

TO HOLD CHRISTMAS PARTY FRIDAY NIGHT

Arts III Sets New High In Comedy

One of the most finished and original productions of recent years in the way of class literary programs was staged on Friday evening, Dec. 11, in the chapel by the members of Class '38.

The production, "Gurgle—or Else!", centres around the escapades of young Lord Basil Drayford, played by Don Cannon. Basil is a speed demon, and finds himself accused of running down an old lady whom in reality he had stopped to help.

Dr. Montgomery hits upon the fine idea of turning back the years and making Basil behave like an infant. The Countess is persuaded that Basil really is in a state of mental regression, the smoking room is turned into a nursery, and the fun begins.

The cast was well chosen. Don Cannon, as Lord Basil Drayford, provided most of the fun, which was hilarious in some spots. As a disgruntled young man playing the part of a baby against his will, being fed with a bottle, playing goo-goo with the Justice of the Peace and tweaking his nose in revenge for discomforts occasioned by his vigilance, and all the time protesting vigorously to his

(Continued on Page 6)

Local Debaters

SHINE THROUGH

OUR GREETINGS

The present-day family, a social institution is over-rated, was convincingly demonstrated by Bernard Ungerson and Malcolm McEwen, touring British debaters, on Saturday night, December 5th., when they out-guessed, out-joked, outwitted and out-argued our own Brandon team of Earl Mills and Frank Bowman.

It was a most interesting and enjoyable debate marking in instruction and fun with ease. The British debaters contributed an atmosphere charged with good nature and friendly hostility, several very clever, innumerable flashes of wit and facile, effective speaking performances. The answer of our debaters to this was slightly more forgetful speeches, equal gentility and a greater devotion to the topic.

Mr. Ungerson in opening the debate charmed the audience for nearly twenty minutes with preliminary and introductory remarks and beat the chairman's final bid by three points—the family perpetuator of the human race is failing; marriage often fails to satisfy the mating instinct at the most suitable biological period; and the home does not guarantee economic security to women or comforts to men.

Mr. Mills, the first negative speaker, complimented Mr. Ungerson upon his splendid speech, yet lamented the fact that so little was relevant to the resolution. He pointed out how well the family is functioning as the only institution devoted to the "well-being of future generations"; what useful shelter and how fine a cultural background it provides for children and for old people.

Mr. McEwen then completed his speech, which clearly showed that insofar as the present day family has not the merits it could have had insofar as public opinion thinks of the family

(Continued on Page 6)

Student Skaters

In case you are unaware of it, the rink is now ready for use. The Athletic Board this year has undertaken to begin a two-year program of constructing a permanent rink to replace the low boards formerly used. With the help of Messrs. B. D. Weston and Robertson and many others who gave freely of their time, the plans for this year were soon carried out. Thanks are due to all ladies who provided the interesting refreshments to the exhausted workers.

A hockey schedule will be drawn up and inter-year hockey will commence immediately following exams. Rumors have it that curling hockey is also to be organized.

In the meantime the rink is yours—we urge you to use it. The IV graciously removed the majority of the bumps (from the ice we mean) last Saturday night, so rest assured that the ice, barring another sudden thaw, is in good condition.

MESSAGE FROM DEBATING SOCIETY

The Quill is in receipt of a message from the Debating society to the following effect:

The Debating society wishes to express its gratitude to all members of the student body, and also the faculty, who co-operated in making the recent debate a success.

"A special note of thanks is due Mr. William Bullard, who capably handled the ticket sales campaign; this also applies to the students who took part in the trial debates. Finally, our gratitude to Mr. Mills and to Frank Bowman knows no bounds.

"Thank you one and all. The Debating Society."

Greetings and salutations, fellow-sufferers—we bring a message of Christmas cheer to lighten hearts weighed down with the thoughts of oncoming examinations. Cast care aside, and at least for Friday night, cast aside all invitations except the one to the annual Christmas party.

The party will be held in the Imperial Hall, and will follow, to a large extent, the form of our Halloween party. Surely you haven't forgotten already that hilarious event. But—if that was a success, this coming event is going to be nothing short of gigantically colossal (Ed. Note: What about celestial)?

You will be able to purchase your tickets from your class presidents, and for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents, we're ready to assure you more enjoyment from that sum than from any other two-bits you ever kissed good bye.

The festivities will commence at eight-thirty sharp, in the form of a programme, after which the Lady and Senior Sticks will hold their party, to which all are cordially invited.

We hope that every gentleman has already issued an invitation to his lady friend—if not, why not? He who hesitates is lost, we can assure you, and so are his chances of having a good time, so hurry, hurry, folks while we finish the arrangements for the party. See you Friday.

Dates To Remember

Tuesday, December 22—Lectures close.

Wednesday, December 23—Residences close with dinner.

Monday, January 4—Residences open with supper.

Tuesday, January 5—Lectures resumed.

Monday, January 11—Arts lectures close.

Thursday, January 14—Arts examinations begin.

Tuesday, January 23—Arts examinations end.

**BRANDON** *The Quill* **COLLEGE**

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**EDITORIAL**

**LONG LIVE THE KING**

The perennial December crisis of the British Empire—last year, if you remember, the subject was the almost-forgotten Hoare-Laval "Peace Plan"—has come and gone, the retired colonels have finished writing their letters to the papers for another year, Mr. Baldwin's skin, the British Empire, and civilization have been saved until the next crisis, and a new monarch is nominal head of the Empire.

King George VI has taken over the throne under rather difficult circumstances; but the response throughout the British Commonwealth has shown that he will have the allegiance of all British subjects, a unity more than ever necessitated by the equality of status of the United Kingdom and the Dominions and the end of the Imperial Government.

For the new monarch we wish with the rest of British subjects everywhere, a long and happy reign.

God Save The King!

**The Polite "No" . . . .**

(From "Die Woche," Berlin)

Most big publishing offices return the manuscripts for which they have no use, enclosing a little printed letter with them.

At the head office of a big Chinese daily published in Peking they have the following form-letter for such occasions.

"Highly esteemed Brother of the Sun and the Moon! Your slave is at your feet. I kiss the soil before you and implore you to let me speak and yet remain among the living. Your manuscript, Oh Highly Esteemed, you were so kind as to let us peruse it. I swear by the Tombs of my Ancestors that never have I read anything more sublime. If I ever dared to publish this treasure, my President would immediately order me to keep it always before me as a shining example and not to print anything after it. My literary experience gives me the courage to declare that literary pearls of this kind occur only once every ten thousand years. Therefore I take the liberty of sending it back to you. I implore your forgiveness. I throw myself at your feet as a slave of your slave."

A Japanese publishing office is more outspoken. It encloses the following little circular with unacceptable manuscripts:

"Dear Son: Your writings are masterpieces of technique and your style is incomparable. Okakura Kazuzo, the Greatest of the Great, wrote no better. From North to South, from East to West, there is nobody equal to you! Your writings are good, permit us therefore to lay them back in your lap. Continue to be our subscriber and we all beg you to preserve us your benevolence also in future."

The Soviet State publishing office, "Gosisdat," has the following

laconic message in store for its unwanted contributors:

"Comrade! We have no use for your Miscellanies. Should this induce you to discontinue your subscription with us, we remind you of the disposition of the People's Commissars, of January 2, 1932, whereby deliberate damage to State institutions or the Five Year Plan is punished with fifteen years penitentiary or hard labor."

**WHO SAID, NO HEREAFTER?**

An item in the Aquinas, publication of St. Thomas College, reads as follows: "Through the Aquinas, I wish to sincerely thank all those who so kindly assisted me in my recent bereavement."

Don't mention it.

**DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING**  
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**MONA'S**  
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If you contemplate buying any gifts, and you do, Here are some suggestions

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### To Hold Carol Tea

The girls of Clark Hall are entertaining the outside girls on Sunday afternoon from four to six at the annual Carol Tea. A delightful musical program will be provided by Mrs. Rae, Miss Riesberry, Miss Dallas, Elsie McLaren, Doris Fraser and Froh Streuber. Tea will be served in Mrs. Darrach's suite.

The committee in charge is:  
 Edith Rose Gilson ..... Convener  
 Ada Wareham .... Refreshment Con.  
 Froh. Streuber .....Program Con.  
 Charlotte Finlay ..... Decorations

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# Vigilantes Ride In Men's Residence

One of the greatest hand-to-mouth conflicts in the history of Brandon college residence was staged a week ago Monday when the Vigilance Committee of Seniors, comprising Messrs. Bollman, A. and I. Galvin, Gardiner, McLachlan, McTavish, Nelson, Ramsay, Ruttan, Stone and Shaw elected to force a recalcitrant freshman to present a clean front to society. The freshman in question, H. Wolverton (hereinafter referred to as X the party of the first part), was supported in the constitutional crisis by N. Wolverton, Bliss, Hunter, McPhee and Pocock.

On Sunday X was served with a stern warning that should the offending moustache be still sprouting at six-thirty of the said day, the vigilantes would see it as their duty to search for and dispose of same.

Before supper on Monday the seniors' spies perceived the frosh in small groups in dark corners doing a little plotting (a big exertion for them, naturally); they had evidently decided to fight to the death.

At ten-thirty, Monday night, the lights blinked and the seniors swung into action. Mobilization was completed in a few moments, though the rumble of the die-hards on the top flat moving artillery could be plainly heard. The line

of attack was up the north stairs and directly to X's room, which was found locked. Dress was informal, as it was surmised that a cold shower was on the menu. This was shortly administered via the transom; following this Ramsay and Ruttan, braving the dangers of the fray, took turns at trying to break in by knifing the lock, which was on the 110-volt circuit. Mr. X was soon out and the lather had been applied to his face before another general skirmish broke out.

The writer is preparing a lengthy treatise on the affair under the following heads: frosh break into action; Sinc. takes Bliss out; Bollman comes in swinging; X held down by McTavish, Stone and Ramsay while Fred wields the razor; Pocock gets in bad with Ivan; obstruction extracted; retreat; McPhee counsels peace; Mills arrives in time to soothe the fuming frosh; seniors retire to toast and coffee in Ruttan's room.

The big event came to a close with nothing left but sweet remembrances of the fray and the boys patching up the floor which their skins had damaged somewhat.

A moral victory for the seniors—the remnants of the moustache had to be put out of their misery the next morning.

### Now Is The Time To Arrange For Your Sickle Photograph

Have you had your Sickle picture taken yet? You haven't? Well immediately after the Christmas holidays the special students' rates will again be in force for the month of January and we urge that you arrange for a sitting at either Jerrett's or Smith's studios promptly when you return. The Sickle is your college year book and we beg that each one of you help to make it a success by having your photo taken.

To those who had a photo in the Sickle some previous year and wish the same one in again we ask you to give the small sum of 50c to your photographer for this year's Sickle print, before you go away for the holidays.

And in repetition of last time we implore you, entreat you, and beg you to co-operate in this way with the Sickle staff by attending to this just as soon as possible.

Chas. G. Ruttan,  
 Photo Mgr.

### TO THE SCIENTISTS

"The Eighth Chapter of the Chronicle of 'Kweanz," appearing in the Queen's Journal, relates the following about the modern minded students of its Science Faculty.

"And when they cross over the black waves with hoary Charon they will make reports on the thermal inefficiency of Hades, and they will make chain-grates for fires, and instal refrigeration and air conditioning, and yea, they will even retire the aged captain Charon and build a bridge, indeed two bridges for the modern generation is on the road down—and they shall conduct forms along the path followed by Virgil, the master singer."

Hot stuff, eh?

Bob Beamish, unexpectedly encountering Ewen Carruthers and Froh. Streuber engrossed in conversation:

"Well, well! what's this?"

Froh: "Oh, wouldn't you like to come and join us, Bob?"

Bob: "Well, I'm not a minister, but I'll do my best."

### Revised Student Directory

- Agnew: Agnew face around the College.
- Assifat: Brandon Junior team Assifat chance without Johnny.
- Beaton: Beaton around the bush
- Bigelow: when you light a match.
- Bliss: Bliss go away.
- Bollman: sleeping car.
- Bradd: the staff of life.
- Bullard: What Volga boatmen do.
- Busby: Althea 'bout this one later.
- Dobbie: Dobbie quiet, child.
- Doyle: Female infant.
- Easter: "Easter the sun—"
- Godley: Some students are.
- Hanson: All Hanson deck.
- Harris: You can't—this isn't the talkies.
- Hemmons: Mild cuss word.
- Hyson: Legalised murder of freshmen.
- Nicholson: Lend me a—
- Pechet: What seeds are sold in.
- Pue: Hard bench found in churches.
- Roberts: The Les. said the better.
- Rupp: You don't with Oxyd<sup>51</sup>.
- Stone: Lost, strayed or—
- Taylor: Opposite of a header.
- Urssel: Alma doing'?
- Varcoe: City in North Dakota.
- Vines: They return blood to the heart.

Hotel Clerk: "Inside or outside room, sir?"  
 Sigfusson: "Inside I guess, looks like rain."

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## Campus Social

Following the Lit. and hockey game on Friday night, Arts III gathered at the home of Jeanne Mutter where a very enjoyable evening was spent with games and dancing. Dramatic talents were fast diverted towards business, when Don Cannon became the champion monopoly player. A delightful lunch brought the evening to a very pleasant close.

Dorothy Porter and Kathleen Kidgell were the happy recipients of visits from their parents from Calgary and Cartwright respectively.

Kay Drake spent the week end at her home at Elkhorn.

Miss Riesberry and Reg. Gardiner paid flying visits to their homes in Rapid City on Sunday.

Members of Class '38 showed their appreciation of Peggy Kahlo's part in their literary production by presenting her with a bouquet following the Lit, and a wish for her speedy recovery.

Sympathies are extended to Jim Hunter who has been sick for several days.

The Tower Room was the scene of another delightful "Feed", when a copper collection provided funds to supplement the lunch inherited by Clark Hall from the Debating Reception.

The British debating team of Bernard Ungerson and Malcolm McEwen were the guests of the Brandon College Debating Society in the club room of First United Church after the debate a week ago last Saturday night. Mr. Ungerson and Dr. J. R. C. Evans spoke briefly to the guests, who were the judges, members of the student main executive and the college faculty and others. Refreshments were served by members of the debating club. The committee in charge of the reception consisted of Helen de Marsh (convenor), Jerry Old, Agnes Mills. The singing of "Hail Our College," and a somewhat belated "Hippi-Skippi" ended the evening.

### 8 MORE DAYS TO XMAS

Have you seen our fine stock of Xmas cards, gift suggestions, etc.

Playing Cards, Books, Pen Sets, Writing Cases, Bill Fold, Diaries, Fancy Folds, Diaries, Etc.

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## MORE ABOUT ARTS III LIT.

(Continued from Page 1)

colleagues against his role, Don's performance was excellent.

Others in the cast fitted their roles nicely. Edith-Rose Gilson as Lady Muriel Harrington was sweetly demure, with just enough mischief in her eyes to make her enjoy the escapade. Charlie Ruttan as Dr. David Montgomery was perhaps a trifle stiff, but even he succumbed to the fun after a while, and did his full share towards making the play a success. Elsie McLaren as Clara was a very efficient young woman, bent on getting the business over with.

Alice Graham was a very creditable Countess of Sawbridge. Herb. Heselgrave's "Algernon" accent stood him in good stead in the part of Sir Henry Buckby, J.P. Ada Wareham convinced us of her efficiency as Nurse Rounce. Jack Trowell lent a touch of local color as Constable 'iggins, and Doug. Downing as Sir Samuel Smythe, M.D., handled his difficult patient with diplomacy up to the point where he was, as usual, sat on. Others in the cast were Phyllis Light as Cook, and Mary White and Dot. Butler.

Much credit is due to those who were responsible for this clever play, first of all to Peggy Kahlo, its author. We regret that Peggy was sick in bed and unable to witness the triumph of her maiden production. Then to the cast, who knew their parts. Lastly, to all those behind the scenes who were responsible for the smoothness with which each scene was run off.

If at times the known modesty of a Brandon College audience was a trifle ruffled, or their attention distracted to the detriment of the play, it was soon forgotten in the breathless interest of the quick-moving, spirited action. Class '38 we give you our praise.

## I Don't

My parents told me not to smoke:

I don't;

Or listen to a naughty joke:

They made it clear I must not wink

At pretty girls or even think

About intoxicating drink:

To dance or flirt is very wrong:

I don't;

Wild youths like women, wine and song:

I don't;

I kiss no girls, not even one,

I do not know how it is done:

You wouldn't think I'd have much

fun:

I don't.

## I Saw This Week - -

Kay Kidgell coming down the stairs six at a time.

Fred Ramsay doing a hog-calling act on the Capitol stage last Friday night.

Pentland in the arms of Morpheus (or is it Orpheus) during a bible class.

Dean Richards and Prugh shaking hands in Ethics class because they had both been faced with the tremendous ethical problem of having to decide whether or not to get up on a cold morning.

Dr. Rae running over to the Science building at one a. m. in his pyjamas.

Harold Wolverton becoming Past-Public Enemy Number One by having his moustache removed.

Gardiner unable to induce Knipfel to say grace at supper.

Stan Murphy tap-dancing (?) on each landing as he came down from the chemistry lab—he made a noise anyway—ask Mr. Robertson how he's making out.

The handiwork of some would-be Tarzan who had torn the brand new telephone book on the second floor into three distinct sections. May his beard grow backward and choke him.

Herb Easter looking for a wad of gum underneath one of the dining room chairs.

Gardiner (what would this column be without Reg.?) strolling along Rosser with his nose in a newspaper.

Fraser and Hemmons changing shoes under an Oli. table.

Kirk trying to keep his mind on the game last "Thursday week."

A "Standing Room Only" sign on the library door last Monday morning.

Ada Wareham finding a somewhat molten brick of ice cream in her bed.

Don Knipfel shooting up the library last Saturday night.

Macauley being carried into the college by two obliging pals.

Helen Pattison getting her nose smacked at the Arts IV party: ice on the back of the neck usually works, Helen.

A book entitled "Security Analysis" which some scientifically minded library attendant had placed on the chemistry shelf.

### POME FROM ANOTHER COLLEGE

(It Can't Happen Here)

How often in the stilly night

I've barked my shins on every flight,

And cursed the irony of it,

That I, and not the light, was lit.

## MORE ABOUT LOCAL DEBATERS

(Continued from Page 1)

as possessing these merits, then obviously over-rating occurs.

Mr. Bowman, speaking as a "professional man" argued that the family is very adaptable to changing conditions; that in some respects it is our most stable institution; and that it is not receiving as much credit as its services entitle it to. He brought to light several inconsistencies in the speeches of his opponents.

In his rebuttal, Mr. Mills launched a furious attack upon the arguments of the affirmative and closed with a stern warning to beware the magic oratory of the final speaker.

But Mr. Ungerson used no magic oratory. His rebuttal was a brilliant bit of masterly argumentation that clinched the debate for his team, and made the Brandon boys feel like two mischievous school-boys whose heads had been cruelly banged together by a righteously indignant master.

The judges' decision—for the affirmative—and the singing of the national anthem ended the evening.

The modern youth knows that railways are built nowadays on three gauges: Broad gauge, narrow gauge, and mortgage.

## The Imperial Dance Gardens

Take this opportunity to wish the students and faculty of Brandon College the

**MERRIEST OF MERRY  
CHRISTMAS'**

and the

**HAPPIEST OF HAPPY  
NEW YEARS'**

and to take in at least one of the

**BIG HOLIDAY DANCES**

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# Club Activities . . . .

## ENGLISH CLUB

The English club met on Saturday, Dec. 12, at the home of Mrs. Whitmore. Papers by Margaret A. Mackenzie on Spanish and Portugese Literature and by Jean Ritchie on Chinese and Japanese Literature, were much enjoyed by all. They were followed by a social hour and refreshments.

## INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

The members of the International Relations Club will hold a turkey dinner at the home of presid-

ent Doug. Rupp this Saturday night. Any remaining vacancies are expected to be filled shortly.

## DEBATING CLUB

The main feature of the December Debating Club meeting was a resolution that "Democracy as a Form of Government is to be Preferred to Dictatorship." The affirmative, upheld by Agnes Mills and Wes Mann was awarded the decision over the negative, Bill Potoroka and Alma Urssel, by an open-house vote. The debate general was followed by a rather lively discussion in which Evelyn Bowen, Douglas Downing and Frank Bowman took part.

## FRENCH CLUB DINNER

The members of the French club were guests at Pattison's on Tuesday night, December 15. A delicious buffet dinner was enjoyed, followed by carol singing. We are informed that the evening was featured by the fact that not a word of French was spoken. Anne Waychok's birthday was fittingly commemorated by a large cake.

## THE ECONOMICS CLUB

The Economics Club held its second meeting of the year in the Prince Edward Hotel on Tuesday December 8th. The meeting took the form of a debate. The subject was "Resolved that the Canadian Parliament should adopt and implement the C.C.F. Program." Mr. R. Gardiner and Dan Stark supported the affirmative and Doug. Rupp and Clifford Bowes the negative. A vote was taken giving the decision to the negative. Plans were also discussed for a meeting to be held the first week after the holidays.

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# The Inside Track - - -

By Bill Frayne

Field Day, Tennis Tournament, Basketball and Hockey, held the sport spotlight during the first term of the 1936-37 College year. The field day, held under ideal weather conditions, was an outstanding success. The same weather was not as favorable during the tennis tournament and only two events were completed. Basketball has reached the half-way mark in its 12-game schedule with the College Senior team finding Johnny Millar's Royals slightly superior this year. Inter-form hockey has not commenced as yet although one very successful hockey excursion to Carberry was held.

The freshmen of Class '40 coped inter-class competitive honors with victories in the boys and girls softball tournaments and a fine individual performance by Paul August. Mac McPhee, the Cranbrooke, B. C. student, gave a fine display when showing his heels to a fast field in the hundred yards dash. The head-gear sported by Mr. Perdue, and Mr. Birkinshaw's unique wind-up, were other never-to-be forgotten incidents.

Miss Pat Heywood and Joe Robertson captured the single tennis championships, the former defeating Doris Hemmons in the women's final. Robertson ousted Keith McKinnon in a 3-set men's final. Pat succeeds Alice Grant, Vancouver while Joe takes over the crown deserted by Harold Schacter. Neither Miss Grant nor Schacter defended their title.

Our basketballers usually managed to out-score the Aces in senior hoop circles but found a stumbling block in the Royals. The latter club scored six straight victories and three of them were thrilling duals with our Blue and Gold clad team. Royals always managed to pack the extra finishing touches but our quintette will have three chances to turn the tables next term.

The girls scored only one victory during the first term but it was a thrilling win, scored against Collegiate by a 22-21 score after 10 minutes of overtime. The juniors are also finding a "hard row to hoe". They scored an 13-15 victory over B.C.I. in the season's opening and then added a 21-17 victory over the Royals. However since then they have gone winless.

The hockey excursion to Carberry was enjoyed by approximately 130 students. The college students were victorious 5-1 in an interesting game. A social hour fol-

lowed and then six buses, fittingly bedecked in blue and gold returned to Brandon.

# FLASH!

## LAST MINUTE NEWS!

Brandon college teams took it on the chin in all three games at the Y.M.C.A. Wednesday evening. The juniors' and girls' defeat, though hard to take, were not to be compared with the shock of Aces' 26-17 win over our seniors club. Juniors lost to Collegiate 28-20, while the girls were drubbed 28-3.

Aces were inspired from the outset, leading 14-10 at half time and increasing the pace to take second chapter honors 12-7. Wally Stinson rolled in seven points to lead our club while Aces, in distributing their honors evenly among five players, found the spearhead of their attack in tall "Chub" Mummery.

Despite the fact that they played the second half with just four men, College juniors put up a great fight before falling to the speedy Collegiate team 28-20. With Sandy McNeill banished because of four personal fouls soon after the second chapter opened, Don. Cannon, Paul August, Harry Ostrander and Bill Bullard were forced to carry the College cause alone. Trailing 16-7 at the half, the Blue and Gold out-scored their over-anxious opponents 13-12 after the rest period and could scarcely be expected to do better. Cannon, Ostrander and August carried the brunt of the scoring attack. Hap. Fraser, with eight points, led the scorers.

The less said about the girls' game the better. After playing such a brilliant game in their previous meeting, our girls suffered a let-down and were never in the game. The final score was 28-3 for Collegiate.

### TEAM STANDINGS

Senior				
	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Royals .....	6	6	0	12
College .....	7	3	4	6
Aces .....	7	1	6	2
Juniors				
	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Collegiate .....	7	6	1	12
Royals .....	6	2	4	4
College .....	7	2	5	4
Girls				
	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
City .....	6	6	0	12
Collegiate .....	7	3	4	6
College .....	7	1	6	2

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## Dear Santa

Several College students were recently asked what they would like most for Christmas. Here are a few of their replies:

Henry Hyson, a big axe for chopping wood.

Walt Dinsdale, modestly says he doesn't want anything very expensive.

Dorothy Porter, a pair of wooly knee caps.

Sandy McNeill, a pair of steam heated overshoes and ear muffs.

Marj. Harris, a big, soft teddy bear.

Margaret Crosbie, the word "why" crossed out of the dictionary.

Ev. Bowen, a permanent railway pass.

Anne Waychok, "baked ice."

Marion Stone, a carload of cookies.

Helen Watson, a whistle.

Les Roberts, one of Mills' ties.

Helen Pattison, a little bit of Edmonton.

Glen Sutherland and Jack Eley, a vacation at Neepawa.

Gord. Forbes, "Butch."

Joe Robertson, a moving sidewalk from 6th street to College.

Jack Labelle, a new chew of gum.

Morris Pechet, a clear standing in his exams.

Mary Doyle, earmuffs.

Nick Koropatnick, a load of straw to take home to the cows.

Doris Gray, an underground heated tunnel from 12th street to College.

Frank Hollick, Quintuplets.

Bob Beamish, a pipe and a supply of tobacco and matches.

Sink McLaughlin, Schick razor. Also a horse and complete riding habit.

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## THE KING

(From the Aberdeen, Scotland, "Bon Accord")

ED. NOTE: This article was written after the death of King George V last January and before any inkling had arisen of the recent "Constitutional crisis." We take this opportunity to publish it as a protest against some of the savage—and we believe utterly unwarranted—criticism of the personality of the present Duke of Windsor which has appeared in English and Canadian newspapers during the past two weeks.

Now that the King has gone, the people of the Northeast of Scotland might gather together and listen to a little plain speaking.... Obviously, the head of the State is the head of the State at all times and in all circumstances; the King can never at any moment of his life cease to be King; the Royal prerogative of mercy cannot be exercised in his own favor! Does it follow from this that he can have no private life, no freedom from peering eyes, no escape from the clattering tongues? Must the King be denied the ordinary human rights and privileges that the humblest of his subjects enjoy? If he goes to church may he not go in peace? If he rearranges his domestic establishments, may he not do so without the whole world being invited to discuss the changes which, as head of his own house, he thinks necessary and right? If he chooses his own friends, must he submit to the censorship of Tom, Dick and Harry, and of their wives and sisters and cousins and aunts? Is the King a slave or a freeman? Is he a kind of constitutionally exalted serf whose own manhood counts for nothing and whose will must be subordinated down to the smallest detail of his personal life, to the whims and caprices of the man in the street and the old woman in the drawing room? If that is the position, then, indeed we may well pray, "God Save The King!"

But this is supposed to be a democratic age and King Edward is supposed to be a democratic Sovereign. If democracy means anything, it means that the individual must be free to order his own personal life in his own way; and if his Majesty has any personal life at all, we are at a loss to understand why democracy, which is so jealous of its own rights, should be so persistently active in pushing its nose into his purely personal and private affairs. The working-man's home is, we are told, his castle; if that is so, is there any reason why the King's castle should not be his home and as inviolate from curious eyes and the Paul Prying of publicity mongers as the ordinary citizen's domestic hearth? Let us play the game all round; let us be particularly scrupulous in playing it by the one man in the Kingdom who cannot hit back. We have a King who stands head and shoulders above all the monarchs of the world as a distinctive personality, a man who is intellectually alive and full of the milk of human kindness; and his people, who love him, will enhance that gift and certify it by ceasing to obtrude upon his privacy—and by diligent attention to their own business.

Some men are born great; some men achieve greatness and some men just grate on you.

Stranger (at crossroads store):  
"Who's that close-mouthed fellow in the corner? He hasn't said a word for the last fifteen minutes."

Village Loafer: "Him, oh, he ain't close-mouthed, he's just waiting for the storekeeper to bring back the spittoon."

### Residence Christmas Dinner Friday Night

The Christmas dinner for the residence students will be held on Friday night, December 18. Outside members of the faculty will probably be guests and it is rumoured that Santa Claus is sending an advance shipment.

THAT END-OF-THE-TERM FEELING

(Slightly in advance)  
I wish I was a little rock  
A-settin' on a hill,  
A-doin' nothin' all day long,  
But jes' a-sittin' still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink  
I wouldn't even wash,  
But set—and set—a thousand years,  
And rest myself, by gosh!

## MYSTERIOUS POETESS AFOOT

A super-sleuthing reporter the other day was amazed to find a gem of poetry in, of all places, an old battered notebook in one of the rooms of the science building. The poem was apparently written in English but was somewhat difficult to read. Cipher experts have submitted the following translation, the title is "Why Don't You Write".

I don't believe you know or guess  
That you could bring me hapiness  
By writing me a word or two,  
For if you did, that's what you'd do.

Experts have commented very favorably on the style and thought of this little composition, remarking that it was undoubtedly influenced by the recent Kirk-King episode. The Quill is indeed proud to know that its fearless publication of news has resulted in the development of such talent.

Last-minute flash: The Super-Colossal Detective Agency reports that there is good reason to believe that the owner of the notebook and apparent inspiration of the poem is a certain resident student; suffice it to say that he is from the wild and wooly west and his sister attended this institution last year. The actual writer of the masterpiece, whom we wish to appoint Poet By Appointment to the Quill, is still unknown.

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# The Quill Literary Supplement

Volume XXVII, No. 11.

BRANDON, MANITOBA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1936

Pages 7 to 10.

## "Mysterium"

Dedicated to a Sweet Girl Grad '35

It was in Clark Hall. A door stealthily and silently opened before a nymph spectre with shaking white fingers clutching a muffled something well concealed in the heavy silk lavender folds of a kimona. She glided, in the manner of one with clear calculated purpose and an assurance born of repetition, through the corridor shades, now silent as a forsaken tomb, save for the faint rasping of esophaguses toiling to supply pretty feminine forms with oxygen while they dreamed of courtly Princes Charming riding (k)nightly out from Brandon College. She reached the window.

Furtively she glanced twice around her. A faint groan as the heavy window was slowly raised on its well oiled slide. A low gasp as she modestly leaned out into the purple shades of night, then—a click on the window sill. Back drew that arched neck with its load of ribbon bound tresses, down went the window in its silent track, gone was the maiden fair!

It happened regularly each evening for many, many days, then gradually the phantom flights decreased in numbers and finally ceased altogether. She had learned to sleep with her clock!

## Scandinavian Lullaby

(Translated from the medieval Danish by T. Cuthbert McSniven)  
Go to sleep, my Danish darling,

Mamma wants to go to town  
With a traveling man from Bergen,  
While the midnight sun goes down.

Close your eyes, my Danish sweet-heart,

Think of papa on the foam.  
Mamma will be back from Oslo

Long before your pa comes home  
Sleep away, my Danish dearie,

With your chubby cheeks so pink  
Pray that just a baby cyclone  
Pitches papa in the drink.

Dean: racket, noise.

Drama: an old lady with a bonnet and a lace shawl.

Fees: the sound when you pour ginger ale into a glass.

Glass: he kind of a house, which when people live in, they shouldn't throw stones from.

## The Average Brandon Collegian

Male and female, frosh and senior, the students of Brandon College with few exceptions fall into one pattern and have the same characteristics in common.

The average student in this institution, it is found after several years of observation and experimentation comes from a good home, his parents are sending him to college with sacrifices on their part, he has a rather wholesome and sensible outlook on things and an accurate sense of values. There are few concerned with the wild college life featured on the screen, nor do clothes and fun play the sole interests in student lives. They are content with the social life the college provides. Most are ordinary dressers, many of the men catch the feminine eye while others would pass as ships in the night. The girls on the whole are a sweet feminine lot. Few are strikingly smart in appearance and many are downright dowdy. While it may not be true that fine feathers make fine birds a little bit of pruning could make some of the chicks look like the really fine birds they are.

Studies and assignments are in most cases the most important affair in student life although he goes to elaborate measures not to let anyone guess it, except perhaps his parents. Most students have one pet interest, vented in a sport, club, or a person he or she considers the most wonderful in the world. Attitudes toward companions of the opposite sex are casual. There are few serious "cases". The world of the average student is contained within the col-

lege and his home—he knows little of what is happening in his own city or the rest of the world except what he hears through gossip channels. The average co-ed reads the funnies the society page and the love-lorn column in the newspaper and a woman's magazine. Men read the front page, the funnies, the editorial page and Esquire.

Most students are very proud of the fact that they go to college—they never hesitate when three or more are gathered together in any public place to broadcast the fact. The girls especially lead very sheltered lives, few are experienced in forming their own judgments and many are helpless when they are called upon to use their own initiative.

There are events which are once-a-week affairs—slipping in, going to church, going to a show, and writing letters. At this time of the year, resident students heads are filled with thoughts of going home for Christmas. To these students mail is one of the most thrilling events of the week.

Here is the material for a College "Main Street." However for one wanting to write a more idealistic tale of student life in Brandon College he must know students intimately to see that although outwardly they all conform to the pattern outlined here, that in more important ways they do not. They have ambitions, associations, ideas and ideals, which distinguish themselves from each of their fellow students. It is these distinguishing traits that should be brought to the surface.

## WHO NEVER ATE HIS BREAD WITH TEARS

Who never ate his bread with tears,  
Who never sat through night's dark hours,  
His spirit torn by nameless fears,  
He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers.  
Ye lead us into life's domain,  
Their guilt to wretched souls revealing;  
Then measure out to each his pain,  
For every wrong earth's vengeance dealing.

Translated from the original German of Goethe's "Harfenspiel-er" by R. McGregor Fraser.

## Greater Than His Father

Hector returning to the defence of Troy, preparing for his last battle with Achilles, comes to bid goodbye to his wife and little son. "So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms  
To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back  
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see  
His father helmeted in glittering brass,  
And eyeing with a fright the horse-hair plume  
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.  
At this both parents in their fondness laughed;  
And hastily the mighty Hector took The helmet from his brow and laid it down  
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed  
His darling son and tossed him up in play,  
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:  
'Oh, Jupiter, and all ye deities, Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become  
Among the Trojans eminent like me,  
And nobly rule in Iliam.  
May they say,  
"This man is greater than his father was!"'"

A beautiful picture of a father's dream. Some day many of you will know the mysterious joy of such a dream as you in fondness laugh and toss your little son or daughter up in play. Perhaps only then will you find it possible to realize the full significance of Hector's words, "May they say 'This man is greater than his father was.'" That, I believe, is the unvoiced prayer of every true father and mother. In recurring generations the mother's eye has dimmed, the father's heart beat faster when the little boy or girl first toddled off to school. Will their dream come true? Will the child be greater than his father was?

As you progressed from grade to grade, your father and mother watched you step by step, and ever amid their anxious fears has risen the prayer of the ancient hero of Troy.

It is a solemn thought that to-

(Continued on Page 10)

# I Am A Pacifist . . . .

By BOB BEAMISH

By pacifist I mean that I do not believe it will ever again be right to go to war for any reason. We will all agree that we abhor war yet we are not prepared to break with it. It doesn't seem reasonable does it? And why should we utterly refuse to bear arms on any condition? Here are some of the reasons:

1. War must be abolished for it cannot be humanized. And if it is neither, then civilization, even life itself, must ultimately perish before its awful onslaught. As civilization supposedly develops, warfare is becoming destructive on such a vast and rapidly growing scale that it may now level in a red hell that very civilization which nursed its development. The suicided civilization or pacifism?

2. War is futile. We often fail to realize that war has become a totally different thing from what it used to be. It is a means, not an end. Modern warfare settles nothing, makes nothing safe, and it achieves no lasting good commensurate with its terrific sacrifice which would not have been better achieved without war. The fact that great good came from some wars is not in itself a justification for war. For instance, could not the political freedom of the United States have been obtained as peacefully as has that of Canada? If we fight again it will not be for progress but for those elemental things we think achieved forever. Progressive peace or modern warfare?

3. War is unnecessary! This is more than a corollary of its futility. We no longer need to fight for things that wars used to be fought for. At least if we would not fight we would not have to. Take for example the extreme case of invasion. It is unlikely that a modern nation could invade and do any great harm to another civilized nation in cold blood if that nation refused to offer resistance. For it is war, fighting itself, that arouses the passions that characterize war with atrocities. The

bulk of any nation is made up of kindly people who would not countenance such a policy unless it were overlaid by the damnable propaganda that war would give birth to. Such a policy would probably collapse before the double reprobation of the home people and the rest of the world. Oh, it might mean the payment of some tribute or the loss of some political independence but would that not be better than the supreme catastrophe of war? The very fact that a great nation carried out such a novel experiment would create a spiritual force never before known and therefore difficult to estimate the consequences of. Probably the social order would not be changed by a foreign army of occupation—witness the French occupation or the Rhineland—and at the worst, this is an extreme case which would not necessarily, or even probably, result from a policy of pacifism.

4. War is immoral. Need this obvious feature be more emphasized? It may be said that war is the lesser of two evils. But can you think of any evil which is not attendant upon war? We cannot think of values or goodness except in terms of life, so that whatever destroys life must be an evil. So much for a bit of theory—in practice the immorality of war beggars all description.

5. The "political danger" of war. The last war drove the spirit of militarism deeper than ever into the heart of Europe. Today, after the war to end war, it is more than ever a powder keg which the touch of fear at any moment may ignite. This same war, one also to save democracy, left in its wake all the seeds of reaction which now in their growing strength threaten the democracy it proposed to save. To argue that pacifism speeds the doom of democracy is to overlook the fact that war fosters the forces that have nourished Fascism and dictatorship, viz., nationalism, militarism, fear and chaos. Surely war, not pacifism, gives rise to such reaction.

In surveying the policy of pacifism as we conclude, I see no implication that we will have to relinquish our cherished democracy nor concede territory to another nation more prolific than our own, but I do see in it a possible and practical solution to a tremendous and imminent problem.

Some co-eds remind us of coffee—99 per cent of the active ingredient has been removed from the bean.

# I Am Not A Pacifist . .

By FRANK BOWMAN

To begin with, we are discussing an out-and-out pacifism and not that cowardly attitude of "We do not need to fight, Great Britain and the United States will protect us." That is, we are too righteous to fight but our neighbor isn't and will therefore be willing to protect us. Pacifism means to refuse to fight under any circumstances and to accept the consequences. It may be unwise but is far from cowardly. The reasons I think it unwise are:

1. A pacifist attitude on the part of even a majority of the people would mean the end of liberal democratic government. This is certain. Fascism and Communism are both international forces and will extend their influences where possible. Witness Spain, where a popular government is being overthrown by a group of rebels who are receiving aid from Germany and Italy and who are using foreign troops. There are groups in every country who would seize control of the government and stamp out all liberty and social progress if they could do so. The possibility facing us is that if they ever attempt to do so they will be assured of foreign aid.

2. Horrible as modern warfare is, I believe civilization could survive it better than it could survive the passive acceptance of whoever decided to take control of the country. Our country would in all probability become the battleground for rival claimants to the prize. Thus we would have lost the democratic ideal without avoiding the horrors of war.

(3) Unless our race is willing to go back to the serfdom of the Middle Ages and stay there, then pacifism will not end wars. We would lose in one generation what has been gained by our forefathers who struggled in order that we might have a happier life. We would be letting posterity begin over again and through ages of agony and torture regain what we gave up through following an impractical ideal.

(4) We live in a world where force is still necessary. We may yet reach the place where force is no longer necessary. In fact, I believe that a determined stand against the last desperate throes of medievalism may bring us to that place very soon. The statement that "nothing permanent can be gained by force" is wrong. I admit that nothing permanent can be gained by force alone. But force played its part in obtaining the very country we live in, it played

its part in winning whatever liberty we have and in retaining that liberty and it will continue to be necessary until all countries reach that attitude of mind now existent between United States and Canada. If nothing can be gained by force, then let us disband our police forces, tear down our gaols, dismiss our army and let the social and political enemies of our civilization run rampant.

(5) As a nation we have the right to work out our own national life in the way most suited to us, provided we do not interfere with the rights of others. The rather peculiar notion that we have no right to all this country but should turn it over to the most prolific (and incidentally the least cultured) people such as the Chinese or Hindus does not seem rational to me. Such a theory is incompatible with western civilization as we know it. Thus briefly are some of the reasons why I cannot accept the pacifism ideal however much I may admire the spirit which prompts it.



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# College Enigma By BOB BEAMISH.

Most of us, in this college, have at one time or another, taken a course in orientation to college life such as "The Freshman Finds Himself" as presented this fall. I wonder if it would be a too great presumption on my part to add three little words, that is, the freshman now finds himself in a dilemma. This dilemma is composed of a barrage of perplexing questions which beset the newcomer on every hand. Significantly enough, the way in which these questions are answered largely determines the success of the College career. The fact that several years are taken up in expressing these answers makes the consideration of them a subject of vital importance to the senior as well as to the freshman.

Some of these questions are "Why did you come to College?" "What are you going to do while you are here? Student activities or pure academics? And after college what?" The list may be added to indefinitely; the fact being that Alma Mater not only interrogates but demands and receives answers whether we are aware of it or not.

The object of this short treatise is to attempt to present some framework into which the various phases of college life can be made to fit in a concordant and rational manner. Accordingly let us briefly consider the case of pure academics versus student activities.

Firstly, as for pure academics, it may be well argued that theirs is the first place in the time table of college activity. You may say, for instance, that the obvious purpose in coming to college is to acquire information and facts, concrete knowledge of things and forces and laws.

It may be well argued that habits of thought, class room attitudes to work and to ideas, open mindedness, self-knowledge, trained imagination, precise thinking, freedom from ignorance and superstition, developed taste, judgment and conscience, in fact we may include practically all the essentials of the educated mind are best achieved through diligent study.

On the other hand, as for student activities, it may be as well argued that they can do as much or more for individual as well as social development as can the classroom. It is very true that social poise, business sense, capacity for friendship, widened interests, and recreational opportunities are provided and promoted by the extra curricular programme. In particular, student activities provide an excellent opportunity for training in leadership. Many a student

who can do the academic work that is definitely assigned to him is almost helpless when confronted by a practical problem calling for his own ingenuity and initiative. The development of leadership and the practice of shouldering responsibility are of particular significance to college people.

So, in brief, there arises a problem. The freshman on entering the college (and the soph. and senior too) is assailed on every side with appeals to join student organizations—which he soon discovers require a very considerable amount of his time. Time that he could profitably spend on his studies. And what is he to do?

The answer is, both. That is, as you would reasonably infer, a compromise should be effected so that the two co-exist without antagonism or conflict, and in addition are mutually supplementary.

The academics supply the theoretical philosophy and student activities provide the practical philosophy that makes the former tenable, useful and gratifying.

In planning one's participation it is well to remember that the paths of success, in either case, lead to the palace of wisdom. But it is not a delightful road compared to the smoother one of moderation leading to a more comprehensive and satisfying wisdom. By carefully selecting a combination of academics and student activities can be achieved that integrated harmonious self development that ought to be the result of our experience here. The combination can be affected by thoughtful choosing, with regard to individual interests and abilities, together with an elimination of wasted time and effort.

We began however, with a group of questions. Why did you come to college? When you have been here awhile under the moulding forces of college environment, the real reason of your presence here, "the why" of it, becomes increasingly apparent. This real reason changes all the time for it takes on purpose and new meaning every day. And as this "why" becomes apparent and changes, "the what" of your sojourn here also changes, that is, you act differently because the driving or pulling principal has changed.

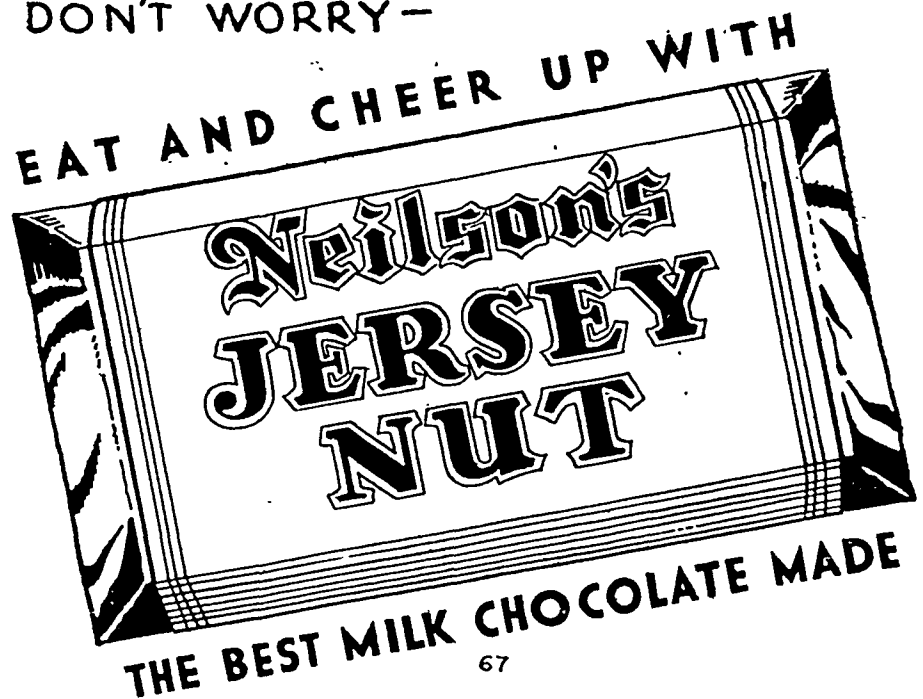
The other main question—how are you going to succeed after college—may perhaps be answered in terms of the other two. How you will succeed, what you will do, will depend largely on what you begin to become while here, thus we have "the why" determining "the what" and these two combining to

# "CRITICAL MOMENTS"

WHEN YOU  
HAVE JUST  
BEEN ORDERED  
TO TAKE A  
PLACE ON  
THE WATER  
POLO TEAM—



—AND YOU HEAR THAT YOUR OPPOSITE HAS A REPUTATION FOR SINKING HIS MAN TO THE FLOOR OF THE TANK AND STANDING ON HIS HEAD DURING MOST OF THE GAME—  
DON'T WORRY—



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give "the how". It is in this light that the college career may be viewed to answer the practical riddles of college life. The ordered sequential system formed by the harmonious interplay of an interconnected career with an interconnected personality is perhaps the system of things in which the answer to "the why" "the what" and "the how" of college will be found.

"Then she isn't of the sympathetic sort?"

"Sympathetic? She wasn't born; she was quarried."

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**MORE ABOUT  
GREATER THAN**  
(Continued from Page 7)

day you are the objects of such prayers for you are on the threshold of maturity. Soon or never the dream must come true—a greater man than his father was.

How much is involved in that? Does it mean that you will go a little farther in school, that you will acquire a little more social polish, that you will dress a bit better, or earn a little larger salary? You could do all of these and be a smaller person than your father or mother. Someone has said truly, "To be as good as our fathers we must be a great deal better." For, see, we have made no return for the increased education, wealth, leisure, which the toil of our fathers is accumulating in this great new country. If we are content to remain on the level from which they started us, can we count ourselves as good as they who climbed and carried us?

We shall never be greater than our fathers and mothers until we learn to appreciate fully the gains they have made, aye, and the gains they have lost. How much they have done to make their dreams come true! To how great an extent have they toiled to answer their own prayer! Some of them sacrificed to establish this institution. Most of them have turned aside from many pleasures to give you the chance they never had to be greater.

Is it with joy or deep veiled sadness that they watch you? They cannot answer their own prayers, nor can God, without your co-operation. Some of them are thanking God for answered prayers as they see you develop and give sure promise of fulfilling their heart-felt hopes. Some, it may be, will pray inarticulately and with a catch in their throats, "May they yet say, 'This man is greater than his father was.'"

I would like to suggest that in a world of progress the only way in which we can really obey the deeper intent of the ancient command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is by answering this prayer in daily development. And if in after years they shall say of us, "Truly this man is greater than his father was," we shall continue to honor our fathers and our mothers because we shall have discovered the practical truth expressed by Will Durant in his discussion of Herbert Spencer. After criticizing some of Spencer's philosophical viewpoints, Durant wisely remarks, "We seem to be above him because he has lifted us on his shoulders." So shall it be with

**The Lorelei**

I fain would fathom it's meaning,  
Why I am sore distressed;  
Of a legend, old, I am dreaming,  
And never my mind will rest.  
The air is cool and 'tis darkening,  
And calm the Rhine doth flow;  
The mountain crest is sparkling  
In evening sunset glow.  
The loveliest maiden is dreaming  
High, yonder, wondrous fair;  
Her golden jewels are gleaming,  
She is combing her golden hair.  
She combs with a comb that is golden,  
And sings a song by the way;  
A song with a marvellous, olden,  
O'erpowering melody.  
The boatman who sits in his wherry,  
Is seized with a wild dismay;  
He sees not the angry skerry,  
He gazes and lists to the lay.  
I doubt not the waves, doom-bringing,  
Doom to man and boat have brought;  
And that, at last, by her singing,  
The Lorelei hath wrought.

Translated from the original German of Heine by R. McGregor Fraser.

**Message Of Peace**

Oh, pause not here thou armoured, grasping spirit.  
We pray for peace to come, her wings unfurled  
Among a war-scarred, tired and sin-sick nation  
And speak her message to a heavy world.  
A waiting world, though some would still unthinking  
Build larger armies, grim and seeking,  
One man brings forth his dread gaseous invention  
Which by one touch would rid us of a name.  
There is no nobler thought than this can stir us  
"A brotherhood, a neighborhood" indeed  
And may the Christmas spirit now rekindle  
Our hearts to help our country in its need.

us if we succeed in fulfilling the dream of our parents.

—C. F. RICHARDS.

Irate Editor: "I thought you told me Mr. Smith's fever had gone off."

New Reporter: "I did, sir, but I forgot to mention that he went with it."

And then there was the story of the college student on the way home from a Christmas celebration. Receiving a sudden inspiration as he passed a postbox, he hastily dug into his pocket, and with some difficulty managed to insert a copper in the slot. His gaze roved glassily upward until it lighted on the face of the town clock.

"Shay, that wash shome party!" he exclaimed. "I've losht fifteen pounds."

**The Spirit Of  
Christmas**

The trees, star-tipped  
Have a festive look,  
With tinselled snow  
Draping every nook.  
The Christmas spirit  
Is one of giving  
Not only gifts  
But the gold of living.  
Material things  
May pass away  
But well-lived thoughts  
Can never decay.  
Peace and goodwill  
Come now and reign  
In a world distraught  
By sin and pain.

—H. V. P.

The nicest way to prepare spinach is to feed it to the cow and bring it to the table in a glass.

**The Quill Reporter  
Visits Gateway Office**

Last week the Quill sent one of its sleuths to Alberta to interview Aberhart and to visit the Gateway, the University of Alberta Student organ to make comparisons with it and the Quill. Unfortunately the Premier had just left for Ottawa, when the reporter arrived in Edmonton, but the Quiller had better fortune in her attempt to find out the inside dope on the Gateway. Her account is below:

It is not often that our paper has a chance to visit the offices of other publications with which we exchange. But awhile ago I had the chance to visit the office of the Gateway. Here between classes and by the way they have a ten-minute period instead of five, were found the Editor-in-Chief, the Advertising Manager, Business Manager and Circulation Manager, all hard at work. The ad. manager was laying out copy for the next day's paper. They issue two papers a week and except for the business staff have two different staffs for each issue.

Business seems to run along the same lines as in Brandon College, although on a larger scale. They have an efficient looking file and their own telephone and typewriter. All students who pay their student fees are entitled to a paper—the same method as we have. On their bulletin board was a list of deadlines for the various features and the business manager said it worked successfully. The walls of the office were hung with pictures of former Gateway staffs, an idea which we think could be used to brighten and decorate the walls of the Quill office in future years.

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MEN'S SHOP**