

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL



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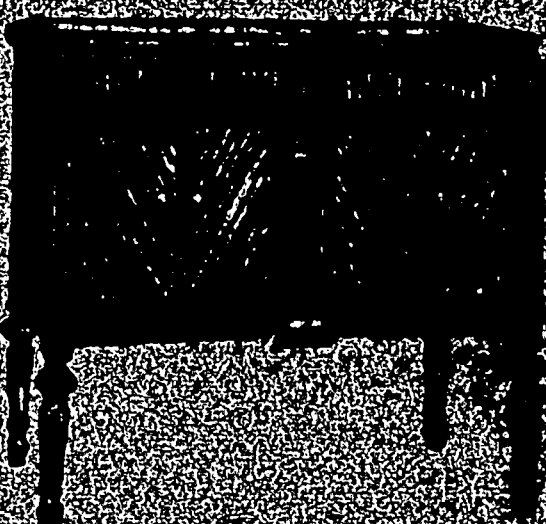
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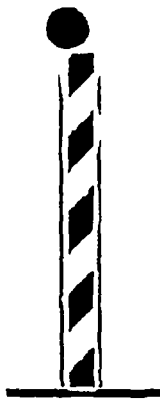
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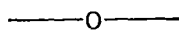
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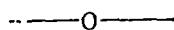
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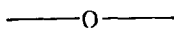


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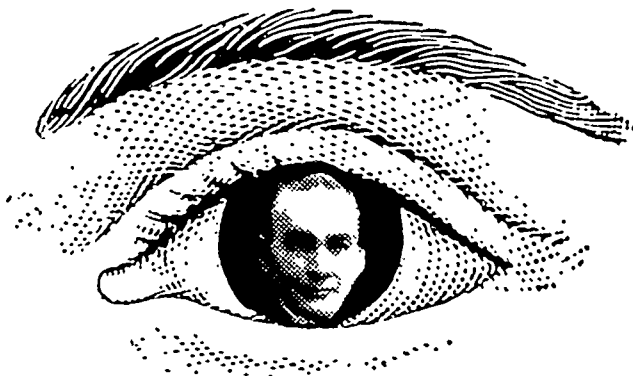
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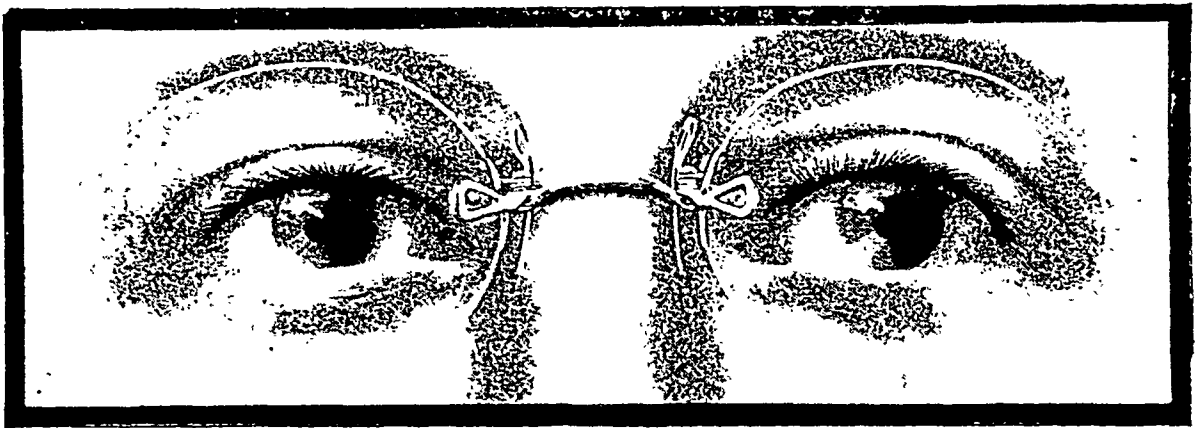
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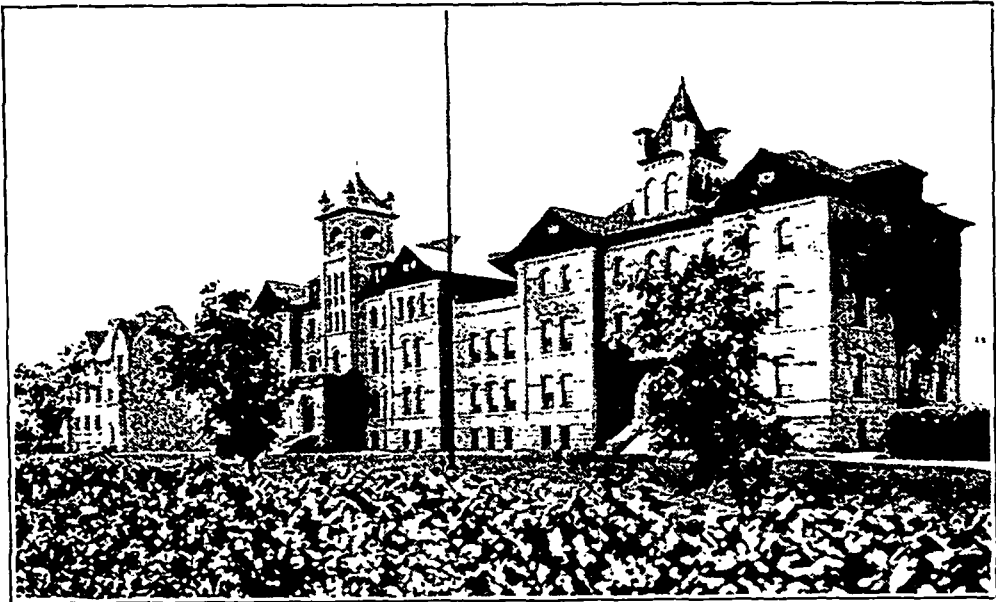
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CLARENCE COLE '24.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CANADIAN WEST

First impressions may be subject to revision after later experiences. They may be overly optimistic or the reverse: they may be so general as to be valueless: they may be so microscopic as to ignore facts of greatest interest. But first impressions are at least vivid. They have a freshness and therefore a value all their own and the more keen the observer, the more suggestive are the observations. If the question "is life worth living" can be answered by the rejoinder "that depends upon the liver": then the query as to the value of first impressions can be answered by the reply "that depends upon the observer."

I am quite sure that many a visitor to the Canadian West for the first time would see a thousand details that escaped me, but while making a visit to all four of the western provinces I received some very strong impressions and here are a few of them. The vastness of the territory grew upon me as I sped over the plains, swept to the north through Alberta to Edmonton and then swung back through the Crow's Nest Pass on to Vancouver. I found myself amazed at the marvellous natural resources of this same territory in soil, timberland, fisheries, mines, natural gas and oil.

I marvel at the achievements of the people in this western empire. The preemption of these four western provinces and their northern background for the British Empire and Anglo-Saxon civilization: one million one hundred and four-

teen thousand square miles in these provinces and one million and two hundred and forty two thousand in the northwestern territories even now held by less than three million people is an example of pioneering accomplishment hardly surpassed in the story of human progress. I never cease to wonder as I think of the past of exploration: of policing to protect Indians and settlers: the Christian civilization covering a territory two thirds the size of the United States commands my profound admiration.

The people of the Northwest have demonstrated that they are a hardy folk combining thought and action in wholesome balance. Only a people of vision would have attempted such a conquest, and only a race which linked vigorous action with far-sighted vision could have accomplished what is already realized here. Thomas Carlyle said that the ultimate question for every man is "Wilt thou be a hero or wilt thou be a coward." The people of Western Canada have succeeded in laying the foundation of national greatness because of their courage. The conditions of life here sift out and preserve a vigorous, practical and yet far-sighted people.

On every hand and in every phase of western life I have found the direct and wholesome influence of that historic British idealism which supplements and completes Canadian Dominion independence. It is that sense of national self-respect wedded to a strong realization of belonging to the British Empire which gives sanity to Canadian life and development. Canada has not broken with the best of the Past and she presses forward to a better tomorrow. She is building for a great future within the Empire.

I return with a very definite impression of higher education in Western Canada. One of the triumphs of her relatively short history is the development of her public school system, crowned by her four great provincial universities. It was my pleasure to be a guest at functions in two of these notable institutions and I came away with admiration for each. Second only to her Churches do a nation's schools forecast her future. The opportunity for an education leading from the elementary department to a highly specialized training open to all her citizenship is one of the most necessary and important services of a government. This high ministry these four provinces are worthily fulfilling.

In closing, let me register a conviction concerning Brandon College. I came back impressed that the very splendour of our provincial universities with their great opportunities emphasizes the importance of maintaining, also, for under-

graduate Arts years, colleges such as Brandon where the foundations of a liberal education are laid under the conditions of close sympathetic Christian association, conditions furnished best by the relatively small denominational college.

My trip to the Pacific Coast, then, returns me with joy to my fellowship in Brandon College. I am appreciative of the inspiring past of the Canadian West, and her challenging future. As my share therein I give myself anew to the important work of Christian education.

FRANKLIN W. SWEET.

WINDFALL

Along a cloistered garden way,
 Where soft a lingering sunbeam prest
 It's warm sweet kiss, in fragrant ruin lay
 Full many a bloom that late had drest
 The leafy hedge in charm of gold
 And ruby red and shimmering white:
 But rude winds passing soon made bold
 To snatch them thence and ruthless quite
 They tossed them down in woeful blight.

Ah thus, ere life and love grow old
 What dreams, like blossoms pure and fair,
 Deep in our hearts their virgin leaves unfold
 And breathe sweet fragrance round. But ere
 Their loveliness be fully wrought
 Old Time, whose stealthy foot-steps creep
 Down hidden ways, with mischief fraught,
 Plucks the bright bloom from out our keep
 And lo! at dusk a ruined heap.

C. E. C. '24.

JOHN R. C. EVANS, M.A.

The subject of this brief sketch, John R. C. Evans, came to Brandon College from the far-away province of British Columbia in the fall of 1907. He entered the Academy where he spent two years, succeeded by four years of work in Arts, graduating in the spring of 1913. In the summer of that year Mr. Evans attended the University of Chicago, doing work in Chemistry. During the last part of his Arts course Mr. Evans assisted in Academy work by teaching Mathematics. So popular and successful was he as student and teacher that his Alma Mater through the Board of Directors invited him to the work of Chemistry and Biology in the College. This work he performed most efficiently until the summer of 1920. During the last four years of this period Mr. Evans was in addition both Resident Master and Principal of the Academy.

It will readily be inferred from this brief outline that Mr. Evans was one of the live wires of the institution. During his student days he ran the gamut of practically all possible offices, from Y.M.C.A. of the good old days to President of the Literary Society with responsibility for carrying through the last old-fashioned boys' "At Home." He was active in all forms of athletics but was in his glory as guardian of the nets in hockey. In addition to all this Mr. Evans was positively lavish in his readiness to help anyone, particularly students.

But Mr. Evans was not content. He wanted to explore new regions. Two summers spent at Chicago had but whetted his appetite and in the fall of 1920 he left Brandon College to take work for the Ph. D. degree at the University of Chicago. He pursued his work there with distinction, his Major being in Geology and his Minor in Chemistry. After about a year however he dropped Chemistry and devoted himself exclusively to Geology. In his first year he secured a scholarship; in his second, 1921-22, a fellowship, becoming assistant to the late Dr. Salisbury who was at that time Head of the Department. In the next year Mr. Evans became senior assistant to Dr. Bastin who was in charge of the Department after the death of Dr. Salisbury and whose special line of work was Economic Geology.

It is well known that in the fight for a Doctor's Degree the most difficult redoubt to be captured is the Thesis, which must be the result of research—an original contribution to knowledge. The subject of Mr. Evans' thesis was "The Richmond Fauna of Northern Illinois." The working out of this subject under Dr. Weller necessitated the actual gathering of specimens in summer, the making of sections for microscopic determination in winter and the photographing of the fauna,

resulting in over a thousand photographic plates of specimens. The work involved a correlation problem, the solution of which indicates that the Richmond fauna of Northeastern Illinois is more closely related to the corresponding fauna of Indiana than to that of Iowa as formerly supposed.

Part of this work could not be completed before the Spring Convocation of 1923. The result is that though the examinations have been passed, *magna cum laude*, and all the work completed, Mr. Evans has not actually received his degree since the University of Chicago does not confer the Doctor's Degree *in absentia*. Mr. Evans expects to receive the Degree in the near future. His thesis will be published as a bulletin of the Illinois State Government.

During his course at Chicago Mr. Evans became a member of Gamma Alpha, the graduate science fraternity. In 1922 he was the President of Kappa Epsilon Pi, the graduate organization in Geology and he was also honored with membership in the Chicago Chapter of Sigma Xi, an honorary science organization.

Everyone is more than delighted that Mr. Evans has returned to Brandon College. The College is to be congratulated on securing his return. He had several tempting offers made to him. He might have stayed permanently in the University of Chicago. He could have gone to the University of Iowa; to the University of Illinois; to the University of Manitoba. Mr. Evans makes no prophecy concerning the future, but he has returned to his Alma Mater. Three cheers for Professor Evans

Think not of failure: thine is but to grow:

To find thyself in life, and God in thee.

'Tis great to live! Yonder the rolling sea,

So prone to changing moods, seems well to know:

Those hills to understand: yet 'tis not so.

Thou stand'st alone in power; alone in free

Untrammelled will. Thy right hand holds a key:

Somewhere a door leads on. Arise and go!

And what beyond? From boundless landscape springs

The answer: from the silent Soul that yearns

Towards, beyond, the blaze the sunset brings.

Is it some light that burns, and grows, and burns?—

Come back to earth! What do these thoughts avail?

God moves within thee. Live! Thou shalt not fail!

A. P.

CONCERNING MUSIC—IT'S WORTH TO THE STUDENT

*"All one's life is music, if one touches the notes rightly,
and in time."*

In the whirlsome routine of the present day student program in school or college, music "on-the-side" is usually the most flattering recognition to which that phase of Art can lay claim. True, in many centres, educational boards are introducing music as an optional subject on collegiate courses, but scheduled as it is—in lieu of one science—it often receives the minimum of time and attention from pupils who select this option as an "easier way" to make a standing.

Someone has said, "Study music in order to beautify your own heart, and beautify your own heart in order to make this world more beautiful for others." How many young students, laboring under the cudgel of the time-worn "one hour" practice program, see the purpose of their undertaking in such a light?

The pursuance of the cultivation of musical ability—be it in the development of the human voice or the training of dexterous fingers to perform on strings or keyboard—involves strength of purpose, willingness to sacrifice, and ceaseless vigilance over one's oft-times wavering self, which perhaps none quite appreciate, save those who have experienced even a few of the adversities-amid-encouragement of a music student's life.

But music as a life work would appeal to fewer than it does today, were its only mission to provide pleasure and inspiration to the listener. What the slowly shaping marble under a deft chisel is, to the sculptor; the coloring canvas assuming expression and life under a magic brush, to the artist; and the verse growing in beauty and eloquence at the pen of the author, to the poet; so is the production of a worthy composition or the sincere and appealing interpretation of a beautiful theme, to a musician.

The serious student of music weaves into his work naturally, therefore unrestrainedly, the very fibre of his own mental and spiritual make-up. The product of his efforts reveals his characteristic moods, his hopes, ideals, failures and achievements. Truly "music is the mirror which most perfectly reflects man's inner being and the essence of all things." It is the lock and key to our memories and affections. One has said that it alone has the inherent power of interpreting transcendent affections with absolute truth.

Attributing to Art and Science the power of revealing to mankind the loftier life, we cannot but be impressed by the part that music plays, especially when we are confronted by the views of such master minds as Wagner who declared that music was indisputably the most adequate means of perception, and, to the other Arts as a whole, what religion was to the Church; and Martin Luther who said: "Next to Theology I give to Music the highest place and honor.....it is one of the most magnificent and delightful gifts God has given us."

The student who sincerely strives to attain his ideal, at all costs—even perhaps to the abandonment of some project which to the practical observer, and to himself at first, may appear greatly preferable—as justly deserves applause and commendation, whether or not he reaches the stage of public recognition, as does the genius whose achievements in composition or performance move the multitudes, and furnish food for critics long after their author has gone. In either case the labor of his choice is sacred to the individual, and embodies his aspirations, his longings, and realizations—life, in its entirety.

The influence of music, in some form or other, is manifest in every walk of life: the natural and unpractised heart-song of the street laborer, the blithesome singing of the child at play, the stirring measures of an army on the march, or the marvellous performance of the virtuoso in the concert hall—are all influential in the sphere in which they minister.

In choosing music as a life work the student contributes to the development of a universal language, for even where different languages of tongues make communication impossible, music is intelligible to all. He enters a field abundant in treasures for self-acquirement and revelation to others—one whose possibilities are unlimited and whose opportunities for service ever increase.

*"Music is God's best gift to man,
The only art of Heaven given to earth,
The only art of earth we take to Heaven."*

E. M. M.—Music '13.

INSPIRATION

A lark poured forth at break of day
Her wild sweet roundelay,
It thrilled my soul with ecstasy
And sped me singing on the way
As glad as she.

C. E. C. '24.

GREETINGS

Dr. A. W. Vining, of Vancouver, who for many years was professor of mathematics at Brandon College, has very happily and characteristically expressed our thought with regard to the exchange of greetings in this issue, when he responds by sending "a sort of lettergram, as it were, for the Quill's party at which "several graduates and former members of the faculty" will be present. Most of them I shall be very glad to meet again and, having always thought pictorially more than logically, I see them gathered as a sort of old time family picnic or as a revised party in John Kendrick Bangs "Household on the Styx" where each member must needs do "a stunt" for the entertainment of the company.

Out of sympathy for you in your editorial trials I give you a recitation from an early copy of the Quill's forerunner—The Goose from which the Quill was plucked as it were. In those days there were no graduates and no former members of the faculty either and ye editor wrote the whole paper himself. Winter was long, spring signs very precious and its harbinger a thousand times welcome.

Old Boreas loosens
 All his icy chains
 For Old Sol is coming
 Back to his domains
 Hies him to the Northward
 O'er the frozen zone
 Dons his polar-ice-cap
 Southern rule is done!

Crocus peeping upward
 By a sheltering hill
 Sees no danger threaten—
 All the Valley still:
 Calls the other flowerets
 Soon they all appear
 Dancing in the ec-tacy
 Of the opening year.

ARTHUR W. VINING.

It will be remembered that Dr. Vining is the composer of "Hail our College" which we sing so often, and which we have come to regard as the college song.

From Robson, B.C. a former President of Brandon College sends the following thoughtful and thought-provoking message.

“*Mebbe You Got Job?*”

Not far from my home is a colony of Doukhobors. They frequently come asking for work on the ranch. In their limited and defective English the caption above is their almost universal inquiry. Changing their objects in the inquiry it is one well worth consideration. The Doukhobor wants to know if I have a job to give him to do for me. Let us consider it as a job no one can do for another, a job which if done at all, each must do for himself or herself.

May I venture the daring statement that there is but one job in life? To accomplish it is to meet every obligation both God-ward and man-ward. This universal, all embracing job is by no one transferable. The job of every individual human being is to make of himself a man, a man true to the Divine type—to make of herself a woman, a woman true to the Divine ideal. Certainly this cannot be done without one's fellow, but it is as certainly one's own individual job which neither one's fellow nor God can do for him or for her.

Men and women are not thrust into the field of life “ready-made.” We come on the stage with immeasurable possibilities both of nature and of grace. The realisation of these possibilities is every man's—is every woman's job. Jesus said respecting His mission. “I have come that they may have life and have it to the full” (Dr. Moffat's translation.) Ay, is not that it?—life “to the full”—manhood and womanhood complete—“the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Yes, “Mebbe you got job.” There are a thousand things to do in life: there is *one job*. Every thing else should be contributory to its accomplishment. To realise as one's task the perfection of all that goes to make up true personality must inevitably drive one to God or to despair.

In his “Poor Man's Rock” Bertrand W. Sinclair makes Horace Gower say. “I have made money, barrels of it, and that has not done me any good. I have been successful at everything I undertook—except lately—but success as the world reckons success has not made me happy. In my personal life I have been a failure.” He has late made the discovery that his real job lies in the realm of personal life and that he has, in all his struggles, successful as they have been in their own way, missed the real end of life. It's a sorry discovery to make when too late. Is it not better to learn as a great conviction at the

outset that what man is in himself and not what he has in external possessions is the measure of his real worth?

Why should I write this for a College Magazine? Well, what's a college—a Christian college—for? Is it not to help youths and maidens to get onto the real job of human life? Is not the mission of the teacher to lead the student into a real conviction of life's true ideal and to give him the help of an expert in getting at life's job of realising that ideal? It is the business of the teacher to help the student to transmute his studies in literature, science and all the rest into nutriment that builds up personal manhood and womanhood, is it not?

My concluding word is that the *job* of life is a *life* job. Paul was a man who put great power and energy into the job and made great strides toward the goal, but far on in life we hear him exclaim, "I haven't yet attained—I'm not yet perfect—but my one thought is, by forgetting what lies behind me and straining to what lies before to press on to the goal."

"Mebbe you got job?" You sure have. So have I.

A. P. McDIARMID.

From McMaster University, Toronto, comes this word from Dr. C. W. New formerly professor of history at Brandon.

It seems so strange to be writing to Brandon students instead of talking to them and stranger still to be writing to a generation of students whom I know only through their examination papers. Some day some of you may show us how to abolish that modern survival of the torture-chamber of the Inquisition. But you at Brandon have your compensation. A former Brandon professor who has taught at three universities and studied at several others expressed the opinion a few years ago that there was nowhere that students have a better time than at Brandon. To that I would like to add my conviction that few colleges provide a better all-round training or develop a more practical Christian attitude toward life.

How are my old friends, the Functions Committee and the Standings Committee, getting along? Count me in occasionally at the hockey games, Field Day, the election excitement, "stunt nights," the Arts Banquet and the Christmas parties. Mrs. New joins me in best wishes and the hope that you may be as happy at Brandon College as we were.

Dr. Whidden, who is getting a great start as our new Chancellor, gave our Pyfe Missionary Society a splendid talk recently on the West. It had the true Western flavour. The

West has its ups and downs of course, but its a great country in the making. These are the formative days and I have always said that a pound of energy counted for more there than anywhere else. From every point of view you Brandon students are to be envied. If you have the eyes to see it, our national future depends to a critical degree on the generation in which you will be the leaders of life and thought in our West.

CHESTER W. NEW.

Busy as her days are with her duties as principal of Moulton College, Toronto, Miss Whiteside has found time to send us greetings.

Heartiest greetings from Moulton and McMaster.

"Hail! Hail! Brandon forever! Hail!" was enthusiastically sung by the Moulton girls after the toast to Brandon at the last Class Tea. The toast was proposed by Miss Emma Fox, daughter of Dean Fox of London, formerly of Brandon, and responded to by Dr. New of McMaster, so recently of Brandon.

My personal greeting I send with kindest memories and eager forward-looking thoughts:—

*"In patience keep your heart!
In strength lift up your hand."*

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE.

We were very glad to have Dr. D. A. McGibbon of the University of Alberta, formerly professor of economics at Brandon College, speak to us in chapel recently. We quote his closing sentence to pass it on to those who could not be present. "I have come to feel that the great need among us to-day is for sincerity and a tolerance that arises not from indifference but from sympathy."

In the midst of his pastoral duties at Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, Evan Whidden, '21, pauses to extend

"Greetings to fellow-readers of the Quill and to Brandon College in general. We were taught in ancient days at Brandon never to use a word of whose meaning we were not certain. Can anyone define "Brandon College in general?" The old valedictory-worn question it is! I have been vainly trying to

decide just what constitutes this "thing", and though I have failed in definition I submit the following as being in part the happy and conscious recipient of greetings from any one of the Alumni.

Four grey walls and two grey towers; old friends within the walls; a playing field; an ear-splitting dinner gong; some tennis courts; a ghost of one called "Hurry" found along the halls; a ghost of one called "Loiter" in the same halls; the living breath of cabbage or beefsteak wafted through rooms and hallway; a daily chapel; a smell of the battlefields of France emerging from the laboratory, the rattling and shaking of water pipes in the midst of chapel prayers; books and lectures; hikes and "Lits"; foolish yells; those confounded examinations, and so on endlessly—just an odd bundle of past friendships, vivid memories and foolish objects of affection tied with a running cord of irresponsibility but sealed with a solemn seal of responsibility—a bundle worth a passing greeting at least."

Psychologists tell us that the faculty of forgetting is one of the greatest blessings nature has bestowed upon mankind. If that is so, Herman Olsen '22 is singularly favoured, for he could forget almost anything at any time, even to his supper! One thing, however, "Oley," who was Senior Stick in 1920-21 and who is now Pastor of the Baptist Church at Red Deer, Alberta cannot forget—the spirit of his Alma Mater, which radiates from every line of his message. He writes:

"The Christmas season has again passed. It calls to our minds the birthday of One who gave to the world a new spirit. How different life is because of what He gave to mankind! We do well to think of the manifold blessings which are ours today, the spiritual capital at our disposal and all that we would include in the term "Christian civilization." The present generation truly has received a great Christian heritage. What are the greatest blessings we possess today which have come from the hands of the past? Are they material? Are they the great inventions or the great discoveries? Are they the great advances which have been made industrially or intellectually? No! They are the forces in this world that make for a loftier and a more noble manhood and womanhood. The world's greatest possession today is its true men and its true women without which all progress is naught. Long may Brandon College live, not only as an institution of learning, but as

a Christian institution ever desirous of sending from her halls true men and noble women attuned to the spirit of Him whose birthday we have just commemorated."

INSTALLATION OF DR. WHIDDEN AT McMASTER

Brandon College was fortunate in being represented at the installation of Dr. Whidden as Chancellor of McMaster, by Rev. C. G. Stone, '21, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brandon. Mr. Stone's account of the ceremonies—which follows—will, we are sure be of great interest to our readers, especially to those who, during the years he was with us, learned to appreciate Dr. Whidden as President and as friend.

November 20th was a notable day in the history of our "parent" in Toronto, McMaster University. It was one which had special interest for all readers of the "Quill." On that day Dr. Whidden was formally installed as the new Chancellor of McMaster. It was a brilliant occasion. The ceremonies and addresses incident to them, formed the items of two impressive meetings, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Large audiences of students and friends of the University filled Castle Memorial Hall on both occasions. The spacious platform of the Hall was crowded to capacity with representatives from upwards of thirty-five colleges, universities, seminaries, Imperial, federal and provincial governments, and other institutions. It was an impressive spectacle. Such an array of gowns and hoods, representative of high station and attainment, is not seen every day even within the halls of a university.

The afternoon session witnessed the installation ceremony. It was conducted throughout by Mr. Albert Matthews, chairman of the Board of Governors and President of the Ontario and Quebec Convention of Baptists, who was assisted by Deans Gilmour and MacLay and Dr. John MacNeill. In the presence of the large company, Mr. Matthews placed in Dr. Whidden's hands the Charter of the University while he delivered the charge which entrusted to him its destinies for so long a time as he should be its Head. Dr. Whidden was then gowned with the Chancellor's robe and declared duly installed in office.

As was very fitting, at this point in the proceedings messages of good-will were read from three former Chancellors and one, which was especially well received, from the Faculty and Board of Directors of Brandon College.

A deep impression was made upon the entire audience when Rev. W. A. Cameron read with much feeling a message from eminent honorary graduates across the sea, the first name in the list of signatures being that of Dr. John Clifford, on whom McMaster conferred the degree LL.D. in 1914, and who, Mr. Cameron announced, had but that morning passed away in London, England after a long and distinguished career in the Christian Ministry.

Brief congratulatory addresses were given by a number of outstanding men, including the Lieutenant-Governor, the Acting Prime Minister of Ontario and Dr. F. W. Patterson, President of Acadia University.

The Chancellor's Inaugural address, which concluded the exercises of the afternoon, was delivered with that peculiar dignity and force which has always been characteristic of Dr. Whidden. It disclosed a mind with a broad outlook on the needs of the field of university education to-day.

In the evening a special convocation of the University was held when the new Chancellor conferred honorary degrees upon a number of men of high rank and notable achievement in the United States and Canada, no less than three of them being themselves graduates of McMaster, who since leaving the halls of their Alma Mater, had brought glory to her name by reason of conspicuous service rendered to the cause of learning in their native land and in the American Republic.

When the recipients of honorary degrees had resumed their seats, the audience was delighted with addresses from a number of the eminent visitors. Those who would be known to "Quill" readers were Rt. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir Arthur Currie, and Dr. E. Y. Mullins, of Louisville, Kentucky, President of the Baptist World Alliance.

It goes without saying, of course, that a large section of the hall was filled with college students, and that on that account at no point were the meetings allowed to drag. There were songs and vells in abundance. Acting Premier Ferguson was greeted with "How dry I am" and Dr. Mullins, when he rose to speak, was treated to a verse of "My Old Kentucky Home" while the McMaster velle rang out again and again.

Altogether it was a happy as well as memorable occasion, significant of the large place which McMaster holds among the Universities of this continent and prophetic of the bright future into which she is sure to come.

Any onlooker at these ceremonies, who happened, at the same time, to be a child of "Brandon" and therefore interested in a special way in both institutions, could not fail to receive

certain very definite impressions from the gatherings and exercises of the day. For example, it was perfectly obvious that already Dr. Whidden's genius for making contacts was coming into play. Everyone was agreed that scarcely ever before had McMaster welcomed to her halls at one time such a gathering of representative persons. Here they were from President Murray of Saskatchewan University to Dr. Mullins of Kentucky. Indeed it seemed easy that day to foresee that, that same genius, which during the last eleven years has enlisted such a large interest in our own Brandon College until it has become a household word in all of Western Canada, would soon make wider and yet wider contacts for McMaster.

Again, the occasion revealed the fact that McMaster is making no inconsiderable contribution to the cause of higher education today and that her graduates are being sought for important posts in many places.

But once more, a glance over that company was quite sufficient to make it clear that Brandon College must have a curious faculty for "grooming" members of its staff for positions of leadership. Here were to be seen that day, Miss White-side, Lady Principal of Moulton College, Dr. New, Prof. of History at McMaster; Prof. Fox, Dean of Arts, London University; Prof. Mode of Chicago Divinity School and Dr. Whidden himself. Well, we part with them somewhat grudgingly, but we're proud of them for their achievements and the fine service they render to our Country and the world. And here's to dear old Brandon. To us she's the fairest of them all.

C. G. S. '21.

A DRAMATIST AND HIS MASTERPIECE

"The Fool," by Channing Pollock, is a play worth reading. If it were possible for me to convey to you some of my interest in both the play and the dramatist I would wish to do so to that extent which would induce you to read "The Fool" for yourself.

Early in September I attended the first luncheon of the season given by the members of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. Channing Pollock was the speaker on this occasion, and having seen "The Fool" on the previous night it was with intense interest that I looked forward both to seeing and hearing the dramatist.

For ten years Mr. Pollock had the idea of "The Fool." His managers tried to discourage him in every way. Many plays written by him had been produced with great success, but this one was different, and they were afraid of it. However after innumerable difficulties had been overcome, the Selwyns consented to produce it. This example of perseverance is one to excite admiration and respect.

Mr. Pollock's keen observation, understanding of human nature, and sympathy were evidenced in his speech and appearance, as well as in his play. Although speaking to business men, he said he believed that the theatre should have an uplifting influence on the community, and that its place was beside the church and the university.

John Hayes Holmes, Pastor of the Community Church, in speaking of "The Fool" says, "I feel with great sincerity that you have written a brave, eloquent and noble play, and have fulfilled to an extraordinary degree the purpose you deliberately set before yourself of using the theatre for something other and infinitely better than mere entertainment." His opinion is corroborated by such men as Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Charles Gilson, world famous artist; Augustus Thomas, Basil King and others. A review of the play, which is the body of this article, will indicate that it deserves the recognition, "The most talked of play in America today."

* * * * *

Daniel Gilchrist is the Assistant Rector in the Church of the Nativity. He comes back from the war with the idea that, like Peter, "we all follow afar off." "What," he asks, "would happen to a man who really tried to live like Christ?" He asks the question in a church more interested in forms and follies and fashions than in its Founder. On Christmas Eve, the

beautifully dressed women in his church are trimming a tree with priceless gifts, while people are starving outside the doors.

Gilechrist gets his answer quickly. The Rector says, "It can't be done." Clare Jewett, to whom he is engaged, declares: "There is nothing more degrading than poverty." For trying to live like Christ, Gilechrist is dismissed from the Christian Church; because he loves mankind, he loves the woman he loves.

George Goodkind, a rich coal operator, employs Daniel to negotiate with his labourers. Daniel takes the job because, again, he asks himself "What would Christ do." He sends a group of the men to interview Goodkind, who tells them they have no grievances. Umanski, a gigantic Russian, replies: "I wanna see the sun. Never see him. Go to work, him not see. Come home, him gone. That cigarette box cost more than I get from swing pick thirty years."

Goodkind's son, Jerry, who is leading an evil life, and who has married Clare, tries to ruin Daniel in her eyes by accusing him of intimacy with Pearl Hennig, wife of one of the workmen. Daniel scorns to deny the accusations. Meanwhile, Clare begins to see her mistake. Jerry buys her sables but she realizes that they are a poor substitute for a husband's "love and companionship." George Goodkind too has to admit that wealth does not always bring happiness. "Sometimes," he says, "I wonder if any of us really want what we struggle so hard to get."

Hennig, fired by hatred aroused by Jerry's slander, tries to kill Gilechrist, who proves that although he can "turn the other cheek" when self-control demands, he knows how to defend himself. Hennig swears, "It may be a long time, but I'll get you."

Goodkind offers Daniel thirty thousand a year to side with him against the workmen. Daniel replies: "I don't want your kind of success! I give you back your job, as I gave you back your church."

Having failed to make his ideal of the Christ life work either in the church or in business, Daniel tries to put it into operation among the poor and needy. On the Lower East Side he establishes a combination club and mission for anyone in need of help. This place is known as "Overcoat Hall," because Daniel has so often given his own coat to men who had none. Umanski becomes a "regular" at "Overcoat Hall," and we see a man in the making. Daniel's heart goes out to a little crippled girl named Mary Margaret. The whole neighbour-

hood knows Mary Margaret and her crutches. Daniel tells her she may be healed some day if she "believes hard enough."

George Goodkind is annoyed on learning that his son's wife sometimes visits "Overcoat Hall." He knows she is unhappy, and that she still loves Daniel. Knowing too that Daniel is now almost penniless, he gives him twenty four hours to close the mission. Gilchrist declares that a greater power than he, is behind "Overcoat Hall." Almost immediately afterwards Clare appears and tells Daniel the terrible truth about her marriage to Jerry. "He has been drinking more and more," and only a few moments before has struck her with his fist. She confesses her mistake is giving up the real things of life for its tinsel. Daniel bids her go back and do her duty.

A few moments later Pearl Hennig comes to warn him that "Joe has got his gang," and means murder. Daniel refuses to be frightened and immediately the gang breaks in. Hennig screaming, "I said I'd get you, and I have," is about to spring at Daniel when Umanski appears and forces him to his knees. However, the gang is too strong to be stopped by one man, and Daniel is in great danger when he is saved by what seems to be a miracle. Mocking him, the rowdies have cried, "If you are what you say you are, give us a sign," and at this moment Mary Margaret walks.

Three months later we find Daniel in his little room above "Overcoat Hall." It is a cheap little room, cheaply furnished, but as Daniel says to Goodkind, "How many rooms do you live in at the same time?" Daniel has proved that material possessions have nothing to do with success. Almost penniless, he is still radiantly happy. Jerry, who comes to see him, is rich, but he has paid the price for his sins. He has neither love nor health nor friends nor respect. George Goodkind realizes at last that Daniel's way, the imitation of Christ is not only good morals, but is good sense and good business. He asks Daniel to become General Manager of the mines, but he refuses saying, "My work is here."

And so, at last, on a Christmas Eve as simple and happy as the Christmas Eve in the church was ornate and cruel, we find Daniel in his little room standing with Mary Margaret, looking out at the blue night sky. "Oh! Mr. Gilchrist," Mary Margaret asks, "Is that the Star of Bethlehem?" And Daniel, feeling that perhaps the spirit of Jesus is returning to the world replies, "I wonder."

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Perhaps there is no spot in England that holds a keener interest for the average person than Stratford-upon-Avon. This quaint old beauty-spot is situated in the centre of England's most charming rural district. Beauty of nature is on every side—the charm and quiet of the scene have left their imprint upon the dwellers of the place.

People seem to come to Stratford in holiday mood—and could there be found a spot where there is greater real enjoyment. We happened to arrive in Stratford the first week-end in August and this being "Bank Holiday" the town was simply thronged with visitors on pleasure bent. As we crossed the river to our hotel we could see the bright lights of the Boat Club where the pleasure-seekers were making merry with music and dancing.

On going out next morning we met scores of young people off for the pleasures that the place afforded, young men in white flannels and girls winsome in their pretty summer frocks. And such a diversity of amusements—almost every form of outdoor sport, tennis, golf, bowling and boating. Every kind of boat possible may be had on the Avon, canoes, row boats, motor launches and punts—quite a new thing to a westerner, but so restful as you are languidly pushed along by means of a long pole. No one is ever in a hurry.

But it is not the amusements which Stratford affords that most attract the visitor. For the past three hundred years people have been going to Stratford as to a shrine—and indeed is it not right that we should hold in reverence the place that inspired such lines as

“——the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

Have not these woods and streams been the means of lending many a thought to our greatest of all English writers, for we are assured that Shakespeare spent many an hour in deep contemplation on the banks of his own loved Avon.

After visiting Stratford one sees in Shakespeare more of a man and less of an idea. Here we visited the school where he received his education and saw his desk, very much carved and disfigured as seems to have been the way with school desks since their beginning. The school is still used for academic purposes and I am sure the boys who attend it must feel the

influence of Shakespeare, for his spirit pervades the atmosphere. The home of Shakespeare's father has been converted into a museum which contains the best collection of Shakespearean relics extant. Here we see the earliest copies of the plays—printed in his own time—and the folios of his works. A garden in which grows every flower mentioned in his plays surrounds the house.

A walk of about a mile brings us to the hamlet of Shottery. Here, much as it was in the days when Shakespeare came to pay court to the one he loved, stands Ann Hathaway's cottage. Until fourteen years ago it was occupied by the Hathaway family. It is very quaint and picturesque — being literally buried in vines and flowers—and is filled with many interesting relics of the past three hundred years.

From Shottery we went to "New Place" where Shakespeare spent the years of his retirement in Stratford. Unfortunately the house has been burned and only a garden now remains to mark the place where he spent the happiest years of his life and where some of his finest works were produced. In this garden is a famous mulberry tree planted by the great poet himself.

There are many interesting things in Stratford other than those connected with Shakespeare's life—such as Marie Corelli's home, the old chapel and the interesting old book shops, but time will not permit me to consider these. But I must take a moment to mention the English Speaking Union. This organization consists of the leading men and women of Stratford, who are interested in furthering kindly relations between the English-speaking nations of the world. Their further aim is to make Stratford-upon-Avon a world centre for the Shakespearean productions. The "Union" has a very modest club room which affords a central meeting place for a social hour or tea, as well as for business meetings. If you ever visit Stratford don't fail to call there, you will be given a hearty welcome.

This article would be very far from complete if I were to omit mention of the Shakespearean Festival that takes place during July and August. For eight performances each week, the "New Shakespearean Company" plays to audiences from far and near. They are truly a noble band of players, who are endeavoring to keep alive the high standard that Shakespeare has established for the drama. It is rumoured that they are coming to Canada this winter. I trust this is true and that Canada may benefit in no small way from their talent and earnest endeavour.

I will mention just one more historic spot, Holy Trinity Church, the last resting place of the Great Dramatist. Here in the chancel the grave of the greatest figure in English letters is marked by his own words,

“Good friend for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

One leaves Stratford-upon-Avon with regret and a strong feeling that it was indeed good to have been there. The very atmosphere is permeated with tranquility and peace. The spirit of Shakespeare is everywhere and one’s love for the great poet cannot fail to become more real and true. With such an intimate knowledge of the surroundings that have been his, one ceases to wonder that he believed in the influence of nature on the mind of man.

E. J. S. ’13.

TODAY

(*Carlyle*)

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born:
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

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Several of our contemporaries have recently commented editorially on the laxity of their respective student bodies with regard to the observation and enforcement of their constitutions. The last issue to hand of the *Acadia Athenaeum* in particular contains a very pertinent article—extracts from which are printed in our Latitude and Longitude column—concerning it. We would call the especial attention of our own students to this article, since it is very relevant to us at this juncture.

It is a deplorable fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the majority of the student body has little knowledge of, and less interest in, the rules and regulations by which the various student organizations are governed.

This state of affairs is no new thing, the chaotic condition of our constitutions prior to their revision last spring bore eloquent testimony to the apathetic attitude of former student bodies toward the administration of their affairs. But the fact that others have carried on their business in a haphazard manner is no reason why we should perpetuate the system—if such a manifest lack of method can be termed a system. Not only are we exposing ourselves as an organization to possible grave consequences by so doing, but we are depriving ourselves individually of a vital part of our education. After all, what is education? Four years in college? Twenty-six majors? The privilege of appending certain letters to one's name? These are merely phases of it. We are truly educated only in proportion as we are fitted to take our place in the affairs of the world, and to hold our own there. And how can one who has not the vaguest notion of constitutional procedure hope to accomplish anything in the ordered business or social worlds? Every organization of note, be it a business concern, labour union, social or athletic club or what not, has its constitution or code of rules, to which it rigidly adheres in conducting its business. Everyone of us must, in the natural course of events, sooner or later become associated with some such organization, and it will be expected of us as college graduates—and rightly so—that we take an active and intelligent part in its affairs, obviously an impossibility if our training has been the exact opposite. Our college life affords us an excellent opportunity of acquiring at least a general knowledge of correct procedure, we owe it to ourselves and to our future associates to avail ourselves of it.

As we have indicated, our constitutions were revised and practically re-drafted last spring, a course rendered necessary by the hopeless confusion and inadequacy of those then existing. A repetition of this is highly undesirable, and provisions aiming at its prevention were inserted in the new constitutions. These, however, will avail nothing unless they are rigorously observed by all concerned. Steps should be taken at the beginning of each college year to ensure that every student be provided with a copy of the constitutions book, and that the members of the executive are thoroughly conversant with the rules laid down therein.

We publish in this issue greetings from several of our ex-faculty members and contributions from a number of our graduates. We are glad to have had such a hearty response to our invitation, it is indicative of the fact that our boasted

“Brandon College spirit” is not a fiction of our imaginations, but is a vital reality; it is tangible proof that Brandon College is “carrying on” in an ever-widening sphere of influence.

In our next number we hope to include articles from other members of the Alumni. We do not, however, wish to make it an exclusively Alumni number. On the contrary, we are desirous that the present student-body be well represented in its Literary section. We do not know what “mute inglorious Miltons” we may have in our midst, and we have neither time nor inclination to interview personally every member of the student-body. We shall however, be very glad to receive contributions from any who may desire to submit them.

MY NEW YEAR PRAYER

To worship God with bowed and reverent head;
To eat with thankfulness my daily bread:
To guard the cleanness of my thoughts, and keep
My body strong to serve; to work—not weep—
When argosies, whose bottoms hold my hopes,
Are lost: to build new ships from sea-soaked ropes,
And battered planks, and drifting wreckage—launch.
In these, new ventures and fresh hopes: to staunch
The bleeding heart of pain: to comfort those
Whose joy of life is darkened by the woes
That somber sorrow sheds: to shun all strife
For pelf and place: to consecrate my life
To noble deeds; to live and love; to bear
Some brother’s load—this is my New Year Prayer.

William Perry Eveland.



HOWARD UMPIREY '25.

ENGLISH CLUB

Perhaps the least conspicuous, but certainly not the least important of our College organizations is the "English Club." Good literature is one of the most broadening of influences and to those fortunate enough to hold membership in the club every opportunity is afforded for developing literary taste.

Saturday afternoon November 17th the members of the Club were guests at the home of the Honorary President Mrs. Wilkins. The subject of study for the year is the "Novel" and those studied at this meeting were George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native." Interesting and instructive papers were read by Edythe Ball and Maria Grant. They prefaced their analysis of these novels with brief biographies of the novelists. Following the reading of the papers, the authors and their style and technique were discussed and extracts read from both novels.

Realizing that intellectual food is not always entirely satisfying Mrs. Wilkins very kindly provided for the physical needs and the tea hour was pleasantly and profitably passed in enjoying the dainty refreshments served and in relating and discussing current literary events.

The success of the first meeting augurs well for the remainder of the year.

The following are the officers for 1923-24.

Honorary President	Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins
President	Marjorie McKenzie
Vice-President	Maria Grant
Secretary-Treasurer	Clarence Cole
Program Convenor	Lillian Edmison
Social Convenor	Edythe Ball

DEBATE

The debate on Friday night November 23rd was of special interest to students and faculty alike. The proposition: "Resolved that the small college or university affords a better opportunity for an education for life than does the large college or university" was upheld by Dr. Stewart and Miss Marjorie McKenzie, while Dr. MacNeill and Miss Anna Hornfeldt supported the negative.

One of the very interesting features of debating is the spirit of good-fellowship to which it is conducive. We were made conscious of this fact as Dr. MacNeill and Dr. Stewart so good-naturedly and enthusiastically defended their respective sides.

The decision of the judges was in favor of the affirmative. The points taken into consideration were: voice, enunciation, gesture, content and English.

THE BAZAAR

The bazaar has come to be an annual institution. During the war the proceeds were used for Xmas parcels for the soldiers: those of '19, '20 and '21, were given to the Memorial Gymnasium Fund and as a result of last year's bazaar and the one just successfully closed, a fund has been created to help equip a hospital ward for the boys.

This year's bazaar with only the usual two weeks preparation netted \$296.25. It meant hard work and no small sacrifice on the part of some, but everybody feels that the results repaid the efforts put forth.

In previous years bazaar work was considered girls' work and the boys thought they did their duty when they came on the final day and bought as many of the articles as they could. This year, while they did their full duty in the buying of articles they also made articles and collected articles—do not ask how—and in various ways so spent their energies that the monetary returns from their efforts were more than double those of last year.

Nurse Fielder and Resident Master Evans are wisely spending the fund and the hospital ward will soon be sufficiently equipped to offer adequate accommodation should the need arise.

Our sincere thanks to all who in any way helped on the bazaar!

ARTS '24 DINNER

The formal dinner tendered the Graduating Class by Dr. and Mrs. Sweet at their home on the evening of Tuesday, December eleventh, will be looked back upon in post-College days by the members of Class '24 as one of the prominent links in their chain of happy memories.

Dinner was served at tables prettily decorated and suggestive of the Xmas season. Following dinner the merry group enjoyed a delightful hour with music and in listening to those very interesting stories which only Prof. Dadson, Honorary President of the Class, can tell. Shortly before eleven, "Hail Our College," "Hippi Skippi" and Class '24 yell brought a very delightful evening to a close.

ARTS '24 LIT

The supreme programme of the Literary Society was the occasion of the theatrical debut of Class '24, on Friday evening, November 16th. The chapel was filled to capacity with an eager and expectant crowd, for where was the student whose curiosity had not been aroused by the long hours of practice, conducted behind closed doors? But "fools who came to scoff remained to pray."

The programme opened with a stately rendering of the class song by the class, "arrayed in garments fit, with cap and gown." Mixed choruses were then given by persons who were surely much too rustic to belong to Class '24! But no, the faces above the overalls and bandannas and gingham pinafores did look familiar, and the songs were certainly given in a manner worthy of recognition. Mr. Dadson, Honorary President of the class then contributed his part to the programme giving a delightful address on "Books, and How to Develop our Personal Library." But this "class of great renown" was not limited to the sphere of the intelligent, for the mere dropping and raising of the curtain produced the most uncivilized and romantic looking gypsies to be desired and, seated about a glowing campfire, the girls of the class sang several gypsy choruses. "The Whole Truth" was the name of the sketch which came next on the programme and the various characters were humorously portrayed by the coming "Booths and Bernhardtts of the class."

A band of coal-black "cull'ud gen'lmen" then took charge of things and it was the turn of the men of the class to display

their talent. Though some hasty members of the company had a strip in the back of their necks which showed amazingly white, all rolled their eyes, hymn notes and dice in a true darky manner which contradicted any trace whatever of white blood. "Brudder Church" assisted by "Brudder Stordy" on the banjo, conducted the services and through his eloquent delivery and forceful truths did much to help many a faltering Brandon Collegian along the upward paths to glory.

The programme was closed very appropriately with the class yell given by the entire class.

ARTS '25

*Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!*

Judging from the melodious strains which wafted from the general direction of Clark Hall during the afternoon of November 27th, the uninformed passer-by would probably have thought that the Music Department had included popular seasonal songs in its curriculum. Such however was not the case. The reason for the unusual levity was the fact that Class '25, taking advantage of the excellent weather conditions, had decided to forego more intellectual entertainment for the pleasure of a sleighing party and the girls of the class were overhauling their repertoire along with the other necessary adjuncts to such an occasion.

Promptly at seven o'clock the boys gathered in Clark Hall, and after the usual hour's wait for the girls the party set out on its tour in a "two-horse" sleigh.

After having entertained the townfolk for a couple of hours with the usual antics and medley of song—accumulating in the process a liberal quantity of snow and a healthy appetite—the party arrived at Dr. Sweet's door, announcing its arrival with a vigorous Hippi Skippi. Quite undismayed by the general dishevel, Mrs. Sweet made everyone welcome. A very pleasant half-hour was spent in singing the old songs, Don Freeman and Kathleen Kenner engaging in the engrossing task of solving a string puzzle the while. The appearance on the scene, however, of the generous supply of good things that Mrs. Sweet had provided for the refreshment of the inner man—and girl—put an end to their labours, and the whole group joined in an earnest, but unsuccessful attempt to demolish the piles of "eats."

Class '25 will long cherish the memory of its first visit to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Sweet. That they have a full measure of the real Brandon College spirit was evident to all. It was with regret that the members of the party bade "Good Night" to their host and hostess, resolving to avail themselves in the very near future of the invitation to "Come again, at anytime."

ARTS '27

On November 7th at 4.15 an eager, expectant party of Arts '27 students set out on their first hike of the year, chaperoned by Miss Johnston and Mr. Crocker.

A brisk walk in the crisp November air sent the blood tingling through the veins and by the time Syke's wood was reached the party was ready for fun and frolic.

French tag and other invigorating games served not only to develop a friendly class spirit but to create a healthy appetite, and at the end of half an hour the invitation to gather round the camp fire was responded to with alacrity. Large quantities of toasted wieners, buns, pies, doughnuts, coffee and apples were consumed and even the hungriest member of the class was satisfied.

Mr. Crocker then led a short but hearty sing song, after which we wended our way homeward

The gala event of the term, Arts '27 function, took the form of a theatre party followed by a banquet in the College dining room.

The class assembled in Clark Hall and by seven o'clock were on the way to the Strand Theatre, where seats had been reserved. As usual our chaperones, Miss Moffat and Mr. Crocker were the last to arrive and were forced to do penance for their tardiness by sitting in the side seats.

Upon our return to the College, we were entertained in the reception room by two of our pianists, while final touches were being made in the banquet hall. Soon word was given that the feast was ready, and we adjourned to the dining room where the table decorations were effectively carried out in the class colors, black and gold. The full course dinner was very capably served by six young men from Brandon College.

The committee are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the varied program, which consisted of toasts, songs and

readings. A noteworthy feature was a delightful selection by the '27 quartette, Miss Clement, Miss Willey, Mr. Lousely and Mr. Dennison. Owing to the lateness of the hour it was found necessary to omit the last few numbers, and an enjoyable evening was brought to a close by giving three hearty cheers for our honorary president, Mr. Crocker.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

What could have happened? Was it fairies, or magic, or witches? The transformation had taken place so quickly that one could not but question the cause. It all seemed to have originated from an invitation given in Chapel on November 2nd which ran something like this:

Hush! Tonight at eight o'clock
All the witches in a flock
Will hold conference in Clark Hall,
And invite you one and all.
Come, and wear your oldest clothes
What may happen, no one knows.

In consequence, even the most sedate appeared in the College halls that evening quite elated and carefree. On every hand were to be seen children—large and small; old maids and young bachelors; gypsies and mediaeval cavaliers; a retired officer from Africa's burning sands; an Indian trapper from Norway House—in short, the most cosmopolitan crowd that ever assembled in Clark Hall.

After so many surprising transformations, no one felt quite sure as to what would come next, and it was with wondering expectancy that the happy throng trooped downstairs to the darkened dining-room. Screams from those who entered first warned us that this was no gentle fairy-land, but rather a grim region of departed shades. After having passed through several nerve-wracking ordeals, everyone huddled in one corner of the room. Here one daring youth, groping in the Stygian blackness discovered an apple suspended by a string, and the terrors of the darkness vanished in the general search for more. Soon the lights were flashed on and games were indulged in for a short time, after which small parties were formed, some of which proceeded to the fortune-telling booths, some to the "House of Wonders" and some to dive for apples. Supper was then served and afterwards the lights were switched off and in the eerie gleam of the firelight we listened to the story of how "John worked and worked and worked to buy a wooden leg."

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But Alas! these good times could not go on forever. The witches had ordained that on the stroke of eleven everyone should assume his or her own personality. Therefore on the chord of "Hail our College" the charm was broken, and it was a group of students who rose, and enthusiastically sang the College song.

ACADEMY FUNCTION

After much deliberation by the Functions Committee and the members of the Academic executive it was decided to hold our function on Tuesday, November 6th.

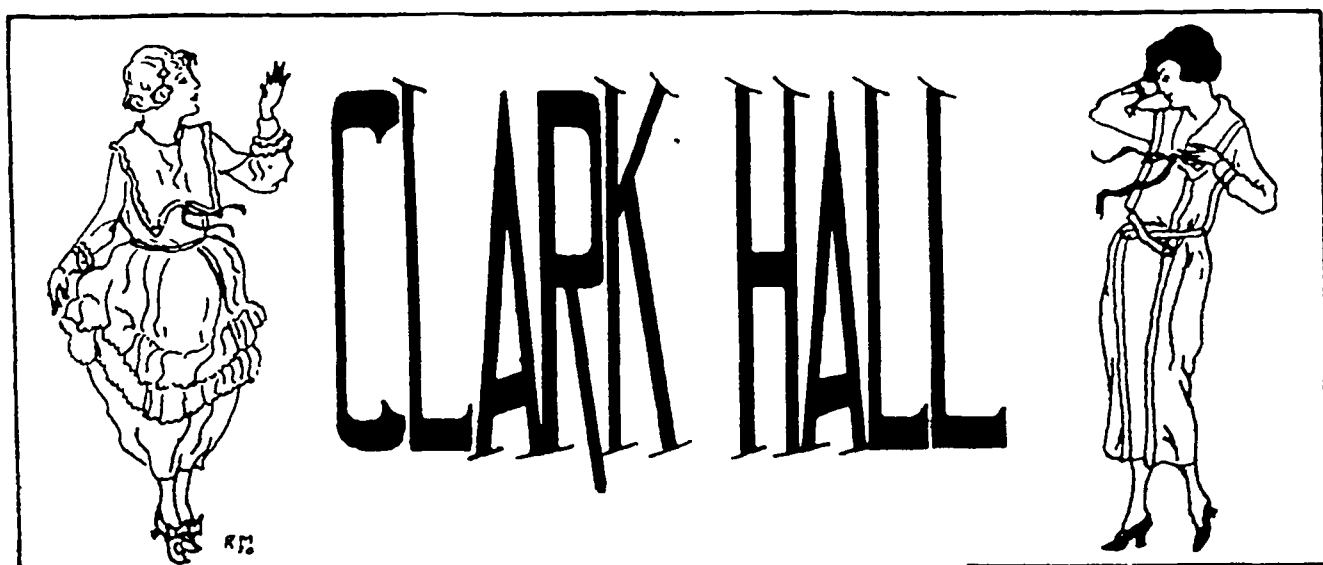
The weather proved excellent, and by four-thirty the entire group had assembled in front of Clark Hall. The eatables were produced and entrusted to the care of Freddie Sweet who had volunteered his car for the purpose of conveying them to the Iron Bridge. At last everyone was ready and we set out on our tramp with Miss Johnston and Mr. Crocker in the lead.

Arriving at the Iron Bridge we found that the preparations for supper were well advanced. Freddie had arrived with his load intact, a fire was burning briskly, and Art McLeod and Jack Dunkin, we were told, had been despatched for water. We began at once to prepare supper and soon everything was ready but for one thing—the boys had not returned with water for the coffee. Finally hunger compelled us to begin without them. Just as we were finishing the last scraps they returned. As might be expected, they made excuses for their prolonged absence, and succeeded in convincing us that their delay had been unavoidable. Imagine our surprise on learning a short time later that they had stopped to play marbles with some little boys in the flats.

After supper we sat around the camp fire and indulged in a sing song led by Mr. Crocker and Allan Lee. But the hour was growing late so "Hail our College" and "Hippi Skippi" were rendered in true Academic style, after which we began the homeward journey, arriving shortly before the magic hour of seven. To round out the evening certain members of the class went to see "If Winter Comes," while the more studious stayed at home to pursue the pleasant paths of knowledge.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
 But more of reverence in us dwell,
 That mind and soul, according well
 Make one music as before."

—Tennyson.



MARGARET EAKER '26.

*"Of all the seasons of the year,
The one to each and all most dear
Is Christmas, Joyful Christmas."*

—Selected.

Now that Xmas is drawing near, Clark Hall has put aside all frivolous pastimes and has settled down to steady work. Exams are looming up in the distance, and many wise maidens are keeping their lamps burning both at midnight and dawn. Others are devoting much time and thought to various articles of needlecraft. Large sized silk handkerchiefs are somewhat in evidence; and even seem to find favor in the eyes of the President of the Girl's S.C.M. Xmas is indeed a busy time, but also a merry one, and we wish you, one and all, the Merriest of Xmas's and the Happiest of New Years.

SOCIAL NEWS

On Thursday, December 6th, between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, the Clark Hall reception room was the scene of a merry Birthday party.

Those present were the resident students of Class '25, Miss Johnston and Miss Rose Vasey, the room-mate of the guest of honor, Miss Kathleen Kenner.

Games and songs were enjoyed "until the water boiled," then a most delicious lunch, which had been provided by Mrs. Kenner, was served and very much enjoyed by all, who for the last three hours had been feasting at the table of knowledge, which after all is not very satisfying to the inner man.

Kathleen was the recipient of many pretty and useful gifts which were brought in and presented by little Mary Macdonald.

Clark Hall Reception Room, on the afternoon of Sunday, December sixteenth, presented a very pretty scene with its Xmas bells, sprays of evergreen here and there, and lighted candles. It was the occasion of the resident girl's annual Xmas tea in honour of the "outside girls." A programme of Xmas music was enjoyed, at the conclusion of which dainty refreshments were served.

On November 30th, Miss Marguerite Sexton entertained the B. D. 7 Club at six o'clock dinner, the occasion being her birthday. Miss Marjorie Wellwood was an outside guest. All the B. D. 7s appeared in the dining room in high spirits and ready to participate in the festive occasion.

The head of the table discovered that the art of carving required both time and practice. Aside from that, and the delay caused by the observance of Friday evening Vespers, the party proceeded joyously until nearly seven o'clock.

SONG WHICH ARE HEARD NOWADAYS

Maria—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Ada—"Love's Old Sweet Song."

Essie—"Oh! Hear Them Bells Aringin'."

Freddy Westcott—"I Love Me."

Marguerite—"Oh How I Want You, Dear Old Pal of Mine."

Norma—"Stony Broke."

Stan. Elson—"Oh Hel-oh Hel-Oh Helen."

Rose—"Oh Gee, oh gosh, oh golly, I'm in Love."

Teddy—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Marge Wiseman—"The Perfect Kiss."

Art. McPherson—"When You Look in the Heart of a Rose."

Margareta—What are you thinking about?

Flora—Why, how did you know I was thinking?

Margareta—I saw an unusual expression on your face.

LILIAN HODGE'S FAVORITE SAYING

"While we live, let's live in clover.

For when we're dead.—we're dead all over."

ALUMNI ALUMNAE

MISS J. M. TURNBULL '15.

—'23. Mr. E. J. King is registered at McMaster University, Toronto.

Miss E. Deathe is on the collegiate staff in Swift Current, Sask.

Miss M. Leith is teaching in Brandon.

—'22. Mr. R. Cresswell is doing post-graduate work in philosophy at Cornell University.

Miss F. Kennedy is teaching in the high school in Rivers, Man.

Miss Velma Johnson is on the Brandon Public School staff.

Miss Alma Londry is assistant in the high school in Hamiota, Man.

—'21. Miss B. Clendenning is on the High School staff in Fort Francis, Ontario.

—Rev. C. G. Stone, who was granted six months leave of absence by the First Baptist Church, Brandon, is continuing his theological work at Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, New York, and at the same time is serving as the acting pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church in that city.

Miss Harriet Hall is teaching in the collegiate in Swift Current, Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Nordlund are residing in Brandon where the former is teaching in the Collegiate.

—'19. Miss I. F. Cumming is teaching in St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg.

Mr. L. A. Glinz sailed early in August for Chang Sha, Honan, China, where he had accepted a position on the faculty of the College of Yale.

Grantham-Struthers. On June 30th in Christ Church, Cranbrook, B.C. Madge L. Struthers was married to E. Norman

Grantham. Mr. and Mrs. Grantham are residing in Swift Current, Sask.

Dr. J. G. Grant is one of the interne doctors at Brandon General Hospital.

—'18. Miss G. Whidden is attending the faculty of education, University of Toronto, Toronto.

—'16. The following extract from a letter written by Dr. H. P. Whidden in September on board the "Montclare," as he was returning to Canada after a summer abroad, will be of interest to every Alumnus: "You may care to know that I had "tea" with Rev. F. R. Noble and Mrs. and Baby Noble at 28 The Drive, High Barnet, Herts, England, and "supper" with Victor and Mrs. Coen and Master Coen (who greeted me when we shook hands with "Hippy S(th)kippy!" at their new bungalow home, "Mount Vernon," Manor Way, Purley, Surrey."

—'15. Rev. and Mrs. O. U. Chapman are living in Windsor, Ont. where the former is pastor of the Baptist Church.

Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Nordlund and family of Sharon, Mass., paid a brief visit to Brandon in August to renew college friendships, on their way home from a six week's vacation in the Rocky Mountains.

—'14. Bowen-Johnson. On November 10th in the First Methodist Church, Brandon, Kathleen A. Johnson was married to George J. Bowen, of Winnipeg.

—'13. Miss E. J. Simpson of the Regina Collegiate staff spent a very happy summer abroad visiting the British Isles and France.

Rev. and Mrs. R. Harvey are now living in Roblin, Man. where the former has accepted a pastorate.

Miss Louise Wright is dietitian in St. Luke's Hospital, Boise, Idaho.

Rev. P. Cundy began his duties as pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Winnipeg, on August 1st.

Prof. E. W. Parsons of Rochester Theological Seminary, formerly on the faculty of Brandon College, sailed from New York on Nov. 24, with Mrs. Parsons, for the South of France. Later Dr. and Mrs. Parsons will visit England and Scotland and will return to America in June. It is expected that the prolonged rest will restore Prof. Parsons to complete health and vigor.



GORDON BROWNRIDGE '26.

Though it's term of office is nearly half over, we beg leave to introduce the Men's Athletic Executive for the year 1923-24.

Hon. President	Prof. J. R. C. Evans
President	Mr. L. G. Dorrett
Faculty Rep.	Mr. L. J. Crocker
Vice-President	A. Stade
Secretary-Treasurer	F. R. Van Schaik
Tennis	J. Thompson
Football	R. O. Shuttleworth
Hockey	A. McLeod
Field Track	M. Weisbrod

The executive has already done good work. Our outdoor rink is being prepared as rapidly as possible. We trust that all the members of the association will make the best use possible of it.

It matters not if you do not skate, but be sure to get outside for some good wholesome recreation. If you don't skate, toboggan; if neither of these appeals to you go out simply for a plain, common old hike, and if you don't want to hike go for a sleigh ride. We should all make the most of our Canadian winters and we are offered, through our college, a chance to take part in our great winter pastimes. Get out in God's great outdoors and really live.

BASKETBALL

Basketball promises to have a great year in Brandon College. The boy's teams in both the Intermediate and Senior divisions have succeeded in lining up aggressive quintettes and with further practice and coaching in team work and shooting, will be worthy representatives of our institution.

Our intermediate team has plenty of good material but so far have lacked team play and shooting ability. They have lost the three games played to date but we are looking for much better things from them in the future.

Under the captaincy of Les Dorrett and with Dr. Evans as coach our senior team is fast getting its rough edges worn off, and is showing better form and speed at every exhibition. In their first game the Shamrocks put it over them rather badly with a score of 41-21. The following week our boys defeated the Tigers 41-17 and on November 28th turned the tables on the Shamrocks with a score of 37-24. They outplayed their rivals in every phase of the game, "Scat" McDorman and Warren Gayton gaining the large share of the points.

We were very glad to see such a large crowd of enthusiastic backers at our last function. Let us get behind the teams and give them our support and help them to bring the Cornell cup home to Alma Mater.

FOOTBALL

The opening of the 1923-24 College year found many football enthusiasts signing the register of Brandon College. We were favoured with wonderful weather, but there was not much football played until after Field Day. On account of this being postponed, the Inter-Department schedule was delayed for a week.

The first game, between Senior and Junior Arts, resulted in a 2-0 win for the Seniors. However, had it not been for Art McLeod, a Hashite, who was on their line-up they would probably have fared differently.

In the next game Senior Arts were arrayed against Hash. The latter were rather fearful lest they suffer the same fate as the Juniors, and the resulting victory for the Seniors showed that their fears were well grounded.

Junior Arts and Hash opposed each other in the third game of the series. Juniors were "out for gore" and their attack proved too strong for Hash, who again went down to defeat.

The addition of Warren Gayton to their team, inspired them with fresh hope however, and in the fourth game they put an end to the Seniors winning streak by defeating them. Emboldened by this victory, they faced Junior Arts with confidence, but were only able to hold them to a draw.

The last and crucial game of the series was played between Senior and Junior Arts. Each team was confident of

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winning the game and the honors of the series, and a fast game resulted. The Juniors proved to be the better team, winning by 4-2. They are to be complimented on the splendid manner in which they came from behind and won the series.

The schedule having been completed, a game with the Collegiate team was arranged and was played on the campus. The game was fast and interesting, with the College having a decided edge on the play, especially in the second half. The Collegiate scored in the first half, and the College thro a fine play by Dennison, evened the score in the second half. For the greater part of this period play was confined to the Collegiate territory, but poor shooting and lack of finish robbed us of a well-deserved victory. A return game was rendered impossible by snow, but we are hoping to play it in the spring.

We are glad to see so many of the Freshmen getting into the game. Our ranks have been strengthened considerably by Warren and Joe Gayton and Allan Lee—three British Columbians—who have proved themselves worthy of their places on their respective teams. Lorne Dennison and Leslie Geddes have done very good work, and "Dinky" Derby is proving himself a worthy successor to Alec.

The keen interest evinced both by the old students and freshmen this Fall augurs well for the game in the coming season.

HOCKEY

The weather this year has been unusually mild and consequently with December at hand and Christmas very near there has been no time for hockey. We hope however that we will soon be able to get the blades out and try them on our college rink.

We hope that more inter-class hockey can be played this year than last. We know of nothing that promotes class spirit more than a keenly contested hockey match. We feel sure that Senior Arts with "Stone-wall" Gillesby in goal would meet all comers. Likewise Junior Arts with the "Parson" as pivot man of the team must have high aspirations for the inter-class championship.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

MARY MACDONALD '25.

The tennis tournament made good headway until the week before Thanksgiving, when wet weather and holiday prospects

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combined to rob the girls of their enthusiasm for tennis. After the holiday the tournament was resumed, but the first snow found it still in the semi-finals. The deciding games will be played in the spring.

BASKETBALL

The City Basket Ball League, comprising the Collegiate, Normal and College teams has been organised. Three games have been played to date.

NOVEMBER 7th

Owing to the fact that the game of November 7th was not classed as a function very few supporters of the college were present to cheer the girls on their first appearance on the floor.

The game was a hard fight from start to finish. The Collegiate girls, although on the whole smaller than the College girls were very speedy. Some splendid shooting was done on both sides. The score at the end of the first period was 12-8 in favour of the Collegiate.

The second half of the game was no less exciting. Many times the ball passed from end to end of the floor only to evade the basket entirely. The Collegiate led by two baskets at the end of the game, the score being 28-24.

NOVEMBER 14th

This game being a function, a large number of College supporters crowded the rails of the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium on November 14th. The first half of this game, though closely contested, was a trifle slower than basket-ball games usually are. The score at the end of the period was 8-5 in favour of the College. The second period saw considerably faster play on both sides. Much hard work was done and the score did not mount very rapidly. The game ended with the score 17-12 in favour of the College.

NOVEMBER 28th

In the third game of the series we were again opposed by the Collegiate. The College team scored the first two baskets almost immediately. Then the Collegiate with two baskets and a free throw managed to pass the College score. All through the first period each side found it impossible to lead the other by more than one point, and at the intermission the score was 12-11 in favour of the Collegiate.

The tide of luck in the game turned against us when the Collegiate made the first basket in the second period. From that time the score mounted more rapidly for our opponents than for us although our girls played a strenuous game, the final score being 26-17 for the Collegiate.

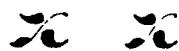
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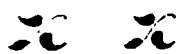


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LATITUDE & LONGITUDE

MARGARET KILGOUR '26.

Rudyard Kipling's Rectorial Address on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University in succession to Sir James Barrie was a striking call to independence to the youth of today. Mere quotations from his address of necessity fail to do adequate justice to it, but his spirit at least may be caught.

"Independence means, 'Let every herring hang by it's own head.' It signifies the blessed state of hanging on to as few persons and things as possible, and leads up to the singular privilege of a man owning himself. The desire for independence has been, up to the present, an ineradicable human instinct, antedating even the social instinct." Mr. Kipling then goes on to speak of the increasing difficulties in the path of those who desire the uncompromising individuality he prizes so highly. "Should any of you care to own yourselves on these lines, your insurance ought to be affected in those first ten years of a man's life when he is neither seen nor heard. This is the period—one mostly spends it in lodgings alone—that corresponds to the time when man in the making began to realize that he was himself and not another."

"The initial payments on the policy of one's independence, then, must be financed, by no means for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith towards one self, primarily out of the drinks that one does not too continuously take; the maidens in whom one does not too extravagantly rejoice; the entertainments that one does not too systematically attend or conduct; the transportation one does not too magnificently employ; the bets one does not too generally place; and the objects and beauty and desire that one does not too generously buy. Secondly, those reviews can be added to by extra work undertaken at hours before or after one's regular work, when one

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would infinitely rather rest or play. That involves the question of how far you can drive yourself without breaking down, and if you do break down, how soon you can recover and carry on again. This is for you to judge, and to act accordingly.

"No one regrets—no one has regretted—more than I that these should be the terms of the policy. It would better suit the spirit of the age if personal independence could be guaranteed for all by some form of co-ordinated action combined with public assistance and so forth. Unfortunately there are still a few things in this world that a man must manage for himself; his own independence is one of them; and the obscure, repeated shifts and contrivances and abstentions necessary to the manufacture of it are too personal and intimate to expose to the inspection of any Department, however sympathetic.

"After all, yourself is the only person you can by no possibility get away from in this life, and maybe in another. It is worth a little pains and money to do good to him. For it is he, and not our derivatively calculated minds or our induced emotions, who preserves in us the undefeated senior instinct of independence."

A recent editorial in the *Acadia Athenaeum* on the success of student government as carried on in Acadia University should be of special interest to all those concerned in its progress in Brandon College. The editor comments on the great success of the venture, but goes on to give some very practical advice to those whom—though not actually engaged in carrying it out—it concerns.

"It is a system that has infinite possibilities of benefit for all concerned..... but until the majority of students realize this not a great deal can be done either through it or for it, for co-operation is its foundation, and a few champions, however ardent they may be, cannot work wonders alone.

"First of all let us remember that our various constitutions are not the creations of some external body, but were made by us, those at present in force having been drawn up while many of us were in college. For this reason they include only such rules and provisions as seem to us students necessary or advisable, and were put in such form as to make them as fair and workable as we could. Since, then, these are the best that we can make wherein is the reason for dodging or evading or endlessly criticizing the rules that we have put on ourselves?"

"Conditions change of course, though not with lightning rapidity, but when changed conditions have made any rule unworkable the reasonable thing to do is to change it or do away

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with it altogether, not, as least, to evade it or occasionally enforce it. A constitution, to be a living thing, must be up-to-date and practical."

An extract from an editorial "Why Study?" in the McGill Daily seems to express a universal feeling, and is calculated to make us pause a moment to consider just what our attitude toward college life is.

"The best students often when they leave college state that the college activities were the bigger part of their college education..... Such statements become ridiculous in the face of facts. When educators from the farthest reaches of the country produce statistics of a striking similarity to the effect that it is the student who studies in college who succeeds in after life, the man who stands high in his class who attains a position of prominence in the world of affairs, one can realize and then only that it is how well we apply ourselves to the main objective that determines the degree of our success."

TODAY !

With every rising of the sun
 Think of your life as just begun.
 The past has cancelled and buried deep
 All yesterdays. There let them sleep.
 Concern yourself with but To-day.
 Grasp it and teach it to obey
 Your will and plan. Since time began
 To-day has been the friend of man.
 You and to-day! A soul sublime
 And the great heritage of time.
 With God himself to bind the twain
 Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!

The following publications have been received, and are thankfully acknowledged: *Vox Wesleyana*, *Acadia Athenæum*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Argosy Weekly*, *The Campus*, *Western U Gazette*.

Annual College Play

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 2. "The Florist Shop"
 3. "The Knave of Hearts"
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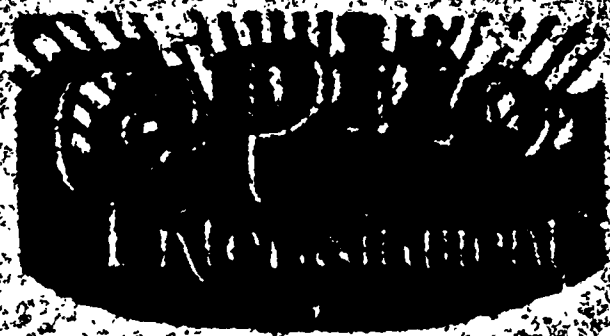
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