

THE QUILL

PUBLISHED BY THE UNDERGRADUATES OF BRANDON COLLEGE

- EDITORIAL -

On this day of days, FRIDAY 13th. we find ourselves wondering what this year has in store for Brandon College. We are now in full swing of lectures, Meeting, functions, games and Lits. Right now we must strike the note which will characterize our activities throughout the term. It is to be just another year at College or it is to be a year of achievement? It is up to each class, each organization each team, each individual to decide the way we shall take. With every man in his place, doing his best, nothing can stop us. Let's go places and do things for Brandon College.

BRANDON WILL SHINE TONIGHT !

The curtain rises on the OPENING LIT tonight. Each Class will be striving to put on the best act and the critics will be out in force to look over the talent and decide on the probable winner of the Class Lit Competition. Songs, readings, dancing, and drama in its best and worst forms are on the programme.

DEBATE - Between ARTS I and II next FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20th.

Yesterday afternoon, Arts I, II, and IV descended in mass upon Zion Church for a Fowl Supper. Considerable doubt had been expressed beforehand as to the ability of the good ladies of the district to feed the unexpected army of hungry students, but upon arrival one look at the heavily laden tables caused all fears to be laid aside. A moratorium was declared on table manners and everyone proceeded to enjoy themselves to the best of their ability. After the pangs of hunger had subsided, those who were not suffering from pangs of another nature regaled the crowd with College and Class Yells. The return trip was made without mishap, everyone voting the affair, both from a gastronomical and a social point of view, a huge success. E.I.

BRANDON COLLEGE ON THE AIR

The B.C. Music Department provided an enjoyable hour, Wednesday evening over station C.K.X., featuring Miss Peggy Sharpe and Miss Mary Jane McDonald. Dr. Evans delivered a brief talk on "Higher Education."

S. C. M.

Addressing a keenly interested, well attended S.C.M. meeting in the Chapel Wednesday evening, six students expressed their views on the topic "My Religion - What It Is." The speeches and general spirit of the meeting were characterized by earnestness and open-mindedness. The much talked of atheistic college student was not in evidence. The speeches of Lia Van Dine, Marion Thomson, Margaret Miller, George Clement, Joel Smith and Bob Howland all manifested a healthy attitude and a forward look in the field of religion.

TO THE EDITOR -

Judging from fragments of conversation picked up about the halls this week, the Freshmen's Lit of Friday last was not all that it might have been. On being asked what he thought of the program our Alumnus member present remarked that it was "decidedly uninteresting." That I think sums it up.

A function such as this should fairly sparkle with spontaneity and originality. The only originality displayed was in some of the "freshettes" make-ups. Admittedly the numbers, such as they were, were necessarily impromptu. Indeed we didn't expect to hear any Sarah Bernharts or Rachmaninoffs, but did at least expect a show of some kind. Anything to be a success requires co-operation and little of that was evinced Friday night.

Most certainly something was wrong somewhere. Perhaps the seniors were at fault - perhaps the freshmen were at a loss. We do not wish to lay the blame on anyone, but we do emphasize that such a performance is neither enjoyable nor desirable. Student audiences do not attend in a spirit of criticism and they believe, as we do, that enthusiasm and sincere effort will pay any of our functions a success. Let us be up and doing.

Observer.

Clement (talking to a pal) "So I says to her, I says, I don't stand for no two timin,' Dot, I says. 'So make up yer mind,' I says, 'Its either me or this Clark Gable,' I says."

Central - "Number"

McKinnon "Au I don't want any number - I'm just lonesome."

S-P-O-R-T

MENS' SINGLES TOURNAMENT COMPLETED

Boys and girls, meet the new Singles Tennis Champion - GEORGE CLEMENT, and we all have to say the boy has the goods.

It happened this way. After breezing through the lossor "fry" - Clement hooked up with "Butch" Brown in the final. Brown gave a great display, sending game after game to "duce" and sets to extra games. It was just a matter of time, however until Clement's steady game, especially when he came up to the net, took his third set and the title. Old man J. Pluvius horned in several times and it looked like rain checks would be passed out by the gladiators. The Scores - 7-5- 6-2, 4-6- 8-6.

SOCER

A fast competitive Socer Game between the Technical School and the College last night resulted in a draw, each team scored once. Koppel scored for the College. Mr. Birkinshaw refereed. Some smart playing was dished up and the boys should draw a crowd in their next encounter.

THE E. R. P.

Yes, we said that Field Day was "successful" and that's our story and we're stuck with it. What it might have been is another matter. To those who have seen the tremendous enthusiasm displayed in the past around the College, the present apathy of the student body is saddening to say the least. Though the College is not equipped with coaches, trainers, gyms., swimming pools etc., we have on the asset side, a husky looking student body on both sides of the house. This student body has, without a doubt, much latent enthusiasm energy and talent locked up in its many bosoms. What, then is to be done to develop the potential resources?

In regard to "Field Day" - the outstanding athletic event of the year, a number of suggestions have come forth - The meet should be held on the Campus. To this end, with the expenditure of less than \$100.00 the track could be put in such shape that our outstanding runners could get around in less than 80 seconds. The straightaway track should be increased to 220 yards. The Senior events and the ladies events could remain closed, but the Junior events should be opened to other schools of the city.

We still hold to the idea that even more necessary than these improvements is the inauguration of a campaign to stir up some life in the student body. To this end a definite campaign should be planned. Before each athletic (or social) event, the students should be subjected to such a barrage of ballyhoo as to break down completely their resistance. For this we might start an "Enthusiasm Recovery" Program and instead of a Blue Eagle, let's have a flock of "rail birds."

A dog can say more with his tail in one wag than a man can express with his mouth in a week - yet we call the dog a poor dumb animal.

Then there is the theological student who wouldn't accept a "D.D." degree because his last name was 'Tweedle!

Lia tells us that she always thought a "house to house canvas" was an awning between two buildings.

We wonder if all our present student body has discovered the Chapel yet? Most years it takes several weeks for each individual to find out what our regular Chapel services have to offer - some unfortunately being delayed even longer! No, we don't mean a regular meeting of the students, called for some particular purpose, nor do we mean our welcoming services to the freshmen, heartening as they are. We are calling your attention to our ordinary daily fare, from 10.00 a.m. to 10.20, every morning of our student life at Brandon. Twenty minutes! You may think we exaggerate the importance of so short a time when we say that here, in this atmosphere of good fellowship, of devotion, of intelligent interest, is generated that indefinable but ever-present "Spirit of Brandon College."

All over Canada, Alumni of Brandon College feel a quiver of remembrance when they hear some familiar hymn that was a favorite in their student days. Perhaps you have one of them and no doubt remark wistfully "It would be good to be back in the old Chapel this morning, singing." You will not have forgotten it, if you have.

So be sure you are missing something real, if you are missing Chapel. We realize that it seems a heaven-sent opportunity to cram in a last bit of Latin - or scribble the hasty conclusion to an overdue assignment, but don't do it! You will be losing something splendid that nothing will ever replace.

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