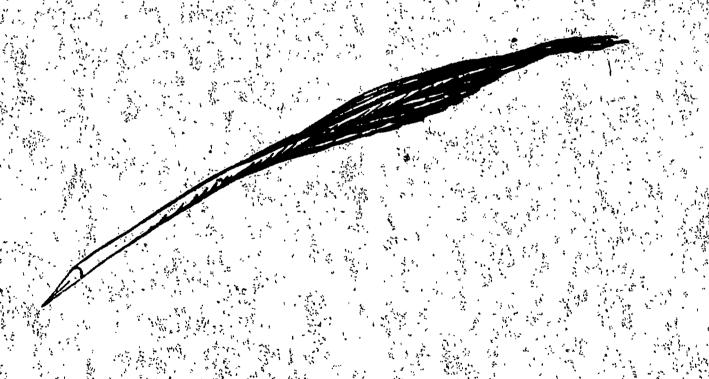
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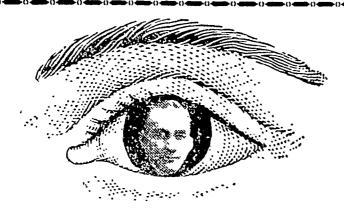
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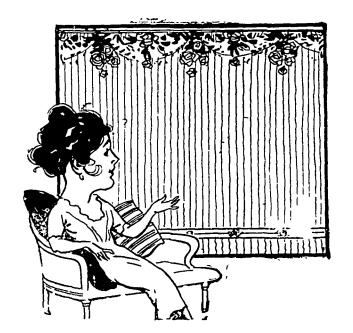
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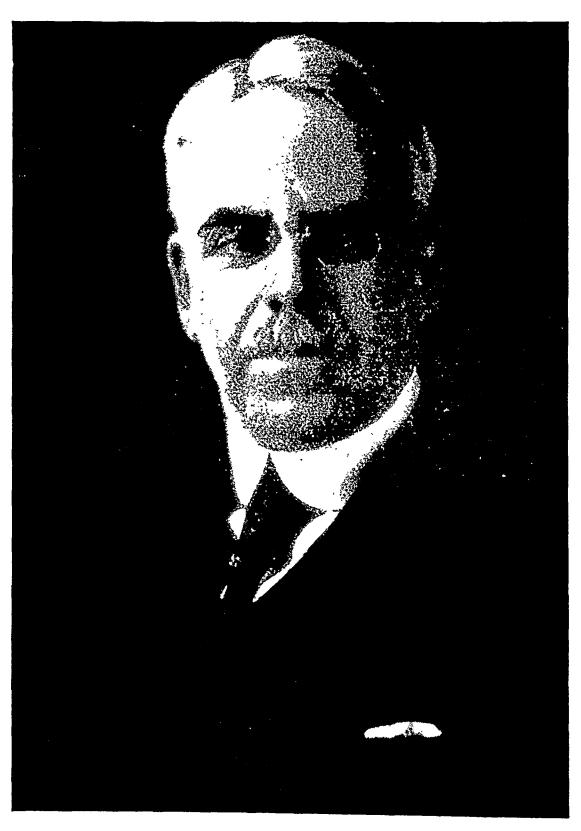


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Dr. David Bovington President.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT

"The "Quill" gladly takes it's first opportunity to extend a welcome to our new president, Rev. David Bovington D.D. and can now do so the more heartily because he has been among us from the first of the term and all have come to know him and to appreciate the good qualities of which we had already been assured. Unfortunately Dr. Bovington was delayed by bad roads en route from Cleveland to Brandon by motor and was thus unable to be present at our first chapel. Mr. Darrach however introduced him in absentia. Since his coming among us we have proved the truth of the words of praise used by Mr. Darrach on that occasion.

We were glad also to meet at the reception to new students Mrs. and Miss Bovington and that fleeting glimpse has caused us to regret that they are unable to take up their residence with us this winter.

Although Dr. Bovington comes to us from Cleveland Ohio, he does not come as a stranger to Canada. He was born in England at Gonbridge Wells, Kent County and his aged father is still living in the old land. Dr. Bovington came to Canada in 1890 and trained for the Baptist Ministry in Woodstock College and McMaster University, graduating from the latter institution in 1899. He held three pastorates in Canada before taking up his residence in the United States.

He was ordained at Victoria, Ont. and married while there the youngest daughter of the late James Lockhart, a well known Baptist of Oxford County, Ontario. His other Ontario pastorates were at Windsor and St. Thomas.

In 1906 Dr. Bovington went for further study to the Rochester Theological Seminary where he took the B.D. degree. Here his abilities were recognized first in the award of a travelling scholarship of two year tenure and later in his appointment as instructor in Systematic Theology, assistant to Dr. Strong long well known as the president of the Rochester Seminary, and later as instructor in Homileties.

In 1915-16 Dr. Bovington was granted leave of absence for further study and spent the period in post graduate work in the University of Chicago taking his Master's degree in Systematic Theology and Religious Education.

In December 1916 he re-entered the pastorate, accepting a call from the First Baptist Church Cleveland, which charge he resigned to accept the presidency of Brandon

College.

Dr. Bovington comes to his new task with splendid equippment and a wealth of experience, academic and pastoral. We feel that in him we have a strong leader whom it will be a delight and an inspiration to follow and who will, we are confident, deal successfully with the problems and the opportunities which present themselves in the administration of the College and in the wider field of our constituency throughout Western Canada. We know it is no light burden to which he has put his shoulder but we wish to assure him of our confidence and heartiest co-operation in all that he undertakes within and without the College.

POEM

"A haze on_the far horizon, The infinite tender sky,

The rich ripe tints of the corn fields, The wild geese circling high:

And far over upland and lowland, The charm of the golden-rod.

Some of us cal it Autumn, And others call it—God."



Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins

The "Quill" takes great pleasure in extending to its readers greetings and good wishes from our former Dean of Women Mrs. O. A. C. Wilkins, who is at present living in the old university city of Cambridge, England. We are happy to learn that our modest little college in the west, with its "forward-looking thoughts" and its abundance of hope and ambition still holds first place in her heart. Mrs. Wilkins has sent us the following article which gives us a most interesting picture of the historical city. It is permeated with her own winsome and charming personality and will be read with the keenest delight by her host of friends.

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

To the students of Brandon College, Greeting!
It is a far cry, in many ways, from King's College Chapel, Cambridge, to Brandon College; nevertheless, thoughts of a familiar college chapel whose western windows look out over the Canadian prairies were constantly meeting me yesterday afternoon while I sat listening to the beautiful music of the Vesper Service in the inner chapel of this far-famed venerable shrine. Not that the service itself lacked interest. People journey from far and near to hear the music of that renowned choir—the clear, high young voices of the red-surpliced boys from King's School, the deeper responses of the white-robed singers who are members of King's College. And yesterday the music was

entrancing, particularly Mendelssohn's lovely anthem with its appropriate words "And now are we ambassadors," closing with "How beautiful upon the mountains," from the oratorio of "St. Paul."

In any other setting, however, even that wonderful music could scarcely have been so effective; for it is the atmosphere of King's College Chapel itself that enhances and transforms the usual into the distinctive and unforgettable. A chapel that nearly three hundred years ago inspired Milton to write of its

"high embowed roof, With antique pillars massy proof, And storied windows, richly dight, Casting a dim religious light"

has an added charm to-day because that youthful poet's "due feet" and soaring spirit walked there in the past. The very music of to-day is sweeter there because we think of that future Puritan's appreciation of the "pealing organ" blowing

"To the full-voiced quire below, In service high and anthems clear As may with sweetness, through mine ear, Dissolve me into ecstasies,

And bring all heaven before mine eyes." Not only the voice of Milton, but the loving spirits of many generations of students and scholars invest the place with a special splendor and power. Not least among them was the tribute of that shy lad from the north country who was not always happy in his university days and found much to criticize in his Alma Mater, but who also fell under the spell off.

"These lofty pillars......that branching roof, Self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells, Where light and shade repose, where music dwells, Lingering and wandering on, as loth to die, Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof

That they were born for immortality," and who, in his characteristic seriousness, drew from it all

a moral for life and conduct"Give all thou canst, High Heaven rejects the lore

Of nicely calculated less and more."

So, yesterday, while the late afternoon sunlight shone softly through the rich blues and reds of those old stained glass windows, while the flickering candles cast weird shadows in that lofty room and the service progressed in all its stateliness and beauty, I was profoundly conscious of those voices from the past, emblematic of the power of

tradition that dominates this ancient university. At the same time, my thoughts kept leaping westward to the new untrammelled spirit that characterizes Canadian college life.

One does, inevitably, make these contrasts between life "at home" and life "over here." Emerging from the many impressions that have thronged upon me in sojournings in various European countries, and in the more or less intimate contact with university life in Great Britain and on the Continent, this one feature stands out most strikingly—the strangle-hold of the past "over here" as contrasted with the comparatively free forward-gazing march towards the future "at home." My first re-action to these scenes so rich in historic associations, where the commonest objects were mellowed by age and enveloped with an atmosphere of romance, was a complete surrender to this witchery of the past. But presently my enthusiasm was checked by a growing doubt, by a persistent question: What if this charm of the past have in it something of black magic, blighting the present and the future? May not tradition be so powerful that it becomes a dead weight upon youthful idealism instead of an inspiration to worthy effort and emulation?

Thus, in these early autumn days, when the streets of Cambridge are filled with newly arrived undergraduates, I find myself thinking of students here and students at Brandon, comparing the opportunities that lie before them in those four impressionable years of college life, and wondering whether the heritage here in this old land or there in the new pioneer country will prove the greater inspiration to progress. It is obviously an open question. I do not wish to debate it. I cannot hope to settle it. I merely give you some brief glimpses of college life over here, that may suggest some conclusions on the subject.

For a few moments, let your imagination take wing and fransport you bodily across the Seas to this great University of Cambridge. (May I assume that "you" are an eager-eyed Freshman—a man, not a girl, as conditions are quite different in many ways for the girl who enters the women's colleges of Girton or Newnham.) If you arrive just before "term," your first impressions, after you leave the somewhat dingy station with its platform piled high with hundreds of incoming students' trunks, are of the confused rush of modern life surging through the narrow, winding crooked streets of a mediaeval city. You look anxiously for your first glimpse of the University. This first group of venerable buildings—no, that is merely

Peterhouse, the oldest of the colleges, founded by Hugh de Balsham in 1281 and still retaining to-day, beyond those walls, its ancient deer-park. Across the street, you catch glimpses of gardens and courts through the gates of buildings that might be an old monastery. That, you will find, is Pembroke College, proud of its associations with the poet of the "Faerie Queene" and Thomas Gray, Pitt, Lidley, and many other famous men. As you continue your walk down Trompington Street, which presently merges into King's Parade, you pass college after college—Queens', St. Catharine's, Corpus Christi, King's with its imposing gateway and turreted chapel, Clare, Cains, Trinity, St. John's, a seemingly never-ending succession of beautiful and distinctive groups of buildings—a city in themselves. But as yet you have glimpsed scarcely half of the colleges-Magdalene, Christ's, Emmanuel, Jesus, and many others being scattered here and there throughout the city. All of these are chiefly what we should call "residences" or "dormitories," where the students live. Other evidences of university activity, you may or may not have noticed—lecture-halls, museums, and laboratories wedged in the narrow passage-ways between streets -as if they were trying to hide their all-too-obvious ugly modernity behind the ram-parts of mediaevalism. Search as widely as you will, how-ever, you will seek in vain for "the university"; for there is no visible university; it is merely the organization binding together these various colleges, each with its own distinctive traditions and ideals.

But presumably, if you have come so far to study at Cambridge, you have already arranged to be "attached" to one of the colleges, and are even fortunate enough to have secured rooms in your college, instead of living in licensed lodgings*, as so many freshman are forced to do on account of insufficient accommodation in the colleges. If your lives have fallen to you in particularly pleasant places, you may be able to join one of the greater colleges, Trinity for example. Let us suppose that you are wending your way thither.

You can scarcely fail to be impressed with your first view of Trinity's spacious Great Court, as you enter by the massive stone gateway in the wall, where a porter—a much more important-looking official than he actually is—directs

^{*}Lodgings, (an arrangement whereby students rent rooms, buy and order their own food, which their landlady cooks and serves to them in their private-sitting rooms) are licensed and strictly supervised by the University, so that the comings and goings of the students are carefully watched by the authorities. Students may not live in unlicensed rooms.

you to your rooms. As you cross the Court, on the cobblestone walks, never on that velvety close-cut grass which only the feet of an M. A. may tread upon, you examine the fine Renaissance fountain in the centre, you mark "Trinity's loquacious clock" with its "male and female voice" as Wordsworth described it, you look with awe upon the Master's Lodge, and ultimately you reach your own rooms, through ancient corridors and up deeply worn stone steps. Left alone, you notice the fine view from your windows, out over the college gardens. Then, the room itself-how thick the great stone walls are!—slightly damp and musty too, as all ancient buildings are. You exclaim with joy over the open fire-place, though later on, when the weather is cold and raw, you will execrate this mediaeval system of heating and sigh for the luxury of steam heat. The woodwork, carved and disfigured by many generations of students, sets you wondering about your predecessors in these stately halls. Perhaps Newton, when he lived here more than two hundred years ago may have pondered over some of his gigantic problems in this very room. Certainly the gentle Thackeray and brilliant young Macaulay "kept"—as they say in Cambridge on yonder staircase in their college days. Here Tennyson and his beloved Hallam, with that illustrious band of young men who formed the Apostles Club discussed the problems of the universe. From that very window, the "wicked Lord Byron" gazed upon the court below, and dreamed his romantic visions. Inspiring?— yes! And yet, a sense of your own insignificance in the midst of this vencrable greatness creeps over you with numbing chill.

So your life at Cambridge begins. Presently you find yourself circumscribed by a multitude of prohibitions and regulations. After you have made a few mistakes and received salutary admonitions, you find that you must never go to lectures without your college gown (one of those strange little short flowing garments that mark you at one with the badge of your distinctive college.) Nor may you appear on the street, even if going to concert, theatre, or party, after "hall" (that is, dinner) without your full academic garb. (The penalty for disobeying this ruling is a fairly heavy fine--about a dollar and a half-imposed by the proctor and his silk-hatted "bull-dogs", whose familiar question, "name and college, sir?" you learn to respect.) You must not wear an overcoat on the coldest day, though you may decorate your throat with a gaudy woolen scarf woven in your college colors. You may not carry an umbrella or wear a raincoat, though the rain descends in floods, as it does in England! All these things, tradition, stronger than law, forbids. Even when not in academic dress, you will walk bare-headed about the town, and you will provide yourself with the costume which at first looked so ridiculous—sporty "plus fours," or those loose, light-colored "Oxford bags" worn with coat and vest of a different color—because, forsooth, all the world at Cambridge dresses thus, and you must conform.

You are no longer a free man. You report your comings and goings—or others report them for you! Your evening jollifications must be over at an early hour, or fines will accumulate at an astounding rate, ending with warnings from the Dean, being "gated" (that is, confined within the gates after eight o'clock), or ultimately, if you are a persistent sinner, you will bring upon yourself the disgrace of being "sent down," or as we say, expelled. You may not drive a motor-vehicle at all (since you are a Freshman). Even your friends in the higher classes may not drive before noon or after eight o'clock in the evening—a regulation which is strictly enforced, thanks to the co-operation of all the policemen and local garage-men.

You must also be punctual in your daily attendance at chapel, at seven-thirty in the morning, even though your spirit rebels at compulsory religion as did the youthful Wordworth's a hundred years ago, and though your soul refuses to find consolation in the artistic beauties of the chapel, such as that famous statue of "Newton, with his

prism and silent face."

Nevertheless, your life circumscribed as never before. will have many joys and privileges. In town, you carry your head high, insolently sure of your importance because you belong to that very superior section of the community, "The Varsity"; for there is a peculiar snobbishness of the university towards all who are without its favored realm. You know that not even a policeman will lay hands upon you for evil-doing, though you may receive severe treat-ment from the university proctor. You even indulge in student "rags" with impunity, knowing that however ridiculous or objectionable or actually dangerous such uprisings may be to the townspeople, your craziest antics will be excused as merely mob-impulses of youthful undergraduates. (An example of a harmless though annoying student "rag" was the "Saturday Knitting Club," which amused the public with the edifying spectacle of a group of solemn-faced students calmly knitting in the middle of the busiest street in the city, while traffic of all kinds was temporarily held up.)

You find yourself enjoying the giddy whirl of a social life to which, as a man, you never expected to condescend. As host, or as guest, you regard your daily afternoon tea as a sacred function which no gentleman would omit, and with which no business or pleasure may interfere. And what talk around the tea-table before the open fire!—the everlasting talk of undergraduates, with their superior wisdom, their sophistication, their paraded skepticism, their occasional seriousness.

natural youthful rebellion against authority and convention, you may have scoffed at the idea that you would conform to all the customs of the University. You thought them ridiculous, snobbish, monastic, mediaeval, antediluvian! But you do conform. Tradition surely and imperturbably asserts her sway. Presently you cease to struggle against it, to assert your individuality against the University, your reformative ideals against the power of custom and time. It moulds you, rather than you it. You come to delight in the sway of the past over you, voluntarily submitting yourself to its influence. You may even strive to acquire the cultivated University accent, with its broad a's and slurred r's, together with the favorite "Varsity" slang, a lingo quite unintelligible to a mere outsider. In your long rambles over the countryside you choose to go to "Byron's Pool," or to "the pleasant mill of Trumpington," because of its associations with Chaucer and Wordsworth and because it inspired Tennyson's poem of "The Miller's Daughter." In town, you prefer "Erasmus' Walk," or "Milton's Walk," or the haunts of Darwin, or scènes such as the Union where many a budding statesman made his first speech.

Inextrically interwoven with your gradual compliance with all these customs both petty and significant, there develops within you an intense loyalty to your college and your university. It may begin merely with pride in your team in Rugby or cricket, or your crew in the boat-races, but it becomes something deeper and finer than that. Your college has set its seal upon you, stamped you for her own; and you must not debase the coin. You must now live up to her standards, even in externals. And when you go

home or out into the world, you will be proud that you are a Cambridge man, or even more, a Trinity College man, to

the end of your days.

All this is but the merest glimpse of that network of tradition, that all-enveloping mantle of the past that enfolds you when you enter upon the life of such a university as this. In other centres, at Oxford for example, the magician may conjure with different names, but that magic spell may scarcely be escaped.

As I said, it may seem a far cry from the mellow atmosphere of old Cambridge to the youthful ocllege "out in the golden west." But I think it is worth while to pause and make companions. You who are at Brandon College, have you thought of your heritage and your opportunities?

What does your college offer you?

On account of her youth, Brandon cannot offer you great and venerable buildings, or old-world courts and gardens. But these things will come later, when, as the seasons roll, her loyal alumni and faithful friends, help her to build nine stately mansions for her soul. She cannot charm you by the magic of famous men of the distant past who acquired their early learning within her precincts. Nor does she hand down to you the countless fettering traditions of student-life in former centuries. But she does open before you the greatest treasure that any college can claim—the heritage of all that is best in thought and word and deed, in the past; for the vast storehouse of learning and wisdom is open to her as to the oldest and richest schools of the world. She gives you trustworthy guides, mentors who will set your feet in the right paths in your quest for truth. These advantages she offers without discrimination to rich and poor alike, without a vestige of snobbish preference for rank or wealth. Moreover, she gives you a share of her own spiritual heritage, acquired in her early struggles—her ideals of service and self-sacrifice, of dauntless courage in the face of difficulties; and her own special tradition, still in the making,—the high character of the men and women who call her Alma Mater.

With the wealth of such an inheritance, what an opportunity is yours! For Canada is the land of youth. Your golden age is not of the past but in the future. With your indomitable spirit of youth and hope, with faith and intense purpose, with the fervor idealism and a passicipate desire for service, may you utilize your heritage and seize your opportunities to press on towards a higher goal for yourselves, for Canada, and for mankind.

THE STATUE GAZER

Aloha Oe

Some day in some cold city of the North

I'll hear the tattered fragment of a song—

"Aloha Oe." The dull, gray city streets will fade.

I'll see the lavish gold of summer's suns

Drenching a land of joyous, fadeless green;

I'll see the luminous Hawaiian moon.

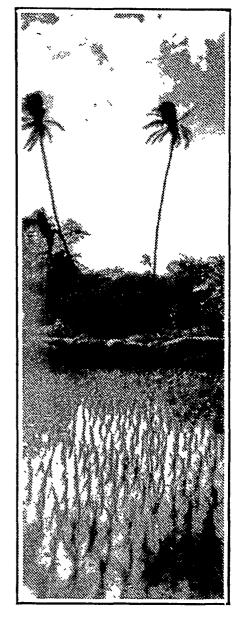
Making white magic with the moon and sky;

I'll sense the fragrance of white ginger;

I'll see that single, burning star That leaves a silver path across the sea

At Waikiki.....

To a northerner, the beauty of graceful palm trees, the vividness of the flaming poinciana, and the wealth of the feathery gold of the golden shower tree, once seen, are unforgetable. A glimpse into the



lives of these people of the southern seas, into their customs, their legends and history, their characteristics has however, an even greater appeal. This human interest often provides as much that is picturesque as does the beauty of hills and trees, and long after returning to the north land an unlooked-for suggestion will recall, for instance, the unsteady red glow of the fisherman's torch as it dodged about on the reef against the blue black sky and sea of a moonless night at Waikiki; or the melting music of steel guitars and ukuleles accompanying the voices of native serenaders who came of an evening to sit on the verandah steps to sing; or some bit of legend centred about an old house, a cave in the mountain side, or the lonely figure of the statue gazer.

Here is only one in a throng of pedestrians on the hot sidewalk while the motor traffic of the busy city sweeps along the roadway past the legislative buildings toward the

dazzling white post office with its square towers, its arcade bordered court yard and its red tiled roof. He is old, as may be seen from his white untrimmed moustache and his wrinkled hands. He is only slightly stooped, not feeble at all, has no cane. His skin and features are Hawaiian. Though he is dressed in work-a-day blue overalls, they are not worn or soiled from labor and he seems to have the air of a gentleman of leisure rather than of a loafer. Sundays, white trousers and a sun burned little straw hat replace the overalls and the cap, but the same dark coat is retained. His walk is slow, a little weary, without that of purposefulness which even the gait of the average oriental indicates. If he is not walking to and fro before the legislative buildings, he may be seen leaning against an iron fence nearby, or sitting on a bench in the neighboring park. He is in the vicinity from morning till night, never reading or chatting with friends, but gazing at the statue of the king in the square and patiently waiting.

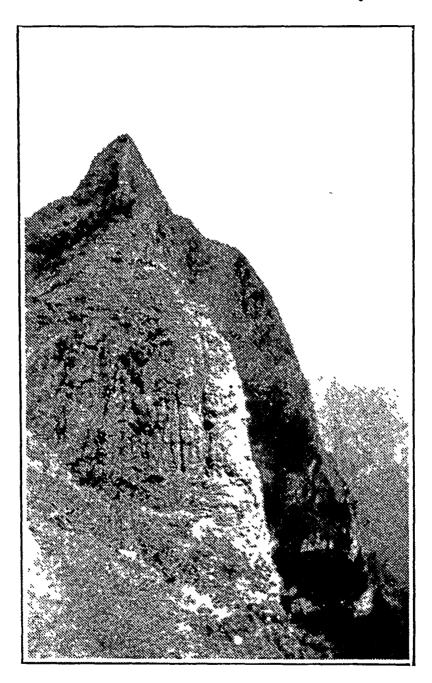
Travellers just off the boats wearing their leis of fresh roses and laurel, or of sweet smelling ginger flowers, never see him as they drive out on King Street in their taxis. The land of liquid sunshine presents such a bright pageant of flowering trees and oriental figures that the eyes of sight-seers never pause for a moment upon the ordinary blue overalls. The coral church, the old plantation with its rows of cocoanut palms, beautiful white residences set in gardens filled with tropical shrubs and gay flowering vines, Chinese and Japanese shops with dozens of children in gay kimonas playing on the streets—all claim the passing notice of the most abstracted travel-worn globe trotter until he remembers that his boat sails again in two hours.

On the other hand, the more sympathetic visitor may remain in the islands longer, and in his preoccupation with the thousand things offered for his enjoyment, he may easily overlook the statue gazer. Sunset seen from Punch Bowl, an extinct crater just outside the city of Honolulu, is a glory that lifts the mind and soul from the petty cares that have infested the day. The eyes watch the changing shades of color in the blaze of orange and red and gold spread over sky and sea, then caught and reflected by the windows of the Maluki suburb on the east at the foot of the mountains, towering into an opalescent sky and quickly changing from dark green to dark rich purple with heavy moving veils of black, suggestive of an impending storm. Riding a surf board and out-riggering at Waikiki provide a thrill for the most daring, but the less athletic and more meditative person prefers to drive up through avenues of

date-palms to the shoulder of the tawny rocky Diamond Head and there to watch and listen to the thundering surf as it breaks on the rocks far below. Long shady roads bordered by ironwood and eucalyptus trees; broad, smooth roads that wind up and down and round the mountain sides through fields of sugarcane and pineapple; roads that skirt the sea shore and lead through straggling villages, past fishing nets and patches of banana trees—these roads allure the motorist irresistably. On a day of shower and sunshine clear but soft double rainbows are seen to end in valleys so accessible and so near to these roads that the pot of gold takes the form sometimes of a rice field or a cottage home. A thoughtful mood is induced by a three mile hike at early morning across the lava covered floor of the crater on Kilauea on the island of Hawaii, to the house of everlasting fire—Halemaumau—where the steam rises in vast columns from the huge pit until such time as the sun gets the better of the conflict with it and reduces the visible volume to lesser spirals. Social pleasures in American style are not hard to find in Hawaii for there are bridges and teas and dinners at the Moana Hotel with dancing on the broad lanai; there are concerts with Kreisler, Galli-Curci, or Levitzski as the artist; there are clubs and the Institute of Pacific Relations with outstanding speakers from universities all over the world; there are museums with cases of native feather cloaks and helmets, arms and implements, and historic royal residences with kihilis and old portraits; there are artists' studios frequented by peots, sculptors, and painters of some repute. There is so much to engross a visitor's attention that the ordinary old man pacing the sidewalk in the centre of the city remains unnoticed.

One day he is pointed out in passing and his story is told in a casual way. It seems that as a boy he served in the army of King Kamehameha I, a great chieftain who led his armies in their fleet of canoes in triumph from one island to another until all lesser chieftains were brought into subjection and their several islands for the first time were ruled by one powerful king. What it must have been to have lived in those days of strife and conquest! to have been in the ranks when the invading army led by the mighty king Kamehameha came to the island of Oaher, and drove the Oahuans to their last stand in a narrow mountain pass. The story goes that this old man lived through those breathless hours when Kamehameha pressed his way into the pass and through force of numbers drove the defenders over the lofty sheer escarpment to a cruel death upon the jagged rocks below. Or is the version true which holds

that the Oahuans rather than suffer defeat and the grief of seeing their fair island in fee to an enemy chief voluntarily threw themselves over the cliff to certain death? Many a year has passed since that memorable day. Lesser kings



The Needle Of Pali

have come and gone but the statue gazer's faith in his mighty chieftain has not faltered through the years. He watches him as he stands on the pedestal in the square, in royal robes and helmet, with his right arm outstretched in an imperious gesture toward unheeding passersby. The veteran expects his lost leader to come down from the pedestal at any moment, to muster the old victorious army, to thrive out foreign usurpers, to restore the days of native power and supremacy. How hopeless and pathetic!—waiting with eyes turned backward to a primitive past, though

time in its irrevocable advance has brought western civilization to the islands, and has substituted the millionaire's residence for the grass huts by the sea and government by the people's representative, for tribal traditions and an all-powerful chieftain's despotism; waiting for the rally of invisible armies in an age when his very race is slowly vanishing from the islands which those armies loved.

This story of the hopeful veteran adds interest to a drive out from the city up the steep mountain road darkly shaded by giant trees to the site of the great battle of long ago. A broad platform between gigantic walls of massive rock, with the needle of the Pali on the left, overlooks a fertile valley hundreds of feet below. It is a veritable giant's balcony enclosed on three sides, high above an extensive garden, and unprotected from a sheer drop on the fourth side except by a fragile little man-made cement parapet. In a recess roughly cut into the rocky wall on the right is a bronze tablet bearing the facts of the historical event which took place in this pass—the account of King Kamehameha's victory in 1795. 1795! Ye shades of Grimm and tales of Anderson! The story of the old soldier fades into a shroud of incredulity for in 1925 the statue gazer walks the city street in the summer sun without a cane!

J. M. T.

I've seen men spurn the easier way
To tread the rugged heights of pain.

I've seen them turn from gods of clay To worship one that shall remain.

I've seen them march from pleasure's ways

To answer when the helpless cry. And in these dark and troubled days

For liberty I've seen them die.

-From "Life's Finest Miracle"-Edgar A. Guest.

Brandon College Guill

THREE NUMBERS A YEAR

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NO. 1

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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT Subscription

One of the first duties of an editorial staff is to outline a sound policy that will serve as a guide to themselves and show the aim and purpose of the publication to the readers. This does not imply that the policy of the new administration will be essentially different from that of the former, but new problems have arisen which must be taken into account.

The "Quill" will not be simply a medium for the distribution of news, for local news disseminates freely in a college of this size. On the other hand, a publication issued but three times a year could not be expected to serve the purpose of a daily paper.

The "Quill" ought to be an organ for the expression of individual opinion and should be used as the vehicle for the publication of all college experiences. It should indicate the progress of the various phases of student activity, and should be, as it were, a sort of mirror which truly reflects the spirit that exists in the college. To entirely eliminate the lighter vein would give to our readers a wrong impression of our college life. It must be borne in mind however, that the more serious and the finer things of life occupy most of our attention, and hence we feel that to place

overdue emphasis on frivolity and humor would be to err

most seriously.

If the "Quill" is to be a success it must have the interest and support of the student body. This has been lacking, as many of you know, and consequently we have had to depend largely upon the Faculty and Alumni for contributions. It is true that these august bodies should have a keen interest in our College magazine but since it is essentially a student enterprise, it should be maintained by the students.

In placing before you its policy and in pointing out the position which the "Quill" ought to hold in our student activities the staff hopes to gain your interest and co-operation. We confidently look for your heartiest support, for only in so far as it is a student production does the paper really attain its purpose.

WELCOME

MR. J. N. CLARK

It is with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. J. N. Clark to the staff of Brandon College. Mr. Clark was born in England coming to Canada in 1911. His educational pursuits were continued in the West, but were interrupted when the war broke out, and Mr. Clark served overseas both with the infantry and the Y.M.C.A.

When he returned, Mr. Clark finished his Arts Course at Wesley College, later taking his Normal at the Winnipeg

Normal School.

For the past three years, Mr. Clark has taught in the Holland High School, where he has been most successful. Mr. Clark comes to us with a wider experience than merely teaching, however, for during the past five years, he has been in charge of the M.L.A. Camp at Kenora. Anyone who has visited this summer resort can vouch for Mr. Clark's popularity and his ability as a camp director.

Mr. Clark is teaching Academic Latin and Mathematics, but he is fast proving his ability along other lines as well,

both as a vocalist and as an entertaining story teller.

We hope that Mr. Clark will enjoy his work here, and we extend our heartiest greetings to him and Mrs. Clark.

MR. HERMAN L. PORTER B.A.

"From where Atlantic terrors our hardy seamen train, To where the salt sea mirrors the vast Pacific chain."

Mr. Porter, who has joined the teaching faculty as principal of the Academic department, is a son of eastern

Canada but like young Lochinvar "has come out of the west." After having felt the tang of the Atlantic breezes and beheld the grandeur of the majestic Rockies he has come to enjoy the freedom of our Manitoba prairies.

Mr. Porter was born in Nova Scotia and is a graduate

of the college of Acadia. At the time of his graduation Europe was the battlefield of the Great War. He enlisted and was in active service first in the infantry and later in the Y.M.C.A. He received the commission of lieutenant and was connected with the Khaki college for a time.

When he returned home, owing to physical unfitness he was unable to pass the tests preceding entrance into the foreign mission field. He thereupon entered the teaching profession which was contrary to his former plans. words of his Class Prophecy were being fulfilled.

"After war and a few years teaching
Herman Porter took to preaching."

Judging from the ability which he has manifested since

coming to Brandon to hold and sway an audience the pro-bability of the complete fulfilment of this prophecy is

great.

Mr. Porter then came west and attended Normal at Camrose, Alberta. Upon the completion of his Normal course he became principal of Viking High School, Alberta where he remained for three years. For the next two years he was the principal of the High School in Cranbrook, British Columbia. From Cranbrook he came to Brandon and since taking up his duties here has fully demonstrated his ability to win and hold the goodwill and confidence of those under his charge.

We feel that he has an important contribution to make to the student life of Brandon College and hope that we in turn may contribute something to his already rich and

varied experience.

We extend a hearty and sincere welcome to him and his charming wife, and trust that they will feel right at home here in this land where the East and West join hands.

MRS. WHITMORE

The outlook for Brandon College English department this year is very bright indeed, for in Mrs. Whitmore we believe that the board have certainly found a teacher of great merit.

A native of Carman, Manitoba, she there availed herself of a public school education. Later she took up her high-school work in Winnipeg, graduating from the Central Collegiate Institution of that city with high honors. After

a normal training in the same city she was engaged for several years in high-school teaching both at Oakville and Hartney. At a later date Mrs. Whitmore returned to Winnipeg and took up her undergraduate work at the University of Manitoba. Here she made English and Political Economy her special studies, and in her graduate year was successful in winning the gold medal in English. The follownig year saw Mrs. Whitmore, still in pursuit of knowledge, at the Chicago University from where in the spring of 1923 she graduated with her M.A. degree.

After a year in English department of Saskatchewan University, Mrs. Whitmore comes to us highly recommended to fulfil the requirements of our College.

Splendid as have been her achievements in the realm of English, they have not absorbed all her energies or talents. On the contrary, however, we learn that she is deeply interested in art to which she has already given no small share of her time. Furthermore she has expressed her intentions of endeavoring to make arrangements where-by all those who are interested in this line of work may avail themselves of her assistance.

She has already endeared herself to many by her genial and kindly personality and by her ever ready interest in all College activities. So it is with great pleasure that we take this opportunity of extending a word of welcome to Mrs. Whitmore as she comes to join the Faculty of Brandon College.

MR. IRVEN W. COX M.A.

Professor Irven W. Cox, M.A. is a native of Indiana. He received his primary and secondary education in Indiana and Old Virginia. Later he attended the Indiana University, from which he received his B.A. degree. The following year he received his M.A. degree from Kansas University. He comes to Brandon from the Illinois State Normal University. Mr. Cox has had a rich and varied experience in the teaching profession. We are glad to welcome him to our midst and we hope he will find his work among us both pleasant and profitable.

MISS HARRIET A. WATT

We extend a sincere welcome to Miss Harriet A. Watt, the new head of the Expression Department. She was born in Pontiac, Illinois, receiving her education at the Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville. She attended the Maclean College of Music, Dramatic, and Speech Arts in Chicago and then spent an arduous and successful year in a Chautaqua

We have had a foretaste of pleasures to come in the various readings Miss Watt has so kindly igven us at "Lit," and look forward with pleasure to her coming recital. Miss Watt is already a favorite with her enthusiasm for college life, its activities and possibilities, and all join unanimously in wishing her a successful and happy career.

MISS VINCENT

The Vocal Department of Brandon College is to be congratulated in having secured this year as the latest acquisition to the teaching staff the remarkable talent and ability of Miss Vincent.

Miss Vincent was born in Japan and has travelled extensively. In 1920 she received her A.T.C.M. degree from the Canadian College of Music now amalgamated with the Toronto Conservatory. Following a year's teaching in Columbia University, British Columbia, Miss Vincent returned to London to study at the Royal College of Music where she obtained her A.T.C.M. In 1923-24 she took part in College operas and went on the legitimate stage doing light opera work professionally. Since 1924 she returned to Canada and taught privately for a short time. This year Miss Vincent intended to teach at Hambury Conservatory of Music when Dr. Vogt of the Conservatory requested that she come to Brandon. We are indeed happy to welcome her and we wish her every success in her work.

MISS ELIZABETH BOGUE, A.T.C.M.

The Faculty of Music is most fortunate in the addition of Miss L. Elizabeth Bogue, A.T.C.M. of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Miss Bogue received her degree at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, studying under Mr. Paul Wells, and has since taken special Teacher's courses in the Canadian Academy of Music, Toronto, and at Chautauqua, New York, under Mr. Ernest Hutcheson.

Before coming to Brandon, Miss Bogue conducted a private class in music at Moose Jaw and taught at the Presbyterian Boy's College. While here she will carry on the work of Miss E. M. Moore as teacher of advanced piano. Miss Bogue is also demonstrating her ability as conductor of a vocal trio in Clark Hall which has already provided much enjoyment at several college entertainments. Miss Bogue is finding a warm welcome in the hearts of her many pupils and fellow-workers and all wish her the greatest happiness and success.



Don Freeman '26

DEBATING

Debating is away to a good start. Plans for the year have been made and Hash has already carried of the first honors in the Inter-Department series by successfully defending against Junior Arts the resolution: "Resolved that the teaching of foreign languages in a University course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts should be optional." We learned some rather startling facts, some of which seem to be entirely original, about the languages as they are taught in most Universities. It is, however, the opinion of the Arts classes that not even Tommy Douglas oratory will save the day, when he comes up against the weighty facts and psychological arguments of Senior Arts.

MOCK TRIAL

With bated breath the whole population of Brandon College and Clark Hall attended the trial of the notorious criminal Harold F. Gainer, alias "Ambition." It was with mingled feelings they first listened to the incriminating evidence and then gazed upon the honest face of the accused which flatly contradicted all such statements.

Despite the large amount of favorable evidence brought forth by the defense, the jury, after long deliberation brought in a verdict of "guilty" but they—especially the ladies recommeded that leniency be shown. The judges sentence was merciful but rather ambiguous.

Prof. Cox—"I'll give you just one more day to have those experiments in."

Dink Derby, representing the Special Physics Class—"How about next Christmas?"

S. C. M. NOTES

"To have faith in God is not an invitation to believe nor is it a sentimental affirmation. It is a moral challenge, a challenge to be done once and for all with petty shams and petty prides, with intellectual prudery and moral turpitude and social extravagance; a challenge to see life as a struggle and to resolve to spend and be spent in it, a struggle that men and women and little children may have life and that that which we call the Kingdom of God on Earth may come."*

Our college S.C.M. will have done something very real and definite in the year 1925-26, if it can in any way help students to experience God, to form an opinion of His nature and to accept His challenge, "For he who wills to do God's will shall know."

Today western Canadians, particularly western Baptist peoples, are looking for great things from our college, and some are looking in a critical way. They are expecting it to produce men with strong Christian principles and well equipped for leadership. They want western men and women to go out and lead them to the fuller life, men trained in western colleges, with an understanding of western needs. Hence the necessity for a real Christian fellowship, which will help our Alma Mater produce men and women, whose lives rather than creeds will answer this call of the west.

The Student Christian Movement challenges everyone connected with Brandon College to think of the higher things of life. It challenges one to focus his attention on and to give his consideration to a cause, which has its be-

ginning and foundation in Jesus Christ.

The Brandon College and Clark Hall units of the S.C.M. are endeavoring to meet the challenge in a practical way. Weekly study groups have been organized under the guidance of efficient leaders. Also special speakers, experienced in various fields of activity are arranged for by the S.C.M. executive, who give their contribution towards widening the field of vision. Several successful meetings have already been held. Dr. Bovington opened the campaign for the year by giving the men an inspiring address on "The Place of Religion in a College Man's Life." While Mrs. Clement gave an instructive talk to the girls at an afternoon tea on the subject "Christenizing the Community." A lantern lecture, too, was given by Rev. C. L. Whitman show-

^{*}Henry P. Van Dusen "Experiencing God" November issue of "Intercollegian."

ing the need of the gospel of Jesus in the Sudan. Also a report of the Kenora Conference was given before the assembled student body on November 4th. Those who heard Ruth Clement and Charlie Smith will surely feel that the conference has contributed something really worthwhile to

our understanding of Christian work. Do conferences help the religious thinking and living of a student body to any extent? This question often confronts us together with the statement, that delegates are the only one who profit by these conferences. The report of the conference at Kenora answers this critical query favorably, for it has shown that conferences do make a contribution, which, consciously or unconsciously, imprints itself in our very thinking. Much however depends on the type of delegate sent. A conference is to be held at Saskatoon during Christmas vacation, December 26th-January 2nd. The general executive at Toronto has obtained the services of a number of fine men, who are sure to make it worth anyone's while to listen to them discuss their ideas with regard to Jesus and Life. If we as a group of Brandon College students expect to get anything from these men and from the associations with students of other colleges, we must be as widely and well represented as possible. Let us accept the challenge, let us seek to live a worthwhile life, which at it's best must have a vital religion.

Harold—"How would you like to lend a friend a dollar, Lloyd?"

Lloyd--"Sorry, Harold, I haven't a friend in the world."

Mr. Dadson (at table)—"Did you know that in China. they won't hang a man with a wooden leg."

Rose Vasey—"Oh! why is that?"

Mr. Dadson—"They use a rope."

Prof. Cox (in Phys. VIII after a heated discussion)— "Look here Mr. Batho, are you teaching this class or am I?"

Harold—"I suppose you are, sir."

Prof. Cox—"Then don't try to act like a silly idiot."

THE MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM

To most of the students of Brandon College, little need be said by way of explanation of the "gym" project. During the very active campaign which the Main Committee organized last year, almost every student threw himself whole-heartedly into the task of adding another \$1900 to the already large sum, so loyally earned by previous student bodies. As a result of this splendid co-operation the committee took up its work this year with about \$17,000 at its disposal.

The task however is by no means complete. The Main Committee has decided to put all plans for student activities this year into the hands of a special committee chosen from among the students. This committee, consisting of representatives from all the classes, will consider methods by which sums may be raised without the system of class allotments. Although, according to this plan the classes will not be directly responsible, the loyal support of every individual student will be needed more than ever if we are to make this a truly successful year in the history of the Gym Fund.

At the same time the committee is doing its best to secure outside donations which would help very considerably in allowing us to definitely set a date for building. Meanwhile it is up to us, each one, to prove the student body of 1925-26 worthy of the trust which former years have handed down to us.

Tommy Douglas—"The speaker said that beauty lies in simple things."
Miss Watt—"Oh! Tommy, you are too beautiful for words."

Art.—"My girl has two faults." Don.—"You, and who else?"

Prof.—"I notice you are always last to get to class and always first to leave."

Student—"Oh, sir, you wouldn't have me late twice a day would you."

Segsworth (ardently)—"You are one girl in a thousand."

Marguerite—"That's just the trouble, but really Ted, have there been that many?"



Charlie Smith '29

FIELD DAY

Owing to unfavourable weather conditions during the two weeks previous to Field day, practice for the events was almost impossible. Signs of winter were manifest, which cooled off much of the enthusiasm that is usually prevalent at such at time. Field day dawned with several degrees of frost and continued with a strong breeze throughout the day. Despite all this, the girls events were run off on the campus in the morning and a crowd of loyal collegians followed the athletes from Brandon College to the exhibition grounds in the afternoon for the boys meet.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather and the extreme difficulty under which the events were run, good records were made. Warren Gayton duplicated his last year's achievement of carrying off the grand aggregate medal, with a total of 34 points. Running a close second came Armand Stade with 32 points.

Two records were broken: Warren Gayton breaking the 100 yds. dash and the 220 yds., but in the latter was beaten by Stade who made a fine run.

A keen competition was displayed between the Collegiate and the College, in the relay the latter winning by a matter of a few inches.

A freshman, Neil Derby won the mile race in which were good entries, but the timekeeper, Mr. Westcott, for some unknown reason, had failed to keep the watch wound up and so the time was not secured.

Again we saw the necessity of the immediate erection of a 'Gym', in which athletes would have prepared themselves adequately, and which preparation would lead to more broken records.

For the Junior boys the Eaton brothers were active, also Don Wright and W. Hambly.

The Interdepartment Cup went to Junior Arts, who

ran up a high score of points.

The winners were as follows:

100 Yards Dash

1, W. Gayton 10.3; 2, A. Stade 10.4; 3, S. Perdue.

Standing Broad Jump

1, W. Gayton 8 ft. 11 in.; 2, R. Mott; 3, S. Perdue.

High Hurdles

1, A. Stade 19.4 secs.; 2, Segsworth; 3, R. Mott.

220 Yards Dash—Open

1, A. Stade 24.2; 2, W. Gayton 24.3; 3, S. Perdue.

Shot Put

1, W. Gayton 32 ft. 10 in.; 2, S. Perdue; 3, A. Stade.

Pole Vault—Open

1, A. Dunkin 7 ft. 5 in.; 2, Segsworth; 3, Spearin.

Low Hurdles

1, W. Gayton 29.6 secs.; 2, A. Stade; 3, Segsworth.

Running Broad Jump

1, A. Stade 18 ft. 8¾ in.; 2, W. Gayton; 3, S. Perdue.

Tug of War

1, Seniors.

Running High Jump

1, A. Stade 4 ft. 10 in.; 2, W. Gayton; 3, A. Mott.

Mile Run

1, N. Derby; 2, J. Thompson; 3, C. Hansell.

Hop, Step and Jump

1, W. Gayton 38 ft. 3 in.; 2, A. Stade; 3, S. Perdue. Relay Race—Open (110 Yards) 1, College 51.4 secs.; 2, Collegiate.

JUNIOR EVENTS—16 YEARS AND UNDER

100 Yards Dash

1, G. Eaton 12.6 secs.; 2, M. Beer; 3, D. Wright.

Running High Jump
1, D. Wright 4 ft. 8 in.; 2, W. Hambly; 3, G. Eaton. Standing Broad Jump

1, W. Hambly 8 ft. 8 in.; 2, D. Wright; 3, M. Beer. Pole Vault

1, G. Eaton 7 ft.; 2, D. Wright.

Running Broad Jump

1, G. Eaton 14 ft. 212 in.; 2, C. Eaton; 3, W. Hambly. Hop, Step and Jump

1, G. Eaton 30 ft. 5½ in.; 2, D. Wright; 3, C. Eaton.

Medals were awarded as follows:

1st Grand Aggregate

W. Gayton.

2nd Grand Aggregate

A. Stade.

220 Yards Dash

A. Stade.

Pole Vault

A. Dunkin.

Relay Team

W. Gayton, A. Stade, S. Perdue, M. Matheson.

Junior Medal

G. Eaton.

Aggregate Cup

W. Gayton.

Interdepartment Cup

Junior Arts.

Sparks Cup

Junior Arts.

TENNIS

Owing to unfavorable weather, tennis was unable to get into full swing this fall. A men's doubles tournament was arranged and one game featured "Ambition" and Freeman vs. Deacon and Stade was played. Snow put the K. O. on further play.

However when Indian summer made her belated appearance, the courts were in constant use, as soon as they were in condition for play. Next spring we hope to make tennis a real success, so let's hope that spring comes early.

FOOTBALL

With a keen appreciation for soccer among the Freshman class, the first game was played between this group and the College, a week after college opened. The experience of trench wading on the previous day did not dampen the enthusiasm of the first days in college; but on the other hand, under the captaincy of C. Hansell, the team lined up in a sportsman-like way. With all their organizing, the Freshies had no chance against the combination of W. Gayton, Crawford and Dink Derby, although Mott, Hansell and Alsford gave a good display of football. The

college defence, Lowe and J. Gayton were impregnable, and the game was easily won by the college with a score of 5-0; the seniors goal being vigilantly and valiantly guarded by 'Ambish' Gainer. Dink Derby and W. Gayton scored for the senior boys.

Games in the league began on October 20th when Seniors and Juniors met, both teams eager to win the first game. Juniors were weak in both attack and defence. The Seniors were well supported by J. Gayton and Dr. MacNeill and their forward men, Darragh and Derby were strong. The game terminated in a score of 3-1, for the senior team.

Hash next lined up against Juniors, but despite the rally made by the clever forward, Hansell, they were finally defeated. The ball was kept near the Hash goal most of the time and the score of 4-0, was piled up by the Junior men.

The next game between Hash and Seniors, although mostly in Seniors favor, was quite interesting. The latter's defence had a quiet time, but Derby, Stevens and Westcott were kept active, Lamont and Mott getting away several times, but failed at the goal mouth. Wilkie too, was in form, and made a brilliant run, but combination was faulty and again the score was made by one team only. Derby making 2 goals and Westcott 1. The latter, with thoughts always high, apparently absent-minded, managed to put the ball over the bar, from within 5 yards of the goal. K. King, goalie for Hash made some brilliant saves.

The two older teams now met, both determined to win. From the first, the game was evenly played, Crawford aiding the Senior forwards considerably. Darragh narrowly missed the goal from a splendid running shot, the ball hitting the post and glancing off to goalie N. Derby's elbow. Immediately after, a swift shot hit the cross-bar and for a time Junior's goal was dangerously assaulted, but Seniors were illfated as far as scoring was concerned, Derby saving four goal kicks while Lowe and Perdue kept back many deadly attacks. R. Mott cleverly beat the wily Darragh and Alsford showed here that he was a good addition the Junior team. Toward the end of first half, W. Gayton was fortunate in fooling Berquist, the Senior goalie, who allowed the ball to pass quite slowly between his feet and so the only goal of the game was scored.

Although they had met with nothing but defeat, Hash again met Junior Arts in an uneventful game, in which the latter were victorious with a score of 3-0.

Hash then defaulted to Seniors, the former having lost some of their men.

On November 10th, a keenly contested game was displayed. With one victory each, Seniors and Juniors met to decide the issue, and after even play on both sides, a score of 1-1 was made.

Hash again had high hopes and put up a good fight against Juniors, who at an early stage of the game scored. This was returned with a goal from Hash and for a greater part of the game, it looked as if a draw was to be the result, but within two minutes of the final whistle, the Arts men scored the winning goal.

Seniors were victorious over Hash in a one-sided scoring, the latter playing with grim determination, so characteristic of the department, but allowed three goals to be scored with no returns.

On November 20th the most interesting game of the season was played. With even points and only once more to meet, both Seniors and Juniors were in fever heat, which this, however, was lowered by the intensely cold breeze which blew into a blizzard before the game proceeded very far. The Juniors had the wind in their favor during the first half and the playing concentrated near the Seniors' goal. Toward the end of the first half Bowler scored for the Juniors by headine the ball between the posts from a corner, kicked by Lowe.

With the wind in their favor the Seniors began the second half with a rush that almost threatened to carry all before it. But Prof. Kerr, the Junior's goalie was on the job and made some brilliant saves.

As the wind blew stronger, the ball was hard to control, but Westcott, Stevens and Darragh worked hard on the forward line for the Seniors and put in a shot that was impossible to stop.

Again, as the snow ceased, the teams lined up for another kick off. Each team was determined to pass the other's goalie to decide the game in their own favor, and although the Seniors made several corner kicks, they were weak in scoring. The Juniors broke away several times but failed to score until just a few moments before the final whistle blew when W. Gayton rushed through the Senior's defence and very cleverly scored the odd goal which won the game for Juniors. Senior Arts felt the loss of their sturdy back, J. Gayton, and results might have been different had he been able to play.

Football has been a success this year, and the weather has been ideal, apart from a few cold days. There are two

games yet to play, to finish the league.

W. Gayton was largely responsible for the scoring of Junior goals, ably assisted by R. Mott. Alsford and Bowler were active forwards. Lynn was very formidable on the half back line, while Lowe did excellent work as forward and defence. Perdue was also a tower of strength for this team. For Senior Arts, J. Gayton, Dr. MacNeill, Stevens, Darragh, Westcott, Crawford and Derby were hard to manage.

Football still holds its place at Brandon College and all games were played in the clean, sportsmanlike way, so

characteristic of B.C. boys.

BASKETBALL

According to coach Evans, basketball prospects for the College were never better. Not only have the seniors retained most of last year's team but they have acquired enough other men of senior calibre to provide substitutes for every position. Strenuous practising for the last month has put all our men in good condition and team play is fast improving. Add to this the fact of strong opposition in three team city league and the setting for a splendid year's

record is complete.

Negotiations are under way for several games with Winnipeg and it is hoped that one or two can be arranged before Christmas. But the big enterprise of the year will be the "Western Tour," which is guaranteed if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the western teams. The proposed itincrary includes Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw and Regina. This trip will be undertaken about the last of February. Efforts to arrange a game with the U.B.C. at Edmonton or Calgary, however, have met with no success as their team is abroad during December.

But with all the fine prospect, it takes the backing of the students to make the game a success, so let every fan in the College support his teams in the good old B.C. way.

CLARK HALL ATHLETICS

Better to hike and skate for health untaught, Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

Once more summer holidays have rolled past and we are all ready for a winter of work and play. Play is just as much a necessity for the college girl of to-day as work. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is just as

true as ever. One of the largest health clubs in the United States adopted for its motto "A sound mind in a sound body." How about a practical demonstration of this, Clark Hall? We want girls who can swim and cou, be strong and active but of the gentler graces lose not sight, aside from this there is the honor of our "Alma Mater" to be upheld. We want to be able to place a team in any league. Alright girls! it's up to you. Are you going to make the best of this year by keeping fit and doing our utmost to have Clark Hall come out on top?

FIELD DAY

Judging from the turn-out the girls made on the morning of Friday October 16th for their annual field day they are made of pretty good stuff. It isn't just the most agreeable thing in the world to crawl out of a nice warm bed to stand outside in a raw cold wind. Among the Freshettes of this year there are many girls whom we are very proud to have with us. Frances Smeed, winner of the Freshman's medal proved herself a worthy contender for athletic honors. We are glad to welcome back Edna Rand, winner of the second aggregate. In the time Edna was away she certainly did not forget how to run and jump. honors of the day were carried off by Jenie Balmer, winner of the Grand Aggregate who made a new record for both the standing broad and running high jump, breaking her last year's record in the former. In spite of the fact that the Senior Arts girls were more in evidence as routers they carried off the honors in the relay. Judging from the following results Clark Hall girls are not going to be left behind in sports.

Running Broad Jump G. Balmer; E. Calverly; M. Hart.

Low Hurdles

G. Balmer; E. Rand; D. Heath.

Hop, Step and Jump

G. Balmer; F. Smeed; E. Calverly.

Baseball Throw

E. Rand; K. Smith; M. Graham.

75 Yards Dash

E. Calverly, E. Rand, Marjorie Sexton.

Standing Broad Jump

G. Balmer; M. Hart; E. Calverly.

Relay Race

Senior Arts:—E. Calverley; D. Hearth; R. Clement; L. Fry.

Junior Arts:—M. Hart; E. Rand; F. Smeed; G. Balmer. Hash:—M. Graham; N. Carruthers; V. Gilles; M. Headland.

Basket-Ball Throw

F. Smeed; K. Smith; E. Rand.

Running High Jump

G. Balmer; D. Dadson; E. Rand.

"Half time, score 14-7, Collegiate!" such was the report of the referee on Thursday, November 19th, when we played our first league game with the collegiate. We got off to a good start when Jean Gammon calmly deposited the ball in the basket almost immediately after the whistle blew to begin. The Collegiate followed up with a basket. Then Ev. Doig had a free throw which she made good, but the Collegiate star-forward was in scoring mood and nothing could keep her down.

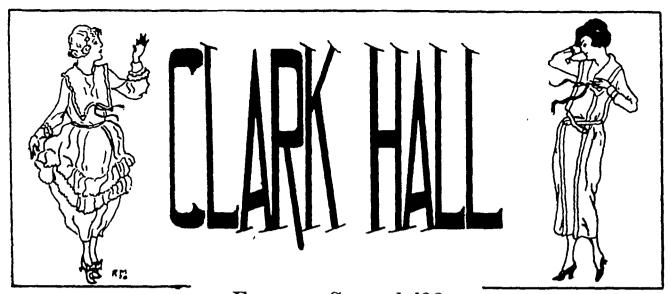
At half time the College team were slightly discouraged but after some cheery advice from Dr. Evans, the coach, they took the floor and by three-quarter time they had redeemed themselves by tieing the score 14-14. For a short time one hardly dared breathe. Up and down the floor went the ball but no one scored. At last when it seemed the tension was almost unbearable the Collegiate team made a basket. Shortly after the bell rang, leaving the

final score 16-14 for the Collegiate.

There are two new members on the team this year. Eunice Bullard, one of last year's fast Collegiate forwards and Frances Smeed who is on defense. Judging from the game these girls played they understand basket-ball. The team lined up as follows: centre, Jerrie Balmer (capt.); forwards, Jean Gammon, Evelyn Doig, Eunice Bullard; guards, Frances Smeed, Gertrude Godley, Ella Bowering.

Arrangements have been made whereby the girls not on the league team or practice team may have an opportunity to play on Saturday morning at Park School. It's up to you girls whether you play or not and whether the team is going to have the support and backing it needs.

Joe—"Our halfback is about to kick off."
Margaret—"How perfectly terrible was he injured in the last game."



Frances Smeed '28

For five months the sun had risen and set on the friendly walls of Clark Hall, wherein an unnatural quiet had prevailed. With the arrival of Monday, September twenty-eighth these walls seemed bursting with an air of expectancy. In one's and two's the girls began to arrive laden with club-bags, bandboxes and other parcels of various shapes and sizes. The creaking portals were opened by the Spirit of Clark Hall who waited to guide them to the welcoming presence of the Dean of Women. It was with great pleasure that the students who were returning found Miss Turnbull in this position and that the new students made her acquaintance. All were glad to think of her as their advisor and confidante for the coming year. They were then led to their rooms and shortly the stairs were groaning as their trunks were carried up. The evening was spent in giving to the bare rooms a more homelike appearance. A few acquaintances were made and many renewed. Then gradually the confusion and talking ceased and the girls retired to prepare for the day of registration which was to follow. The quietness of repose settled over all as the Spirit of Clark Hall laid her spell over these happy children.

The first event of interest was the opening reception for the Freshmen, held in Clark Hall on Friday, October the second. At eight o'clock the girls began to appear. Those who had attended previous receptions walked boldly down past the Senior Stick, the Lady Stick, Dean Turnbull and Dr. and Mrs. McNeil and into the reception room. The matter was not so simple for the Freshettes, however. They, too, passed down the line but more relunctantly, scarcely remembering their own names and certainly not the names of the august personnages before them. On

reaching the reception room they sought the farthest corner and waited breathlessly for the next event. In due time the gentlemen were admitted at the Iron Door and by going through the required procedure reached the reception room. Prom. cards had been distributed and for a while all was confusion until acquaintances were found in the sea of unfamiliar faces. In time, however, the crowd dwindled as the bolder ones departed in couples to the chapel. After them followed the bashful boys and timid girls. There a short but delightful program was enjoyed After a change of partners all went back to the reception room where refreshments were served. At ten thirty the gentlemen departed the way they had come. The ordeal was over. A wide range of acquaintances had been opened to all. The Freshmen were received.

Being received was not all that was necessary for the Freshettes to feel thoroughly at home. Only a week had passed 'ere they were summoned, yea, ordered to present themselves, this time before a different but equally dreaded representation. On appearing each was presented with an appropriate green band with which to adorn her head. The tremulous newcomers were divided into four groups, each sent to different rooms. Twenty minutes later they were called upon to perform a stunt, in the reception room, for the amusement of the rest, the group with the best performance being given the dubious honor of appearing before the whole student body in the chapel later. After these preliminaries all repaired to the chapel where in the midst of a solemn atmosphere the oath of allegiance was administered. The Freshmen were then entertained by a short program after which refreshments were served in the dining room. With the singing of "Hail our College" the evening came to a close and now the Freshmen could feel that they were really a part of the college.

Regarding the next event of interest, the following verses were written by a member of the Sophomore class:

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Friday, the thirtieth day of October, Clark Hall saw a sight both ghastly and sober, Each one was a ghost, 'twas a fearful sight That Clark Hall presented that Friday night.

Each was totally unknown to the other, Except when one ghost did laugh at his brother, Till all disguises were secretly discarded, Oh! then 'twas a different sight we regarded. The party assembled in the big dining room To have some fun, to dispel the gloom. Each his future fortune was told By a crafty witch, mysterious and old.

And then there was—Oh what do you think? A field put on, by Tony and Dink; Many were the odd and interesting games Many the shouts and calling out names.

There was Miss Turnbull in the Standing Broad Grin, Cub broke the balloon because it was thin. After demolishing some crackers, (he ate quite a few) Neil Derby up and whistled, "Toodle-do-doo."

Then out went the lights and we sat in the dark Listening to stories, told by Prof. Clark. What ghastly tales! Oh me! Oh my! No wonder we needed to eat Pumpkin pie!

All of us are Christopher Columbuses discovering the same new-old continents of Truth. That is the true happiness of life. The second floor of Clark Hall has proven itself to be the new-old continent this year. The truth is we find living there the jolliest, friendliest family of girls under the steadying influence of Miss Vincent and Mrs. Whitmore. These, our faculty members, have entertained on two occasions the second floor girls. The first was in the Clark Hall Club room, when a social hour was enjoyed. Refreshments were served and Miss Turnbull revealed the fortunes of each. On Hallowe'en, Mrs. Whitmore again delighted the hearts of the girls. Her room was fittingly decorated and the entertainment provided suited the witching season. Miss Vincent and Mrs. Whitmore have endeared themselves to the girls and all look forward to a season of good fellowship and fun.

On November the twenty-first Clark Hall departed from its usual decorous procedure when Miss Turnbull ably assisted by Margaret Forrest and Marion Bulloch staged a "Topsy Turvey Party."

The guests gloriously adorned in everything from bridal outfits to pajamas with curl paper accompaniments, found their respective partners and assembled in the Gym. There Miss Turnbull bade each guest farewell and the party

began. Nuts, mints, cake, ice cream, crackers and soup followed each other punctuated by "throw the napkin,"

songs and impromptu numbers.

An absorbing game of Farmer's in his Den preceeded a round which lasted until exhaustion threatened. For a time "The Long Long Trail" tried to hold its own against "Keep the Home Fires Burning," but the latter finally won

With "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," three cheers, and a tiger, the party showed their appreciation of the hostesses and after passing down the reception line and being heartily welcomed the party broke up.

"John you are not to eat any more Mrs. McLellan cake, vou'll burst."

John "Pass the cake and get out of the way."

Mr. Kerr (in Latin class) - "Miss Fry, will you translate please."

Leta—Cacsar adsum jam forte, Pompei aderat.—

"Caesar had some jam for tea, Pompei had a rat."

REMATED HALVES

A soft answer is mightier than the sword.

A word to the wise saves nine.

A thing of beauty makes the heart grow fonder.

A little wisdom loves company.

A dangerous thing is a joy forever.

A fool and his money make the whole world kin.

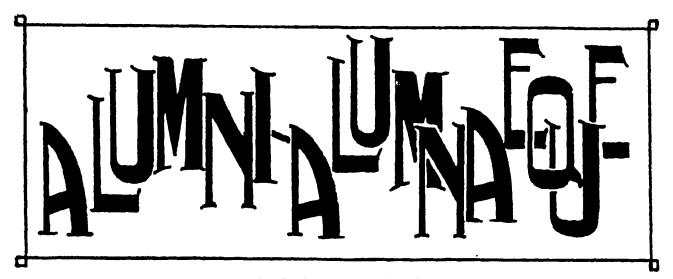
One touch of nature is sufficient.

He laughs best who never felt a wound.

Faint heart goeth before a fall.

Procrastination gathers no moss.

--(Ex.)



Sybil Kerr, B.A.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."

The Alumni Association has been honored by the appointment of one of its members to the position of Dean of Clark Hall. We congratulate Miss J. Turnbull and wish her every success and happiness in her new office.

The "Teacher's Convention" held in Brandon October 8th and 9th was a meeting ground for a large number of our association. Among those present were Ethel Bolton '20, Alma Londry '22, Jean Doig '23, Bessie Bridgett '23, Russell Baldwin '24 and Leslie Glinz '19. Leslie had just returned from China where he was substituting in the College of Yale. For those, who remembered Leslie's quiet almost shy manner, it was an education to see him surrounded by a group of girls, listening attentively while he unfolded the mysteries and glories of the Orient.

Because we cannot all go for lovely trips does not say we do not enjoy hearing about them. Miss Jennie Turnbull '15, Tena Turnbull '21 and Beatrice Hall '23 spent a glorious holiday in Honolulu. There seems to have been only one fault to find—it was not half long enough.

Beatrice Clendenning '21 and Velma Johnson '22 set their faces to the east and revelled in the glories of the ancient historic scenes in England, France and Italy.

- —'23. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Jones are spending the winter in Chicago, where Dick is taking Post Graduate work.
- —'24. Marjory McKenzie is enjoying her work at Columbia College, Chicago.
- —'23. Ethel Abey has forsaken the gentle art of teaching for that of nursing. She has started her training at the Brandon Mental Hospital.

- '22. Miss Marion Hales, who graduated last spring from M.A.C. in Household Science, has been appointed to the Domestic Science staff of Public Schools in Victoria.

18. Miss Reta Bambridge spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Clark Hall, the guest of Miss Gwen Whidden.

24. After a year's study in Newton Theological Seminary, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Church sailed for India, where they will engage in missionary work.

Galloway-Bucke-On July 18th, in St. Matthew's Pro-Cathedral, Miss Marjory Bucke '14 was united in marriage to Dr. H. P. H. Galloway of Winnipeg. Rev. Anderson as-

sisted by Rev. Johnson officiated.

Grant-Shewan—A wedding of interest to Brandon College people took place in the First Baptist Church, Brandon, on September 31st, when Miss Muriel H. Shewan was united in marriage to Dr. J. G. Grant '19. Rev. S. G. Stone '21 officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Beatrice Hall '23 and Miss Helen Christie. Dr. Geo. Davidson supported the groom. Professor W. L. Wright played the wedding music.

Grusz-Leith--Early in August Miss Marjory Leith '23 and Mrs. Fred Grusz were united in marriage at Bladworth,

Sask.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bowen- nee Johnson '14--

Winnipeg on May 6th-twins, a boy and a girl.

Born to Dr. and Mrs. Cromarty, nee Helen McDonald 16, Brandon, on March 22nd, a daughter.

AN ARABIAN PROVERB

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, he is simple. Teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep. Awake him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise. Follow him.—Exchange.



Edna Rand '27

"What we've got to do is, Keep up our spirits and be neighbourly."

—Charles Dickens.

The earth has once more cast off the color harmony of Autumn and with the approach of winter with its hints of cold and grayness we feel the mysteries of the Christmas hour approaching when love, joy, and peace hold sway over the earth. The message that the Christmas season brings is the same, forever old yet ever new, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." We, therefore, take this opportunity of extending to all students through the medium of these pages a hale and hearty Christmas greeting.

Lack of space compels us to abandon the attempt to

collect and condense all the messages that come through our exchanges. It gives us pleasure, however, to acknowledge the following: "Western U Gazette", "The Viewpoint", "The Ubyssey", "The Gateway", "The Sheaf", "The Mount Holyoke Monthly", "The Johnian", "The Manitoban", "Queen's Journal", "The McMaster University Monthly", "Acadia Athenaeum."

Rev. R. C. Johnstone writes for "The Johnian," an exceptionally interesting and instructive article entitled "A Pen words on Public Debate." It covers the subject from preparation, material, organization, presentation to the rebuttal. The writer concludes with "Be most careful newer to allow any personalities to come into your speeches." Altogether it is a unique feature and should prove beneficial to the reader.

Now listen to what the Editor of the "McMaster University Monthly" savs regarding their chronicle, "The Mc-Master University Monthly is not a news organ, in view of the fact that it comes out once a month, and not every day. It is rather, in the very nature of the case, a chronicle, a

means of recording past history, than a bulletin board, for it is said news travels fast in McMaster in any case. Literary excellence without dullness; fun without foolishness—either with or without the adjective—is our fond but fervent ambition." Judging from the literary style exhibited in your first issue we believe you will realize your ambition. We congratulate "The Gateway" on the wide range of

We congratulate "The Gateway" on the wide range of material contained in their magazine. It is justly deserving of the student pride in it. Every editor has a different temperament and that makes every periodical different. In this magazine, however, we do not get the feeling that the first personal pronoun is being overworked, rather it directs our attention to activities outside the College halls, even into the realm of political life.

This expressive little poem (entitled "The Fare") was gleaned from a previous issue of "Acadia Athenaeum."

I wonder what is hid out there,—
Where the sun goes down;
A beautiful gilded city, I think,
Or else a lake of sheerest pink,—
But it's very far from here to there
Where the sun goes down.

And sometimes there are hid out there
—Where the sun goes down.

Just fields and fields of violets,

And bright birds loosed from silvery nests,

-But I am here, and all that is there—

Where the sun goes down.

I don't know why I can't go there

--Where the sun goes down
Unless if in that land I'd be
And solve for myself the mystery;
I must pay to go the supremest fare—Where the sun goes down.

M. C. S. '27.

"The world is full of theorists, dreamers, uplifters, reformers, who have worthy visions but are not able to translate them into practical realities. They go around with their heads in the clouds, looking upward, and half the time their feet are in the flower-beds or trampling upon their fellow men they dream of helping. Their ideas must be forged into usefulness available for this day, upon the annil of experience."

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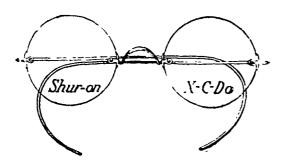
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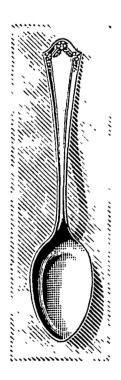
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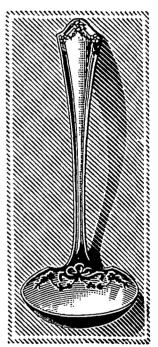
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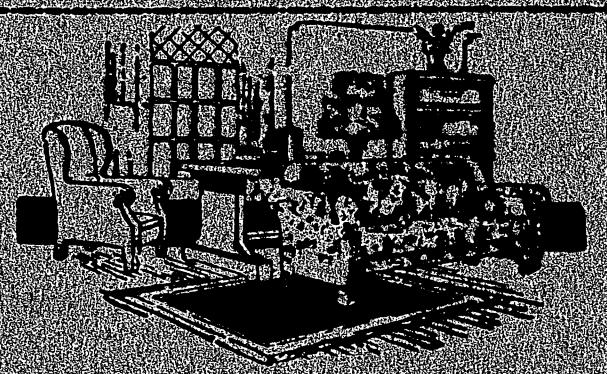
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