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THE QUILL

BRANDON COLLEGE

F.W.W.

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VOLUME XXV.

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No. 16

H.M.S. Pinafore Talk of the Town

Capacity House Applauds Thursday's Performance.

Last night's performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," presented by the students of Brandon college in the City hall, made it the most talked-of event in town. Splendid individual singing, the chorus' songs, the twelve-piece orchestra, the clever words and catchy music of the opera itself, an appreciative audience and the work evident by the director and those behind the scenes, all contributed to the well-earned success of the presentation. It will be staged again this evening.

Miss Morgan, as Josephine, the



MISS RUTH MORGAN

The charming daughter of the captain of "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Captain's daughter, gave a most artistic and finished performance. Her singing of "The Hours Creep on Apace," is memorable. Prof. Birkinshaw, the well-bred captain of the "Pinafore," sings lustily in a style smacking of the briny deep, and cuts a dashing figure in the uniform of
(Continued on page 4)



Lawrence Perkins, who took the part of Ralph Rackstraw; Jack Prugh, the boatswain, and Frank Samis, the redoubtable Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., of the cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Economists Hear President

Joy Frith's paper on the Natural Products Marketing act made the March meeting of the Economics club one of the most outstanding of the year. Discussion was interesting under the leadership of Dean Hurd and Professor Westcott, and then everyone enjoyed the Prince Edward's hospitality and each other's company.

Arts I Lit. Previewed

The probable date for the production of the Arts I Literary is March 22. The Lit. committee of that class, consisting of Harold Schachter, Jean Spiers, Mary Garden, Jack Trowell and Bob McKenzie, is hard at work and say that they have good ideas, but as yet the whole affair is "shrouded in mystery." The talent present in the '38 class gives promise of a good Lit.

K. FitzPatrick's Chapel Talk

Speaking for the Le Rendez-Vous des Etudiantes Francaises, Kay FitzPatrick outlined seventeenth century literature. In an age when fashionable salons played an important part in the literary world, the most outstanding writer was a humble monk, Father Lawrence. Miss FitzPatrick concluded by reading a few excerpts from his works, which emphasized the worth of love.

S.C.M. Leader Will Be Here Next Week

Miss Margaret Kinney, field secretary for the Student Christian Movement, will visit Brandon college March 18, 19 and 20. She will arrive Monday and will conduct a meeting of the S.C.M. on Tuesday at 7 p.m. in the chapel. Miss Kinney will also conduct the chapel services on Wednesday.

ARTS I WINS TICKET COMPETITION

The whole College joins in congratulating Arts I, in making such a splendid showing in the "H.M.S. Pinafore" ticket sales contest. Their success was largely due to the enthusiasm of their ticket sales manager, Don Palethorpe, who sold over sixty dollars worth of tickets himself.

Their candidate, Alison Wright, made a very gracious figure as she formally presented "H.M.S. Pinafore" to a packed house on Thursday evening. Alixe Ferguson, the popular choice of Arts III, was a close second. This class turned in more money than the winner, but delay lost bonuses. The peppy Dode Hemmons of Arts II and Kay Heywood, the darling of the rough and tough class, were the other candidates.

STUDENTS CANVASS FOR S.C.M. FUNDS

On behalf of the Student's Christian Movement, students are canvassing throughout the College to raise \$38.00. Frank Samis' appealing talk after chapel Tuesday morning, paved the way to giving money for a worthwhile cause.

The money will go to a Baptist Church mission in the district of Purl, India, which will be closed if this sum is not raised, which supports the mission workers for the year. Clark Hall donated half the amount, and the canvassers report success in collecting the remainder from the rest of the student body.



PROFESSOR BIRKINSHAW

The gallant captain of the good ship, "Pinafore."

Macaulay and Elizabeth, Topics At History Club

The History club will meet at the home of the president, Roy Oglesby, Monday evening at 7.30. George Y. Clement will speak on the great historian, Lord Macaulay. Kay Heywood will review Beasley's "Queen Elizabeth."

BRANDON COLLEGE STUDENTS' PUBLICATIONS

The Quill

The Sickle

Weekly Publication of Brandon College Students Association,
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Evelyn Bowen '37.....Managing Editor
Kay Heywood '35.....Associate Editor

Assistant Editors:

Sport.....Helen Pattison '37, Kay Kidgell '37
Social.....Bel Maltman '37
Humor.....Helen Cornwall '35
Exchange.....Joy Frith '35

Contributors:

Ella Barnecut, Sheila Nixon, Alixe Ferguson, Bernice Albright.

In the fall of '31, Freddie the Frosh came to college. Here he found a rut and slid into it. It was a very pleasant rut, and Freddie was quite contented with the academics, lits., and Friday nights that made up its life. He was so deep down in his rut that he could not peer over its edges, even when boosted on professional shoulders, or when perched two or three rungs up on the ladder of outside reading. So immersed was he in his life in the rut that he ignored life outside the rut. So busy was he learning History 2a in Room H that he forgot that history was being made outside Room H. So taken was he with the rah-rah and burlesquing lits., that the masters of music and literature left him cold.

His college days were really the ideal time for Freddie to begin to think about bigger and more important things; to shed old-fashioned garments of prejudice and provincialism, so easily worn by college students.

Instead, Freddie just had a lot of fun, an additional four years' schooling, and a B.A. to prove it, and the nerve to think that the world was waiting for him with a smooth job and a fat salary.

For hadn't his parents sent him to college because they wanted him to be a success in the world? Wasn't that the reason they had paid 50 or 60 per cent. of his college fees? And when society paid the remainder, wasn't it because it thought college would make Freddie a better citizen, and perhaps a leader to help it out of its many difficulties.

But Freddie let them down with a bump—he could not measure up to their expectations. How could he hope to be a success in a world in whose affairs he had taken such a slender interest? How could he adjust himself and take a stand in it, let alone help others to do the same?

Everything was all wrong. He had squandered the opportunities to which only about one per cent. of Canadian youth of university age had access.

HAND VERSUS LARYNX

(By a Non-Student of College Age)

A student at college becomes so used to the medium of words in interpreting his thoughts, that if taken unaware he would probably tell you that it is the only one possible; that without words there would be no communication between men, and no way of extending and enlarging our mysterious core of the mind.

But is this true? At this point the student will probably awaken with the remark that he supposed you could communicate a certain amount of feeling through music, (though anything but jazz leaves him cold). And even here he thinks that words would be necessary to put across a thought. Perhaps if we gave him time he would suggest that a place could be described by a drawing or a painting. He would have, no doubt, that these two alternatives were merely poor substi-

tutes for the accepted medium of language.

Do students of written books and spoken words, realize that outside of their own small ken there is a world, (of perhaps a comparatively small population), which studies without books and without vocal chords; and which strives toward something which it is impossible to interpret by these expressions.

Psychologists, (that oft-quoted tribe in discussions of this kind), say that it is impossible to think without using language; that unconsciously, our thoughts form words even though they are not uttered. This may only be the opinion of that very opinionated cult, the Behaviorists; and I will admit that to most people, both trained and inclined toward verbal expression, this may be true. But it is not true that no thought can be conceived without words, and certainly some of our most forcefully expressed, and living thoughts, not only

are not expressed in words, but could never be expressed in words.

That is why critics, always friends of people generally, are seldom on good terms with the creators they criticize.

Learned men also say, (though I don't vouch for its truth, being most ignorant in these directions), that beings first began to show their superiority to the other animals, by the use of their hands, in forming tools and weapons, and in creating useful things around the house.

This first use of our powers of reasoning then, was without the help of words. When language was evolved of course directions could be given by the learned and wealthy and it remained for the poor (and unfortunate?) craftsman, to use this rejected method of creation. I quite realize that this is a queerly unscientific and unorthodox way of saying these things.

Since then, of course, the power men find in their finger-tips and the unaccountable stream into which it leads their thoughts, has developed even beyond the power of the tongue, (though naturally more quietly. This comparison can be tested by the simple fact that there are many men who can appreciate literature, and who are absolutely lost, (if they would admit it), in an art gallery. And yet, I believe it would be impossible to find anyone with a true appreciation of what is called Art, who has not also an appreciation for the best in literature.

This is not really an attempt to force one person's opinion on a number of others, but perhaps to tempt the more adventurous into another channel of appreciation.

Among our so-called mystics, we often find expressed (in words) a hint that for true communication between humans, language is even a hindrance and that perhaps in some far future date it will be unnecessary. Also the thought comes from one of our Canadian painters, Arthur Lismer, that in perhaps that same future date we will hang an untouched canvas on the Wall, and each person to contemplate it will be the artist to fill it. This is, of course, not to be taken literally as it is meant to induce speculation.

Having arrived at this point of abstraction perhaps it would best to stop: so I, an outsider, thank you for the space I have used with words, in an argument against them.

Smile—As suspicious as a color-blind Scotchman playing poker with a bunch of strangers.

Audrey Fawcett: "Oh, Mr. Robertson, can't I induce you to raise my class standing?"

Prof. Robertson: "Young lady, a professor is born, not made."

Debating Society Learns
Of The Drug Traffic

The regular meeting of the Debating society was opened when George Clement was dragged in by Bill Cross to make the quorum. A half-hour discussion of interesting events was ended by Winnifred Harvey chasing Del White to cover with confetti. Gerry Old gave a short speech on "The Drug—Opium," in which he gave a history of the drug, presenting a sad picture of its effects, and exhorted young people to war against its use. This talk started a discussion in which Mr. Clement presented the opposite view to that of Mr. Old.

Bill Cross spoke on, "Are We Going Soft?" or "Them Were the Good Old Days," in which he raked initiations thoroughly over the coals.

A WORD TO THE WISE

It is less than seven weeks till May 1 when Spring examinations begin, and in that time over eight months of work to prepare.

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THE GRADS. GO GADDING

"And listen to it rustle when I walk!" "Did you hear she's going to have ten yards in the skirt alone?" "Yes, rows and rows of frills, a high waistline and a wide pink sash! Won't it be smart?" So runs the conversation of the feminine portion of the grad. class as banquets and B.A.'s loom on the campus horizon. And it seems that patterns from Montreal, distraught dressmakers, silks "that you can crush in your hand," and silver shoulder straps, are all going to help towards making this year's banquet a more brilliant and beautiful affair than ever. And yet, even these gay young grads. must feel the occasional pang as they think of some other aspects of this social circle—that this is their last banquet, that they have assignments overdue, and father has the bills!

Only 131

Only 131 college graduates are listed among the 4,323 convicts in the Ohio state penitentiary.—The Daily Californian.

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The Social Whirl

Kiddies Party is Scene of Revelry Friday Night.

Peggie Dobbie entertained at a Kiddies' party Friday evening. Games were enjoyed, after which lunch was served. Dancing brought the evening to a close. Those present were: Kay Avery, Isobel Clerkson, Ruth Bell, Mary Kingston, Harriet Waddell, Muriel Bell, Maida Clerkson, Mildred McAuley, Jack Keppel, Ronald Deacon, Bert. Fraser, Jack Prugh, Walteringham, Dode Cummings, Fred Mutter, Bob McCulloch, and Dave Hughes.

Dinner Party

Prof. and Mrs. Foster entertained at dinner on Friday evening. They had as their guests Arts II and IV. Latin and Greek students, also the present and future lady stick, Misses Marion Thomson and Ruth Bell.

Marg. Buchanan entertained friends Friday evening at bridge. Those present were: Gwen. Munt, Audrey Fawcett, Lloyd Stoodley, Reg. Gardiner, and Ed. McTavish.

Miss Laurie Calhoun, of Deloraine, is the guest of Polly Pattison.

Miss Werthenbach "At Home" Sunday
Miss Werthenbach was "At Home" on Sunday evening to the residents of Clark Hall and Brandon college. The evening was opened with a "hymn contest," in which Dr. Rae excelled, winning first prize—largest piece of pie a la mode.

A short programme followed which consisted of a jolly sing-song, a piano solo by Gwen. Munt, and a vocal solo by Doris Fraser.

A very delightful lunch brought one of the most enjoyable evenings to a close.

Miss Jean Barnwell spent the weekend in Winnipeg, where she attended a "Fraternity formal."

House Dance Last Saturday

Miss Agnes Bigelow entertained at a house dance Saturday evening in honor of Miss Margaret Sample, of Toronto, formerly of Brandon. Among those present were Margaret Sample, Mildred McAulay, Molly, Muriel, Do. and Ruth Bell, Alixe Ferguson, Phyl. Cannon, Kay Heywood, and Messrs. George and Bill Clement, Dode Cumming, Custy Wright, Frank Samis, Keith McKinnon, Bob McCulloch, Bert. Fraser, and Joel Smith.

The English club will not meet until March 23.

Arts IV Function

Although there is no official function slated for this illustrious body,

the graduating class, yet there are rumors that the jolly honorary president of the class, Doc. Rae, is going to throw a big party for them. Stand by!

In honor of the cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore," a tea will be held in the drawing room of the Prince Edward hotel, Saturday afternoon. Miss D. Werthenbach and Mrs. J. Evans will pour. Marion Thomson, lady stick, and Muriel Bell are in charge.

CLARK HALL, THE HOME OF GOSSIP ?

I can think of no better way of commencing my dissertation upon the relative merits of gossip in Clark Hall and Brandon college than by quoting that world-famous, honest-to-goodness, genuine, unvarnished authority, Professor Beamish. When challenged on the subject, "Can a women's teas beat men's clubs for gossip?", this blue-blooded, stalwart admirer of the fair sex was known to assert, "Certainly not. Ever since cave-man days men have had their clubs and beaten the women."

They tell us that an unprecedented amount of gossip is cooked-up, hash-ed-up and disseminated from Clark Hall. From whence cometh this rumor? Why, girls, it issues from Brandon college. What started the rumor? Gossip, you say? Ha, methinks this is rapidly taking on the proportions of a vicious circle.

Do we gossip, boys? Of course we gossip. All the world loves to gossip. And, if we have at any time nurt your sensitive feelings in their tenderest parts, we're sorry for it. But why in all justice confine the gossip to Clark Hall. Some of the juiciest tidbits emanate from Brandon college, not all to the unblemished credit of their white-as-a-lily souled originators.

And after all, are we not one happy family? Then why self-righteously accuse each other of vices which we secretly enjoy ourselves? Say not about others what ye would not have them say about you, and ye shall be truly blessed, my brethren.

PATTER

Maxim for wives: You never know what you can do till you cry.

Maxim for motorists: Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

This modern music takes the rest out of restaurant and puts the din in dinner.

To write a song hit, take something composed by one of the masters and decompose it.

UNDERGRADS, ATTENTION!

Hi, you undergrads, it's Arts' banquet time again! You will be surprised how soon this date will roll around. So, girls, shake the wrinkles from your best dress; and boys, get your best suits and ties out!

The committee are all a-bustle. The chairman, Del White, just can't hold these enthusiastic members down. Jack Prugh lays claim to the most appetizing menu you ever saw, and Ruth Bell already has your programme arranged.

Agnes Bigelow clicked on a real novelty for the Black and Gold decorations and, if you think Bernice Albright is giving you the third degree, just be nonchalant. She's merely finding what quotation will suit your place-card. Bob Tillotson, who is in charge of attendance, and Reg. Gardiner, as convenor of seating arrangements, are simply dying to put you in your places.

Roy Oglesby holds the exalted position of treasurer and, after removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves, has come to the conclusion that it will be bargain day at the Arts banquet—\$1.35 to you! But hold, more yet, a complete turn-out might even bring this price down. Nothing has stopped Lorne Palethorpe, who has the invitations all printed and waiting for the charming hostess, Polly Pattison, to send on their way.

Remember this is your party, undergrads. Put your name down on the attendance list and show Arts '35 just what kind of a banquet we can stage!

Ed. Mann: "What can you get out of your car?"

Tony B.: "Sixty miles an hour and a box of hairpins every Monday."

It often shows a fine command of language to say nothing.



FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Ninety Minutes Of Joy!



COMMENT ON WINNIPEG TRIP

Our groups stormed Winnipeg about two weeks ago! Yes, we stormed Winnipeg, and here's the whole gruesome tale—

Upon leaving our dear alma mater, those privileged to ride in the luxe bus, at once turned back the divine plush seats and attempted or feigned a sleep which no one ever attained. The radio, refusing to work was promptly, too promptly, and willingly substituted by a group of crooners led by McCulloch who, supported by the two Clements, gave their theme-song, "We had a little party down in Newport."

Upon reaching Fort Garry site the Aggie to you) everybody greeted everybody and all were happy, especially when we beheld the ice cream bowls at supper time. Even Fraser felt that for once he had had all the ice cream he wanted, and that's something!

Next came the game, and the boys certainly deserve credit for winning a tough battle. Mills, in his usual sarcastic manner, and with Stark's help, roused the Brandonites to the point of producing several snappy yells. A dance in the gym. followed the game, and later on—much later on—people began to leave and the party broke up.

Saturday morning, everybody went his or her own way, under a dangerous threat in regard to being at the "Y" promptly at 4.30, Sunday. We were, and so we left Winnipeg, with Mann waving good-bye to everyone we passed until we reached Headingly. Egilsson smoked a huge, black cigar which he claims was given to him by the mayor. The radio still refused to work well, but fortunately McCulloch was in the other bus and one of the Clement duo slept, while the other—well, just skip it. Ev. Bowen attempted to read, but her plans were promptly thwarted by someone putting out the lights. Who? You may well ask! A constant bandying of words was engaged in by Morison and McFadden. Silence reigned supreme over Polly and Stope and, as I remember it, Professors Westcott and Robertson retained a grim silence also. Save for Te-munde's sonorous snoring all went well until grim fate, in the form of Edgar Mann, awakened Dode, and then the noise began.

Aside from the fact that it took us ten hours to make the trip, it was made in very good time considering the condition of the roads, and everyone who went considered it a howling success. To those who were unable to make it, we can only say, "Kids, you missed it!"

—Skippy.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

It is quite probable that in November hundreds of thousands of people stood in an English rain storm vainly hoping to catch a glimpse of the royal newly-weds. The registrar's offices were crowded with couple seeking license so that they could be married on the same day as their prince. The stores will be unable to meet the demand for cheap imitations of the bride's trousseau. Thousands of parents will bring their babies to church to be christened "Marina." In brief we are confronted with another problem in mass psychology.

It is very easy to follow the leader. How many went to the Great War because their neighbors were going? Just what percentage of our daily actions are due to the fact that everyone is doing them? We, who are supposedly blessed with a specialized education, realize the dangers of interbreeding as well as the decadency of monarchy and can tolerantly look down on the worshipping mobs in London. Yet the position would be reversed if that mob could see us obeying the wave of a cheer-leader's hand at a rugby game. For as much as we hate to admit it, we as a group are no more individualistic in our thinking that the general public.

College graduates are represented as the intelligentsia of a nation. They have been hand picked and the chaff has been cast aside. Yet the greatest moral, religious and political reformations in history have been brought about, but by the demands of the people that they be relieved of the oppressions being thrust on them by the so-called leaders.

The past five years have definitely proven that Life no longer offers to the graduate any smug harbours of security.—Queen's Journal.

ODE TO SPRIG

Oh, cub by freds,
Ad led us sig
A verse or two
To Bistress Sprig.
Ad led us sig
Of ruddy doses
Ad handkerchiefs
Ad all the woeses
Which cub to theb
Who dauntless say
"It's not so very
Cod today."
Ad led us sig
Of Balmy breezes
Which sudded turn
Aroud and freeze us.
Oh, Sprig is here,
But, heck, whad of it?
I feel like—well,
You can have it—
AAAAACHOOOOO!

—Indiana Student.

SURVEY SHOWS GIRLS ARE SHORT ON SUGAR

When Albany Medical college students conducted a survey to find out what girls are made of, someone asked a professor to translate the findings into everyday terms. The resulting report showed that the female of the species contains:

Chlorine enough to sanitize five swimming pools.

Oxygen enough to fill 1,400 cubic feet.

Thirty teaspoons of salt, enough to season 25 chickens.

Ten gallons of water.

Five pounds of lime, enough to whitewash a chicken coop.

Thirty-one pounds of carbon.

Glycerine enough for the bursting charge of a heavy navy shell.

Enough gluten to make five pounds of glue.

Magnesium enough for 10 flashlight photos

Fat enough for 10 bars of soap.

Enough iron to make a six-penny nail.

Sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas.

"And believe it or not, boys, only one-quarter of a pound of sugar."

The Lion And The Mouse

A lion, after a night's carousal with his fellows, fell into a net that the men of the village had spread in the forest. As he lay there, roaring and gnawing at his bonds, a little field mouse came along. "Ah," squeaked the mouse, "A net loss." "No," snarled the lion, "A gross insult." So the little mouse painfully chewed the strands one by one, and freed the lion. A couple of days later the mouse became tangled in the legs of the lion, tripping him up. Infuriated the lion grasped our hero, shaking him severely, saying: "Hey, dope, who d'ya think you're pushing?" "Hello, pal," said the mouse, with a fine show of cordiality, "Don't you remember me? I'm the guy who chewed you out of the net the other day." "I never could remember faces," said the lion, "But I'm a bearcat on names." And thereupon he placed the mouse to his lips, and swallowed with relish.

—The Sheaf.

HUMOUR

Instructor: "A pretty rotten landing you made."

Wilton Fraser: "You made? I thought you were flying the lousy crate!"

—:—

Doris: "Marry you? I should say not!"

Sinc.: "Aw, please! Just this once."

—:—

Clement: "I bought something today for the one I like the best in all the world. Guess what it is."

Dorothy: "A box of cigarettes?"

—:—

Two members of the Hebrew Golf club were in hot discussion. "So I'm telling you," said the first, "play de ball off the right foot. Max says so."

"Max?" said the second. "Max who?"

"De Scotch professional, dope—Max Tavish!"

—:—

"We will have to make another cut."

"Can't we wait until next year?"

"We can't wait another week! The other manufacturers are already making drastic reductions."

"Well, I don't see where we can make another decrease."

"There must be some place."

"You'll have to find it. I've gone over the whole business, and it's nothing but a skeleton affair already. I tell you, boss, if we make one more cut everything will drop, that's all!"

"Let it drop. That's our problem. We've got to keep on cutting and slashing everywhere we can until we are putting out absolutely the skimpiest girl's bathing suit on the market!"

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ART'S

Blue and Gold Defeated By Collegiate Men 32-20

Luck seemed to be against our boys last Thursday night, when they were defeated by the Collegiate basketball team 32-20. The College had their share of play and by their fine technique forced their opponents to work hard. But the boys had a great number of shots which lacked just that accuracy which makes shots count.

The Blue and Gold made a weak beginning, and although playing a much better game towards the end, they were unable to make up for this deficiency. The boys sat on the ball, tried rolling down the floor with it, and begged and slapped their opponents, all to no avail. Even the feeble Hippi-Skippi which echoed across the gallery from the half dozen enthusiastic students, who represented their College as spectators, could not give the team enough encouragement to enable it to avert the fate which awaited it.

Ladies' Basketball Team Is Defeated, 24-14

The College ladies' basketball team also suffered defeat at the hands of their old rivals, the Collegiate. The College team fought hard but was less efficient than the Collegiate in the fine points of technique. The game ended with the score of 24-14 in favor of the Collegiate.

WISDOM

Success comes in cans; failure in can'ts.

The best way to wipe out a friendship is to sponge on it.

With some people you spend an evening. with others you invest it.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM MADE GOOD PROGRESS THIS YEAR

As far as hard practice work, sportsmanship and fun go, the girls' basketball team has done good work this year.

Although they have not won a majority of games, the two won gave added determination to play harder next year.

Several of the girls were entirely new to the game when they started last fall, and their progress ensures a better team next season. Support from the College as a whole, would give more zest to playing and also strengthen College spirit.

Mr. Howard Massin has been the coach this year. His enthusiastic and consistent methods are responsible for most of the improvement made



ANNIE WAYCHOK

The enthusiastic captain and quick forward of the College ladies' basketball team.

by the team. His peppy and unrelenting practices won't be forgotten for many a day.

The team is captained by capable Annie Waychok, and her line-up consists of: centre, Polly Pattison; forwards, Agnes Bigelow, Jean McDorman, Jean Barnwell; guards, Molly Bell, Pat Heywood, Evelyn Bowen, Meryle Stewart, Helen Pattison and Jean Varcoe.

ARTS BANQUET Monday, March 25th

INVOCATION TO THE BASKETBALL GIRLS

What's the matter with the basketball girls?
 Afraid to sweat and spoil their curls?
 Are they just lazy or really busy?
 Or perhaps they're afraid of getting dizzy.
 But come, put away all paltry excuse,
 It doesn't go over, so what is the use?
 Put off that shopping, forget that date,
 Keep them till night at any rate
 Leave those studies or your back will break,
 Get up and stretch and a deep breath take.
 Maths., History or English. 'Twould be no sin.
 If you don't do your French you may get caught,
 But what is that for a game well fought?
 If you want to shake off that cumbersome fat,
 Get up from your chair where long you've sat.
 What you need is a little more vim,
 Put on your shorts and come to the gym.
 With every jump and every bounce
 And every thump, you'll lose an ounce.
 And remember your team, you hold its fate,
 Come to the game, and don't be late!

—THE MODERN POPE.

Girls' Interform Basketball

The girls' weekly interform basketball games are drawing to a close. There are only three more weeks to play, giving each team a total of four games yet to play. Jean Varcoe's team, consisting of Polly Pattison, Agnes Bigelow, Dorothy Bell, Ada Wareham and Olive McFadden, is still leading, having won every game played. Following is Bel. Maltman's team, followed by Kay Kidgell's and Marion Boyd's. Plans are being made for a basketball banquet, at which the winning team will be guests of the losing teams. Come on, girls, there is still a chance for you to be a guest instead of a hostess. How about putting a little pep into this? Who is going to win out?

A PRAYER

Some boast of high honors, and scholarships too,
 Some talk of distinction, most don't but some do,
 And some tell of A's and of B's they have made,
 But I'll take a C, it's gentleman's grade.
 "A" works from morning till bedtime is due,
 "B" works until midnight to learn something new,
 "D" works with the girl friend, alone in the shade,
 But "C" doesn't work, it's a gentleman's grade.
 "A" writes his exams. at a furious pace,
 "B" scribbles his stuff with a frown on his face,
 "D" worries and frets, of his mark he's afraid,
 "C" writes at his ease, it's a gentleman's grade.
 "A" ends up a prof., and at sophomores drools,

"B" takes education and teaches in schools,
 "D" gets him a job on the end of a spade,
 So I'll take a "C," a gentleman's grade.—The Sheaf.

BOYS TO ENTER CITY PLAYDOWNS

Brandon college will enter a team to compete in the city junior basketball playdowns. The College team is under the tutelage of Jack Keppel and is composed of Don Palethorpe, Frank Ball, I. McLeod, Jack Stapleton and Bill Clement.

He: "Am I the first man that ever kissed you, darling?"

She: "Yes, honey, all the others were sophomores."

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MORE ABOUT "H.M.S. PINAFORE"

(Continued from page 1)

the captain. Lawrence Perkins, the foremast's hand who loves the captain's daughter, has a fine sustained voice which was spot-lighted in the song, "The Nightingale Sighs for the Moon's Bright Rays." Frank Samis, in a rousing fashion sings the breezy satire which earned Queen Victoria's displeasure and last night audience's delight. He advises the crew to "Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea."

"And you all may be rulers of the Queen's navee!" Dilys Davies, as Little Buttercup the bumboat woman, retained her popularity with Brandon audiences by her even singing and by her effecting the happy ending. Muriel Collie's sweet echoing voice was effective in her role as Sir Joseph's cousin.

Alex. Wrighton gives the best characterization of the cast in his role as Dick Deadeye, the cringing, ugly villain. Cast in the role of boatswain, Jack Prugh turns in a convincing performance, both musically and dramatically. George Patterson completes the cast, as his mate.

The girls forming the chorus, gay in their pastel dresses, as they lightly skipped and tripped, were: Molly Bell, Agnes Bigelow, Helen Cornwall, Doris Fraser, Mary Garden, Mary Kingston, Rosina Lawrence, Gwen. Munt, Sheila Nixon, Mrs. Rae, Alice Robertson, Lois Sarsfield, Marion Thomson, Jean Varcoe, Irene Way and Beatrice Wickett.

The "sober men and true" of the "Pinafore" crew (no rhyme intended), included: B. McCulloch, Bert. Fraser, H. Schachter, W. Dinsdale, Ed. McTavish, G. Patterson, Dan Stark, L. Stoodley, Wilton Fraser, D. W. Clement (to be congratulated for his work). He was well packed by a fine committee comprising, Earl Mills, as business manager; John Callander, stage manager, with Edgar Mann and Bill Hunt assisting, and Jack Labelle in charge of props. Orsman Ritchie and Fred Gill managed the electrical and carpentry departments, respectively, while the scenery was under the able brush of Bob Tillotson.

The opera unfolds the story of the love of Ralph Rackstraw (Lawrence Perkins), for Josephine (Miss Morgan), daughter of Capt. Corcoran (E. A. Binkshaw). She, however, is loved by the redoubtable Admiral Porter, K.C.B. (Frank Samis). Porter's magnanimous maxim, while courting Josephine, was that she need not be overwhelmed by his truly exalted position, for "Love Alters all Ranks." But when it becomes a question of Josephine marrying Ralph—no, no, true love levels all ranks, but the line must be drawn somewhere! The sailor and his pretty lover are foiled in their attempt to elope by the

spying of Dick Deadeye (Alex. Wrighton), who in an amusing duet with the captain, divulges the scheme.

Just as Ralph is about to be taken to the dungeon cell by two marines (Edgar Mann and Jack Keppel), the bumboat woman (Dilys Davies), springs the surprise which gladdens the lovers. With a stirring contrapuntal hymn in praise of the Englishmen, the opera ends.

SO THERE!

We wonder if the author of the "So What?" column has died an unnatural death.

—:—

Mrs. Whitmore "Use 'Antitoxin' in a sentence."

Geo. Y. Clement: "My Antitoxin her sleep."

—:—

Mac. Gillies: "And you made these sandwiches with your lily white hands?"

Merle Stewart: "No, ham!"

—:—

The Reverend H.: "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Patsy: "An adult."

—:—

Mr. Fraser (dictating): "And in the face of Christendom . . ."

Tootle: "Who did you say?"

—:—

Then there's the guy who called his girl "Fire," because if he played with her he got burned, and if he left her alone she went out.

—:—

With Our Contributors:

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
You're near the crossing, your brake
lining's worn.

Little Boy Blue didn't let out a peep,
He's under a tombstone fast asleep.

—:—

Poem in Free Verse

Everybody once read "So What?"

Everybody looked for a joke,

Everybody smiled patiently,

But little Bobbie just laughed, and
laughed, and laughed.

—Disillusioned.

—:—

On Working on Co-Ed's. Quill

Birds fly in the air,
Worms crawl in the ground,

I SAW THIS WEEK

Messrs. Bert. Fraser and Bill Clement "going gracious" as they poured coffee at the Latin class supper party . . . twelve dizzy College students in the throes of a Virginia reel at Bigelow's on Saturday night . . . Bill Bennest, of Summerland, B.C., recalling the good old days, basking in feminine smiles over a marble slab in the Oly. . . . Bel Maltman embracing Clark Hall en masse after eight "fluey" days had flown . . . Ferg., receiving admiring glances from her public as she executed a daring Highland Fling last Saturday night . . . Sixty members of Psych. 2a Class, doing nothing but look at a dot on a piece of paper for sixty seconds . . . Bill Clement, cussing as he tried to loosen the knots tying his scarf to the stair rails . . . Hilton Harper, frisking a young lady through the snowbanks, Friday night Herb. Heselgrave, lifting a taxi out of a snowbank, apparently girls like strong men . . . Books, entitled "Mental Diseases" and "Indigestion," on The Quill editor's desk George Y., holding his own against a Park school snowballing squad at noon, Wednesday



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energy maker
— finest chocolate,
pure cane sugar
and rich milk are
ideally combined in
this favourite bar

The Best Milk Chocolate Made

348

Carloads of fur-lined bathtubs,
Must we all have two ears?

—:—

Patter

Some people think that genius is
hereditary, others have no children.

The most promising of all careers
is that of a politician.

A train smokes a lot and also choos.
Radio programmes may be improv-
ing but most of them are still only
fair to maudlin.

College boy's invitation to a dance:
"Come on, worm, let's wiggle."

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUPPORT THE ARTS BANQUET

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3. It is an annual event—a College tradition.
4. It is your greatest opportunity for showing your College spirit, your loyalty to the Alma Mater.
5. It is an experience that you will carry with you through life—a part of your education that should not be neglected.
6. It's success depends upon YOUR support.