Our Only National University Does Its Work in Overalls How Canada Carries Culture of Campus to Backwoods Camp

Romantic Story of Frontier College—Nothing Is More Typically Canadian Than This Unique Educational Enterprise—Enormous Potentialities of Educated Lumberjacks

By ARTHUR HAWKES

ID you ever put in a winter on the outer skirts of civilization, and sit, night after night, with nothing to read, nobody to talk to, and even a game of solitaire debarred? Did you ever earn your living in the sweat of your face, and meet the alternative of accepting five dollars a month and your board for the winter, or working as a lumberjack?

Were you ever warned by a man who knew the camps that you would be "ungodly foolish" to go into any such places, when five dollars a month and cleanliness were assured?

Have you ever reflected on what the camp and the frontier have done for Canada and for your own comfort?

Would you be amused at the idea of lumberjacks attending university even while they are 1924 is what its birth was twenty-four years working with axe or team from daylight to

way construction and in the bush might earn an arts degree, and receive as fine a tuition in Principal Fitzpatrick comes from there. Millsthe camps as the exquisites among the intellectuals bestow around the campus?

In fifty ways the camp is ahead of the campus. So unique a truth is by way of being more than this present population does, that to sity in Canada, and the only university in the for its natural renewal is an insult to horny hand, and whose robes are overalls.

When this century was coming in the Reading Camp Association was formed by Alfred Fitzpatrick, a Presbyterian minister. After years of rarely quiet and splendid service to the Fitzpatrick boys, because his very presence Canadian citizenship it was re-named the Frontier College, with the founder as principal. It now has a dominion university charter, with authority to confer degrees.

If you have Canadian pride prepare to use it now; for, with a past and present staff of seven hundred and fifty instructors, the Frontier College, Canadian of Canadian in spirit and truth, has in it the potentialities of more advance in popular education than anything that has crossed the vision of most of those who have sensed what is in the Fitzpatrick objective. It is a revolution indeed to take the university to the student instead of bringing the student to the university, to hold classes in the woods instead of off the corridors. Some university leaders, who dote on the magnificent dignities of an alma mater (and who never did a week's manual labor), are against this new broadening out of Canadian culture. Others are for it with an honor to be included in the Frontier College's first board of examiners. They have truly patriotic vision, not being scared of free trade in knowledge, and not thinking that intellect must mainly be served nearby long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults.

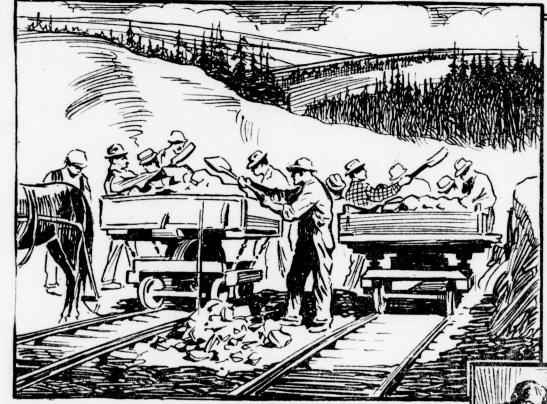
not during forty days in the wilderness? To whom is Canada's debt most heavily due, if not to those who have transformed the tangled frontier into highly equipped communities?

What Is Education?

TO whom should the inheritors of the glories I made possible by the dead pioneers pay their reasonable service if not to the living pioneers who toil in the hardest places, and who have been socially ignored? Before we come to something like narrative of what the Frontier University has built into our fundamentals, suffer a word touching the ancient but rather asinine notion that high education necessarily must be obtained at great and awesome seats of learning; and that only those who have been through the mills of degrees are truly educated.

Heaven forbid that an inappreciative syllable should be uttered towards the university don, to whom a Greek fambic is as congenial as a pair of socks, but who would be puzzled beyond recovery by a request to harness a horse. But is it not true that many intellectual wonders have largely been those who acquired their distinction in essentially the same way as the lumber graduate of to-morrow's Frontier University will get his diploma? The nearest example is the recently-departed chancellor of Toronto. Is there not a university professor in Canada with the range of cultured service that distinguished Sir Edmund Walker? He was too much of a master to be called a scholar. He was earning his bread at thirteen years of age. His education, in the more academic sense, had to be obtained before and after working hours. He results." happened to live in the city where advantages comparatively abounded. But there are intellects of as high potentialities as his in the bush. along the frontier, wherever the foundations of future Canadian prosperity are being laid by the indispensable workers. They have an inherent right to all the knowledge that they can absorb, in the interest of the state itself. For it is a

Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll. If you would gauge where an institution is going, learn whence it came. Respect the origin of man and you won't be discouraged by his destiny. Creation, let alone by the meddlesome Matties. develops truly to the creator. The Frontier University is running true to form; for its life in



heavy a day's work as the men whom he teaches.

It is more than a pleasantry that Pictou Did it ever occur to you that men on rail- county, Nova Scotia, grows more college presidents than any other county on this continent ville, ten miles from Pictou town, is his home. It is something of a deserted village now because the late generation did not understand, any demonstrated by the only truly national univer- denude the frontier of wealth without providing world whose claim to attend classes is in a the past, an injury to the present and an offense against the future. At Millsville the school teacher used to board around, two weeks at a time. Mr. Rogers, now a retired Presbyterian minister, was eagerly welcomed by was an elevation to all who lived where he was.

How the Idea Originated

H E was teaching for what he could put into it. His example had its part in carrying Alfred Fitzpatrick through high school, and then to Queen's University, filled with resolve to help those who were ill placed to help them-

The pastorate was the natural goal of such a spirit. Fitzpatrick began his ministry in California, passing from camp to camp in the mountains, because a Millsville man who was believed to be there had not written to his parents for several years. The negligent correspondent found, the minister returned to Canada, and took mission duty in Algoma.

A dear old lady of our ancient friendship, whenever a tramp begged for bread, gazed at his eyes and asked, "Do you love God?" The empty-belly usually murmured something dark and looked darker. He got food every time. and was bidden to eat it on the spot. But the good lady never realized that religious inquisition, if it is a blessing at all, should always be grace after meat.

A preacher's arrival at a lumberjack's abode was never effusively welcomed. It isn't easy to When and where do men learn most if it be get close to the man who thinks even when he doesn't say: 'Who the h-ll are you, and what in blazes do you want?" The Reverend Alfred Fitzpatrick, accredited representative of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, felt that to his soul's marrow. He remembered that it was a carpenter who got next the fishermen; not a person who conducted himself as a being apart. The best service, he saw, could be given in camps by one who was touched with the feelings of others' infirmities, who could win the trust of men who worked so hard that it is only by Sunday that they have time to realize how tired they were when they quit work on Saturday.

So the Reverend Alfred Fitzpatrick, dedicated to the Westminster Confession, made a confession to himself, which has resulted in a virtual disuse of the ecclesiastical title. The frontiersmen were doing essential work for Canada. They deserved more than they received in educational stimulus. That could only be imparted to them by men who were even as they were-as tired as they were, because he was working as hard as they worked.

Up in the Lake Nipissing region was a responsible representative of old J. R. Booth, the Ottawa lumber king who has got a Danish prince for a grandson. To A. J. Young, Fitzpatrick took the idea that he would doff his habit, go to work along with the men, and see whether that wasn't a more Galilean modernity than the regulation services of the church. Young is a big fellow, and big fellows, who are also wise, usually see the importance of getting other fellows to work on a good proposition.

"No," he said, "if you do that, you will be buried. Your idea is too good to be treated that way. Organize an association that will put men into many camps. Multiply your work and its

So the Reading Camp Association was born. It always supplied reading matter to camps; but it always sent instructors with the reading matter, and secured its own building wherein men might read and instructors might teach. The cardinal principle of the education work was something absolutely new in scholastic and religious civilization.

Has Ruskin College Beaten

EVER before was it essential a teacher of classes must himself do as heavy a day's work as the men whom he taught. The idea was always to get young university men to undertake this engaging task. It has got Ruskin College. Oxford, beaten to a frazzle, and is, indeed, the magnificently sane and astonishingly practical application of the theories which caused Ruskin to make the rather weird experiment of

putting enthusiastic young intellectuals to work making roads, within the sphere of influence of Oxford itself. It wouldn't have been surprising if it had got the studentry of our refined seats of learning beaten to a standstill.

Until the war Fitzpatrick advertised for instructors. Twenty years ago a young chap at Varsity, who had taught school for five years. had saved eight hundred dollars with which to get himself a degree, and was now compelled to supplement his resources, answered an ad for a teacher of lumberjacks. He thought it an entertaining, but queer suggestion, and won-

Instead of acknowledging the application by mail Fitzpatrick answered it in person; told the student what was doing, with clear warning that there was no lavender in camps. It sounded the strangest scheme in the world for a university undergraduate to work at lumbering by day and run a school for lumberjacks at night. For a while he could hardly treat the idea seriously. But he took it on. He found in it the ache of toil, and the reward of infinite joyand he has stayed with it to this day-Inspector Bradwin, whose thesis on the navvy is about ready to be presented to the solons of Columbia University as a qualification for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

See how one uniqueness begets another? When, before, did a nascent doctor of philosophy base his expectation of the degree on a plea for the bunkhouse man, which must justify itself at an inquisition by a body of learned professors? Yesterday you would have said that the very notion of a bunkhouse philosophy being examined by a university faculty was all bunk, and worthy of no house. But hold on. One of

the fellows from a fine home who, like a hero, became an instructor, and suffered blistered hands and aching back, so that he might serve his kind, wrote in to head office that he was amazed at his pupils' range of knowledge of which he was ignorant. His summer's work was richly repaid by that discovery; which is his students:at the very base of the new university education.

Eastern secretary starting on tour

of inspection in Northern Quebec.

Some of us come from the farm, and know Camp, back from the north Huron shore: how those who know nothing of real life suppose, in their pride, that agricultural work is unskilled labor. Why, as Fitzpatrick says, navvying is a science and tree-falling an art, and proficiency with the cant hook a profession inforeman reckless enough to let you try, undertake to fall a big pine between two other pines. standing fifteen feet apart, so that the fall won't do almost as much damage as the timber is worth. Work half a day on building a log shack, and see how much your book learning is worth. The point is that the men on the frontier, laying the foundations of prosperity for the new sections of the country and sustaining the amenities of the old-settled communities, must be skilled-they have to know a lot; and they can teach the denizens of cities, including most universitarians, many things that it is mighty good

Wherein is one of the Frontier university's most beneficent service. It gives to its instructors instruction of priceless value to them, and to their country. Their own testimony is conclusive; your own perception will be illuminat-

Instructors Right Across Continent

STRUCTOR after instructor, who has passed into professional life, has testified that he wouldn't exchange his experience as a Frontier

knows the bunkhouse, and has found what it is to render help to men alongside whom he had labored the livelong day. What is the common jibe against the highly

educated university professor, the man who has lived so much in the midst of culchah that he's lost in the midst of life? It is that he is unpractical, and apt to be what the Yorkshireman calls gormless. Occasionally one has been in bush or on prairie with some big man in his own line-a railway president or a great banker. When camp has been made the president or banker has pitched in like the rest of us, cut wood, built the fire, hung the kettle, and fried the bacon as if he had never done anything else. It is one of the things which have distinguished distinction in the New World to an extent of which the Old World knows next to nothing. According to the measure in which we can preserve the virilities and handinesses that have gone into the transformation of Canada from forest and plain to farm and town, we shall vindicate the name of the New World, and deserve a dignified place at the bar of universal

You cannot estimate the value of the Frontier College to its instructors or their value to the nation. Of recent summers about fifty have been sent out. There is scope, but not funds for three hundred. When railway construction was at its height, and Fitzpatrick's men were scattered clear across the continent, the toiling apostolate was up to the blessedly precedented number of seventy. We pay insufficient homage to the pioneers of Canada. Two peculiarities of Frontier instructorships suggest that, like bread cast on the waters, some of the lustres of the pioneers are being seen after many days. It is surprising how many well-to-do young fellows become instructors whose grandfathers and great grandfathers were logging pioneers. The old spirit is asserting itself, to the renewing of the mind of the young possessor, and to the ultimate rescue of the frontier from its mental deprivations. Then there is a remarkably large percentage of medical students among the instructors much larger, all things considered, than the proportion of theologs. The medical profession in embryo, like the medical profession in practice is consciously more in the service of humanity and less in the service of itself than some other regions of ambition that could be named. The divinity student thinks of his future in terms of discourse. The medical aspirant has visions of bedsides and broken bodies mending.

Here, then, is an enlarging body of young Canadian collegians throwing themselves into the midst of life that is very hard, very rough, very genuine-into a baptism of service of incalculable illumination to them, and of vast hope to their pupils. Look at samples of the letters that come in to the college principal, and judge their worth from the point of view of what the frontier situation could now be if nothing like them had been made possible by the university in overalls.

School to Be Proud of

E select something of what J. R. Jones says about his work, and a letter from one of

Jones is telling about getting into Shewfelt's

and then met the clerks from Robinson's and Taylor's camps and then had to walk the rest of the way in, carrying the mail. About four o'clock we arrived at Robinson's, and on all alone, with the mail, for our camp. By six p.m. it was dark and I was all in and couldn't follow the trail any longer. (I was following the trail of two men who had made Shewfelt's Camp the day before).

Well, I knew I was in for a night in the bush, so I soon had a good fire burning night. I had found an axe by a skidway, so had no trouble in getting wood.

I put in rather a miserable night of it, as it was pretty cold and I had been perspiring so much, walking quickly, that the sweat I sat by the fire from 7 p.m. till 7 a.m. when

I made the camp in about half an hour. see me back safely. I stayed in bed all day. and as I had a dandy sleep last night I am feeling all right to-day-only a bit stiff. I have been interviewing some of my old pupils, and we expect to have the school rungoes well here

This about Jones, from John McCannah at the nd of the Shewfelt's Camp season:

I take the liberty to say a word or two the Frontier College people. I know they all think as I do, especially the French class of which I was a pupil under Mr. J. R. Jones. one of the Frontier's able instructors, and one that the school can well be proud of, for he is the shining star here at the camp. It would have been a lonesome place here had it not been for Jones and his friends on the outside-the Frontier people-who were forever sending reading matter, as well as two gramophones, which we all shared in We spent many pleasant evenings, reading which were so full of love stories, while the band played. I only regret that I cannot be When I go to my home in N. Y. state I will carry the best of wishes for the Frontier College and J. R. Jones, who has done wonderful work here and has made everyone his

This correspondence touches last year's work. Here is part of a letter from Mr. Jones reporting his labor at Island Falls, north of Cochrane, where the Hollinger gold mine is developing power, and has built a place for the college work:

Friday night I had the first classes, and they were well attended. There were 18 Finlanders, 2 Swedes, 4 French-Canadians and Canadians taking instruction in actual classes. Then there must have been 20 or more men in the building for reading or writing purposes. I hardly expect the attendance will be as large as this regularly, be cause, of course the whole idea was new to them. However, I should have a good average attendance each night and will do my best to hold the interest of the men.

Big Employers Co-operate

HE building is larger than you anticipated-it is 40 feet long and 22 feet wide. We are putting in a partition, dividing it in half, and carrying out your plans regarding the reading room, a class room and an also the bookshelves. I think w range for electric lights to be instal would run moving pictures for, two nights a week. We would free of charge from the Ontario ture Bureau, controled by the

Each night at five o'clock I swi F.C. building, start my fire, arrange zines, books, etc. It is a large l requires a lot of time to keep However, I am doing my best, a

events, will make a go of it, somehow. There are children here, perhaps wouldn't find time to hold school for too. Would that be in accordance with F tier College ideals? I can see that I have to work slowly here at the start. then gradually develop into something gre and really worth while.

The camp, clearly, becomes more and more a community, the assurance of a larger Canada of to-morrow. At Shewfelt's and Island Fallsto take only one example of a lumber camp, and another of a water power construction outfitthe Frontier College is the civic church and choolmaster. You see the mining company cooperating by furnishing a suitable building. The co-operation of lumber, construction and On construction of the Chippawa Canal and

at Nipigon the Provincial Hydro has liberally facilitated the Frontier College work. At the Whirlpool Camp, for instance, the building specially erected must have cost five thousand dollars. For two thousand men seven or eight instructors were employed of whom all but the supervisor worked every day with the men.

warm side to the Frontier University, subscribing to the funds, giving passes, facilitating ac commodations, and generally behaving like enlightened business corporations which know the value of intelligent efficency and contentment among workers far removed from populous

One trouble with camp life is the proportion of men who jump the job, often when a considerable sum has been paid in railway fares. The Frontier College helps to reduce the num ber of jumpers-a man taking French from J. R. Jones isn't very likely to hike off because there's nothing interesting to retain him at his job.

It has been said that there is scope for three hundred instructors in Canadian camps. Before they could all be supplied there would still be room for instruction to a few employers. The line of least resistance is naturally followed by hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destruct tive. Men who have not been eager to set aside profits for reafforestation schemes were hardly likely to propose university courses for axemen. But the lumberman is coming along fairly rapidly. Whereof an example.

Has University Charter

THERE died lately E. C. Whitney, of Ottawa, I the millionaire brother of the late Sir James Whitney. Excessive geniality was never a peccadillo of either the Whitney statesman or the lumberman. The tongue was often rough, even when the heart was soft. When Fitzpatrick first interviewed E. C. Whitney, and had told his story, Whitney barked out: "You an't go into my camps; but if it's money you give it you." And he proffered a bill, which the Reading Camp Associati more than his own enjoyment of tha talk, caused Fitzpatrick to accept. It was arodd demonstration of a moneymaker's shrewd to go to his competitors' camps, but have them in his own. Afterwards he cha university graduates of men with the a will showed that he preferred Wycliffean logy to bunkhouse culture.

For too many generations the frontier toilers were assumed to be well-fitted for a rough and ignorant life; and a rough and ignorant life was well suited to them. In railway construction across Northern British Columbia, for instance, there must be engineers-men of high scientific attainments. Their isolation was always eased for them in ways that were deemed inappropriate for those without whose work the would have been less than nothing. Why should using dynamite in a rock cutting—an inferior life to that available to workers in a textile

The Fitzpatrick method of keeping up with the times is in itself a revolution in human atti when men openly decry popular intelligence as hey did when education became compulsory in England, and it was complained: "Why, soon you can't leave a letter on the table but the parformaid will be able to read it." All tragedies in civilization are not calamities of dying. are of living. The frontier—think of children natural capacity into dull ignorance.

Fitzpatrick saw that to recommend to the men there the prospect of a good time in a New Jerusalem that nobody ever saw was neither Christianity nor humanity. The way to Christiknowledge. This continent is rich indeed in the stories of poor men who have come to the top an education. An offshoot of that quality exalting labor is the correspondence school. much for self-culture. The Frontier College is something between the perky correspondence liament has given it a university charter is a special proof that there is an awakening to acquired far from what are called seats of

A man who is working hard with his hands all day has plenty of time to think, once he is given something to think about-which is half the real object of giving a lesson to a person who is old enough to reflect and strong enough to aspire. Going to classes at night is a real stead of being like a turkey that is being stuffed fat by machinery before Christmas, he kneads his knowledge into every fibre of his beingespecially if he is a "foreigner" of to-day who will be a father of the native-born to-morrow.

Open to him the doors of distinction which the hall-marks of a workaday character elevat ing university confers, and you are raising the quality of Canadian citizenship threshold of its greatness. The nation can only truly flourish in this century, w ch hás bolaly been called Canada's, in proport on as it raises the tone of life and widens the basis of good living for those who do the hardes! work. Canas it raises ada, says Fitzpatrick, needs citizen of helots. Not to progress this way is to essai building of a nation that is half slave and the ree and

ELIZABETH AND THE SPIRITS

IVI "is one of these 'ere spiritoolists." "A spirtualist!" I marveled. It

seemed a strange combination. Insurance men always appear to me to be intense materialists. "'E's arsked me to go to a seeonce with 'im," continued Elizabeth, proudly. "It isn't much in my line, but seein' 'e's unmarried it doesn't do to miss a charnce that might lead to reg'ler walkin' out. So if you don't mind me goin'

out a bit earlier on Thursday night, 'm---" "Certainly, Elizabeth," I said, cheerfully, glad to hear that the spirits did not keep late hours.

Elizabeth returned from the seance in a state of excitement. "It fair gave me the creeps, 'm," she confided in me, "wot with sittin' in the dark listenin' to the meedjum breathin' that 'ard an' givin' people messages from the other side till they was scared out of their lives. I 'ope I don't get a message. I 'ad to 'old my insurance young man's 'and an' lean against 'im to give me courage as it was. There's another seeonce Next Tuesday, if you can spare me that evernin'. 'm'"

"Certainly, Elizabeth," I said. But I could not help wishing that the activities of her spirits would take place on her regular nights out.

It was more than evident after a time that Elizabeth's brain-never calculated to stand much strain-was in danger of being slightly unhinged by the spirits. "I was told larst night that I've a pale green orer," she remarked one day. "An' it does give me the shivers to think I'v gotter thing like that 'anging about me."

The idea of Elizabeth having an aura seemed to me distinctly humorous. "I shouldn't pay much attention to that," I said. "It's only

"But that there orer gives me a damp, sticky sort o' feelin', 'm, knowing I carn't get away from it, too! I'm gettin' frightened to go upstairs in the dark for fear I'll see it orl about

"I don't think I should go to any more of these meetings if I were you," I said, decisively. They might unhinge you."

"Well, I don't mind bein' unhinged-if I end up by clickin' with the insurance young man!" nounced Elizabeth.

"Please, 'm, I've just come in to tell you that I'm takin' your advice," panted Elizabeth, as she dashed into my study one morning, three

"What about?" I asked, looking up abstract 'About givin' up the spirits, 'm."

The context of Elizabeth's remarks, allied to her flushed face, caused an uneasy suspicion to cross my mind.

"The insurance young man that seemed so promisin'," she went on, "I've just 'eard that e's takin' arf the girls in the nayboorhood to seeonces, an' me thinkin' I was singled ou. speshul. But I'm not goin' to waste my time on any more of that rubbish. 'Im an' 'is orer!-May I stop out a little later to-night, 'm? They're startin' a new serial at the picters. .

"Certainly, Elizabeth," I said, - London