

BRANDON THE QUILL COLLEGE

NOTE OF THANKS

The members of the Brandon College Hockey Club wish to thank Mr. J. M. Buchanan and the Brandon Junior Hockey Club for the kind loan of their equipment last week.

International Relations

Miss Amy Hemmway-Jones (traveling under the auspices of the International Relations Club) was a guest at the College on Monday evening. An open meeting was held in the chapel at which the audience enjoyed an instructive and discussion on international relations. Following this the International Relations Club held a meeting in the reception room at which Miss Jones was a guest. Papers were given by Margaret Crosbie, Doug Knapp and Grace Pauland. Lunch was served under the direction of Ada Warshaw.

QUICK, ALGERNON, A FILLER!

TIMELY DISPLAYS OF EASTER WEARING APPAREL

MCDONALD'S Men's Shop

THIS IS ALMOST THE LAST ISSUE, SO

R. I. P

BRANDON THE QUILL COLLEGE

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Social Notes

Nobody individually seems to have done anything or gone anywhere during the past week except Pat Heywood, who was at a party on Saturday night. But that's all we know about it. She wouldn't let us in on the rest.

Miss Evelyn Bowen entertained the Quill staff at her home Tuesday evening. What was a game of cards and a delicious lunch was served.

Mr. Perdue's new V-8 is in the driveway for inspection. Please do not take hub caps, spare tires, etc., for souvenirs.

No Paper Next Week

It will take at least two weeks for the editor to get back in shape, so the next issue (and the last for 1936-37) will appear, God willing, on Thursday, April 8th.

One Serious Note In Crazy Issue

All joking aside for the moment, the Quill wishes to express heartiest congratulations of its staff and the student body to Capt. J. C. Bowen of Edmonton, chairman of the Board of Directors of Brandon College and graduate of the class of 1906, who Monday afternoon was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta.

attempts at humor. I enclose one hundred sestertii lest your funds be low. I trust you will not waste it on riotous living.

Your loving father,
Aemilius Postus.

COLLEGE STUDENTS

You are cordially invited to make "The Olympias" your rendezvous during your college term.

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ANTIQUITY REVEALS BANQUET MANNERS

In view of the approaching Arts Banquet, this somewhat free translation of a letter from an old Roman to his son, who was attending college at Athens, may prove of interest and certainly of help to the student who is attending his first posh affair. The writer was one of the old school who believed that the use of subordinate clauses would spell the downfall of Roman civilization. His style, therefore, seems somewhat strange to us moderns but this does not detract from the soundness of his advice.

To Froshus Secundus:

Greetings and salutations, object seen in that gaudy yellow saen you so often sport. Be punctual even if you have to whip up the horses to do so. It is customary in Athens for the host at the feast to supply chariots for the use of his guests, perhaps you are acquainted with this.

Do not fall to appear as though such banqueting is your daily fare at home. Nor must you any expression of wonder escape you at the sight of the sagging board. It would be well not to recline too freely nor to reach too openly for any viands. The noise of eating, though pleasant to the ear, should not be allowed to interfere with the conversation, no matter how trivial the latter. Do not shrink from the major-domo, for he is, without doubt, as lacking in refined manners as you. He who sits on either side should be given the first choice of sweets but maintain your hold on the platter lest he be of my final love. It is many moons since you have written to me. It consoles me to think that you are too busy with your studies to engrave a letter to your loving papa. You mention in your last letter a huge feast in honor of your departing classmate. It is good to know that some do depart. Write me when your turn comes. Concerning the festive table to which you refer, do not forget to tell me how you were as you were to be treated as an old man, but be forgetful of his benediction.

It is important that in Rome a good banquet be a good banquet and that the host be a good host. Do not let your guests think that a good banquet is a good banquet if it is thrown at the guest. They will be thrown at the guest and do not fail to look kindly at their table.

Dark Ages: "How long Oh Lord!"
 Renaissance: "How many Oh Lord!"
 Modern Times: "How long Oh Lord!"

He stood on the bridge of her
 And looked her face with his eyes
 For he was not a stranger
 And he stood on the bridge of her

Druggist: "You are, I know a man
 who took the cork out of a bottle
 of this stuff with his teeth, and he
 had a headache the next day."
 Student: "Say, professor, are we
 supposed to copy the questions?"

"How did you come to purchase
 this tire?"
 "Ran over a milk bottle."
 "Didn't you see it in time?"
 "No, the kid had it under his
 coat."
 Baldheaded Man: "You say this

ARTS BANQUET

(This is where the rest of the heading ought to be but we put it at the bottom of the page instead.)

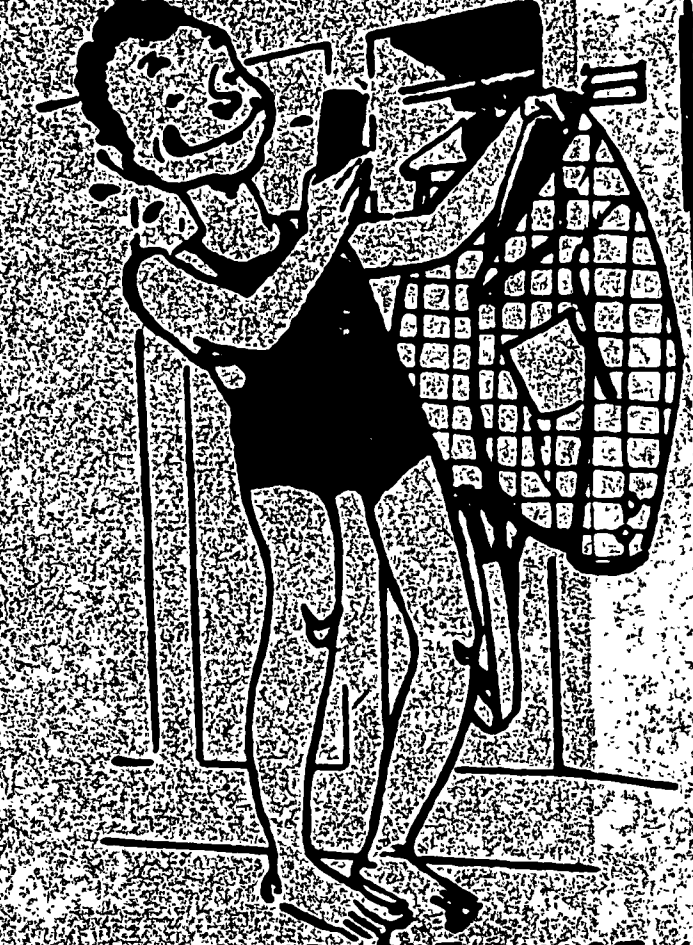
mouth of the litted knives in the vicinity of Brandon and cheer when their carving knives in anticipation, while sales of shoe polish hit a new high mark and Nugget Corporation declares a special dividend, while the hiss of flatirons and the crinkle of wrapping paper from new parcels resounds through the halls, Brandon College makes ready for the Arts Banquet Tuesday night.

Doug Downing is slated as chairman (so-called because he has to stand up while the rest sit in their chairs) for the evening and promises to be present with bells on (or at least a gong.) The program features an address by the President, Bill Potoroka will burn the toast to the grads. (Joke, folks) and Doris (no Dode—this is a swank affair) Hemmons is to put him in his place. The toast to the ladies will be moved (or proposed—in other words, the ladies will be proposed to) by Victor Sharpe, rising young medico of the class of 1939, and replied to (we mean one) by Helen De Marsh. Agnes Bigelow of the class of '36 (Rah! Rah!) will propose the toast to Alma Mater, while Professor Whidden will deliver the reply. Musical items interspersed includes a vocal solo by Miss Morgan and a piano solo by Vivienne (pronounced "Viv-yen-ah") Barnwell.

Gord Forbes as chairman of the committee in charge specially requests that all large vegetables such as roasts (vegetables be left at the door) and roasts are restricted to one to a customer.

As the axe crashes down on the

CRITICAL MOMENTS



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It's The Gypsy In Us

Pardon us folks, but this is our night to howl. We just had to get this issue off our collective chest. It may be a little confusing at first glance, but just read directions and keep to the left and you'll be all right.

Some people think the Gull should be serious. We can't see it their way. And since we can't see it their way, all serious items in this issue will be suitably marked by insertion of same upside down.

ARTS I LIT.

Class 40 ganged up on the student body and presented two plays and a bevy of pianists, soloists, trios, etc. in their first annual spasm Wednesday night.

(By the way, we achieved a lifetime ambition and detected an "error or omission" in the secretary's minutes. The ghost went not to town but WEST in the Arts I Lit. The first offering, "Rocks of Destruction," featured a unique setting and very good acting which rather went to waste on a high-spirited audience. The water-dribbling was good—it had half the audience wondering if they had turned off the taps at home. The climax and its meaning was just a little hard to us.

"The casting of (Quote) 'Imagination' (Unquote twice)" started out as a Personality Parade, turned into a screamingly funny sketch and ended up prematurely; we might at least have had a "clinch". Witcher's disguise, McPhee's stutter, Frayne's performance as "Algy" and Hanson's very rank cigar were highlights.

Musical items by Elsie Gordon, Miriam Hunter, Owen Hanson "we think", Doris Pae, Jeanne Wedderburn, Olive Dinsdale, Bert Vlach, Marg Black etc. (in case we missed anyone) were good but a bit too numerous perhaps. After all "the play's the thing".

Altogether the performance, the set as finished as same we have seen in the chapel, was certainly far better than any recent that year lit. Congress!

"QUICK, ALGERNON, A FILLER!"

TUESDAY NITE

BRANDON, MANITOBA, THURSDAY MARCH 25, 1937

Where the heck is that masthead anyway?
Oh well, we may find it in time to get it on the last page

EDITORIAL

Well, maybe we are, but
nobody reads them
anyhow.

UNCLE CUTHBERT'S PERSONAL PROBLEM COLUMN

Dear Mr. Editor:
I ain't going to yer Artists Bankwed.

Yer want to know why? Well I'm going to tell you anyways. I'm right smart at figures, and I calculate that for a dollar thirty-five you can get any one of these.

- 4,896 of Mr. Eddy's best matches in the red box.
- 621 chocolate buds at the Book Bureau.
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- Enough Listerine so's you could eat 43 pounds, 8 ounces of small fried onions without having haly tosh.
- .09 of a ringside seat for the coronation.
- 27 subscriptions to the Quill.
- I'd sooner have 36 feet 6 1/2 inches of chewing gum.
- So I ain't going to yer Bankwed.

Yers affectionately,
—A FRIEND.

GRADS GO GREEN

The members (or hoping members) of the graduating class ran amok at their last social event of the term last Friday night at the home (No, not on the range, sap! That's too hot!) of Jean Taylor.

The evening opened (crash! bang!) with a sing-song led by the Master of Ceremonies, Jack Prugh. Dancing and games followed, the latter in charge of Walt Dinedale.

Following this several members went to town in a program, among them Bill Clement, Gwen Munt, Reg. Gardiner, Pat Heywood, Walt Dinedale and Henry Hyson. Earl Mills then distributed copies of the new class hymn (fresh off the hecktograph) and a quartette sang it over. After a short rehearsal of a-forementioned hymn, refreshments were served.

Programs in the shape of green shamrocks were a feature of the evening as were some rare poetic gems.

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"A little lunch, about eleven,
Goes over big with thirty-seven."
—Reg. Gardiner.

DRAMA FESTIVAL TO BE HOT STUFF

Scheduled to take place at the Normal School auditorium on April 2nd (one day late?) the super-colossal drama festival is said to be going to be a memorable has-been (follow that folks?). Two clever one-act plays and Mr. Neale's orchestra will provide the entertainment; and for a real good time bring along the girl friend and a bag of peanuts. Wm. Etoroka is directing the dramatic satire "Unto Sneh Glory" and has assembled a five star cast consisting of (left to right) Kelly King, Marg Mann, Jack Prugh, Vic Sharpe and William "Squirt" Bullard. Peggy Kahn has developed a dual personality and is both acting in and directing the other play "The Devil among the Skins" (if the title is different from last week's as announced in the Quill, don't blame us: we change it every day or so). Assisting (to get back to the subject) in the cast are Don Cannon,

Reg. Gardiner and Donald (out to serve summer refreshments) Mark. Tickets are now on sale for 15c — we know this was shaking — and arrangements will likely be made for a convenient bus service (this time!) from the College to the Normal School on the evening of the festival.

I Saw This Week

- Harvey Shaw retrieving a chair through his window which had been dangling in front of the library window by three or four sheets.
- Bill Frayne turning the Olympia upside down looking for his shorts.
- Jack Labele teaching his Sunday school class how to "match."
- Stan Murphy out hunting—with a gun.
- Dede Memmons wanting to go horseback riding—tired of sitting down, Bode?
- Arts IV boys becoming ardent tea grannies.
- Mills being waylaid by five Arts II students and being divested of his clothes just as he was dressed ready to step into the taxi to go to the Arts IV party.
- Marion Robertson promoting a prize fight during Latin class.
- Vi Munt showing why she should be appointed cheer leader next year.

Residence Residents At Home (For Once)

The residents of Clark Hall and Brandon College, with members of the faculty as guests, threw their last "At Home" on Sunday evening (i. e., they are throw for the year). The gentlemen (A—hom!) arranged the program which took place in the chapel (without moonlight) and which consisted of a sing-song (our musical critic is preparing a review which will appear in next Christmas' literary supplement); this part of the program was followed by instrumental music from visiting artists. The ladies provided the refreshments (grab to you, lowbrow!), which were served in the Clark Hall reception room.

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More About Inside Track

It occurred at the game that the coach of the Robertson Memorials said youse guys would get the trousers clipped off, if you didn't develop a passin' attack. Poisonally I don't see much about dis initiated-leather game but maybe the coach of that odder club was correct. Just de same, his club woulda been licked by the Royals if they hadn't pulled a couple of neat cut and black plays in the second half. His club was purty good ball-handlers and had a good passing attack but they never got anywhere in the first half against the red-shirted individuals. I am beginning to be of the opinion dat a jobby has got to be a phenominal (ouch) shooter to get any points in these close-quarter battles. And yet dis here Johnny Miller doesn't tell his Don Marica, who is the best shot in town, to shoot more from a long ways out. Why, Marica didn't take three long shots all nite. What he had missed dem wasn't long. Sam Keppel, who was the tallest guy on the floor, he requested to bat in de rebounds if de other four guys on the squad don't thought dis guy Miller was smart. I think maybe he reads too many books. If that I'll start poundin' de cupboard wit me left index finger for a while as me right hand is getting sort of numb. I guess that is an advantage in being ambidextrous.

Well boys and oodays, I am thinking I will close now as I can think of little else to tell you about although my gull-friend Sadie Sturp told me to tell you dat she is thinking of creating a "Advice to de Lovers" column and for you to start fixing problems for her when she makes her daybed in de January snowdrift next autumn. By long and tanks for de use of your column, B.W. and fruit, old fruit."

Thank you Mr. Gutz, I'm sure we were glad to have your views and the past time you're in town look us up.

"QUICK, ALGERNON, A FILLER!"

QUICK, ALGERNON, A FILLER!

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GRAD DRESSES DEBATING CLUB

With weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth the Debating Club did its duty by the resolution "That the platform is more powerful than the press" on Thursday, March 18. Don Knipfel and Ada Wareham held out for the soapbox while Len Wenham and Wes Mann supported the Quill and its cohorts. After a somewhat technical discussion on which came first, the hen or the egg (in this case, the idea or the scrawl) and the most unbiased consideration from Quill staff members who were acting as judges, the negative was returned by a two-to-one vote; Bob Beamish presided over the stop watch and Doug Downing told the debaters off.

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The Inside Track

Emulating the seas of other great columnists, we are going to turn the channels of the world renowned "Inside Track" over to another writer for this issue. An introduction is scarcely necessary, for the key-pounder we have procured is a national figure. You have probably guessed his identity already. That's right, it's the ambidextrous Joe Gutz, no less. We questioned friend Joe closely about this ambidexterity, for which he is world-renowned and learned that he acquired the rare art of writing with both hands so that he might save the wear and tear on his uncle's carbon paper. All right Joe, take it away!

"Well, well, well, here I am a sports writer. Cheese! It's certainly been a great number of weeks since I last pushed one of de these new fangled type-writers. Ladies and students it shorb touches me to de quick to have de onor to wallop de keys for a college rag. An youse students can nodoubtedly gather, I, myself am a learned guy. I pretended de Univoisity of Fallen Archers for eight or nine years but found de work below my par so I quit without bothering about the second year of arts.

I had a mug read me a few back issues of this here news-sheet so that I could get a line on just what you folks wanted some information on. I see dat you is all het up over your basketball club. I was fortunate (?) enough to see dem play last Saturday nite. I was coltenly expressed wit de performance of dat long-armed, broad-shouldered guard who is always scratching himself. I tink his name is Skirt or Curb or something similar. Say dat boy has de largest pair of dukes I've lamped for some time. He pulls dat agate out of the atmosphere like it was an apple and heaves it back while he reaches for a leg or a arm, to scratch.

Now I tell you stoogents, you got a pretty fair club but I heered

(Continued at left)