

NOVEMBER  
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1933

# THE QUILL

VOLUME 23  
NO. 9

PUBLISHED BY THE UNDERGRADUATES OF BRANDON COLLEGE

## COLLEGE PLAY OPENS FRIDAY NIGHT !

As opening night of the College Play draws nearer and nearer, the excitement attendant upon such an event is spreading from the east and committee to the entire student body. Final arrangements are now being completed. Tomorrow night is set for the final dress rehearsal and after that it will only be a matter of time until the curtain rises on opening night. Reports from those 'in know' indicate that "THE SWAN" is going to be a real hit. Play night promises to be a long remembered event in the 1933 records of Brandon College. All success to the play and the players!

In order to insure financial success for the College Play, each of the four Classes has as an objective the sum of Seventy-five Dollars. The Senior Classes are close to their quota, but Arts II and Grade XII have still a considerable amount to collect. A minimum of four tickets to a student should be sold. This is quite possible and indeed more than possible when we remember that one student has sold more than fifty tickets. There are many people who keep putting it off, who have not yet bought their tickets, and who can be sold today, tomorrow or the next day. See them!

\* THE STUDENTS OF BRANDON COLLEGE \*

- PRESENT -

## — THE SWAN —

THE ROMANTIC COMEDY IN : 3 ACTS

-by Ferenc Molnar

- Under the Direction of Marjorie B. McKenzie -

IN THE CITY HALL, FRIDAY and SATURDAY -

--- DECEMBER 1st - 2nd - 1933 ---

RESERVED SEAT PLAN NOW OPEN AT SMITH'S DRUG STORE

Support Your College Play !

IT'S THE BEST SHOW OF THE SEASON !

It's up to YOU ! - "THE SWAN" is well worth seeing and it is your College Play. So get behind it and boost ! Buy your tickets today and make sure that all your friends and acquaintances buy them too. Talk the COLLEGE PLAY wherever you go during the next few days. - "THE SWAN" is sure to be a success but your active support will help us to achieve our objective - packed houses on both Friday and Saturday nights.

The Play Committee.

Barbara - Don't be so rough !  
Clement - Why, honey, I'm so gentle that I wouldn't strike a match even in self defense.

"Greetings and amputations, tell the boys I dismember them in my dreams, I'll be sawing you.  
Doctor X

\* SO WHAT \*

I am writing the following article on the Arts '35 Lit in order to dispel any suspicions which may have arisen in your minds because of certain disparaging remarks which K. Quiney Gluts passed concerning my ability as a journalist.

"ARTS '35 LIT."

What with find policemen's suits and shoe laces to fit them the artists was nearly crazy and police don't talk about me was the back stage theme song not to mention the little lad who pounded on the door screaming it's after the rent agency, but what made me laugh was the member of the cast which hollered who flang that turnip and when Norman get into his niteshirt and act tee soon which reminds me of my cousin Berta Nation and the time  
(Continued on Page #4)

"THE QUILL"

Weekly Publication of the Brandon College Students Association.

BRANDON, MANITOBA

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"GESTETNERIZED" - By - R. M. COLEMAN

BRANDON MANITOBA

\* EDITORIAL \*

This week's issue is practically devoted to the College Play - "THE SWAN" - We are calling to your attention, for the last time, the opportunity which is yours in popularizing play attendance among the citizens of Brandon. There are still a few days to make crucial contacts. We want our play to be a success - Dramatically, Miss McKenzie and the cast are doing their part. Mechanically? - The Stage and Property Managers are already planning raids on their friends' homes. Surely we can do our share to "PUT THE PLAY OVER WITH A BANG" - financially!

\* \* \* \* \*

Otherwise, the Monthly "QUILL" seems mainly social. "The more fun, the merrier fun  
The louder the laugh, the worse the pun."  
There should be a law against it - "punning." We mean. One thing, no one expects a laugh any more - a gentle smile, and a calm "That wasn't bad" - are good enough for any Brandon College punster. And don't accuse us of coining that couplet. We didn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

Surprisingly few articles of a serious nature have appeared in the "QUILL" box. Does that mean that the depression is over, and (as one of our graduating students frequently insists, "We are coming to another jazz age?") Many prominent educators and 'Youth leaders' would be surprised to know the average student's every-day philosophy - a casual fatalism which does not chew itself in English theses or sociological studies, nor we hope (for his sake) in the 'inspired' talk with the aforementioned educator.

\* SEA THOUGHTS \*

Methinks at times when all is hushed and still  
I catch the sound of breakers, and the cry  
Of seagulls on a wild and distant shore,  
Where winds forever whistle loud and shrill,  
I seem to see the great waves dashing high,  
And faintly hear the mighty ocean's roar.  
I feel again its stealing ebb and flow,  
And gain that wild delight I used to know.

Kenneth O. Eaton.

Father - It's a good plan, my dear, always to think before you speak.  
Thason - But, dad, when I do that the girls have changed the subject.

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but generally it takes more of them to do it.

"Money talks," says Fletcher.  
"But it never gives itself away," says McGregor.

SUPPORT THE COLLEGE PLAY BY SELLING  
- TICKETS -

REDUCED RAILWAY FARES\* CHRISTMAS

We are pleased to announce that the following reduced fares and arrangements have been authorized by the railways for teachers and students for the Yuletide Vacation, 1933-1934.

Between all stations Port Arthur, Armstrong and West in Canada, also from stations in said territory to stations in Canada east thereof.

To Teachers and Pupils of Canadian schools and Colleges, on surrender of Canadian Passenger Association teachers' and pupils' Vacation Certificate at one and one fourth of the one way fare for the round trip, minimum charge 50 cents. School Vacation Tickets to be sold not more than 3 days prior to nor 3 days later than closing date of school or college as shown on face of certificates (Sundays excluded) but in no case earlier than December 1, 1933, nor later than January 1, 1934. Return limits are limited to return not later than opening date of school or college, as shown on face of certificate, but in no case later than January 31, 1934.

\* THAT MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM \*

The choice of a personal gift is easily solved now weeks in advance of Christmas -  
Your Photograph is the gift that only you can give.  
- USUAL STUDENT DISCOUNTS -

HENFREY'S STUDIO Phone 2574.

Is our Senior Stiek the victim of a jinx? Or is it just coincidence? Only a few weeks ago the car George McGregor was driving was overturned on the corner of 13th and Leno. Monday night another motorist decided to take a crack at George - but this one was not content with one, he must have three celebrities. So he bumped McGregor and his companions, Dede Cumming, President of Arts III, and Ted Rowe, former illustrious not-tender of the College Hockey Team, into several snow banks. They are recovering from their bruises, but George still limps when he has an 8.15.

\* GRADE XII! \*

This year Grade XII has got a good, likeable and sizeable class, headed by an executive comprised of Bill Clement, Joan Barnwell and Tony Burneski. Because Grade XII is the freshman class it seems to bear the brunt of a lot of rather unfair criticism. But where would college sports be, I ask you, without that indestructible pair "The Tiger and the Panther" and also those Grade XII gals who have brought honour to their old Alma Mammy? About the class function. 'Twas a classy affair. Good show, good heat, good eats and good music. One event that seemed rather a coincidence was the appearance of four self-appointed Grade XII honorary Presidents. Trust these chiselling seniors. Speaking of that venerable old pastime - the custom seems quite prevalent among some XII members.

"And the party ended a bang-up success. So did our first debate, when Fletcher and Cleant trounced two Arts II members on a subject pertaining to N.R.A. Just watch our dust!

WHAT, NO CHERRY TREE!

A decided gleem has descended on the spirits of the special History Students, as a result of their November meeting which was held at the home of Roy Oglesby. In the discussion that followed an interesting paper given by the host on George Washington, the sad fact was brought to light that the beloved Cherry Tree story was not true. Oh, the tragedy of it! And just after learning there wasn't any Santa Claus. Not even the delicious lunch that was later served by the hostess nor the lovely music supplied by Kay Heywood and Joel Smith could fully dispel their grief.

\* THE TRAIL OF '98 \*

The name of the play this week is the "BROWN DERBY". It is a tough version of the "Green Hat."

The back-ground is the Canadian North-West where men are so tough they wear nussles when they fight gris-sloy bears to give the bears an oven break. Our hero is McGregor of the mounted. His name is 'Jook' but the boys call him 'Sandy' because he has so much grit.

The first Act takes place in the barracks at Regina. The Mounties are cleaning their guns, and the porter is cleaning up a few stories, so he can take them home to his wife - when suddenly the door flies open and in staggers we Catchum, the Indian trapper. It is plain to see that he has clothing sickness as his tongue has a coat and his breath soaks in short pants. His teeth are chattering but no one can hear what they say. The mounties offer him a chair, but he refuses, he never sits on chairs, for he is a stool pigeon. He starts to shiver so hard that his bones roll seven. "Quick," he cries, "Chief Tears-in-My-Eyes on Warpath."

At this a shudder runs around the room and slows down for a walk. The mounties cry "Boots and Saddles" and are off (not the boots and saddles, you fools).

Scene Two is in a Klondike Dance Hall, where they serve arithmetic liquor - put down two and they carry one. The Hall is being run by Honest John Hunch, who is so crooked he has to have a winding staircase to get downstairs. It is here we meet our heroine - old John Hunch's daughter, Iva. Now this Iva Hunch was a very innocent girl as a baby, but as dance hall girls go she went.

She has been married to every man in the post but Peg-log Siapsen. She was engaged to him, but when she found he had a wooden leg she broke it off. She would be very happy if it weren't for the fact that most people have a family tree and she hasn't even a flower pot.

However, she is secretly in love with 'Sandy' McGregor. She likes his bearing. He has a certain air about him, you see he has lived with his horse so long. On the other hand, her law breaking father hates him. In fact every time our hero walks in with his scarlet coat on the old man sees red. But this particular night, Iva is thinking of Sandy, as she dances for the crowd. She is doing a dance called the 'Pulmotor,' because it always brings the dead ones back to life.

Suddenly a war whoop is heard and in a rush a thousand Indians, headed by Chief Tears-In-My-Eyes, who coughs every time he whoops, he being the originator of the whooping cough.

"You can't make Whoopoo here." hollers old man Hunch, and the Indians promptly scalp him, thereby taking a lot off his mind.

Right here is where the plot thickens. It seems that Chief Tears-In-My-Eyes has decided to kidnap Iva, because he once called her Minnie and she gave him the Ha-ha. Stalking over to her he grabs her around the waist. "Dance," he says and their bodies start to sway. Meanwhile 'Sandy' has not been idle. On the way over he has picked up the leader of the town band, who sneaked through the back door and leads the band of Indians outside - being a band leader of course. 'Sandy' now sneaks up on Chief Tears-In-My-Eyes and fires a shot in the air - he does this because every mountie must make his report. "Iva," he cries, "What are you doing?" Iva replies, 'Sandy' I cannot tell a lie, - "I'm Dancing with Tears-In-My-Eyes."

At this the fight is on.

The Indian throws a knife but it misses 'Sandy' and hits the local school teacher right in the eye - thereby ruining one of his best pupils. Then the red man and white man close in mortal combat. "You're a spoiled boy" pants 'Sandy' as he grabs the Chief by the throat. "Not spoiled," gasps the Indian, "it's a new perfume I'm using."

(See Page # 3

The members of Class '35 held their Theatre Party on the night of Tuesday, December 7th. An exciting draw for partners took place in the Chapel, and after considerable discussion pro and con regarding the results, one and all wended their way to the Strand Theatre.

After the show everyone gathered at the home of Miss Betty McDiarmid for what was to prove a really delightful evening. After greetings were exchanged and opinions expressed regarding the merits of the show, the lads and lassies proceeded to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Dancing and singing succeeded in banishing all worries ever late assignments, for the time being at least. The 'eats' were supremely satisfactory, and as the happy evening drew to a close, old friends and new agreed that '35 had staged another truly successful function.

Following the hectic hour and a half that Arts '35 spent Friday evening looking for Lady Pickles and chasing Captain Kidd around the deck, the whole crew - pirates, policeman, and sailors, repaired to the home of Seaman Sharpe for a Class Party. Here, with Barnacle Bill at the piano and Sir Alfred Pickles playing the radio, the company waxed right merry. After an hour of true seaman-like revelry, all hands hove to and with actual admonitions of "Ahoy!" - "Cling to the Raft!", and so on, hoisted sail and set their courses for Clark Hall and other parts.

Dr. Evans. - How are you Bob?  
McCulloch. - (looking at the hole in his shoe) -  
Oh! I'M gagging back on my feet  
again, Thanks!

\* LITS IS FUN!

It was Friday in Brandon Collich  
On de nite of de Arts tree lit  
De presidump Gordon Cumming  
Was saying his lsetle bit.  
De curtains was waving too and fro'  
As de class marched onto de stage,  
De noiss was not so terrible  
Ve couldn't hear de words of de sags,  
De curtains up, de play is on,  
They open up wit a classy song,  
Den comes a play, a dust, a dance,  
De rest of de classes ain't got a chance,  
( 'Tinks some of de boys with triumphant leer)  
I really don' knew, I only hear)  
De scenery was nifty, like "Cappy Rick's,"  
Dese Arts tree boys knows all de tricks,  
De lights was swell, de stage was neat,  
I 'tink she's take some work to beat  
But dese other classss is pretty wise,  
They got some good intolligent guys,  
They got some thoughts, and lots of plans,  
They work hard to beat the band,  
They give us something pretty neat,  
I don' know, maybe they'll beat  
Dis Arts tree lit free Friday nite.  
-William Told.

Mrs. Whitmore. - Do you think there is such a  
thing as honor among thieves?  
B. Mattan. - Certainly not! They are just as  
bad as anyone else!

Joe Saith. - It was a toss up whether I went out  
last night or stayed in and worked.  
Kennedy. - And you went out, I suppose?  
Joel Saith - Yess! but I had to toss up thirtsen  
times!

"Money talks," says Fletcher.  
"But it never gives itself away," says McGregor.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT "THE SWAN"

"THE TRAIL OF '98 - (Continued)

Back and forth across the room the fight rages. 'Sandy' pushes Chief Tears-In-Your-Eyes and the Indian trips over one of the cuspiders, and lands in a pail of turpentins. With a whoop, he is out the door and off into the woods. "Quick," says 'Sandy', "give me another pail of turpentine." He sits in the pail and like a shot is out of the door and after the Indian.

The rest of the story you know, for the auntie always get their man. The new perfume was the chief's undoing. 'Sandy' picked up the scent - followed him into the wilderness, and knocked the face off him. That's why, children, even today, when you pick up a scent, you will see the Indian's face.

Of course Iva and 'Sandy' were married, and 'Sandy' now has a good job as night watchman in an Alaskan bank.

B.F.

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JOHNSON HARDWARE COMPANY LTD.

- Dealers In -

High Grade Hardware, Sporting Goods, Paints, China

PAY A VISIT TO OUR CHINA DEPARTMENT.

Paletherpe (after first boxing loseon) "How do you feel now?"

McDowell - "How mush is your correspondence course?" (so the rumor goes)

A pedestrian is a man whose son is homo from College.

\* THE SLEIGHING PARTY \*

What a Party! Wild and woely - snow and hay down everyone's neck, lost clues and people who wanted to look for this, and people who didn't want to look for them! One party arrived home half an hour before schedule (sheer laziness) and staged a very impreptu party in the Chapel - music by McCulloch. When the coffee was beginning to send up a decidedly tempting aroma from downstairs (just goes to prove our noses often deceive us. It was, probably, the worst coffee ever made in the history of Brandon College!) the other party, led by Jimmy McGregor, tore in exultantly with the trophy. Their ardor was somewhat dampended when they noted the lack of enthusiam displayed by their supposed rivals. Finally, supper was ready, and the gym provided just enough room for the party. Beans (Clark's) and brown bread were plentiful, and in spite of the coffee, or maybe because of it, everyone enjoyed a very hilarious time. A good old-fashioned sing-song warmed the hearts of the seniors, who remembered (moist-eyes?) their freshman days, when they too, had sat in uncomprising rows -

BOYS HERE . . . . . GIRLS HERE

and disapproved of the "ther" seniors antics. High-lights of the evening - (1) Thorman sets another record - collects enough money to pay the drivers. (2) The professors discover a way to kill time, and kill a little too mush! (3) The rivals (Keppel and Fraser) bury the hatchet for 20 minutes. (4) The George's Cleant and McGregor's - render a duet. Everyone went home.

- BRANDON COLLEGE -

We appreciate Your Business and You Will Appreciate Our Work - and So Will Your Friends -

CLARK J. SMITH

135-10th Street

Phone 3258

HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

she started playing charades with my auntie climax but I aasn't bring my reactions into it aust I, so after Keith and Frank gets on their police uniforms in walks Smith such to their serrow dressed as a pirate and says - which almost reminds me about the time my dear old uncle Saphio late of the good-ic for you club, but to get back to my subject, may I say in conclusion that all the kiddies seen their juty and done it noble so I says to Wilbur shut the door and don't forget to put up the awning as gibbon says in his fall and decline theres no fool like an old fool which reminds me of the last words of that great American meat-packer Clarence Pippington - zilch when he says I can no more.

Isn't that a dynamic article? I guess I showed old Quiney?

Those of you who saw Mac (Come-Up-And/See-Me-Sometime) West's latest picture will agree that if her popularity isn't on the wane, it should be. We're becoming Tira that sort of thing.

Didn't that red tan, which was worn by a certain chaporone Friday evening, look ducky?

We understand that Sadie's singing "Mona" new. When the good Lloyd sets so free!"

Bye-Bye, Kiddies,  
Winter Watchall.

ROYALS TAKE B.C.AA. INTO CAMP

In dashing style the 'free lancors' took the B.C. A.A. into camp to the tune of 40-23. Off to an early start the Royals grabbed a fair margin of the baskets and settled down to canny and defensive playing. The play during the first-half was very ragged on the part of the "students" and the 'free lancors' took advantage of every opportunity. However the play was not as one-sided as the score. At the 17 minute mark the College came through with several sparkling plays and at half-time had the Royals margin out to a few points.

In the second-half baskets were sunk from all corners. With blood in their eyes, Bennest and Kennedy waded into the fray with Keppel booming from the guard line. "Get that guy - snear 'ea!" But alas Kennedy did it again - four personals and the show-ers. The Royals immediately bottled Bennest, ran up and down Keppel's spine and walked all over Campbell's feet. Camerson and Parker and later Stapleton kept up a steady marathen, but by the time they had gained their third wind the final whistle sounded. Arm in arm Bennest, Keppel and Campbell left the floor singing "Whose afraid of the Big Bad Score!"

Line-Up - Bennest, Kennedy, Campbell, Parker, Camerson, Keppel, Stapleton, Therman.

We noticed a disgruntled look on Bill (Crooner) Clement's face the other day, and upon enquiry we found out the real reason -- Noah Webster, who pro-clude radio, defined 'crooning' as - "a continuous hollow sound, as of cattle in pairs."

H. Shaw. - You've been out with worse-looking men than me, haven't you?

A. Langdon. - (silence)

Shaw . - I say, you've been out with worse looking fellows than me, haven't you?

Anne - I heard you the first time, I was trying to think!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

ABOUT "THE SWAN"

SELL YOUR TICKETS