender girl with all the grace and charm that the out-door world and a well-balanced plan of living bring. There was no cold cleverness in her manner, as Charles Waldo had anticipated—no haughty unconcern. The frankness of her glance and the kindness of her bearing at once put him at ease, and for a time he forgot all self-consciousness.

To her polite greeting of inquiry, he replied briefly by giving the reasons for his call. By another observer, the slight shadow of incredulity which crossed Margaret's face might not have been lost. Not so Charles Waldo. He hastened to produce his fountain-pen and to open his huge book. Then sitting at attention, as if to seize every word of wisdom which should fall from the lady's lips, he waited.

Leaning back in amused silence, watching the absorbed proceedings of Mr. Plumber, Margaret also waited. The youth looked up expectantly, and Margaret, with a little gasp, realized that he was waiting for her to speak. Briefly, she gave him a synopsis of the play. After much questioning and busy scratching on the part of Mr. Plumber, the proceedings came to a halt, and again he looked up, inquiringly.

"Well?" she smiled, "is that sufficient?" The would-be reporter shook his head, doubtfully. "Oh, no! I must write up your opinions on some other subjects."

"What subjects, for instance?" she asked kindly.

The round face became horrified, the eyes behind the horn-rims blinked perplexedly, and the small mouth opened in astonishment. In nervous preoccupation, he wound the black cord of his glasses round and round his finger, as the idea of this new emergency went round and round in his brain. In rehearsing the scene at home, he had never thought of such a crisis; in fact, his mind had never gone beyond the opening sentences of the interview. Wildly, he tried to recall Pete Hayward's instructions. Bizarre—her opinion on—something bizarre—those were his words!

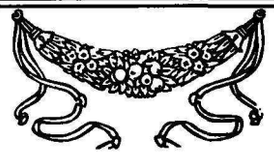
Why! Why-eh—for instance, do you like—"

"Do you like—string?"

Through the silence of the whole house, the absurd words seemed to echo. He wondered vaguely—how many girls there were in the upper regions to hear his question. His head reeled and his throat became parched, great beads of sweat

(Continued on page 130)

Greetings



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formed at his temples, and chills began again to run up and down his spine. His heart seemed to have stopped altogether for a time. What had prompted him to make such a fool of himself. He waited in breathless agony for Miss Lewis to burst into peals of laughter.

"Do I like string?" she exclaimed and smiling ruefully, added, "I'm not good at riddles."

"No riddle!" gasped the embarassed youth.

"Then, what is it, a joke?"

"No joke!" He realized the harrowing truth of this statement.

"Well, what in the world do you mean—do I like string?"

Charles Waldo said nothing. There was nothing to say.

"A game?" pursued Margaret.

Mr. Plumber, whose dazed faculties were gradually becoming normal, saw that things were getting far too complicated. So he nodded his head vigorously in the affirmative.

"What kind of game?" continued this seeker-after-truth, with annoying persistence.

"Oh, a very simple game." He must support his assertions in some manner, "cat's cradle. Very popular, that is," he added lamely, "in the east—you know."

Margaret eyed Mr. Plumber doubtfully. Then she said with a touch of sarcasm, "Oh, yes, played after dinner in all New York's smartest sets. No self-respecting family should be without a ball of string. I certainly shall buy one to-morrow!"

At this she laughed, but when she saw the worried look in Mr. Plumper's eyes, her heart smote her.

"You don't mean to tell me, you were in earnest?"

There was no reply, and an awkward pause ensued:

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Plumber, who sent you up to interview me?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Mr. Hayward."

"Did he tell you to ask me if I liked—string?" she flung at him.

"No."

Another pause followed while the young lady knitted her brows and gazed into space.

"How long have you been reporting for the Daily?"

"Just began today," murmured the youth, slowly.

"What!" gasped Margaret. "Pete Hayward had the—I beg your pardon."

"This is my first experience, in fact, I never reported for any paper before."

"And Pete sent you up to try out on me?" mused Margaret. "Please let me see your book."

Quickly, she glanced over the page of notes and sat for a moment drumming her fingers on the book.

"See, here, Pete is trying to make fools of us both. I don't mean to be rude, but it's the truth. Will you let me help you write up that article now? I think we can slip one over on that gentleman—to use his own expression!"

* * * * * * * * *

Late next morning, Mr. Peter Hayward, having breakfasted well, and attended two lectures, more interesting than usual, entered the Daily office, and glanced at the material on the desk. He opened one or two letters, consigned them to the waste basket, and finally picked up a manuscript at the top of the pile. Glancing at the signature, he frowned. It had been a diabolical thing for him to send that young cub up to interview Margaret. What an abominable temper he must have been in yesterday! The whole article would probably have to be written before it could be published. He would do it himself, and try not to hurt either Margaret's or the youngster's feelings.

He read the first few sentences, and looked again at the signature to reassure himself. Eagerly, he read the whole article and reread it and finally sat down at his desk in astonishment. This thing was good—it was brilliant! He didn't think that the

(Continued on page 134)

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boy had it in him. He read it again and chuckled over the satire. Yet again, he read it, mentally commenting upon the wealth of expression. Then suddenly a light broke over his astonished face.

"I'll bet a hat Margaret wrote it!" he shouted, between roars of laughter.

In a few minutes Miss Margaret Lewis answered the telephone with a triumphant air. A very apologetic and chagrined young man was waiting to speak to her.

"Look here, Margaret, I'm awfully sorry about that interview!"

"Oh, really, Mr. Hayward, don't trouble yourself. I quite enjoyed it."

"Yes, you did! You must have enjoyed writing that article for us. Thanks, awfully. It's great!"

"How did you know—did Mr. Plumber tell you?"

"No, of course not. He'd like to crib it for himself, but I couldn't miss the style of the most brilliant writer in the university—to quote our friend the prof.

"Look here, Pete, tell me something."

"Yeh?"

"Why did you send Mr. Plumber?"

"Well—you cut my last dance."

"Oh!" coldly.

"Why did you cut my last——"

"Well, because——"

"Yes?"

"Well—anyway—you never gave me a chance to explain,—so there!"

"May I come up to-night to apologize for being so rude?"

"Well—perhaps—. Mr. Plumber's coming."

"Margaret! That chump?"

"Don't be rude. He's a friend of mine. His tongue is now a stringless instrument."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. By the way do you like string?"

"Margaret, are you all there? Do I like what?"

"Never mind! Don't get so wrought up. It's a new game. I shall teach you, to-night."

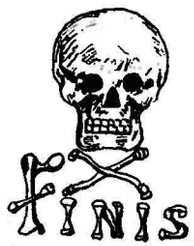
"All right. I'll come up about eight."

"There's going to be a ball——"

"A ball? To-night? At the Kappa house? I never heard——"

"Oh, it's only a ball of string, stupid!"

—Helen Wesbrook, Arts '19.



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