

March 30, 1933



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF BRANDON COLLEGE.

Senior Debate Tomorrow Evening.

"Inflation to be Debated." Tomorrow night at 8 o'clock Arts III and Arts IV clash in the College Chapel in the inter-form debating competition.

these two professors will be present to pick up any economic points the teams may divulge. Mr. McDowell seems confident that Arts IV can carry off the honors and declares that he is prepared to do so; but on the other hand Mr. Cohen maintains it will be Arts III on whom the Gods, the judges and any other persons concerned, will smile.

when holding his bow between his knees, the violinist rubbed the violin on the bow and behold—more "pop goes the weasel". In a press dispatch late yesterday it was announced at New York that due to his "contortionism", Mr. Rubinoff will be unable to fill this week's program with Eddie Cantor for the eminent violinist is all tangled up in the mike.

Mock Trial Handed Out Decision of Not Guilty.

"Foreman" Jones Delivered Sentence in Impressive Manner. Something novel in the line of entertainment was presented to the students the night of March 10th in the form of a Mock Trial when "Sinc" McLachlin was on charges of assault and battery, chiselling and tossing about harmful solutions.

Brandon College students, George Brown and Harpo Fraser in order to keep a date with said L. V. After proving his own client guilty, Lawyer Clement demanded his release and Byron Jones, foreman of the jury complied. Justice Marshall proceeded next to sentence Harpo Fraser and Frank Samis for their share in the business and they too were released on suspended sentence, after rendering a musical program to the audience.

"The Big Broadcast", Grade XII Lit. Presented Last Friday.

Awarded Newspaper Decision as this Year's Most Popular and Best Lit. "Originality plus" says Quill Reviewer. But where were Mickey Mouse and Bing Crosby?

Good evening ladies and gentlemen of our radio audience; this is station X-1-1 broadcasting a Red and Black network program from our studios in Brandon College Chapel. These words greeted a large audience in the Chapel last Friday evening when Grade XII presented their Lit, the fourth and last in the competition for the Literary Shield, now held by Arts '33.

The next feature on the Nation wide network was Baron Munchausen and his assistant, portrayed most effectively by Johnny Wilkins as the Baron and John Callendar as Charley. And when the Baron asked "Was you dere Sharley" he brought down the house. The El Ropo and Stogie Cigar Co. makers of 4c. cigars were sponsors of the program and reminded the audience that the Baron will be back on the air next Friday at the usual time.

The final number on the X-1-1 network hour was the Tooke follies, presenting the Class Yell of '36, in one of Irving Berlin's latest numbers. "There is work to be done" (in the next six weeks). The audience which was lucky to get into the audition room of the studio was given a chance to "get on the air" in the last minute of the hour, when Hail Our College, Hippi Skippi, Clever Happy, etc., boomed through the studio mike.

Quill Rating. Thus was another Lit brought to a close. If originality, presentation and popularity mean anything in the Lit competition, the Quill hands the newspaper decision for this season's Lit to Grade XII. The only major fault, we, the board of review, as mere spectators, could find with the production is that it was rather a short one, though in keeping with the modern trend of lits.

Annual Graduating Banquet Colorful Affair.

Over 200 Present at Season's Biggest Event. The Prince Edward Hotel was the scene of the major social event of Brandon College on the evening of Friday, March 17th, the Annual Banquet in honor of the graduating class in Arts. Probably the most successful of any to date, certainly the banquet was the largest ever staged by the undergrads, about two hundred and thirty guests being present.

The next items on the program were two solos by Miss Ruth Morgan, rendered in a very pleasing manner, indeed and accompanied by Miss Shirley Reiberry. The toast to Alma Mater was proposed by Mrs. A. R. McDiarmid, a graduate of Class '23 and Prof. A. I. Foster in a well-presented speech gave the reply.

- COMING EVENTS
Tomorrow Nite.—Senior Debate Arts IV vs. Arts III.
April 4—Arts IV Function.
April 5—League of Nations Meeting. Address on Canadian Commonwealth Federation.
April 7.—Installation of Officers
April 20.—Arts Lectures Close.
April 27.—Spring Exams begin.

Switching the controls to pick up an electrical transcription program from the Columbia Studios in New York, station X-1-1 next presented Miss Muriel Ebborn in a series of classical piano solos. Miss Ebborn pleased her vast audience but we had no way of telling her we wanted seven more encores, this being a radio program.

However, Miss Ebborn's contract has six more months to run and we will hear her again every Friday evening at umpteen o'clock, Central Standard time, courtesy of Bulony, spelled B-u-l-o-n-y, Fifth Avenue, Chater.

The reception began promptly at 6.30 p.m. in the drawing room of the hotel, where the members of the Grad. Class and their guests were introduced to the undergraduates. The announcer was Bob Howland '34, and heading the reception line were Dr. and Mrs. J. R. C. Evans, Miss Jean Bennest, hostess; John Young, president of the Graduating Class, and Lorne Umphrey, Senior Stick.

"SICKLE" GONE TO PRESS. Year Book Should be Distributed By May 1st or Thereabouts. The "Sickle" has now gone to press and the printers expect to complete the book for distribution by May 1st. Non-members of the Association who wish to obtain a copy of this year's issue may do so at the subscription rate of \$2.00.

## BRANDON COLLEGE STUDENTS' PUBLICATIONS

## The Quill

## The Sickle

Semi-monthly publication of Brandon College Students' Association.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

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## AU REVOIR.

We herewith present the final number of "The Quill" for the current College year. Looking back over the year's activities, we find that 1932-33 was indeed a well-filled program. Sports flourished, dramatics took second place to none, debating scored a smashing hit and our functions were of the best. If The Quill has satisfied our subscribers, we are pleased; if not—we can only say we did our best. To those who have taken enough interest in the publication to offer us a friendly word we wish to express our appreciation. We extend our thanks to all those in any way connected with the publishing of The Quill—our subscribers, advertisers, contributors and printers. The writer also wishes to thank the Publications staff for its hearty co-operation throughout the year.

To Mr. Fred Bolton, editor-elect, and to his staff, finally, we offer our best wishes for a successful 1933-34.

## With Our Contributors.

## "BIG BLUEBERRIES"

By K. M. R.

It was late and the room was silver gray, from the glow cast by a street lamp opposite. Smoke hung in a tremulous rift midway between floor and beamed ceiling. The sage sat somewhere in the darkest shadows of projecting bookcases. On the mantel, the light picked out in silhouette a bust of Christ. The tiers of books, all silvered to one identity. Bede and Gibbon and Catullus, cover pressed close to cover, stood and listened "Conticura omnes, intentique ora tenabat."

What luck, exiled on remote Prince Edward Island, to have met a sage. In the gulf stream of events one meets few sages in the course of a life time. Islanders had told us of this scholar and literary connoisseur pastor to eight-hundred souls in the little sea-port of Alberton. We sought him out. We found a man whose knowledge was tempered with tolerance, a scholar with a love for flowers and a penchant for fishing.

We visited him frequently; the ritual was the same, he took the large shiny-leather morris chair and we, the embracing wicker one, smoke rose and someone said a magic word like "Lear" or "Ulysses", and we were off. The books about each waited in strained silence for its rating good or ill. From his place the sage was a critical Solon dispensing literary dictates, inevitable ultimatums. Was it a trick of the glow that the black garb seemed brown-stuff and the graying hair, a matted wig? For the great voice boomed and chuckled and quipped, just as was the wont of another sage, long dead, to hammer out cadenced tags while a wizened little Scotch barrister skulked in the background, jotting mentally his ringing phrases.

"Donne and Bacon, Marlowe and Carlyle", the names dropped off his tongue and were richer thereof. We threw in Hardy and Whitman and he reluctantly acquiesced. Grown bold, we

advanced Masfield and Noyes and Sandburg. He laughed kindly, sought about for some meed of praise, gave it up and concluded: "They are inconsequent. When I go picking blueberries and Nature is profligate, do I select the small, hard, bitter ones? No. Not while there are big succulent berries to be had for the reaching why read Masfield while there is Virgil?"

We had formerly thrived on the assumption that Pulitzer and Nobel prize winners were the heirs of all the ages and that a 20th Century product was relatively twenty times superior to a 1st Century one. As a narrow nationalism has monkey-wrenched the world machine, so our insular allegiance to modernity had biased us critically. When professors had heaved out remarks on the literary giants of the past, we had derided their grandiloquence, sneering, "Bah, Images refracted through the medium of time! The far-off hills generally look green."

But; "Big Blueberries"! The aphorism was inescapable; everytime we took a mental stroll the thing turned a corner and nodded graciously. Gradually little doubts wore channels through our adamant convictions. Perhaps some of our English professors were right, and perhaps, (oh, heresy!) T. B. R. was wrong. Probably Hazlitt is more meaty than Mencklen, if he isn't as savory. Perchance "The Rape of the Lock" is better satire than "Juan in America"; and Shaw may be merely a 59th edition of expurgated Swift.

As light intruded we sought about to ascertain the big blueberries of world literature, and found that we had gulped down these same berries, without tasting, for the old academic custom of regurgitation on examination papers. It is an odious gesture for any puny critic to be forced to commit himself, but more odious is it to offer for the readers delectation, the old chestnut of the Ten Books. You would take to the Desert Isle. In the past Eliot and Conrad, Over-

ton and Dela Mare and members of the C. A. A. have offered their selections. (Robert Stead incidentally including the Canadian Who's Who and Simpson's Catalogue). And recently C. C. of the Free Press Book Page has sounded forth a clarion call for the lists of the layman. Thus it would seem that wizened chestnuts and big blueberries are the only items on to-day's menu.

Chronologically, our cargo for Crusoes, limited to the usual decimal would include:—

(1) Virgil's "Aeneid". (2) The Bible. (3) Dante's "Divine Comedy". (4) Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." (5) Cervantes' "Don Quixote". (6) Complete Shakespeare. (7) Milton's "Paradise Lost" (8) Goethe's "Faustus". (9) Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" optional with "Hans Andri's son's Fairy Tales" or Barrie's "Peter Pan". (10) The undecided tenth gives us pause.

For on that desert Isle of Never-Never Land what desires would surge for a panoramic literary survey of the world we had left? The Modern crowd about and clamour for the privileged place. Were we English we might thrust aside Dickens and Thackeray and point to the ubiquitous Mr. Wells' "World of William Clissold", or being of a different temperament, choose, "The Forsyte Saga". If French, certainly not Proust, perhaps, Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe". If even French-Canadian, Hemon's "Marie Chapdelaine", could hold its place. If cosmopolitan, the finished brilliance and fine workmanship of Norman Douglas' "South Wind", would satisfy. But being Middle-West Canadian, humbly we select Sinclair Lewis' epic of the small town, "Main Street" and its companion piece, "Babbitt", for Gopher Prairie and Zenith City are America in microcosm."

## DODO IN HALIFAX

K.M.R.

Halifax was like one of those old books which had been unearthed when Manitoba College dumped its library contents into the Wesley halls. It had an uninviting cover stained, somewhat grim, and emanating a musty odor, but on dipping into it Dodo found it traduced a sense of communion with the past; that old dates caught the eye and drew the mind back to the days of Moby Dick and Evangeline. Archaic and outworn, it sat on a side shelf of Canada, a treasury of history.

After a day of adjustment, necessary to any westerner, Dodo loved it. The streets wound foolishly up hill and down. Turning any corner involved a surprise which might be a hon-tapped monument to Sebastopol, another Moirs candy factory, or a ship smuggling up to the wharf exuding tons of oranges to show its appreciation of being harbored. And, of course, there was Kenny!

Kenny was a freshman at Dalhousie. Six feet of combined braggadocio and naivety, well-veneered in modernisms, precluding the possibility of any of the real issues of existence touching him. His world was bounded on the right by a rugby field, on the left by a hockey rink. His only idiosyncrasy was a tendency to overwork the quaint little phrase, "Aw Nuts." As a relation, Kenny had been borne upon to act as guide to Dodo, such assignment he accepted in much the same manner as he received everything with a grin and a shrug. So he bore Dodo off to a boxing match. Next afternoon he took her to a cinema offering. George Bancroft, moving in a maze of hairy chests and brawling brutes, breaking bannisters. It was too much. Dodo revolted. After that she became guide and Kenny with an "Aw nuts," a reluctant retinue.

In the days that followed they discovered Halifax. Together they trudged up Citadel hill, entered the ancient precincts of the fortress over the traditional drawbridge, explored the dungeons where French prisoners had long ago been bound in chains, then sat on the gray walls beside the old cannon taken at the siege of Lou-

isburg. Dodo caressed the iron flanks of the gun tenderly.

"Just think, Kenny, these guns thundered in vain for France. They sounded the death-knell of her rule in Canada. Poor things, silenced now with balls jammed in their mouths... why, these guns have made history," which speech elicited no more than the usual "aw nuts."

It was while they were inspecting the provincial building that they found the oak table. It was constructed on dachshund lines, long and low and dark, and occupied a conspicuous place in the reception room, looking slightly incongruous amid the Versailles display of red velvet and gilt and huge aalls. But a word of explanation reposed in a small plaque in its center. This was the table on which the first official document had been signed way back in 1749. Dodo surveyed it reverentially, loving every splinter of its length, and said as Kenny proceeded to sit on it, "Just think, this whole province was non-existent until the first Governor General Cornwallis scrawled his name on a piece of paper on this very table. And how many statesmen have leaned over it? Can't you see grand old Joseph Howe resting his elbows on it supporting his clever head and figuring out things for Nova Scotia and for Canada? Why, history has been made on this table." Kenny squirmed under the familiar words which seemed to assume the nature of the taunt.

One evening at dusk they traversed the flagged pavement of a narrow water-front street passing the old barracks and shipping houses and clusters of smoky cafes. Kenny was loitering his swagger and peevishly enquired what Dodo was looking for. The laconic answer came back, "Atmosphere." He trudged on silently for a few steps then ventured, "Say, Dodo, do all the girls out west wear flat-heeled brogues and glasses and say, "rillee," for 'really,' and go around with little notebooks all the time?"

"Why, yes, Kenny, all of them, all the time."

"Aw nuts, then who started saying, 'go west, young man, go west?'"

The thrusts terminated when Dodo caught sight of a shop with "Malrony's Antiques," emblazoned across a grimy window pane. The heterogeneous contents on display were study; a soiled African sun-helmet, chipped crockery lettered in gilt with "To my sweetheart," or "I'm not greedy, but I like a lot," spectacle-minus one lens, old brass wedding rings, a tiny octopus preserved in alcohol, yellowed prints, French bayonets, a snake skin and a handless blow-torch. Kenny surveyed the collection superciliously then remarked, "reminds me of my brain the day before exams."

Night came and with it clammy cold and a wind. Dodo walking slowly, loathe to leave such atmosphere, Kenny champing for home and hot supper, they rounded a corner and encountered an odor, a blend of odors; of rotting wood, of very dead fish, of salt and seaweed. Dodo fumbled for a hanky, gasping, "Oh Kenny what a smell." He caught the cue, shot an implish glance at his companion and with a mock tremor in his voice said, "Yes, Dodo, but smells like that have made history."

STUDENTS OF MANITOBA "U"  
SHOW ANTI-WAR FEELINGS

Winnipeg, March 25.—The University of Manitoba debating union, with many members and a crowd of non-students were on record today as opposed to war and will refuse to "fight for King and Country" in the event of a clash of arms. Following a debate last night such a policy was favored by a four to one student vote.

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**PLANS UNDERWAY FOR SPRING TENNIS TOURNEY**

With the weather looking more like spring every day, thoughts of tennis and other activities are revived and already there are plans underway for staging a monster tennis tournament to include singles, doubles and handicap events. "Custy" Wright, our tennis rep. has been seen casting an occasional wary eye to the tennis courts and sister Marg. reports he is doing a little road work on the sly to loosen up himself and his racket. Umphrey, too, is preparing for the crucial tourney and reports are about that he is ready to meet Shaw in their half mile match race any day now.

**With Other Editors. SELF-RELIANCE.**

If it were possible to select one quality to which may be attributed the success of the world's greatest men in every field of endeavor that one quality would probably be Self-reliance. To this essential attribute may be credited the victories of Napoleon and Washington, the success of Burke and Hamilton, the fortunes of the Rothschilds and Carnegie, the scientific discoveries of Newton, Dalton and Faraday, and the marvelous surgical feats of the Mayo brothers.

Self-reliance is of necessity accompanied by ability, energy, knowledge and honour, for its foundation rests on the discovery, by careful introspection and self-analysis, of the possession of those requisites by which are measured the power of a man. Self-reliance, in men who are great in the true sense of the word, is absolutely free from bigotry. Even a superficial study of the lives of some of the world's most famous characters is sufficient to convince one that in their cases it was generously adulterated with faith in their fellow men.

In a larger sense all that is new and progressive is the result of self-reliance. Every thought and action is influenced by this great magnetizing force. The boldest advances of scientific enterprise, the most utile inventions, the most rapid strides of literature and art owe their inception and introduction to it.

Self-reliance is the hope of the state, the nation and the civilized world. The vigor and vitality of a people are affected by it.

Self-reliance has found the means for a quick adaptation to the practical affairs of life. It is cumulative, but finds its greatest development in the formative period of life. There is probably no greater opportunity for its cultivation than in the various activities of University life, where every advantage is offered for the exercise of talent and accomplishment.

Finally in a broad sense, self-reliance is perseverance and with its powerful aid there is realized the classic advice of Richelieu to Francois Villon, "In the bright lexicon of youth which the gods adore, there is no such word as fail."

—McGill Daily

**TOO MANY CLASSES.**

"A student is a person who spends years of learning as a qualification for something else," said Professor Stephen Leacock in an address to the American college of physicians at Montreal. "We demand two years of mathematics in order that a person can learn to pull a tooth properly." Professor Leacock is of the opinion that a student on arrival at college should immediately enter that study where in which he is actively interested. At the present time such is not the case. Prerequisites face the em-

bryo graduate in the vast majority of cases and this in itself is discouraging to the otherwise academically qualified student.

Too much time is lost, according to the professor, under the modern educational system. "Men just as well trained as the best physicians on the continent could be turned out in half a year, he claimed, with a proper system." This makes one stop to figure how many doctors there would be after ten years of this system. Nevertheless the medical course for example is far too lengthy. Before medicine was accepted as a responsible and honorable profession it was classed along with witchcraft and alchemy. By the nineteenth century Medicine had proved itself to the world—proved that it was useful. Doctors actually cured somebody.

On the addition of Medicine to the University curriculum nothing was taken off the existing course but many new subjects were added resulting in a cumbersome course. Professor Leacock stressed the importance of the elimination of all classes not bearing directly on the subject which the student has selected to study.

Dr. Leacock's statements according to the Varsity were flatly refuted by the Toronto Faculty. The Principal stated—"His criticism does not hold here." "Rather the reverse is true in the honor courses." "I do not see why anyone should be asked to give a statement about such a facetious article" commented the Registrar. He also took the opportunity to add "exams are near at hand and the student had better start thinking about them." Ora et labora.

—Dal. Gazette.

**LET'S SEE.**

Let's see. The modern undergraduate ignores religion. He does not believe in the sanctity of womanhood. He scoffs at attempts to reform the world. He despises what he call sentimentality. He dotes on cynicism. He has no ideals.

He wants to make money. He wants to be free from restriction. He wants to get by in the easiest manner possible. Few things have any intrinsic value for him. The picture of the undergraduate a few years ago as a Prometheus Bound defying the gods has been radically altered to a Prometheus Bound who doesn't care whether he is chained to a mountain-side or not.

American students have shunned any attempts to fuse them into socially-conscious groups except for the minority, which has at the present time become imbued with the awe of its own idealism. In short, taken as a group, American undergraduates are attired in full-dress and have nowhere to go except to Proms and fraternity dances.

—Columbia Spectator.

**CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY.**

It so happens that smokers obtain higher averages here than non-smokers. The average for smokers 84.7 and for abstainers, 82.3.

—Queen's Journal.

**STUDENTS PUT OUT BY BANK CLOSURE.**

Lafayette, Ind.—With the bank withdrawal restrictions still as much in effect as when first inaugurated, students are gradually settling into new strata. Many are fast learning to adapt themselves to the situation; others find it much more difficult to adapt themselves, and hence are in a much "tougher spot."

With all the regrettable misfortunes that go with such an extraordinary

measure, fate has kindly condescended to throw in a little humor to save the complete ruination of our spirits. From a school in Ohio, where students are trying to fathom the same kind of banking situation as we, comes the story of their travelling debate team having to sleep three in a bed, and one of their professors—on leave in New York—virtually stranded. One of their Ph.D. professors found himself with but three dollars to his name, and since we know that necessity nurtures inventions, we were not surprised to learn that he hired himself to a farmer, sank most of his fortune in ground corn, purchased some beans, and now announces to his classes that no one need starve as long as they can get corn and beans. He failed to say what he would do when the corn and beans are gone.

The number of pennies in circulation is unofficially reported to have rocketed to about eight times the normal, with restaurants and stores getting the most of them. From Ohio State comes the story of ten cent lunches and twenty cent dinners at their cafeteria.....a snooping reporter was delighted with his meal.

**WHAT IS SUCCESS?**

The other day a professor at an American University, in speaking on the inconsistency of our systems of education, made a statement which is well worth consideration. "The success doctrine," he is quoted as saying, "means nothing more than win at your neighbour's expense." He made reference, to prove his point, to "the history of the vicious influences of the stock exchange, the purchase for resale at pyramided prices" of commodities, both useful and useless.

If this is true, if our education serves merely to instil in us the idea that to be successful we must beat the other man, then the system is truly inconsistent. Success may be viewed from an absolute as well as a relative standard. We may consider that man successful, who achieves a position superior to his fellow-man; or, our conception of the successful man may be of one who has improved his own position, without considering his position relative to that of others.

If success can be achieved only by the exploitation of others, then happiness is nothing more than a vain ideal. How can we be happy when we must at all times be suspicious of the efforts of our neighbours, when we must crush them or be crushed?

But why not look at success from another point of view? If we measure our success, not by our position relative to others, but according to the advance we have made over our selves as we were, then there will be room for ambition on the part of everyone, and if success is attained, it will be at the expense of none, and to the advantage of all.

—From Western Ont. Gazette

**BIOCRACY AS SUBSTITUTE FOR TECHNOCRACY IS PROPOSED.**

Boston, Mass.—Alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last week were introduced by Dr. Walter B. Cannon, professor of physiology at Harvard University, to his new plan "Biocracy," as a substitute for Technocracy in curing the ills of the world.

"Biocracy," he said, "would apply to body politic the simple biological laws of the human body"

"Civilization is in a mess," he said. "Nothing could be more cruelly stupid than the existing situation with grain elevators bulging while thousands of hungry are in bread lines; with growers of cotton and wool unable to dispose of their stocks while children are suffering from nakedness, with factories idle while men willing to work in them are shut from their doors."

The professor then drew an analogy



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of the human body and the body politic, and suggested the biological basis for a solution of financial economic, industrial and governmental problems.

**EXCHANGE HUMOR.**

L. N.—"Can you spell necking?"  
B.—"Surely, nekking."  
L. N.—"Why, that's wrong."  
B.—"Of course, but it's lots of fun!"

\* \* \*

This is just the place for me. Said McDowell at the shore. For here whenever I crack a joke The breakers simply roar. (Exchange.)

\* \* \*

Prof.—"This man died because he loved a woman."  
Student.—"Did her husband come home?"

\* \* \*

"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor, applying his stethoscope. "You've had some trouble with anzina pectoria, haven't you?"  
"You're partly right, Doc," answered George sheepishly, "only that ain't her name. It's Lila."

\* \* \*

Would-be-Golfer.—"I'd move heaven and earth to play golf properly."  
Caddy.—"Well, you've only got heaven to tackle now."

\* \* \*

Prof. Birkenshaw says that we can all get along very well with common horse sense mixed with a little stable thinking.

\* \* \*

First Mosquito. — "Hooray, Here comes a new arrival."  
Second Ditto.—"Good. Let's stick him for the drinks."

\* \* \*

Young.—"Do you send your shirts to the laundry?"  
Umphrey.—"No, I just wear them once and tear'em up myself."

\* \* \*

George Brown.—"I told her that I was knee-deep in love with her."  
Cummings.—"Yes. What was her comeback?"  
George Brown.—"She promised to keep me on her wading list."

\* \* \*

First Student.—"How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"  
Second Ditto.—"Oh, any given amount."  
Early to bed,  
Early to rise;  
And your girl goes out  
With other guys.

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**SAD INDEED!**

The absent-minded professor called his biology class to order shortly after the lunch hour. "Our special work this afternoon," he said, "will be cutting up and inspecting the inward workings of a frog. I have a frog in my pocket here to be used as a specimen."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper sack, shook its contents out on the table, and out rolled a nice looking sandwich. The professor looked at it perplexed, scratched his head and muttered: "That's funny; I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY

'The Champ' is back again! Only this time Wallace Beery is a big good natured King of the wrestling ring, turned by a lying woman into a raging killer. It's his finest role.

WALLACE BEERY

IN

"FLESH."

SOME BILL.

The following is a bill presented by a painter who had been employed to touch up some decorations in an old church:

Table with 2 columns: Item description and Price. Items include 'Correcting Ten Commandments', 'Varnishing Pontius Pilate and putting in front tooth', etc.

LIVELY CHAPEL

Organ music of a classical and semi-classical nature is going to replace chapel services at the University of Southern California. It was also announced that jazz will be played if there is sufficient demand for it.

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers, on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are, grumbled the doomed one, "to march me thru the rain like this"

"How about us?" retorted one of them, "we have to march back again"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir:— May I, in all humility and with a full realization of my rashness, be at once so discourteous and so foolhardy as to suggest some changes in this paper? I do so because I realize that the responsibility for its success rests not alone upon you, Sir, nor upon your staff, but in some measure upon all of us as a thing in which we are jointly concerned.

Possibly a section of your paper might be set aside for the expression of opinions with which you might not wish to be associated. So many subjects, at present a matter of discussion in the corridors would be benefited by being argued pro and con in your pages. Smoking, for instance. The regulations surrounding this custom are at present satisfactory neither to faculty nor students. The matter well deserves some notice in your columns, and it is possible that only under the kindly cloak of anonymity will the students publish their thoughts.

Now for the improvement of the quality. It is an important fact, Sir, that when no seed of talent is planted, the most diligent labor and cultivation will produce very little. But I cannot believe that our College is altogether destitute of talent. Surely where such a multitude of keen critics exist, we cannot lack authors of some sort. But how to persuade them to allow their lights to shine? I understand there exists some system of granting literary letters. If this be so, it should be advertised. In addition to this, the present system of naming the author of the best contribution in the succeeding Quill is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Perhaps the contributors of the best essay or poem should be allowed, annually, to read or recite their works in the Chapel, as Oxford does in the Sheldonian Theatre. But this is a matter for your consideration, Mr. Editor, and thanking you for this opportunity of expressing my opinions, I remain,

YOUR SERVANT

SOCIAL NEWS.

The Misses Ruth Thornton and Grace Hopkins, Class '33, were the hostesses to the members of the graduating class at an enjoyable dinner party on Monday evening, held at the home of Miss Thornton, 602 Tenth Street.

HAS LOST ITS DIGNITY.

Women Nowadays Do Not Like Title Of "Grandmother"

Is the name "grandmother" losing some of its ancient charm and dignity?

In claiming to be the youngest bearers of it a surprising number of our women readers have protested against being known as "grandmother."

The sum of their complaints is that the term implies that a woman is not merely old, but out of date.

Queen Mary is a grandmother, but, majesty apart, has any one dared yet to rank her out of date? Lady Oxford is younger than most women of her years, but she does not seem being called "grandmother."

"Grandmother" is a distinction of which no woman young or old, need be ashamed. It is her title-deed to the inestimable privilege of a second stake in the future."—London Daily Express.

SENDING ART ON TOUR

Would Enable People to See Works Of Famous Artists.

Sir Phillip Sassoon is chairman of the British National Gallery, and it is interesting to learn that he has expressed himself in favour of sending collections of famous paintings to other parts of the world, particularly the British Empire. Little enough is known in Canada about British artists, ancient or modern, and it would be a splendid thing if a touring collection were sent here. Everybody knows about Sir Luke Fildes' "The Doctor," which hangs in almost every doctor's office, but beyond a few of the most popular works British artists are mere names. The National Gallery contains many masterpieces by French, Flemish, Italian and Dutch painters, and presumably any travelling exhibit would also include some of them.

Parliament would have to pass a special Act, as once a picture is hung in the National Gallery it is not supposed to be moved. In the present state of what Joseph Chamberlain called "thinking Imperially" there should be little opposition to such a proposal, even although the insurance would have to be enormous.

Any peripatetic exhibition should undoubtedly include, if it can be arranged, a selection from the Tate Gallery which is exclusively composed of the works of British painters who are, or were living, at the time their works were selected. It is there that "The Doctor" hangs, and some of the more splendid canvasses

which British people throughout the world would be thrilled to see.

Having regard to the fact that foreign countries have sent art exhibits of fabulous value to London in recent years the British government should not be slow to act.—St. Thomas Times Journal.



INFLATION OR FAILURE?

One of our distinguished debaters flashed by our staff correspondent. Be sure to attend the debate tomorrow night and hear the "inside dope" on a real Canadian problem.

FORMER STUDENT, VISITOR AT BRANDON COLLEGE

Miss Kay Underwood, former student of Brandon College and graduate of McMaster '31, was a visitor at the College over the week-end. Miss Underwood brings our greetings from our Senior Institution.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," declared the professor.

"Hooray," yelled Fred Bolton.

"Suppose you were to see the sun rising at night, what would you call that?" said the teacher to a country pupil whom she was examining on miracles.

"The moon, please, Miss," was the reply.

"But suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what would you think?"

"Please, Miss, I'd think it was time to get up."

Conductor: "Can't you see the sign, 'No Smoking?'"

Sailor: "Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. Looka there, one says 'Dear Nemo Corsets.' So I ain't paying attention to any of them."

College Senior: "What would you advise me to read after I have completed my course and graduated, Professor?"

Professor: "I would suggest the 'Help Wanted' page."

Editor: "To be quite candid, I can't make out this drawing at all."

Temperamental One: "Drawing? That isn't drawing, that's writing."

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