

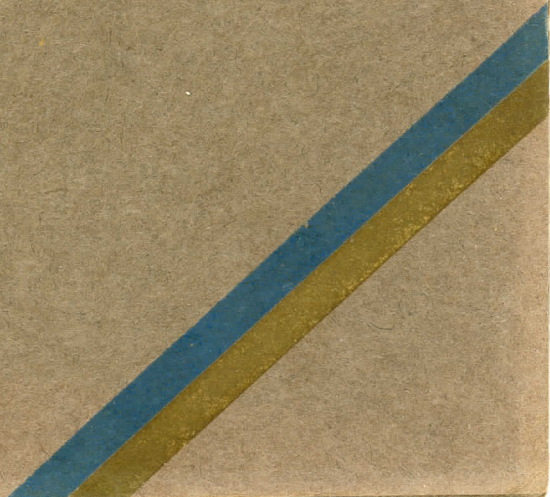
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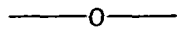
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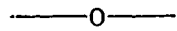
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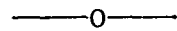


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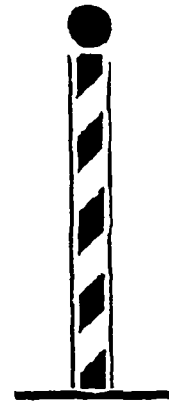
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Dr. Franklin W. Sweet
President.



CLARENCE COLE '24.

INAUGURATION

The ceremonies which took place in the First Baptist Church, Thursday October the eleventh will be long remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present. It did not require an inauguration service to make Dr. Sweet a vital part of our institution, for he has been that since the moment he arrived, but it did give the many friends of Brandon College the opportunity of welcoming him.

The services took a dignified and solemn form and rightly so, for indeed they formed the threshold to a new period in the history of Brandon College. The students, entering in line, took their places in the body of the church, the College faculty and representatives from the City and fellow Colleges following, took theirs on the platform and the services opened with the singing of a hymn and a prayer, led by Rev. Miller. This was followed by a message of welcome from the Baptist Union delivered by Dr. E. J. Tarr.

It was particularly fitting that Dr. A. R. McDiarmid, the founder and first president of Brandon College, should be the speaker of the evening. Everyone who had known him and all who had heard of him—and where is the friend of Brandon College who has not heard of him—were delighted to have the opportunity of listening to him. In dealing with his subject, "The Relation of Christian Development to Western Canada," Dr. McDiarmid emphasized the need of individual development and training for citizenship in the building up of a

truly great nation. "Canada's great undeveloped wealth cannot alone make a great nation," he said, "for history has shown us that many nations though wealthy have fallen because found wanting. Only God-like citizens can make a great nation. Is Canada great? Perhaps, when compared with other nations, but can we be satisfied with that?" Then he proceeded to point out to us the many dangers threatening the standards of Canada. "Chief among these menaces" said Dr. McDiarmid, "is our foreign element, for these strangers differ not only in language and religion but in many cases maintain their own nationality." He showed that, according to Lord Birkenhead's statistics that Canada has gained 5,000,000 new citizens in the last ten years, the population of Western Canada will in another decade, be doubled. This in itself makes the task of maintaining and raising Canada's standards one which can only be wrought through God. "But God works through human agencies, and the task of the Christian Church is not to get this earth into Heaven but to get Heaven into this earth." He then pointed out how Christ had first trained his disciples by teaching them and that true Christian education lies not in the curriculum of the studies but in the spirit of the student. "We must see God in it, behind it and through it." And from the instructor's view point. "The thought in training should be centered on the individual to be trained. The Christian minister cannot do it all but every citizen must aid. And in taking her place in such educational training," concluded Dr. McDiarmid, "Brandon College is moving towards her ideal of forwarding Canada."

At the conclusion of Dr. McDiarmid's address everyone rose, and in singing "O Canada," vented some of the surging patriotism which had been aroused in all.

Then came the messages of welcome from fellow institutions of learning and all our patriotism became localised in our Alma Mater. And indeed who could be blamed for a tiny swelling of pride when so many splendid things were said about our College by such men as:—Dr. R. C. Wallace of Manitoba University; Dr. R. S. Laidlaw of Manitoba College; Dr. E. W. Stapleford of Regina College; Mr. C. H. Lee of Manitoba Agricultural College; Mr. S. E. Clement representing Wesley College; Rev. G. J. Miller representing Presbyterian Theological College of Saskatoon; Dr. J. W. Stewart of Rochester Theological Seminary; Mr. B. J. Hales of Brandon Normal School; Dr. Clark representing Acadia University and Mr. W. B. Teakles of McMaster University—and the fact that many were guilty of more than a tiny feeling of pride was

evidenced in the vigor with which "Hail Our College" and "Hippy Skippy" were given.

With Dr. McDiarmid before us our thoughts had been carried back into the past, back to the beginnings of our College—and as we followed its development memories arose of Dr. Whidden, our last president, and of how we had felt on his departure that things could not but retrograde; but as Dr. Sweet arose to speak to us our outlook immediately took on a brighter hue and our confidence for a great and progressive future was restored. And our confidence and our pride in having such a man as our president grew as we listened to his address, which ran as follows:—

THE PRESENT PLACE OF THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE IN CANADIAN LIFE

A Summary of the Address Delivered by Dr. Sweet at the Inaugural Exercises, October 11th, 1923.

Through the Dark Ages in Europe the Church kept the torch of learning burning. And again in the Western hemisphere higher education is the daughter of the Christian Church. That perspective which time furnishes throws the Christian College into bold relief. It has been said that we understand nothing that we do not understand historically. So, in the light of the past the Christian College stands amid the chief factors in modern life honored and appreciated. But the unique value of the Christian College, at present, because of the rapidly multiplying forms of educational endeavor is easily overlooked.

The need for highly specialized courses and elaborate scientific equipment, the enlargement of institutions so that the present-day university has become many colleges in one, all tend to obscure the importance of the relatively small institution under Christian auspices. In fact the leaven of Christian education has so changed the lump of society as to hide its own power; and the very principles which it inculcates has naturally thrown the responsibility for popular education upon the nation rather than the Church and has prohibited the control of that public educational system by any one type of religious belief.

This, in Canada, as elsewhere, has developed step by step, an educational system at public expense covering the entire range from elementary grades to the post-graduate courses of the university. In this system, encouraged by the nation, unbiased by any one type of religious thinking, the youth of the land have every advantage up to the highest forms of specialized professional training. With education compulsory, this public educational system is not only right but essential. But granting its necessity and excellence, it still remains true that to many citizens the importance and need of the distinctly Christian College offering Arts courses is as great as if there was no elaborate system maintained at public expense. This is particularly true during the formative years of the teen-age which N. J. Aylesworth describes as "the birth of intellect."

A college under the direction of any evangelical denomination can furnish to all the citizens of any province the advantages of Academy and College. In the specialized realm of theology alone does the question of denominational relationship enter in; and every well conducted Christian college is naturally the college of all the citizens who value that type of education with the distinctly Christian (not sectarian) emphasis.

Since every College must be primarily responsible to a definitely organized constituency with a large element of permanency, and since we find such permanent Christian organization in the denomination it follows for practical purposes and for the assurance of permanency that Christian College administration must be mainly denominational. But they should certainly not be sectarian.

Among those who believe strongly in the separation of Church and State the Baptists have always stood prominent; and with their further emphasis upon the necessity of personal religious experience, it is natural that they should place great stress upon Colleges under distinctly religious direction. Are they right in that conviction? Has the necessity for such Colleges been outgrown? Is the sacrifice for their maintenance any longer wise? Do the men and women produced by such Colleges justify the heavy expenditure of money required from private citizens?

It is because of my profound conviction as to the importance of such a College to the city and the nation, and to the Kingdom of God that I have accepted the invitation to become the leader of this Christian College here in Manitoba. It seems appropriate to express some of the reasons entering into my decision, for they explain my willingness to undertake the responsibilities involved in the administration of Brandon College.

I am convinced that the product of men and women trained in character and patriotism justifies the maintenance of this type of College. A certain College president sent out a questionnaire to a dozen leading men in as many professions asking where each had secured his training. From editors, lawyers, educators, clergymen, railroad magnates, business men, doctors, judges and politicians the answers came back. One hundred and thirty-four responded. "Two had never attended any school; eight had been trained in the common schools; twelve in high-schools; fourteen in academies; two in private Normals; six in state Normals; two in business colleges; one in an agricultural college; eighteen in state universities and seventy in denominational colleges." And statistics like that can be multiplied. The importance of character building for leadership looms large at Brandon. The demand for character in national leadership is voiced by the London Morning Post in these words:

"What the people of this country demand is Character first, last and all the time. The public have actually come to the conclusion that an ounce of character is worth all the first-class brains of the Kingdom. The act of governance demands character as well as ability, but character before all." and Lord Robert Cecil has said:

"At the present time, character counts more than cleverness, and it is better to have second-class brains than a second-class character."

Such a college as Brandon stamps on every day of its work the ideal of culture for service; the ideal of education not as an end in itself, not even as an end for the personal advancement of the student but as a means of equipment for human service in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Again, the Christian College is set, as is the Church, to the task of transforming humanity from a society actuated by a philosophy of self-interest, which is indifferent to the welfare of others, to that of the Golden Rule which leads men to temper selfishness by the welfare of others. Does not previous history justify such a change? Does not recent history demand it?

My humble powers are dedicated to the establishment of that Kingdom of God "which is righteousness and peace and joy." The Christian Church is committed to that high enterprise and the Christian College is her agency for turning out men and women prepared for that ever widening range of leadership in which the Christian Ministry is central. As for the distinctive work of Church leadership in this Canadian Dominion and in the world, to curtail the work of the Christian College were to diminish the source of supply for the Church, for as the distinguished statesman John R. Mott says "ninety per cent of the candidates for the Christian Ministry come from the Christian Colleges."

Again, there is an academic freedom to be found in a college like this which is a necessary condition of higher education. The freedom to teach the truth as it is in Christ is to be found in the highest degree in the distinctly Christian institution, and this fact to me has great attractive power.

There are many forces limiting in such a college to produce the high type of character and leadership about which I have been speaking. The first factor is the faculty of instructors. Few men or women find places on the teaching staff of Christian Colleges—and fewer still remain there—who are not actuated by a spirit of Christian devotion akin to that which sends ministers to the pulpit and missionaries to distant parts of the earth. The teacher who adds Christian devotion to unusual natural gifts of imparting knowledge repeats the almost miraculous influence of an Arnold at Rugby and Christian institutions all over the world even when poorly equipped as to buildings furnish a brilliant array of such teachers.

As to the student body in such institutions there is always a large element of earnestness of purpose, of high moral and altruistic ideals and the attendance numbering hundreds instead of thousands permits an intimacy of contact and acquaintance, a mutual inter-action between faculty and students and an esprit de corps difficult to secure if not impossible in a large university. When such a college is located in a small town instead of a metropolitan centre the unity, constancy and vividness of college impressions is even more strongly enhanced.

Lastly the factors of the faculty, student body and location combine to furnish the two characteristics which seem to me outstanding in such a College as this. The first is a distinctive flavor of the sort of scholarship found in a school like Brandon and the second is the subtle but real impact of the personality of Jesus Christ upon every member of the college group. Truth is looked at from His point of view. Knowledge is sweetened by His interpretation: scholarship is flavored by His ideals. And these ideals are never wholly forgotten even though never fully attained. He is "the unexampled Rabbi." The knowledge of Him has been called the most excellent of the sciences.

Does not the Christian College come as near to being a group of disciples sitting at His feet to learn of Him as any group in modern society can possibly be.

Have I pictured an ideal College rather than a real one? Then I have glimpsed what a Christian College should aim to be; what it may grow toward; and what in retrospect, many of us here tonight find our Alma Maters to have been in very truth to us. Such, I am sure Brandon College is to most of its more than five thousand students, who in twenty-four years have passed through its halls. Such she will be to the thousands yet to come. Such a College is an officer's training school for the Church and the Nation. Such a College is the glory of a city, an ally of a province, a defence for a nation.

Unitedly, let us do our best to help Brandon College fulfill her high mission.

The services were closed with the singing of the National Anthem, and the Benediction, pronounced by Dr. W. A. Cooke.

L. E. E. '24.

READING FOR PLEASURER

“For him was levere have at his beddes heed,
 Twenty bookes clad in black or reed
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrie.”

Geoffrey Chaucer—“*The Canterbury Tales.*”

Chaucer's picture of the Oxford scholar has stood for hundreds of years as the typical description of a college student and his absorbing passion—his love of books. But if to-day you modernize the language of our quotation slightly, and casually ask students themselves what type of man Chaucer's words describe, you would probably receive the glib and unhesitating answer—“Oh, the college-grind, of course!” This would merely illustrate the almost universal tendency of recent years to eulogize the all-round development of the college man and woman, and to decry the one-time glorified devotion to book-learning which only too often to-day wins for the student the scornful titles of college-grind, or book-worm, or other term of scorn. This re-action against mere book-learning has been natural enough in the light of various modern movements—the scientific emphasis on the importance of observation in education; the demand for practical and efficient leaders of our complicated twentieth-century life; and the tendency of a very large number of boys and girls everywhere to go to college because it is the popular, correct, and very attractive way of spending four youthful years, and not as in the old days, to prepare themselves specifically for the learned professions.

On many a college campus, one hears the nonchalant student remark—"Don't let your studies interfere with your education." To such an extreme has the once-popular slogan "all-round development" in college, degenerated! In consequence, thoughtful men and women to-day are questioning the wisdom of an ideal which leads the brightest, keenest students to devote their best energies to college "activities" such as the management of athletics, social affairs, dramatics, and organizations of all kinds, while only their second-best or third-best efforts are available for their real work, their studies. Even in Brandon College, where "activities" have never usurped first place, vague rumblings of dissatisfaction are heard. There is a growing feeling everywhere in the college world to-day, that the times are slightly out of joint, that we must revise our program of college life to allow more time for the essentials of culture, and particularly for the traditional reading and meditation that have characterized university life from mediaeval times down to the twentieth century.

It is not my purpose further to criticize modern college life, or to evolve revolutionary ideas regarding the re-organization of the curriculum, but rather to suggest one way in which the leisure moments of the student of to-day may contribute more effectively to his own happiness. The fact is that many contemporary college students are missing one of the chief pleasures of youth and are likely to deprive themselves of one of their greatest sources of joy in maturer life because they fail to find time in their crowded days to cultivate the habit of voluntary reading, and the acquaintance of books, beyond the prescribed limits of the college curriculum. I have not a word to say of studies, of books as text-books; but rather, of books as friends, of reading for pleasure and culture. At the mention of "outside reading," I hear a faint chorus of students, demurring—"Books? I don't have time for reading, outside of prescribed texts for courses, in college. I haven't a minute." And I answer, in Browning's words—"De te fabula." For you my message.

Why should college students be urged to devote time from their recreation hours to books? Is not their daily work largely concerned with books and reading? Would it not be better to find recreation in other phases of life? To all these questions, may I answer, that I would not plead for an exclusive devotion of leisure moments to books, but merely for a brief time, reserved in advance daily, not for an added task, but for one of the sweetest pleasures in life. "Do not look upon the world through one small window; open all the doorways of your soul,

let all genius and beauty come in, that your life may be bright with glory.”

No college student is so overburdened with studies or with college responsibilities that he cannot find time on the busiest day, for fifteen minutes to be spent in the society of the great souls that are ever at our beck and call within the covers of our books. What can one do in fifteen minutes? Lest my words be unconvincing, hear what President Eliot said in his preface to the first edition of his famous “five-foot bookshelf” known as the Harvard Classics:—“In my opinion, a five-foot shelf would hold books enough to give in the course of years a good substitute for a liberal education in youth to anyone who would read them with devotion, even if he could spare but *fifteen minutes a day* for reading.” If the pleasurable devotion of a few minutes daily to thoughtful reading will give a man or woman “acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences, and reflections, which humanity in its intermittent and irregular progress from barbarism to civilization has acquired and laid up”—an acquaintance sufficient to give a man the culture and liberal education which he has been unable to acquire in youth—then think what rare opportunities fifteen minutes a day offer to college men and women whose youth has been blessed by advantages of study!

It is the habit of reading, from personal choice, that really counts. It is obvious that a student may follow his prescribed courses of study at college, graduate with highly estimable standing, and yet acquire little real culture. He may still find himself a stranger, an outsider, in cultured circles, because he has never of his own free will opened his soul to the ministry of the great books of the world. The highest culture cannot be acquired through prescribed exercises at college or elsewhere: it must come through a voluntary submission to and absorption of the gentle influences of “sweetness and light.” Sporadic efforts to read are worth something, but the regularity of habit creates a much greater impression on the human spirit. Carlyle, speaking to students in his Inaugural Address as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, said:—“Well, Gentlemen, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers.” Then, quoting the statement that “the true university in our days is a Collection of Books,” with certain reservations on the very great importance of actual universities, the great Chelsea sage continues:—“It remains, however, practically a most important truth.....that the main use of Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your class-

es. the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the University can mainly do for you,—what I have found the University did for me, is that it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences, so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me.”

To be more practical, how and what should a college student read in his leisure hours? Should he outline a course of cultural reading for himself, or should he follow step by step where his fancy or curiosity take him? Personally, I do not care to give a dogmatic answer to these questions. If you are a systematic person, doubtless you will make a schedule for your daily work; and, looking ahead, you outline a course of reading for yourself; or perhaps you follow some such carefully chosen programmes as the Harvard Classics would offer you—a balanced menu of history, science, philosophy, and literature: or you find a list of “Books that Every Cultural Person Should Know”—or a “Hundred Best Books.” And if you are a properly systematic person, nothing but such an orderly procedure will satisfy you. But if you were not born with a passion for law and order, if in fact you are one of those delightful but rather inconsequential people to whom system is anathema, and who instantly revolt at reading books which are prescribed for them by some eminent authority—you will probably let one good book lead to another (as it inevitably will, if you but follow), in a charming disorder. And in either case, the result for your own personal satisfaction and development may be equally happy.

After all, it is not so much a question as to *how*, but *what* to read. There is only one word of advice that I should offer as to voluntary reading for one's leisure moments. Always read good books. There are, according to Carlyle, only two kinds of books. “Good books and bad books.....books are like men's souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching, in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down: doing ever the more and the wilder mischief.”

Among the bad books I should include literary trash. Trash, though never so popular, is not worth reading, even in one's idlest moments. And how much of our contemporary fiction, particularly in our flashier magazines, is unmitigated trash! Regular reading of trashy literature can have only a

deleterious influence on our personalities: we shall inevitably absorb the atmosphere of our associations and become corrupted by our book-companions. There are so many great books in the world—so many more than any man can read in a lifetime, even if he devote all his waking hours to the task—that we should begrudge the moments wasted in literary trivialities.

As a matter of personal preference, I enjoy best the reading of books that I can call my own. To own a book enhances its charm: it is more vital; it is a real friend. Even in these days of great public libraries, when no one tries to collect a private library that will be complete for reference or scholastic purposes, the lover of books collects his library of treasures that are dearer to him than gold—yea, than much fine gold: not for their fine bindings or beautiful printing, but for their priceless associations and their distinctive personalities.

Students sometimes say they are too poor to buy books. No one is too poor to buy books: even a college professor has his beloved library! Books are worth sacrifices. Chaucer's poor Oxford scholar, with his "hollow" look and his "overest courtepy ful threadbare," yet had his "twenty bokes clad in blak or red." He was not merely content with spending his own money: but all that he could borrow from his friends as well. "On bokes and on learning, he it spente." In this, perhaps, he is not wholly exemplary.

But dearly as we may love our own books, let us be generous. A book loaned to a friend, like friendship itself, "redoubles joys." Why should not college students read together for pleasure, occasionally, in clubs or little groups of two or three—and discuss their latest book-treasures, instead of their neighbors?

Finally, what doth it profit us to devote our leisure to reading? The practical advantages are obvious. We must read if we are to be leaders of the intellectual life of our day: and surely that is the ideal of the college student—to prepare himself for leadership in the highest things. If college graduates are content, as some are prone to be, to rest on their laurels won at college, they will soon lose their power of leadership and be surpassed by men and women who, though deprived of early advantages of college training, are reading widely and profoundly. We may well recall Ruskin's words—"Well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate,

which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense kingly; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men."

Even aside from practical advantages, the pleasures that accrue from the habit of reading ought to be the exceeding rich reward, sufficient to maintain the habit once formed. There is the immediate, present pleasure, the joy of the communion with the noble thoughts of great men. "Truly," said William Ellery Channing, "good books are more than mines to those who can understand them. They are the breathings of the great souls of past times. Genius is not inbathed in them, but *lives* in them perpetually." The ennobling influence of daily intercourse with this society of elect spirits is immeasurable.

To the lover of good books, the world can never be commonplace; it can never be uniformly dull and monotonous. However circumscribed his own narrow lot, he may travel, through his books, into all the remote and fascinating places of the earth, or even into the immortal "realms of gold," "which bards in fealty to Apollo hold." However limited and petty his circle of friends, he may spend joyous hours in fellowship with the glorious company of the choice spirits of all time—philosophers, saints, scientists, poets, who will reveal to him their inmost thoughts. However discouraged or dejected he may be in the maelstrom of modern life, he will find comfort and inspiration in the written experiences of others. "When we read God directly", says Emerson, "the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid, and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair the lamps which were kindled by their ray, we guide our steps to the East again where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak."

O. A. C. W.

In connection with the above article, do you know that among the many treasures hidden away in our college library are such fascinating books as these for leisure hours?—

Biography:—Sabatier's "St. Francis of Assisi," Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln," Morley's "Gladstone," Willison's "Laurier," and many brief but interesting biographies in the great Dictionary of National Biography.

History:—Trevelyan's "England in the Age of Wycliffe," Gooch's "History of Modern Europe" (new), Wallace's "Russia," and many volumes in the Tarr collection.

Travel:—Young's "Travels in France," Livingston's "Travels in Africa."

Science:—Gibson's "Scientific Ideas of To-Day," Duncan's "The New Knowledge," Mills' "Within the Atom," Chamberlin's "The Origin of the Earth," Martin's "The Friendly Stars."

Poetry:—The complete works of standard authors, and such new books as "Canadian Poetry," "The New Poetry."

Drama:—Various collections of the great dramas of all ages and nations—besides such contemporary collections as "The Chief Contemporary Drama" and "The Modern Drama."

Fiction:—Complete works of new standard English novelists; English translations of Victor Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, Tolstoi, Turgenieff; and many single volumes of absorbing interest.

Essays and Belles Lettres:—Complete Works of Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, etc.

In addition, do you know some of the great standard collections that will give you an outlined course of reading, such as "The University Collection," containing many types of literature of various nations of both the orient and occident.

And do not forget our excellent Tarr Collection, the gift of Dr. Edgar Tarr of Winnipeg, which offers you hundreds of attractive volumes chosen especially to provide cultural and pleasant reading for students' leisure hours.

THE QUEST

Our crusade had all been planned for,
 We were armed with vigor and youth,
 And we started, a gay young party,
 In search of knowledge and truth,
 We were hopeful, carefree and happy,
 With never a fear or dread,
 But rather only thinking
 Of the glory that lay ahead,
 Our guides went on before us
 And opened the hidden way
 And we found it wise and helpful
 Their guide books to obey,
 The road at first was easy,
 No difficult hills or steep,
 But as we grew strong it was harder
 The roughening path to keep.

We came to the Historic Forest
And met there the kings of yore,
And we saw with surprise and wonder
How lightly they went to war.
And we witnessed how vain were the struggles.
That strife was but breeding strife,
How highly they valued their kingdoms,
How little they valued life.
"But what is the cause of this hatred
And quarelling and bloodshed," we cried.
"These men have been selfish and evil
And forgetful of God," said our guide.
We came to the stream of decision
Which each one must cross alone,
And the stones were sharp and slippery
And the depth of the stream unknown.
And some grew faint and frightened
And some would not have tried
But for the words of comfort
Spoken to them by the guide.
But when we were crossing over
How surprised we were to see
That the stream was not so angry
As it had seemed to be.
As we passed through a gloomy valley
Two lions crossed our path,
And we sought for a place of safety
To hide us from their wrath.
But no—our guard commanded
If knowledge and truth was our aim
We must conquer every lion
That in our pathway came.
The struggle was hot and lengthy
And we were bleeding and sore.
But the lions at last were vanquished
And would trouble us no more.
And as we saw them conquered
Our fear of them was gone,
And we felt within us growing
A new courage to go on.
When we were weary we rested
Neath the trees in a beautiful land.
And we saw in all about us
The touch of the maker's hand.
Then on our journey we hastened

Through paths now dim, now clear.
 Sometimes we were singing and happy,
 Sometimes we were filled with fear.
 At last when the evening shadows
 Clouded the western sky
 The pilgrims were disappointed
 And many were heard to sigh.
 For we all had expected
 To reach our goal ere night
 And now we were dusty and weary
 And our courage had taken flight.
 We saw on the road before us
 An old man bent and slow,
 And hastened to ask of Knowledge
 For surely he would know.
 Quickly we told our story
 Of wandering and search for Truth,
 Of starting out so confident
 Armed with vigor and youth.
 The old man smiled at our story
 And slowly he shook his head.
 "You've a long way yet my children
 But you've taken the right road" he said.
 "True knowledge cannot be found
 By searching for just a day.
 You must seek it a life time
 And it isn't an easy way.
 But when you have finished your journey
 And look back o'er the road you trod
 You will find in the end, my children,
 True knowledge is knowledge of God."

M. C. G. '25.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be:
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light,
 In small proportions we just beauties see:
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.



Chateau Lake Louise.

A SUMMER AT LAKE LOUISE

As Canadians we have many reasons for being proud of our country. Any natural man or woman living for a time in the Rockies cannot but feel that one of the outstanding reasons for our pride is that we have a really beautiful country to claim as our own. The Canadian Rockies hold within their majestic and massive walls, beauties to be treasured more than gold, joys that surpass human language and a real, living spirit that must of necessity touch the inner life of the individual and leave there an inspiring impression that can never be erased. After having spent a summer under their influence I feel with Keats that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and surely it is true that the scenery we behold in our Canadian Rockies is

*"An endless fountain of immortal drink
Pouring unto us from Heaven's brink."*

It was with profound and mingled feelings that I stepped off the train on a bright, sunny morning and found myself surrounded by all this picturesqueness. There was something elevating and uplifting in the very air, something possessing the magic power to abolish care. The atmosphere seemed to teem with an unseen comforting spirit which struck to the very depth of the soul and called forth a harmony of being which served as an assurance of a higher life than the physical or mental. Brought face to face with reality and truth, I was

compelled to think, and to feel. The intensity of thought and feeling was increased as we were laboriously and noisily transported by the little gasoline driven train six hundred and twenty feet higher into the heart of the mountains, while traversing the distance of three and a half miles. The scenery was overwhelming. The lofty, snow-capped mountains towering overhead on either side, the rushing rivers sparkling in the morning sun, the tall majestic evergreens stretching their tops toward the blue skies and seeming to touch the clouds—comprised a scene which was irresistible. As we turned a shoulder of the mountain, Lake Louise, the Chateau, and the surrounding mountains and glaciers with their exquisite and impressive beauty, their marvelous kaleidoscope of color, their tranquility and harmony, came into view.

It was a picture complete in itself. Later, as I stood on the verandah of the chateau gazing upon it enthralled, the thought of the unfathomable love and the unsurpassing comprehension of the Creator of all this forced itself on my mind. This must have been purposed for our pleasure—pleasure of the soul, for surely it must strike deeper than the senses! Here was a picture full of colour and detail, and throbbing with life. The extensive lawn, covered with a profusion of Icelandic poppies of varying shades and cut by winding sand walks, sloped from the chateau to the lake shore. Beyond, glittering in the rays of the sun and slightly ruffled by a mountain breeze, lay the clear, deep blue waters of Lake Louise. On either side were the mountains and in the background Victoria and Le Froy glaciers. All this wild and rugged scenery made me feel peculiarly wealthy. Solomon was poor compared with me with this at my feet. Exultantly, with Goldsmith, I felt that I was "Creation's heir: the world, the world is mine."

It is impossible to imagine more perfect and more variable sunrises and sunsets, cloud effects and moonlight scenes than are to be seen in this bewitching spot. I shall never forget the first moonlight picture presented to me at Lake Louise. Coming out of the Chateau one evening about half past ten I felt myself transported to a fairyland. Could this be reality? It seemed impossible. The large, innocent looking moon above Victoria Glacier lighting it up and throwing its reflection into the smooth silvery, ripple-less surface of the lake cast over the scene a most romantic atmosphere. The light, feathery clouds sailing gently over the snowy peaks of the mountains aided the moonlight in lending warmth and comfort to the scene. The lawn stretching in front of the chateau was alive with little spirits, the beautiful Icelandic poppies, looking up modest-



The Seven Sisters.

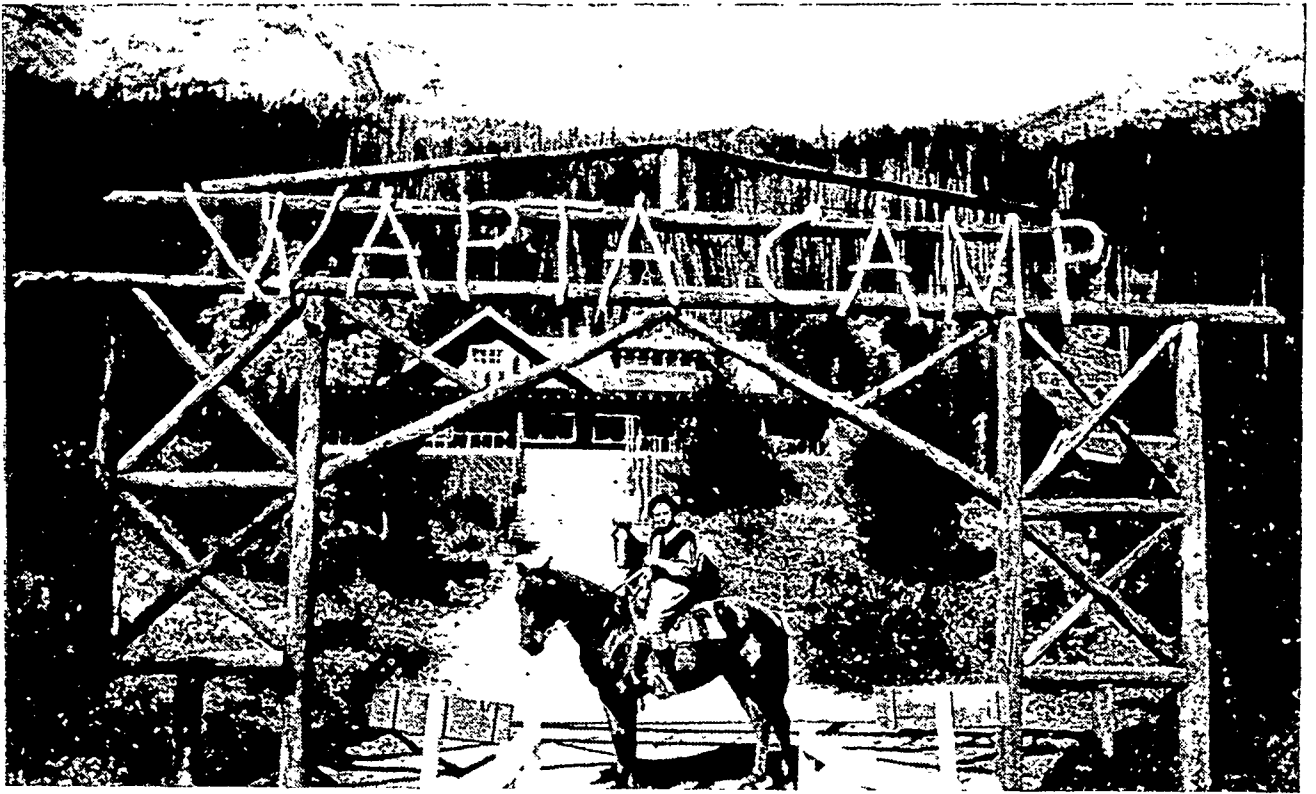
ly at the moon. Fairview Mountain, dark and massive, shaded from the moonlight seemed all the more awe inspiring because of its decided contrast to the rest of the scene. Not a sound broke upon my ear, save the faint murmuring of the distant rivers. In the solitude and silence I could hear my own heartbeats. I could feel a comforting breath about me. I was transported to higher worlds. Surely that was the breath of a Divine Being! It must be God himself.

The invigorating air among the spruce forests, high altitude and cool refreshing glaciers and running waters imbues one with the energy which is required where there are so many hidden and delightful mysteries to be discovered. Victoria Glacier seemed to possess the greatest power of attraction. It seemed to invite one to partake of its snow-white purity, and vast impressive grandeur. The desire took root and early one bright and exhilarating morning a party, one by one, gathered at the appointed meeting place by the shore of the lake. There was a spirit of real adventure which apparently was felt very keenly by every member of the party. Feeling quite secure under the guidance of three professional Swiss climbers we commenced our scramble, equipped with hob-nailed boots, goggles, ropes, pick-axes and provisions to reinforce our physical strength on the journey. As we hiked the five miles along the path by the lake shore and climbed over rocky ledges to the snow field at the foot of the glacier, we could hear the care-free twittering of the birds and see them flitting from tree to

tree, or basking in the sun. The shrill intermittent whistling of the marmots, the industrious chip-munks skipping from log to log over rocks and ledges and up the steep walls of the mountain side and the sun smiling warmly into our faces were the signs of welcome which greeted us everywhere.

Finally we reached the ice field. Looking up we saw the overhanging glaciers of Mt. Victoria and Mt. Le Froy, the former towering to a height of eleven thousand three hundred and fifty-five feet. What if that sheet of ice from two hundred feet thick and extending horizontally across the top of the mountain should suddenly become loosened and hurl itself into the pass between these two glaciers! The possibility of it increased the intensity of the adventure. Before us lay Death Trap and Abbot's pass, solid ice, wide and steep and covered with crevasses, some of which are several feet wide and hundreds of feet long, going down to blue black depths appalling to us inexperienced climbers. To think that we had over four miles of this to climb! It was the first trip of the season and consequently a new trail had to be broken out. With the caution and steadiness characteristic of Alpine climbers, the Swiss guides, leading the party, carefully avoided any crevasse which might be concealed by the snow. As we were laboring along enthusiastically, a discharge like thunder was heard above. We stopped, looked, and behold—a torrent of ice and snow hurled precipitously down the steep cliff from the very top of the overhanging glacier. With astounding velocity it made its way across the pass only a few rods ahead of us. When the tumult had subsided we hurried over the ridge of ice and snow thus accumulated, lest we be caught by another slide, stopping only long enough to secure a picture of this phenomenon.

The stone cottage at the top of the pass finally appeared. It inspired us with new strength and hope as we knew what it meant. With a sigh of pleasure and relief we pulled ourselves up the last few steps to the very top. In spite of being exhausted we lingered, looking at the wonderful world below us. Mountain tops, some bare, some covered with snow, were all around us. At the foot of some of the mountains were lakes of the most brilliant hues. Bare rugged pillars of rock, appearing as though they were chiselled by man, projected from the main mountain. The cool mountain breeze whistled past us. Clouds were clinging to the peaks as though unable to get away, while others were floating along freely not far away. Streams of water were meandering in and out of the rocks and passes to join the shimmering lakes below, while the hot rays of the sun were causing water to drip down the crevasses and



Wapta.

rocks everywhere. It all seemed to suggest to us the idea of progress. All the forces of nature were at work, no individual part of it was idle. What a wonderful creation after all!

Having feasted our eyes, we went into the cottage which served as a haven from the chill wind. The guides had already built a roaring fire in the stove and the tea kettle was humming. We were told to climb upstairs where we would find beds for a much needed rest. The suggestion was acted upon immediately. While resting we could hear the clatter of dishes, the jovial laughter and the chatting below and finally came the welcome "All aboard. A repetition of this was not required! A few minutes later we were all seated around a long table enjoying a most delicious lunch and a cup of hot tea. Having spent some time taking pictures we broke camp and prepared for the return. We descended with little effort, having a beaten path and a decided slope of which we sometimes took advantage by rolling down on the soft snow, occasionally striking a bare spot of ice much to our discomfort. As we reached the farther end of Lake Louise, boats were waiting to take us across. It was a fitting dessert to such a feast, to end our adventurous trip by gliding over the mile and a half of water on a calm evening at sunset.

Another interesting trip was one to view the sunrise from Sulphur Mountain. There were fourteen of us in this jolly party and at twelve o'clock we commenced our nocturnal climb

to the top of the mountain. It was a perfect moonlight night, one of those nights one feels one could move mountains. Reaching the Hot Springs we each had a sip of the hot sulphur water. Then the climb commenced. Who would not walk or climb for hours to be privileged to see what we saw as we reached the top? It was simply magnificent. There below us was Bow River winding its way along the valley. The granite mountains were mystical in the moonlight. Banff Springs and the Village, all lit up, looked like little diamonds sparkling in their settings. Occasional clouds were leisurely floating across the star-lit sky, while the gigantic trees were casting appalling and weird shades. It was a sermon of the highest type, a pleasure of the most lasting nature and life in its most pure and wholesome aspect.

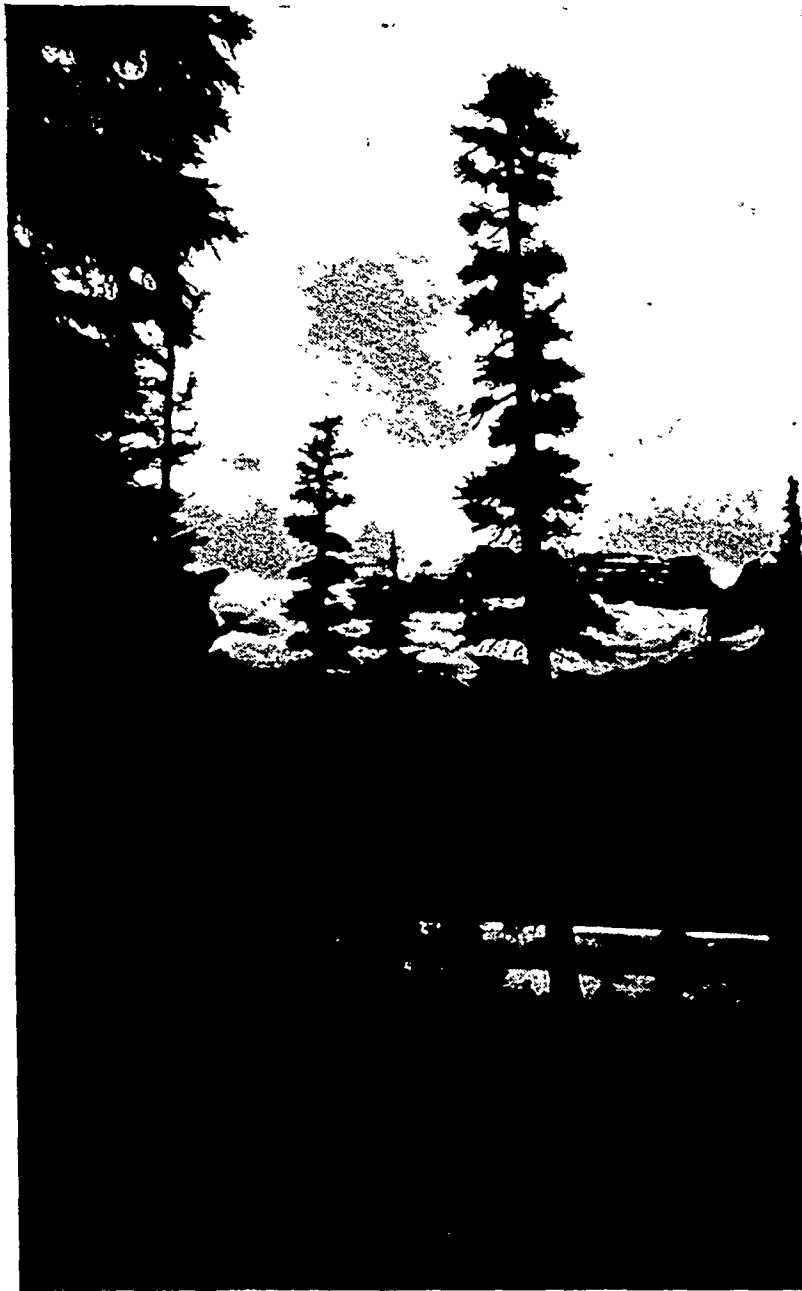
The boys had arrived before us and had built a large blazing fire in a sheltered corner, where we all assembled. Here a most enjoyable hour and a half was spent sitting around the crackling camp fire talking, singing and satisfying our appetites with sandwiches, pastry and fruit. We watched anxiously for dawn and sunrise. At the first sign we enthusiastically climbed to the observatory from where we had a splendid view of the surrounding scene. It is not for me to express the exquisite coloring of the clouds. There were tints of the most brilliant hues, deep purple and vermilion and crimson gradually blending and continually augmented in intensity as the sun rose. The ruddy glow of its rays was reflected on the huge evergreens in the valley below, and on the bare encircling mountains. There was perfect peace and stillness. A morning breeze was gently playing about. The luxuriance of it all was indescribable. I do not wonder at the ancient Hebrews and Greeks breaking forth into harmonious and lofty strains of song. They were susceptible to the transforming and inspiring influence of nature and yielded to its purifying effects.

How I would dearly love to take you with me on a trip to the "Lakes in the Clouds," two gems nestling high up in the mountains, to Moraine Lake lying in the "Valley of the Ten Peaks," Saddle Back Mountain, Paradise and Consolation valleys, Giant's steps, Horseshoe Glacier, Johnston's Canyon, or to Wapta, spending days on horseback, continually storing our mind with edifying impressions which could not fail to have a permanent effect, but this pleasure time and space deny me.

Every healthy person must yield to the spirit of these inspiring surroundings. Here one may be influenced by observing nature operating unawares and unaffectedly at her

work of creation. The harmony, music, purity and exquisite loneliness of it all serves as a challenge to. "Play up, play up and play the game."

A. II. '25.



Victoria Glacier.

WELCOME

DR. STEWART

It is doubtful if any appointment to the teaching faculty of Brandon College in recent years has occasioned more widespread interest than the announcement that Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, retiring Dean of Theology of Rochester Theological Seminary, was to be with us for the year 1923. But a few months since Dr. Stewart gave his farewell after thirty years spent in Rochester, twenty of them as Dean of the Seminary.

Morituri te salutamus. And yet.....
 Old Age hath still his honor and his toil:
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note may yet be done,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Little thought be then that his words would have such a literal fulfilment and so soon! What a fortunate inspiration it was for Brandon, and what an auspicious augury of Dr. Sweet's success as a big game hunter.

Dr. Stewart was born in Durham, Ontario many years ago. The same conspicuous qualifications for teaching which gave him a second class certificate at fourteen, an unheard of thing in those days, are still apparent. Dr. Stewart comes to us as a scholar, a man of unusual experience, a man the breadth of whose reading causes comment even today, and a man of unsurpassed ability to impart all these.

Dr. Stewart's personality has already made its impression on us. The kindly smile, the sly witticisms, the vigor and enthusiasm of a man whose optimism will not be downed have won our hearts.

Brandon students welcome Dr. and Mrs. Stewart. We join the ranks of hundreds of students who call them friend.

MR. J. R. EVANS, M.A.

Probably nothing could have given greater pleasure to the older members of the student body than the announcement that Mr. Evans was returning to Brandon College.

For the past three years Mr. Evans who, after graduating in 1913, taught for seven years in his Alma Mater, has been prosecuting the study of Geology in the University of Chicago, and having completed the work for the degree Ph. D. returns to us as Head of the Department of Geology and Chemistry.

Although he has been awarded his Doctor's degree, it has not as yet been actually conferred upon him, as he was, unfortunately, unable to be present at the recent convocation ceremony. However, he expects to be in Chicago again very shortly, and it will be as Dr. Evans that he will return.

Mr. Evans brings to us a wealth of experience in his chosen field. For the past four years his summers have been devoted to field work, chiefly in the Rockies and North Eastern Illinois, and the knowledge thus gleaned, coupled with his other studies and his natural aptitude for teaching, will be of infinite value to those students who in the years to come elect to study geology under him.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Evans on his return resumed the duties of Resident Master of Brandon College. It is equally unnecessary to say that those of us who this year met him for the first time now know why he was the idol of former student bodies. Brandon College is indeed fortunate in having as its Resident Master, a man of Mr. Evan's sturdy Christian character. His influence cannot help but leave a lasting impress on the lives of those who for the greater portion of the year come under his jurisdiction.

The "Quill" joins with Mr. Evan's many friends in Brandon in extending to him a hearty welcome home.

MR. E. SCOTT EATON, B.A.

Brandon College has indeed been fortunate in securing, as bursar, Mr. E. Scott Eaton. A native of Nova Scotia, Mr. Eaton attended Horton Academy and Acadia University for six years, from which institution he received his Bachelor's degree in 1903. It is worthy of note that Mr. Eaton was a classmate of our own Professor Wright.

On leaving college, Mr. Eaton embarked on a business career, spending two years as accountant with the Britannia Manufacturing Company of Halifax, N.S. His ability in this field led to his appointment as Vice-Principal of the Union Commercial College, Charlottetown, P.E.I. While there he secured his Intermediate Chartered Accountant's Certificate. Success followed success, and in 1906 he became Principal of the Business Department of the Maritime Business College at Halifax. A year later, seeking fresh fields of conquest, he came West, and joining the staff of the Alberta Business College, Edmonton, soon became its head. As Principal of that institution he removed to Vancouver and there established the Success Business College, the managership of which he retained until a few months ago.

Splendid as have been Mr. Eaton's achievements in the commercial world they have not absorbed all his energies or his talents. His contribution to the work of the Baptist denomination in British Columbia has been of no mean order. For four years he was a member of the executive of the British Columbia Baptist Board and for four more was Secretary of the Forward Movement of that province. His untiring efforts in this field were rewarded when in 1921 he was elected President of the Baptist Convention of B.C.

To his many other activities Mr. Eaton adds a keen interest in Boy's Work. For five years he was Secretary of the Provincial Committee of B.C. In this work he doubtless found an avenue of expression for those traits of character which in the short time that he has been with us, have won their way into our hearts and have made him extremely popular. We wish him and Mrs. Eaton many happy years in Brandon.

MR. DENNISON, M.A.

In Mr. Dennison, Associate Professor in English and Principal of the Academic Department, we welcome to our faculty yet another of our own students. A native of Newdale, Manitoba, Mr. Dennison obtained his Senior Matriculation at Brandon College in 1910. For his undergraduate work he went to Wesley College, Winnipeg. After graduation he became associated with Mr. E. Clark, Brandon '13—now General Secretary of the Canadian Student Christian Movement—in student Y.M.C.A. work.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Mr. Dennison received an appointment with the Overseas Y.M.C.A. After having served in the field with that unit for nearly three years he was attached to the newly formed Khaki University. He remained with this organization as a member of the instructional staff until its disbandment fifteen months later. Returning to Canada, he undertook post graduate work, securing his Master's degree in History and Education from Chicago University the following spring. Ill health then intervened, and for nearly two years Mr. Dennison was forced to retire from educational work. Last year however found him once more in harness, as Principal of Souris Collegiate.

By his sympathetic understanding of, and deep interest in student life and activities, Mr. Dennison has already won a lasting place in our affections. We hope that his connection with Brandon College may be a long and happy one.

MISS KATHLEEN MOFFAT, A.T.C.M.

Miss Kathleen Moffat A.T.C.M. is so well known in Brandon College, that, to most of us, she needs no introduction. After an absence of only one year she returns to resume her position on the teaching staff of the Music Department. In 1914 Miss Moffat entered Brandon College as a student, studying here until 1919, in which year, after giving a very successful piano recital she graduated in music. She has endeared herself to all who know her, from the most grave and ancient of seniors to the freshest of freshies; and her readiness to provide pianoforte solos has been "a very present help in time of trouble" to many a harassed "Lit." president. Both students and faculty extend to her a most hearty welcome.

MR. RICHARD N. JONES, B.A.

Once again the graduating class has been honored by the appointment of one of its members to the Faculty of its Alma Mater. This year it falls to the lot of Mr. R. N. Jones to add this unique honor to the laurels of his class.

Born at Wapella, Saskatchewan, Dick received his early education in the public schools of his native province and of Manitoba and in 1913 secured his matriculation at the Brandon Collegiate. In 1915 he enlisted in the Canadian Field Artillery, with which unit he served in France for a period of almost four years.

Returning to Brandon at the conclusion of the war Mr. Jones, in the fall of 1919, embarked on his undergraduate career in Brandon College. That he carried it to a successful conclusion is attested by the fact that on graduating this spring, he was appointed junior science professor. Then, shortly after, came the supreme moment of his life—his marriage. We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future to Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Brandon College Quill

FOUR NUMBERS A YEAR

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In view of the fact that of late a tendency to level adverse criticism against the "Quill" has evinced itself in some quarters, it behooves us to make in this, the first issue under our administration, a definite statement of policy and to indicate our reasons for the adoption of such.

The policy of this or any editorial staff must of necessity be based on two factors: first, its conception of the purpose of the "Quill"; second, its ideas as to how that purpose may best be achieved. The first and fundamental factor is capable of but one interpretation: the purpose of the "Quill" is to record

the life and progress of Brandon College and to furnish an avenue through which the ideas of the student body and the ideals of the College may find expression. There remains then, but one controversial point—the method, and as Pope says

*‘Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.’*

It is our personal opinion that the high literary standard aimed at by our predecessors should be our aim. It is largely if not wholly on the merits of our columns that our contemporaries base their judgments of Brandon College, and it is therefore imperative that the “Quill” reflect the true Brandon, and not a ludicrous artificiality. It most certainly will not do so—with the possible exception of the avowedly literary section—it is allowed to deteriorate into a hodge-podge of trivialities and alleged humour. True, the lighter vein is of vital importance in our college life, providing as it does the necessary mental relaxation, and it should find expression in the “Quill,” but not through the medium of murdered English and absurd exaggerations. Originality—which in the final analysis consists merely in being natural—coupled with phraseology and diction compatible with the dignity of an Arts college, is the desideratum.

Our policy then, in the production of a magazine that shall be truly representative of Brandon, shall be to encourage individuality and true literary style and to discountenance anything that in our opinion would detract from the merit of the “Quill.”

The life and wellbeing of an educational institution and particularly of one dependent for its financial support on the goodwill of a wide-spread constituency, are intimately associated with those of its graduates and ex-students, for it is very largely on the basis of their contribution to the life of the community that the worth of the institution is computed. Brandon has an alumni of which we may well be proud, and we feel sure that the members of the present student body, as well of the alumni itself, will be glad to hear from its members through the medium of the “Quill.” We are therefore inviting their co-operation in the production of a special Alumni number, which we hope to publish in December. We trust that this venture will receive the support of both the alumni and the student body.

Fortune smiled on us indeed when she sent to us as our new president, Dr. Franklin W. Sweet of Cleveland, Ohio. In the short time that we have had the privilege of knowing him, we have found a man of very lofty ideals, of high intellectual

attainment and withal, a personality so magnetic as to draw to it everyone with whom it comes in contact. We cannot but rejoice in the happy turn of events that should make it possible to have as the new head of Brandon College such an outstanding figure in educational and religious life.

It seems singularly fitting at this period when a greater union between nations is being sought, that a man whose whole life has been spent as an American citizen should come to care for the educational development of a Canadian institution of learning. It cannot help but promote a better understanding between the people of these two countries when they come in contact—peoples which tend to progress along similar lines with the same great ideals forever shaping their course.

Dr. Sweet's principal interest throughout life has been centred in educational and religious spheres. In early years he sought activity in the business world and there, his effort met with success. But not content with what life offered here, his ambition led him to another field of endeavor, the Christian ministry. In preparation for this chosen work, after a year spent at Louisville Theological Seminary he entered Denison University in Granville, Ohio, whence he graduated in the Arts class of '99. Following the completion of his term at this University, he went to Rochester Theological Seminary where he took a Divinity course.

Since graduation Dr. Sweet has found many opportunities for rendering valuable service. Although always having the charge of a large church, he has been able to devote time and attention to many other activities. Notable among these is his work done during the war period, first at Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa, where he was pastor of the Baptist Camp, and later at St. Nazaire in France, where he spent about four months as Y.M.C.A. Secretary.

A seven month's tour of the Orient, when he visited and studied the conditions of many educational institutions and missions in India, China and Japan, is clearly indicative of the President's intense interest in educational and religious development. That mission work has always found a champion in Dr. Sweet may be readily realized when it is learned that as a student at Denison, he, with one or two colleagues conceived the idea of the students' Missionary or Evangelistic Band. This feature has since been adopted by many other institutions. Particular emphasis on this phase of religious work has also been very much evidenced in his churches.

Recognition of Dr. Sweet's influence and unselfish participation in aiding the development of the best in human

society has come to him in two distinct ways. Being a trustee of both Kalamazoo College in Michigan and of Denison University is illustrative of one. The other is found in the honor of having the degree, Doctor of Divinity twice conferred, from Des Moines College and from his Alma Mater, Denison University.

The career of Dr. Sweet seems to have peculiarly fitted him for a position such as he finds in Brandon College. His high regard for the individual welfare of each and everyone brings him in close sympathy with the students. His abundant understanding and appreciation of human nature makes him a person to whom one could readily turn for counsel.

That Dr. and Mrs. Sweet and family may enjoy their life with us here in Brandon is our sincere wish.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil sled away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

THE OPENING OF THE SCIENCE BUILDING

The Citizens' Building of Brandon College was opened to the public for the inspection of Class Rooms and Equipment on the afternoon of Thursday, October 11th.

Regular classes were dismissed at 3 o'clock, whereupon the students, faculty and friends of the College assembled in the Chapel to hear Professor R. C. Wallace, Head of the Department of Geology at the University of Manitoba, give an address on "The Place of Science in Education." Professor Wallace, in his clear and convincing manner, ably brought out the claims and possibilities of Science, showing the fundamental inter-dependence of Science, Theology and Art in producing a type of education that can best serve our growing Canadian West, humanity and God.

At the conclusion of the address, the assembly adjourned to inspect the Science Building, where class demonstrations were being conducted, and where various points of interest concerning some of the equipment, were being explained by the instructors in charge.

The need of a Science Building had long been keenly felt by those interested in Science, and for years the students, Alumni, Faculty and friends of the College, had eagerly looked forward to the time when their visions of a well-equipped, serviceable Science Building would emerge from the realm of a hope and become a substantial reality.

Thanks to the citizens of Brandon this end has been accomplished. Due largely to their enthusiastic efforts and loyal support, there now stands on the Brandon Campus, serving the increasing demands of an ever growing constituency, the first unit of a Science Building which is second to none throughout the West. For this splendid contribution, we and those of student generations to follow, will ever be profoundly grateful.

LIBRARY NOTES

The old Library, in which much painstaking and productive work has been done in years past, has lost some of its sweet associations and charm since it was turned into a library stack room.

The new Reference Library, however, is decidedly a great improvement and is one of the best equipped libraries in Western Canada. It contains the books needed for everyday reference, and every book is easily accessible. The shelves are sys-

tematically arranged, and ample provisions have also been made for Faculty and "Quill" exchanges. The room is light, it accommodates a considerable number of students, it invites quietness and creates a studious atmosphere.

As the Library Committee is making special efforts to improve the efficiency of the Library and as all students have equal rights and privileges in it, the students are earnestly invited to sympathetically co-operate with the committee in maintaining perfect order and in making the new Reference Library increasingly the workshop of the whole student body.

Silence must, of course, be strictly observed in a place where large groups of busy students wish to work. Talking, "loud smiling" and even whispering cannot be tolerated in a library. It may not disturb the thoughtless persons themselves, but it will disturb earnest students who simply cannot work successfully if surrounded by a whisper that is even more distracting than loud talking.

The hours when the Library may be used have been continually lengthened until now it is open from early morning until late in the evening. The assistants are always ready to render any reasonable service, but books cannot be taken out except at 4 and 10 o'clock on lecture days, and 12 and 10 o'clock on Saturdays. All books must be properly charged before being taken from the Library, and the loan slips will indicate when the books must be returned.

Well organized libraries, wishing to most effectively serve all, have been compelled to adopt and enforce strict regulations.
C. H. L.

THE MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM

The new Memorial Gymnasium Committee, consisting of twenty-two representatives from the Faculty, Alumni and Students Association has been appointed and has commenced the new year's work with a high degree of optimism and enthusiasm. Mr. R. Darrach, who is Chairman of the Board of Directors of Brandon College, is permanent Treasurer of the Gym Fund, Mr. E. E. King, Financial Secretary, Miss Marjorie McKenzie, Secretary and Prof. C. H. Lager, Chairman.

Subscriptions are coming in well, but some early subscriptions are still unpaid. All funds are safely and profitably invested.

In this "Quill" special mention should be made of the generous evidence of the fine and loyal College Spirit of Class

'23. So modest were the class that they did not even mention their liberal gift to the Memorial Gymnasium Fund until Convocation was over. We are glad to intimate that \$1250 has been subscribed by the faithful and enthusiastic Class '23, and some of the money has already been paid in.

The Gym Committee is unable to state just when building operations will commence. Post war conditions are responsible for the delay, which the whole student body sincerely regret. Since the Gym Committee was organized however, the new Science Building has been erected on the College Campus, and it may be truly said that the Gym Committee has an honorable share in that splendid establishment. It has been decided that just as soon as financial conditions return to what might be termed normal, a special travelling secretary will be appointed, who will devote at least six months to the raising of the balance of \$10,000 needed from students, ex-students and graduates. After this it is confidently expected that the Board will be able to contribute dollar for dollar and so make possible the erection of the Gymnasium so seriously needed.

The Memorial Gymnasium project is already placed on such solid foundation that it cannot die. Post-war depression allowed the Science Building, so much needed, to eclipse temporarily the Gymnasium. The enthusiastic students and ex-students of Brandon College will soon see to it that the Gymnasium—as the Science Building—becomes a reality.

C. H. L.

I'm only one, but I am one.

I can't do much, but I can do something.

What I can do, I ought to do.

And what I ought to do, by the grace of God I shall do.



HOWARD UMPIREY '25.

The long summer vacation is over, and Brandon's sons and daughters, following the coincident paths of duty and inclination, have once more returned to the college halls. But there are many faces, once familiar, which are seen no more. Some have finished their work here and have gone out to serve in a wider sphere, and to disseminate the teachings and ideals of their Alma Mater; some are continuing their work in other institutions, and some have found it necessary to postpone the completion of their work. In their place however are many new students, and as one walks through the halls at the beginning of the term, he realizes as never before that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

And what will Brandon do for these, to justify the trust they have placed in her? She will take them Senior and Freshman alike, and will fuse and mold them into one perfectly co-ordinated group, working one for all and all for one, yet will do it in such a way that individuality is not crushed, but strengthened.

THE ACADEMY OPENING

The formal opening of the Academic Department took place on October 16th. Dr. McNeill, Dean in Arts, and Mr. Dennison, Principal of the Academic Department, presented the scholarships and prizes won in the past year by the members of their respective departments. To Mr. Dennison too, fell the pleasant task of presenting certificates to those who being weighed in the balance of matriculation examinations, were not found wanting. Miss Aotea Campbell, winner of the Governor-General's medal, is deserving of especial mention and congratulation.

Following the presentations, Miss Edith Irish read the class poem, and Miss Marjorie Wellwood the class history. The Valedictory was very ably delivered by Don Ritchie.

The address of the evening, delivered by Dr. Sweet, brought to our minds the value of personality. The most real, and yet the most unreal and intangible thing, the thing which, above all, distinguishes us one from another, is personality. Why was it that Henry Drummond was called the "Prince," as he walked across the campus? What was it in Robertson of Brighton that made him a leader of men? Personality. The recognition of personality in others and the appreciation of personality in oneself, form the basis of happiness.

"Let us appreciate each other in our work together, and we shall have a beautiful year."

INITIATIONS

Custom as a regulation of group action frequently has the force of legal enactment. However, custom and tradition have nothing inviolable or unalterable in them. Their only claim to perpetuity rests upon their rationality. Does initiation as a custom rest upon such a foundation? To some persons such an assertion would seem an impossibility. The exaltation of the Senior, followed by the deep humiliation of the Freshman can result in no direct benefit to anyone. However, in some peculiar way the contact afforded by initiation leads to a wider and more wholesome fellowship of all students in attendance.

Let us follow the seniors through the initiation ceremonies of November 12th. All necessary arrangements were completed by seven o'clock. Chief Justice Church, assuming a judicial air meted out sentences of varying severity to the various Freshmen. They were bound upon the threat of dire physical punishment to appear on the campus each evening for a week, and to clear the track of all obstructions. Following a pleasant journey through the "house of torture," the Freshies appeared at the hair dressing parlor. Here certain seniors proficient in the art of make-up, applied a mixture of axle grease and flour to the hair, and paint and powder to the face. Proceeding to the Strand and Capitol theaters, the Freshmen regaled the audiences with songs and yells. They then returned to the chapel and in company with the Clark Hall Freshettes rendered a very delightful programme.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Freshmen—on the suggestion of "Dinky" Derby were permitted to escort the city Freshettes to their homes.

ARTS IV

A dull grey evening, with a frosty tang in the air—what a night for an appetite! But the party who went from Arts IV to the fowl supper at Brandon Hills did not need this aid from the atmosphere—their appetites were already whetted and ready. Accordingly, this very lively is somewhat dimunitive group took up its journey to Brandon Hills in cars kindly loaned by Miss Turnbull, and Messrs. Doig and Maxwell. We were in plenty of time to get seats at the first table even if those presumptuous young freshies did get there, in great glee, before us. And greatly indeed was our journey rewarded, for the great piles of chickens, jellies, pies, and cakes, were dismaying even to such hunger as ours.

We will not go into a description of the feast itself—that would be telling tales on too many of us. Suffice it to say that each and everyone was satisfied, and although it took some time to find certain members of our party, we eventually reached home in a state of blissful contentment.

ARTS I

Tuesday afternoon, October 23rd afforded class '27 an opportunity for its first social gathering, in the form of a fowl supper at Brandon Hills. Our energetic president, Mr. Duncan Campbell, made all arrangements and everything passed off according to schedule. The cars, loaned for the occasion by members of the class, drew up in front of Clark Hall shortly after four, and by four-thirty the entire class was "en route" for the banquet hall. By some unlucky hap of fate, the car in which Miss Moffat and Mr. Crocker were riding experienced difficulties, and when the roll was called, we found to our dismay that the chaperones were missing. This did not interfere with our appetites however, and we all enjoyed our supper immensely. Ask "Dinky" Derby if he got his money's worth.

At last, when we found that we could consume no more of the dainties set before us, we gave old "Hippy Skippy" and repaired to the outside where more room was available.

Imagine our consternation when we found that there was still no sign of our chaperones. We were just on the point of forming a search party when someone spied them walking complacently into the dining room as though nothing had happened.

The return journey was made without any untoward incident and by seven o'clock we were back at Brandon College again, firm in the conviction that our first "affair" had been a tremendous success.

ARTS II HIKE

Wednesday, October 24th, was the occasion of the first hike of the year for Arts II. Immediately after four o'clock, the class congregated in front of Clark Hall, and the cold wind was soon forgotten in the brisk walk to Sykes. While busy members of the group built a fire and made the coffee, the rest entered heartily into games. By the time the picnic baskets were unloaded, there was no doubt as to the healthy appetites of Class '26. After the last unfortunate wiener and piece of pie had disappeared, the fire was built up. While the group sat around it, the second volume of the class "news" was read, and everyone joined in singing college songs. Quite early, in order to avoid the wrath of the "Functions" committee, the homeward journey was begun, and under the guidance of Miss Turnbull and Dr. Evans, the college was reached within the prescribed time.

S. C. M. NOTES

Since the dawn of history there have been two distinct schools of religious thought. The one is composed of those who cling tenaciously to the forms of thought and expressions of religious experience which have been handed down to them from preceding generations; the other consists of those who seek to penetrate these formalities and discover for themselves the truths upon which they are based.

To this latter school belongs the S. C. M. It seeks to lay emphasis on a real experience of God, giving a secondary place to the words or forms in which it shall be expressed. This end it seeks to realize, first, through the medium of study groups in which one may feel perfectly free to give expression to his perplexities and ideas; and secondly, by holding open meetings at which the opinions and advice of men of wider Christian experience may be brought to bear on student problems.

At the Carlyle Lake conference this spirit of frankness and of honest enquiry was the dominant note.

Although the term is still young, several interesting and well attended meetings have been held. Our opening meeting

was addressed by Dr. Sweet, who spoke on the subject "What about our Ambitions." At a later date we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. W. J. Rose, National Y.M.C.A. Secretary of Poland, relate some of his experiences in that country.

On October 17th and 18th we had a visit from Mr. Hugh MacMillan, Canadian secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and although his stay was very brief he succeeded in making many warm friends.

Even at this early date, students all over the continent are beginning to think about the quadrennial Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Indianapolis during the Christmas vacation. This will be a most interesting and inspiring assembly and Brandon College should plan to send as many delegates as possible.

Neighbour:—So Bill got his B.A.

Mr. Lewis:—Yes, but his P.A. still supports him.

Dinky:—If you send me away I'll get a rope and commit suicide.

Doris:—Well, don't be hanging around here.

Herb:—Say Kirk, didn't you hear what Dr. MacNeill said about parking cars on the drive?

Church:—What about it? It doesn't concern me.

Herb:—How come, doesn't concern you?

Church:—Mine's a Ford.

Harry MacMillan (accompanying Wee Mary home from a hike, and trying to start a conversation).—"Have you read "Freckles" Miss MacDonald?"

Wee Mary (blushing):—Er. . . . No, Mr. McMillan, mine are just the ordinary kind.



MARGARET EAKER '26

"Tis the time of home coming, when all friendships are renewed."

Clark Hall has once more received her daughters. Some are old students, and many are new. The new students have been tried and found worthy. Now it remains for them to endeavor in every way to live worthily. The "old girls," too, will strive to maintain the Clark Hall standards, and thus the two, the old and new, working together with a common aim, will make this year in Clark Hall, wholesome, pleasant and beneficial.

And now, welcome one and all, to this college year of friendship, work and play.

INITIATIONS

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, floated down rumors of initiations. The Freshies, who by this time were leading peaceful lives, began to be disturbed, and strained expressions appeared on many faces.

October twelfth proved to be the momentous day. The testing time had come for all Clark Hall Freshies. Would some be found wanting? By afternoon the very air of Clark Hall was saturated with suspense.

At four o'clock the "frosh" girls assembled with brooms and dusters and were divided into groups of which the old girls took charge. After some alterations had been made in their attire by means of newspapers and coats back to front, they were marched down town, valiantly clutching their cleaning implements and vainly trying to keep step. At Tenth

Street they were halted. Two of the Freshies bravely demanded of the "Olympia" management suitable refreshments which were kindly provided in the form of all-day suckers. In the meantime, the rest of the band rendered touching songs and yells, in which they explained to the bewildered townspeople that they were "Freshies." Not knowing what to do with their hands and feet, and being desirous of improving the appearance of Rosser Avenue, they began to sweep and dust vigorously. After a few more yells, they were allowed to return home, worn and weary. A solemn warning to appear in Clark Hall main floor at eight o'clock was issued before they disbanded. Assembling at the appointed hour, they were blind folded and the kindhearted and obliging old students assisted them downstairs, where entertainment fitting to the occasion was provided. In order to keep up the Freshies courage, refreshments were served. Strange to say, these caused great uneasiness among them. Some were then conducted to the operating room in the hope of eradicating a few minor faults and mistakes in their various make-ups. All but one or two succeeded in passing through the torture chamber with its many terrors and dangers. As the climax of the ceremonies, all were introduced to the College Spirit and all learned her wishes.

The committee in charge then invited the Freshies to hic themselves from the lower regions to the reception room, where the Big Town Sextette performed for their amusement.

As the final event of the evening, they were taken to the Chapel to meet the Brandon College victims, and to assist them in amusing and entertaining the old students, after which, everyone was invited to the dining-room where refreshments were served.

The testing-time was past, and the Freshies had proved themselves true-blue and worthy to join the ranks of Brandon College.

The annual reception of new students was held in Clark Hall on Friday, September 28th. The observation of this time honored custom had been anticipated with pleasure by both old and new students.

After passing the "reception line," the girls sought the seclusion of the Clark Hall reception room, followed in due course by the boys. At first the assembly had the appearance of a Quaker's party, the girls occupying the back of the room, the boys hovering around the door. Soon, however, the old students succeeded in effecting introductions and in explain-

ing the prom cards. After the introductory ceremonies, games were played, and all signs of bashfulness disappeared in the heated moments of "No sir, Not I sir."

A short program was then held in the chapel. Musical numbers were rendered by Miss Moffat, Miss Jarrett and Dr. McNeill, and Helen Hitchings extended a cordial welcome to the new students, to which Mr. Toole replied.

At the conclusion of the program the party again repaired to the Clark Hall reception room, where the gentlemen escorted the ladies to the available seats, disposing themselves as gracefully as possible on the floor nearby. With the appearance of refreshments, conversation began to flow, and soon merriment reigned supreme. At eleven o'clock the old students—impelled by force of habit—arose, and the new students following their lead, the reception was brought to an end.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Hallowe'en night the Junior girls of Clark Hall invited the Arts girls to a costume party in the 'Gym.' From nine o'clock onward, various awe-inspiring shapes and forms, flitted to and fro in the lower regions of Clark Hall. Some of the costumes were beautifully designed, some were merely and mainly combinations, and some were portrayals of Brandon College ideas. It was an evening of pleasure and thrills, with an occasional alarm when some Hallowe'en wanderers attempted to gain entrance thru the windows, or when some belle of the ball lost her ear-rings. A dainty lunch was served toward eleven o'clock, and after the usual college songs and yells, the party dispersed.

ANNUAL RECEPTION

On Saturday afternoon, October 20th, the ladies of Clark Hall held their annual reception in the Clark Hall reception room. Between the hours of three and six Mrs. Sweet and the lady members of the faculty received many old and new friends of Brandon College. A color scheme of pale-green was effectively carried out by numerous ferns, shaded lights and dainty menus. The senior girls of Clark Hall assisted in serving.

THE UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB

A nucleus of what is hoped will grow and broaden out into an influence-spreading and educational circle was formed recently at the home of Mrs. T. R. Wilkins when a group of College graduates met for the purpose of organizing a University Women's Club. The idea was adopted, with the result that in the immediate future we are to have in Brandon a branch of the Federal University Women's Club. It is hoped that the University women of Brandon and district will avail themselves of the opportunity of linking up with this splendid organization which is doing such good work throughout the Dominion, indeed we may say, throughout the world.

Jean:—"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

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

First Freshie:—"What does it mean to have reached the age of discretion?"

Second Freshie:—"It means that you're too young to die, and too old to have any fun."

"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."

ALUMNI ALUMNAE

MISS J. M. TURNBULL '15

Upon going out from its Alma Mater, class '23 was honored in that one of its number was asked by the college board to remain as a member of the faculty. While we welcome the latest graduates as the newest Alumni, we would also welcome Mr. R. N. Jones as one more of our representatives who is to have the privilege of serving our college in a very definite way.

The entire Alumni association warmly congratulates Dr. J. R. Evans to whom the degree of Ph. D. in geology was recently awarded by the University of Chicago. That his work was done with distinction and marked by out-standing scholarship only half justifies our pride in him. That he saw fit to return to his Alma Mater in spite of very flattering offers from large universities on both sides of the line, merits our full appreciation of his loyalty and of the very real contribution he is making not only to his own department but to the general life of the institution.

—'23. Misses B. Hall, M. Leith and O. Smith attended the University of Chicago during the summer quarter, taking special courses at the School of Education.

Miss E. Jacobs is attending the University of Toronto, her courses being with the faculty of education.

Mr. L. Jacobs is registered at the University of Manitoba, as a medical student.

—'22. Miss M. Rixon is assistant in the high school in Holland, Man.

Miss M. McGee is on the high school staff in Killarney, Man.

—'21. Miss J. Venables is on the high school staff in Qu'Appelle, Sask.

Miss H. Dunseith is teaching in the Selkirk high school.

—'20. Born July 23rd to Mr. and Mrs. L. Eyres, Chilliwack, B.C., a daughter, Jean Lillian.

—'19. The degree of Bachelor of Theology was conferred upon Rev. J. E. Cooper at the convocation of Wesley College, Winnipeg, April 26th, 1923.

Born June 7th to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Yeomans, Alexander, Man., a daughter, Frances Isabel.

—'18. Miss Jean Avery is teaching in Weyburn Collegiate.

—'16. Cromarty-McDonald. At the home of the bride's parents in Brandon in late September, Helen Jessie McDonald was married to Dr. H. P. Cromarty of Brandon.

—'15. Hughes-Garland. At the home of the bride's parents in Portage la Prairie, Doris Garland was married to Harley M. Hughes of Winnipeg.

—'12. Ferrier-Fillmore. On May 8th in Ottawa, Mary M. Fillmore of Amhurst, N.S., was married to Russell T. Ferrier, Superintendent of Indian Education, Ottawa.

—Mus. '13. Congratulations to Miss E. M. Moore, who during the summer months studied at the Chicago College of Music (Ziegfeld) winning the degree of Bachelor of music from that institution. Miss Moore's brilliant work at the piano has always won the admiration of her Brandon College friends and of musical circles in the west. This degree from an American school but serves to crown the honors she has won at home.

Reid-Ross. Miss Libbie L. Ross was married to Mr. L. M. Reid on April 5th in Fayetteville, West Virginia, U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Reid are living in Beckley, West Virginia.

Brandon College friends of Miss I. Patton, formerly of the faculty and of Mr. H. S. Sneyd '09, both of whom have made their homes in Tokio, Japan for the past few years, were greatly relieved to learn of their safety after the September disaster.



GORDON BROWNRIDGE '26

"City of the wheat; never known defeat."

Surely one of the first things called to mind when we hear the word "College" is athletics. We picture in our mind the stadium of a great university. There on the playing field two teams are fighting with every ounce of energy they possess. But what for? It is not for the financial return nor altogether for the physical benefit of the game. There is a higher aim than that. They are playing for the love of the game and for the glory of their Alma Mater.

Brandon College is not backward in the realm of sport. We in our smaller institution can play the game and enjoy the benefit that may be derived from good, clean, manly sport. In the words of our Honorary President Dr. Evans, "Many a lesson may be learned on the campus which could not be learned in the classroom."

But just a word about the relation of sport and studies. Too often have these interests clashed. If a man spends too much time on sport and loses his year, he will probably be barred from the team the following year. He may decide to quit either sport or the College. We cannot afford to lose a good man from either one or the other, especially as it is often the conscientious student who makes the best athlete. Let us then see to it that we give our best to work as well as to play. By so doing we shall make a worthy contribution to athletics in Brandon College.

TENNIS

The weather has been very favorable this term for tennis. Many of the students have taken advantage of this and as a consequence the courts have seldom been unoccupied.

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The girls have had the use of the east court this term and they too have made the most of their opportunity. This has given a great boost to College tennis. We have been able to learn many new strokes and also to master such back hand returns as Wee Mary's.

Great interest was shown in the inter-class tournament. Several doubles teams representing Hash, Junior Arts and Senior Arts competed. The honor of representing their respective departments in the play-off remained with Thompson and Bridges for Hash, King and Matheson for Junior Arts and Riemer and Westcott for Senior Arts.

The final games were keenly contested. Hash after a great struggle lost their game to Senior Arts. In the final play off however the team from Junior Arts proved too strong for the Seniors. But, "twas a great game," as the Deacon was heard to remark afterward.



Armand Stade.

Congratulations are in order to Armand Stade, who at the recent Field Day, set a new record for the running high jump, both for college and the city, when he cleared 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. But for the fact that he was a member of the college relay team, which had yet to run, he would doubtless have raised the record still higher, as he cleared the sticks quite easily at this height. The standard record for the college is 5 ft. 6 in.

For the third time, too, Armand won the Grand Aggregate Medal. In 1920 and 1921 he led the field by comfortable margins, but last year failed by just four points to

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secure permanent possession of the Grand Aggregate Cup. This year however, he again asserted his superiority, leading his nearest rival by seventeen points. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations on his past achievement and best wishes for the future.

FIELD DAY

The Sixteenth Annual Track and Field meet should have been held on the 12th of October, but owing to adverse weather conditions, was postponed to October 19th. The day was clear but very cold and windy. The events however were all keenly contested and passed off successfully. The severe weather handicapped the athletes and rendered difficult the making of good records. Armand Stade, however, made a wonderful showing during the day, his closest contestant, Mac Weisbrod being 17 points behind him. Incidentally Stade won a "bar" by making a new record of 5 ft. 6¼ in. for the high jump.

Junior Arts easily won the aggregate honors. Both Senior Arts and Hash are wondering how it happened.

In the Relay, which was an open event, the City team composed of Matheson, Wirth, McPhail and Town proved too strong for the College owing largely to the fact that the College men had all competed in many of the earlier events.

On the whole a very creditable showing was made by every athlete on the field. The good sportmanship and keen competition which prevailed, reflect credit on the contestants and on their College.

The results and awards were as follows:

100 yard dash:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, M. Weisbrod; 3rd, L. Dorrett.

Standing Broad Jump:—1st, M. Weisbrod; 2nd, A. McLeod; 3rd, W. Lousley. 8 ft. 8 in.

100 Yard Dash (Boys):—1st, A. Derby; 2nd, G. Reid; 3rd, R. Churchill.

Running Broad Jump:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, M. Weisbrod; 3rd, W. Lousley. 18 ft. 9¼ in.

Shot Put:—1st, H. Bigelow; 2nd, A. Stade; 3rd, M. Weisbrod. 32 ft. 8 in.

220 Yard Dash (Open):—1st, A. Stade and L. McPhail (Collegiate) tied; 2nd, L. Dorrett; 3rd, W. Wilson.

High Hurdles:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, A. McLeod; 3rd, M. Weisbrod.

Mile Run:—1st, F. VanSchaik; 2nd, W. Lousley; 3rd, A. Derby.

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Low Hurdles:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, W. Lousley; 3rd, A. McLeod.

Relay Race (Open):—1st, City; 2nd, College.

Pole Vault:—1st, W. Louseley; 2nd, H. Bigelow; 3rd, M. Weisbrod. 8 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Running Broad Jump (Boys):—1st, A. Derby; 2nd, R. Churchill; 3rd, Fargy. 14 ft. 5 in.

Running High Jump:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, M. Weisbrod; 3rd, A. McLeod. 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Running Hop, Step and Jump:—1st, M. Weisbrod; 2nd, A. Stade; 3rd, W. Lousley. 37 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

440 Yard Dash:—1st, A. Stade; 2nd, L. Dorrett; 3rd, F. VanSchaik.

Tug of War:—1st, Senior Arts.

Grand Aggregate Medal:—A. Stade.

Second Aggregate Medal:—M. Weisbrod.

Freshman Medal:—A. Derby.

220 Yard Dash Medal:—L. McPhail (Collegiate), A. Stade.

Pole Vault Medal:—W. Lousley.

Mile Relay Medals:—Wirth, McPhail, Matheson, Town.

Interdepartmental Cup:—Junior Arts.

BASKETBALL

At this season of the year, and indeed all through the winter, basketball claims much of our attention. It is fast and strenuous and is one of the best of indoor games.

In previous years the College teams have always put up a fight for both the Intermediate and Senior City titles. This year will be no exception, for among the many new students we have already noted basket ball tossers of real calibre. Several of last year's players are with us again so we may rest assured that we are going to have a real live team.

But while we are looking to the teams to uphold the standard of the Blue and Gold, let us not forget that the teams look to us for our support. A full gallery greatly strengthens the morale of the team. Let us then get behind the boys and boost for the honor of Brandon.

HOCKEY

With the first real flurry of snow our thoughts naturally turn to that great winter pastime, hockey. Several circumstances combined to boost hockey in Brandon College last year.

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One of these was the excellent showing made by our Junior team last winter, another was the College rink. Indications are that this year will be equally successful. Manager McLeod reports that he has some good material on hand for a juvenile team, but as yet no steps have been taken toward the formation of a league.

As soon as the weather permits the rink will again be laid down. Although we cannot all play hockey we can all get out and skate. Let us then make the very best of our opportunities, and thus help to make this a very pleasant and successful year.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

MARY McDONALD '25

"The brown leaves
And the streaked yellow leaves
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downwards."

Amy Lowell.

Yes, we have come again to the season of falling leaves, when nature doffs her brilliant mantle and dons one of more sombre hue. It is also the season when college activities awaken, and athletics are not, or certainly should not be, the least important of these. Let us hope that they have acquired an impetus which will carry them triumphantly through the winter and into the spring. Enthusiasm counts for a good deal. The Clark Hall girl should possess it to an unlimited degree, and should use it to make this the most successful year in the history of Clark Hall athletics.

FIELD DAY

Friday, October the nineteenth dawned bitterly cold and pullover sweaters were very much in evidence as the girls assembled on the campus for the sports. However, the cold weather did not cool the ardour of the girls, their enthusiasm kept them warm, and several records were broken during the course of the day.

The results for the baseball and basket-ball throws were:

Baseball Throw:—1st, Irene Sutherland, 131 ft.; 2nd, Kathleen Smith; 3rd, Margareta Biggs.

Basket-Ball Throw:—1st, Irene Sutherland, 57 ft. 7 in.; 2nd, Helen Hitchings; 3rd, Jean Coleman.

In both the standing and running broad jumps Teddy proved that it is not necessary to be big in order to win prizes.

Look at the results:

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Standing Broad Jump:—1st, Edna Calverley, 6 ft. 10½ in.; 2nd, Helen Hitchings, 6 ft. 9½ in.; 3rd, Margaret Eaker, 6 ft. 8 in.

Running Broad Jump:—1st, Edna Calverley, 13 ft. ½ in.; 2nd, Jean Coleman, 11 ft. 9¼ in.; 3rd, Ella Bowering, 11 ft. 8 in. These all break the standard record.

The Hop, Step and Jump was again an interesting feature: 1st, Ella Bowering; 2nd, Jean Coleman; 3rd, Edna Calverley.

In the High Jump, Helen Hitchings nobly supported the cause of Senior Arts.

1st, Helen Hitchings; 2nd, Jean Coleman; 3rd, Jennie Billingham.

The Seventy-five Yards Dash aroused considerable interest. In the first race the leaders were so closely grouped that a second race was necessary in order to determine the winner.

1st, Edna Calverley; 2nd, Jean Coleman; 3rd, Ella Bowering.

The Low Hurdles, a new feature in the girls events, proved to be very popular.

1st, Irene Drysdale; 2nd, Jean Coleman. No one qualified for third place.

As usual the Relay Race was hotly contested. It was won by Junior Arts, with Senior Arts second and Hash third.

In the Quarter Mile Walk, Irene Drysdale qualified for a "B" by breaking the standard record.

1st, Irene Drysdale, 2 min. 32 sec.; 2nd, Edna Calverley; 3rd, Ella Bowering.

The ribbons and medals were presented in the evening by Mrs. Wilkins. Junior Arts secured the Inter-Department Cup. Edna Calverley was awarded the Grand Aggregate medal, and Jean Coleman the second Aggregate and Freshman's Aggregate medals.

BASKETBALL

Basket ball is always popular among the girls. This year many of them are showing their enthusiasm by turning out to practice. With Mr. Dorrett as coach this should be a very successful year in this particular field of athletics. A league, comprising the Collegiate, Normal and College teams has been formed, and games will begin in the near future.

TENNIS

With the exception of a few showers the past few weeks have been ideal for tennis. For the present the girls are using the Brandon College east court, but it is expected that the Clark Hall court will soon be ready for use. A tournament was arranged early in the term and is now nearing completion.

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LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET KILGOUR '26.

Brandon College feels justly proud to have known and loved as a friend Dr. F. W. Patterson, who was last spring appointed to the distinguished position of President of Acadia University. As Rev. D. M. Thompson expressed it: "It is a matter for congratulation that Acadia should look to the prairies, not for a college graduate, but for one who in the university of life has become pre-eminently qualified to fill the high office to which he has been called."

Dr. Patterson's inaugural address, "Some Ideals in Education," published in the Acadia "Athenaeum" strikingly reveals his thoughtful, God fearing mind and his broad outlook on the modern university. In a direct, simple manner he confronts the problems of the present day educationalist and applies to them ideals not surpassed in loftiness by his own beloved Rockies, with reference to which the address opens. Two prevalent misconceptions of education are discussed: the first, that 'education fits one for life and is to be measured chiefly by its commercial value'; the second, that 'he is best educated who knows most', and the fallacy of them both is laid bare. "Of course," says Dr. Patterson, "knowledge must be the basis of education, but it is not education. Knowledge is something acquired, the extension of oneself from without; education is the enrichment of oneself from within. The chief characteristic of the educated man is not learning, but light. Knowledge is power, but power may be charged with menace—as in the Great War—or with blessing. Whether our moral purpose is strong enough to control our power is the essential point."

In further developing the too material view of education, Dr. Patterson emphasizes the insidious danger of allowing pride in, and desire for, fine buildings and complete equipment—so necessary to a certain extent—to overshadow the true essentials of a university. "An institution teaches the great fundament-

als of faith and morality most effectively when the life of the institution incarnates them most completely, when the example and guidance of Christian professors leads the students into a knowledge of and mastery over the forces of nature and into fellowship with the moral purpose and nature of God."

But the address should be read as a whole to grasp at all the deep significance of Dr. Patterson's ideals.

The responsibility of the university in uplifting the ideals of modern civilization is the theme of an article in the Acadia "Athenaeum." The writer points out in no uncertain terms the real danger into which the present craze for pleasure is leading the Western world. "There is indeed today a deep sound, a note of warning being struck by men of the broader vision who wish to warn humanity of the precipice upon which our civilization stands."

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined" seems to be the cry. It then remains to us of the universities—the leaders of tomorrow—to hear the warning, study the situation carefully and fearlessly face the future with the conviction that its salvation lies in our hands.

Through long ages and by painful efforts the world's civilization has reached its present state. Dangers now menace it on every side. Through the university lies the power of surmounting these dangers by lifting men's mental beings to a higher plane where the horizon is widened to include past and future, transforming social surroundings from a source of enslavement to a source of broader freedom and stronger personality. Even as war has made the world free for democracy, so has past culture made the world free for future progress; and even as the cry echoed from Flanders fields, so also to us of the university is borne the challenge from the past:

*'To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.'*

SIGNIFICANCE

More memorable the castle is when years
Have cast their shadow on its stately walls
And touched their virgin whiteness into gray;
When mosses grow in far and crumbling corners,
And o'er all the reverend ivy creeps;
When through its lofty chambers lives have passed,

Leaving romantic memories in the dark
 And silent places where the twilight broods;
 Then, with the years, a solemn grandeur falls
 Upon the masonry that man has reared.
 Giving it something of the mightiness
 Which sleeps upon the towered hills of God.

More dear to patriot heart the land becomes
 That lies beyond the seas, and nevermore
 The yearning eyes may look upon those scenes
 Once so familiar, and so lightly prized:
 When, through the boundless emptiness of night,
 The soul upon the memory of a star
 Floats to that distant land, and loves again
 The violet peopled valleys, song filled streams,
 And plains in spotless surplices of snow:
 Then, as the moonlight floods the darkened sea
 With light of foam pale gold, a deep and strong,
 A new significance o'erflows the land
 With beauty born of loveliness and love.

And so, Dalhousie! now that time has ebbed
 And left us high upon the further shore.
 We see thy deep, thy great significance.
 We know at last what love we bear to thee.

J. O'C.
Dalhousie Gazette.

WHEN IS THE BEST TIME TO STUDY?

This is a question that has been debated, and will continue to be debated by every new generation of students. Erasmus, one of the greatest students in all history, says "Never work at night, it dulls the brain and hurts the health." Milton, on the other hand says:

"Let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice gifted Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds of what vast regions hold."

When Edward Martin, the short story writer, was asked what he found the best time for work he gave an answer that finds an echo in some hearts.—"Not in the evening, and never between meals."

Sir William Osler, a famous Canadian, has his own answer to the question. "There are the two great types," he says, "the student lark who loves to see the sunrise, who comes to breakfast with a cheerful morning face, never so "fit" as at six a.m. We all know the type. What a contrast to the student owl, with his saturnine morning face, thoroughly unhappy, cheated by the wretched breakfast bell of the two best hours of the day for sleep, no appetite, and permeated with an unspeakable hostility to his vis-a-vis whose morning garrulity and good humor are equally offensive. Only gradually, as the day wears on and his temperature rises, does he become endurable to himself and to others. But see him really awake at seven p.m., while our blithe lark is in hopeless coma over his books, from which it is hard to rouse him sufficiently to get his boots off for bed, our lean owl, friend Saturn no longer in the ascendant, with bright eyes and cheery face is ready for four hours of anything you wish—deep study or (heart affluence in discourse talk) and by two a.m. he will undertake to unsphere the spirit of Plato. In neither a virtue, in neither a fault we must recognize these two types of students, differently constituted, owing possibly—though I have but little evidence for the belief—to thermal peculiarities.

McMaster University Monthly.

One of the most interesting exchanges which comes to our notice is the Collegiate "Hermes" published by the Saskatoon Collegiate. It's staff is to be congratulated both on its general attractiveness and interest.

Deserving also of particular mention is "The McGill News," the official organ of the Graduate Society of McGill. It is a worthy witness of the co-operation of a united Alumni and the present student body.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *Campus; McMaster University Monthly; Johnian; King's College Record; Acadia Athenaeum; Round Table; Collegiate Hermes; Dalhousie Gazette; Vox Wesleyana; McGill News.*

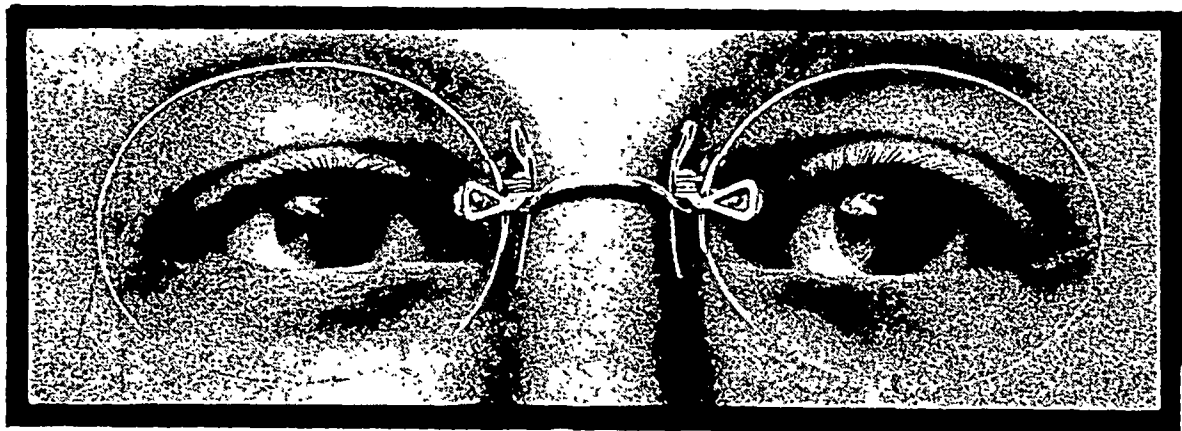
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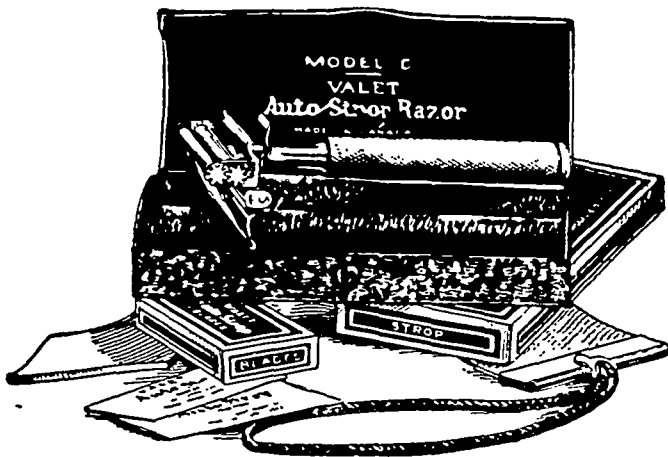
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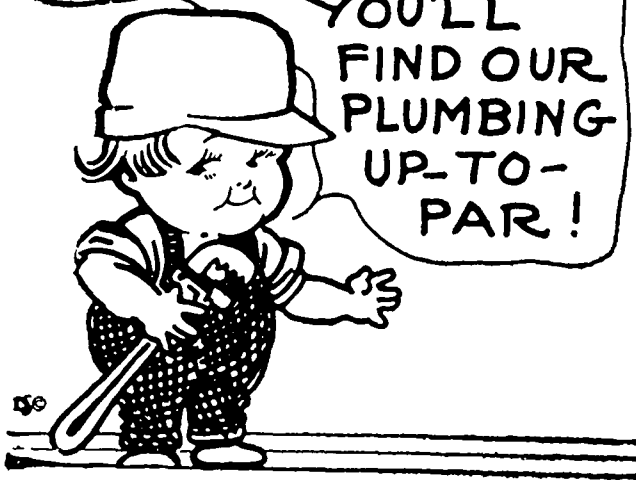
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Also that is the reason you should come to our Store,
as we have the best.

A full line of Papeteries, Fountain Pens, Toilet Necess-
ities, etc. Kodaks and Optical Goods.

WE ARE PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

—o—

10% Discount to Students and Faculty.

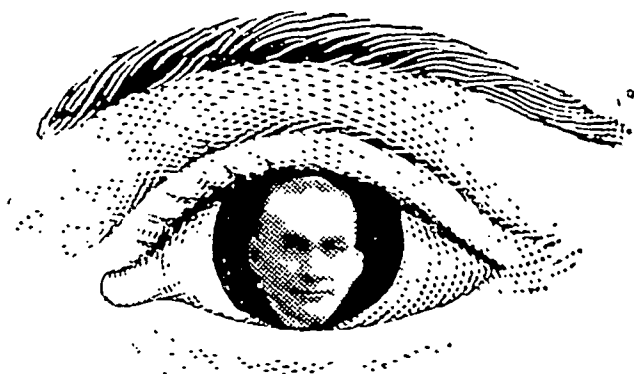
—o—

Clement's Drug Store

"The Rexall Store"

COR. 9th & ROSSER

PHONE 2484



Dunkin's Optical Parlors

Your Guarantee of
Satisfaction is
MY TWENTY
YEARS' OPTICAL
EXPERIENCE

J. A. DUNKIN

Optometrist and Optician

McKenzie Bldg., 36 Ninth St.

Brandon, Man.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

Office Phone 3153

Res. Phone 3158

DR. C. A. POWERS

DENTIST

Post Graduate Haskel School, Chicago and Philadelphia
Dental College

Gas administered for Painless Extraction

Office: Clement Blk., Suite 34, Ninth St. and Rosser

BRANDON

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MANITOBA

FANCY PASTRY



WEDDING CAKES AND DAINTY

LUNCH REQUIREMENTS

A SPECIALTY

at

MacIntosh's Bakery

Opposite City Hall

STANLEY PARK STORE

1439 Princess Avenue

Groceries, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, Confectionery,
Tobacco, Etc.

We solicit your patronage and assure you of the best of
service at all times.

———— OPEN EVENINGS ————

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

ELITE CAFE

29 Eighth Street



The most modern and best
equipped Restaurant in
Brandon. Home cooking
and baking. Parties catered
for. - - - - -

ESTIMATES GIVEN



WHITE HELP ONLY EMPLOYED IN THIS
ESTABLISHMENT

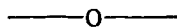
GIDEON SCOTT

CLOTHING SPECIALIST

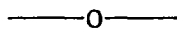
(Next Door to Carlton Cafe on Tenth Street)

Firth Bros. Ltd.

HAND TAILORED SUITS AND OVERCOATS
ARE THE BEST.



Why Not Wear Them?



MADE FROM THE BEST CLOTHS THE OLD
COUNTRY PRODUCES.

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

VALUE

The word value is most commonly understood to be the desirability or worth of a thing.

Reesor values represents not only intrinsic worth—they embody utmost desirability, attractiveness, and authority.

Over 40 years of consistent value-giving to the people of Brandon and Western Canada is the record of this establishment.

D. A. REESOR

"THE JEWELER"

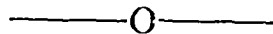
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Established 1882

PRINTING

CATALOGUE AND BOOK WORK OUR
SPECIALTY

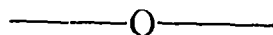
RULING, PUNCHING, ETC.



Daily and Weekly Newspapers
Fully Equipped Printing Plant



Note Book Refils for College Students



Sun Publishing Co., Ltd.

Tenth Street

BRANDON

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MANITOBA

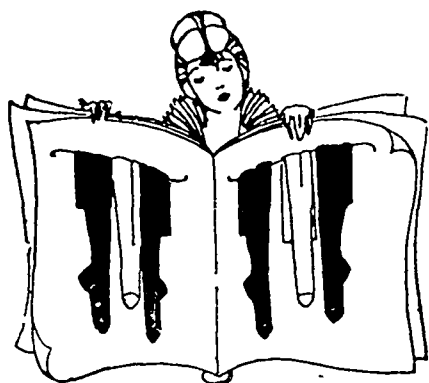
LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

Warner's Rust - Proof Corsets —

Every Warner's Rust-Proof Corset you buy here
is guaranteed

That means: If it should rust, or a bone break, or the cloth tear, you may bring it back and receive a new corset. Warner's Corsets are so well made they can afford to be guaranteed. Try one and see how satisfactory a corset CAN BE.



*HOSIERY that
assures durability
as well as
elegance*

We have a style for your figure
Priced \$1.50 to \$7.50

One must have so many kinds of hosiery for summer-time days that it's essential to think of the wear they'll give, as well as their appearance.

We have just received from the manufacturers two wonderfully good numbers, one in a new ribbed effect in silk lisle, the other the famous Pointex Heel in silk; colors Beige, Grey, Taupe, Sponge, Black, White, Brown, Navy.

Pointex Silk Heel, ribbed top, per pair \$2.25

Ribbed Silk Lisle, reinforced heel, per pair 98c

—o—

Doig, Rankin & Robertson LIMITED

Phone 2595

Tenth Street

Phone 2598

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."

EQUAL QUALITY BUT LOWER PRICES

The reason my prices are lower is simply because I require a smaller profit to run this low rent store on Princess Avenue than I would have to get on Rosser. The qualities are apparent in such makers names as Hartt, Frank W. Slater, Classic and Hurlbut Welts.



HERE ARE TWO EXAMPLES
OF THE SAVINGS HERE

Ladies Four Buckle Galoshes,
my price per pair

\$3.90

Frank Slater's Stri-
der Shoes for Men,
my price per pair

\$7.50

B. W. TROTTER

PRINCESS AVE.—OPP. CITY HALL

Nearest Shoe Store to the College

LET "THE QUILL" TELL YOU WHERE TO SHOP.

ALL THE BEST ADVERTISE IN "THE QUILL."



*The
Best Pictures
Absolutely*

*The
Best Music
Positively*

Eighth Street - - Near Rosser

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