

MYSTERY PARTY FRIDAY

THE QUILL

**NOVEMBER 11
A HOLIDAY**

Official Organ of The Brandon College Students' Association.

Vol. XXIX

BRANDON, MANITOBA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1938.

Number 5.

CHANGE IN LITS.

Many students are wondering what has happened to the custom of Lits of former years, and this article is an attempt to answer such queries. For this year, at least, there will be but two literary nights in the year, and each class will contribute to the programs of both evenings. The first literary night falls on Nov. 18, when a sort of play-festival will be held. Each class will put on an average length one-act play; an adjudication will follow. The nature of the second literary night depends upon the success of the first. If the plays are the success they can be, there may be another play-festival; if not, then a musical program may follow.

The Literary society expects the change to prove beneficial. Flimsy play material should give way to plays of fine quality. This, in turn,

(Continued on Page 2)

S.C.M. HIKE

S.C.M. HIKE —

The first official outing of the year was called for Saturday afternoon by the S.C.M. president, Don Knipfel. The get-together took the form of a hike to Lake Percy, with about twenty-five students entering into the function. The group left the College at two-thirty and on arriving in the vicinity of Lake Percy organized two softball teams. After the softball tournament had concluded, all adjourned to a camp fire where a camp fire supper was prepared. Beans, coffee and hot dogs made up the major part of the menu.

After a sumptuous repast, song sheets were handed out, and were used to make a very enjoyable sing song possible. Don Knipfel and Mr. Vernon gave short talks on the aim and organization of the Student Christian movement, to give the students present a better knowledge and interpretation of the S.C.M. With a chilly blast arising from the north-west, the hikers made a hasty exit for the homeward trail.

SEASON OPENER AT Y TONIGHT

ROBERTSON UNLIKELY TO PLAY

Brandon College will tonight turn out in force at the "Y" gymnasium to bid bon voyage to their basketball team as they enter the 1938-39 schedule. This year's team promises to be one of the best, and with other such strong teams as are being put on the floor by Rumford's, Christie Grants and the Ski Club, it looks like we are in for a real winter's entertainment.

This will be the first game of the city champs in the new schedule, and strange enough, they will face last years runner-up Rumford's. The blue and gold has undergone considerable change since they last took the floor in competition play. One whole forward line has passed out of the picture, and with Joe Robertson nursing a broken proboscis, the other line will be no doubt weakened to some extent.

The College need have no fears, however, that they are backing a weak team. Kirk and MacGregor

will keep the boys from the Wash House guessing all the way. Stinson and Wickett will be on hand to pepper the basket, strengthened in their efforts by Don Kennedy, a new comer to the team.

Then, of course, there is the matter of a coach. Dr. John R. C. Evans will be on hand to personally direct the bombardment, and if our memory serves us correctly, the presence of Dr. Evans has always, in past years, spurred the boys on to the point where they took a back seat to no one.

We have a team, we have a coach—now the only thing needed is a crowd. It is entirely up to the student body to supply this part of the engagement. So, let's turn out, and give the boys a real send off. Everybody and his dog should be there and when the old "Hippy Skippy" makes the walls rattle the boys down on the floor who wear our colors will know that we are right behind them.

WHAT IS IT ???

MYSTERY PARTY FRIDAY

It's a mystery! But it is also a party and everyone will be on hand on the night of Oct. 4th to find out all about the big event on that evening. Details are swiftly coming to completion and the Lady Stick wants it to be known that the party on Friday night will be one which no one should miss. Everyone may be in the dark about the details of the Mystery Party, but those who attend Student Chapel on Thursday morning will be able to learn what this surprise party is all about.

FLASH

Nov. 4th—Mystery Party.

Nov. 11th—Open Night.

Nov. 18th—Co-ed Banquet and Lit Night.

Nov. 25th—All-College Party.

Rink Fence Finished

Driving the golden spike into the last plank of the rink, E. Wallace Stinson concluded one of the biggest construction programmes of Brandon College. The rink, which has been the ambition of the Athletic board for the past three years was finally completed on Saturday afternoon. There are yet details, such as the construction of suitable gates and proper lighting fixtures, but the bulk of the manual labor has been completed and the rink is ready for the coming winter season.

The athletic board are awaiting tenders for the maintenance of the ice surface for the winter. Wally informs the "Quill" that tenders will be received from all applicants until next Friday, and, of course, he stated that the lowest tender would not necessarily be accepted.

PARTY RATED A WOW

A mottled train wended its way through the portals of the magnificent Prince Edward hotel last Friday night. A large turnout entered into the fun and frolic whole heartedly and the sight of the many "garbled garbs" had the judging committee of Miss Margan, Dr. Johns and Dr. Cragg baffled. As an alternative, Miss Morgan acted as the "John Mansville applause meter." The decibal rating of the applause declared the winners of the costume competition. Ruth Hunter and Ellis McLaren were the fancy costume winners, Mrs. Easterbrook and Ormond Williams were the comic winners, with "Sweet Pea" giving Mrs Easterbrook a close second. Winnie Watson and Earl Savage, received rewards for the most original costumes.

The evening opened with a program under the able chairmanship of "Miss" Eldon Bliss. Piano solos, impromptu acts and some imported talent gave the program an enjoyable turn. The highlight of the whole evening was the entrance of "Poopdeck Pappy" and his colleagues Olive Oyl, Popeye, Wimpy, and Sweet Pea. It was the latter's "glop" that stole the show.

Following the program, an evening of dancing was enjoyed to the College orchestra and a Wurlitzer loaned by George Bass, of the Lyceum Cafe. The College orchestra were really tops in their performance. The music was enjoyed and appreciated by all dancers. With this start in the current College season, the orchestra is slated for a grand and glorious year as the "major umph" aggregation.

"Quill" File Still Missing

That "Quill" file is still missing. The publications board would appreciate its immediate return.

NOTICE

TENDERS for the rink maintenance position will be received by the Athletic Board up until Friday, Nov. 11th.

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EDITORIAL

IT'S BASKETBALL.

Next Wednesday evening the Brandon College Blue and Gold basketball teams will make their '39 debut on the "Y" floor. Basketball has always been the major sporting activity of the College, and this year will prove no exception as we look forward to the first game on Wednesday night. Dr. Evans is to coach the Senior team and is at the same time keeping a wary eye on the Juniors so that he can fill the vacant spaces on the senior squad of next year. The future for the three blue and gold entries is very bright; our Junior team is one of the best in years, having many additions from the Collegiate ranks. The girls' team, which is to be coached by Gob Kirk and Wally Stinson under a joint tutorship arrangement, have been weak in past years but have additions which will make it a strong contender for the championship. The city champions of last year go into the new season with favourable odds to repeat again; our seniors are all set for another year of tough competition, but with the McGregor-Kirk combination still intact, the opposition have plenty to worry about.

We think that in the months to come if a coach were appointed to instruct the Junior squad the future of basketball in Brandon College will be safe from the sure disaster that will come with the graduation of class '39.

CURRENT COMMENT.

We felt that it was rather an expensive educational debate that the students attended on the twenty-fourth. The enthusiasm shown and the cost involved does not in our opinion warrant the continuance of the N.F.C.U.S. debates.

Credit must be given those "few" workers who co-operated to construct the rink wall. It was largely the work of a few of the more enthusiastic and they should be given the credit.

We have noticed of late the tendency of a number of students to use the publication board typewriter for a number of miscellaneous duties. As the poor machine is already overtaxed, we wish that the typewriter would be left only for student publications.

To The Editor

Brandon College,
October 31, 1938.

Editor of Quill,

Dear Sir:

It looks as if the smoking room idea isn't going to materialize so how about an alternative such as the following:

My suggestion is for a public bench in front of the campus hedge. However this bench is not to be an ordinary one, as it is to have such conveniences as a steam heated frame, plush seats, ash trays on the arms, snow proof canopy, and an automatic cigarette vendor. Trusting this suggestion will meet with approval of the authorities if the smoking room does not go through, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
SMOKE DREAMS.

Brandon College,
October 31, 1938.

Editor of Quill,

Dear Sir:

There have been frequent rumors to the effect that a smoking room is to be established. So far these rumors appear to have no foundation, and we would like to have a definite statement on the situation soon, as I do not wish to have to purchase a pair of steam heated gloves unless necessary as they are quite costly. However, I am not asking much, all I want is some little nook where I can recline at my ease and smoke my cigarette in warmth and comfort. In anticipation of an early statement on the matter, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
SMOKER IN A HAZE.

MORE ABOUT LITS (Continued From Page 1)

will give actors a better medium through which to express themselves. As a result the entertainment features of a literary night will be greatly enhanced. Competition will be more keen at one time, and judging will be simplified.

The full support of the student body is needed to assure success to the coming literary night. The four classes have already chosen their plays, and have three weeks for practice. The Literary society, therefore, takes this opportunity to urge the classes to practice often, and to assure the student body that a good program will be given.

It's a mystery party, don't miss it on Friday night.

First Senior—Busy?
Second dope—You busy?
First ditto—Nope.
Second ditto—Then let's go to class.

Winter is just around the corner, fellows!

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COLLEGE CRIME

Dear me, dear me, what this world is coming to. The gangsters are increasing. The new College term has already launched its session of crime. A short while ago, your wandering scribe, after a long day of study, amusement and wandering through the wilds of the Assiniboine, was prowling about the bright lights to learn the ways of our student culture. It happened in one of the favorite haunts. A comely waitress cashed a "coke" for her own refreshment when public enemies one, two and three entered. Then came the plot, no clues, no fingerprints—it was to be a fast clean job. The bandits struck swiftly—the "coke" was quaffed, then what of the remains where could they dispose of it? A convenient windbreaker solved the problem, the poker faces of the culprits removed all suspicion of the tell tale bulge.

The eye witness was too terrified to justify that old saying that "Crime does not pay" and call the cops, but the relentless wheels of justice were put in motion by the brilliance of the waitress—she was a matron from Scotland Yard in disguise—she buttonholed the individual with the bulging jacket and all he would say was "there ain't nuttin' on me but de jacket."

But as in all attempted perfect crimes the criminal slips up in some minor detail, so it was in this crime, the detail in this case was not minor but a three buck and a half hat and naturally Public Enemy No. 1 had to return for it, the criminal was caught red handed and under pressure confessed of his dastardly act. With the pressure of the female skeuth our tough guy promised to reform and paid dearly for the theft of the five-cent "coke." This story has but one moral, even the toughest of guys softens under the pressure of the female touch, so it's up to the coeds to "wear 'em down." —Baldy Gow.

Why They All Came

The invitation read—"The party will be gin at 10 o'clock."

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THIS WORD "TIGHT"

Many words in the English language have come to mean a number of things. Now, take this word, "tight":

- Back in the period of classical literature, it meant neat.
- a state of inebriation also known as intoxication.
- reluctant to part with on'e money scotch.
- one of a pair worn by acrobats.
- human condition during exciting moments, tense.
- compressed squeezed together from either side.
- a spot, which places the responsibility for the "next move" up on indicated individual or party.
- an editorial nemesis which means that the business manager has the paper jammed with ads. It means that things you meant to run aren't printed because they won't fit "open" spots! and things you hadn't meant to run are printed because they fit (That's why this got in).—University of Washington Daily.

To The Editor

It has come to my mind in recent weeks that you, as a news hound, are shirking your duty. Week after week you go to great lengths to explain in two columns what in ordinary times is worth only a half column at the best. Issue after issue of your paper is stuffed with fillers of little consequence to even the most astute follower of College affairs. And yet, you deny your reading public the privilege of getting in black and white the hair-raising details of one of the most dangerous, and perhaps the most favored of all College sports, namely, that good old game called "Necking in the Chapel."

Perhaps you, like those who supply the danger element, are one of those unromantic souls whose temperature can be raised only by proper application of a blow torch to the more tender parts of the anatomy. Perhaps your outlook on life has been blighted by a love affair that went somewhat astray. Whatever it is, you have failed in your duty, and it now falls the lot of one as inexperienced as myself to relate to a demanding public the details of this fascinating pastime.

The game is at its best when played in couples. It is also rather desirable that the couples be made up from one of each sex. While it is quite probable that a couple of similar gender could carry out the game in full details, we feel that the result is far from the best obtainable. After all you are human, "the coast is clear." This segment of the game includes such matters

aren't you?

The main approach is to see that as picking the back seat, keeping away from windows, turning out as many lights as possible, and in general, obstructing the view of a curious public. Then, with the decks cleared, let nature take her course. A beautiful girl can make even the most timerous of men forget the horrors of a prying faculty, or the public scorn and ridicule to which their mates will subject them.

One word of warning, Oscar, wipe the lipstick off of your face. You look rather silly with a pair of lips up under your left ear.

Yours sincerely,
LOVER.

Obituary

The heart of ye olde sporttes editore was sorely grieved to hear of the passing of one of his most beloved friends — a friend who died without the faintest traces of a kick, at some undetermined hour during the past week. For many weeks this dear friend has graced our sport page when all other friends had failed. This friend alone carried on and seemed about to become the eternal companion of ye olde sporttes ed., but now the beloved one is gone and many a gap that could always be bunged up at the last minute must be filled with musty jokes or rotten gags.

To those who are interested may I say that the 1938 tennis tournament died suddenly, and few there be to mourn the loss. And now, we must put our shoulder to the wheel to find a new topic that will replace one that was second only to the weather.

0-0 -- SOCCER

Well, after a number of false starts, the soccer season did finally get under way here in the land of the blue and gold. On Wednesday last, Captain Knip Knipfel led all the lads out to what looked like a certain slaughter and treated everyone to a dose of the good old raspberries by holding the more polished duskies to a scoreless tie. True, the liniment is present, as may be discovered by a good healthy sniff at the breezes that blow through our hallowed halls, but it is the liniment of success, which, I suppose, should make it smell much the sweeter.

From the sidelines, the College boys looked good in their initial attempt at taking a fall out of the Industrial school lads. The eleven sports a forward line that, though inexperienced, had speed to burn. Graced with the presence of the best hundred-yard men in the College—Boreski, Knipfel, Smith Kennedy, backed by Ingham at inside left, the home team kept the Duskies covered in a manner that defied science.

Considered from the standpoint of team play, much was left wanting in the collegians passes and they were certainly outdistanced in the kicking department. However, by the time the college lads get another game under their belt it is quite probable that they will prove a rather formidable obstacle.

Credit, too, must go to the forgotten man of any soccer team, the goal-keeper. Stinson in goal gave an exhibition that was often the despair of the Duskies and certainly kept the home team in the fray until they got their heavy artillery sighted.

But, there it is, 0-0. As one bright youngster was heard to remark "What was the use of playing?"

"What's all the hurry?"

"I just bought a text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

"Pass me the lasses, Jim."

"You should say molasses!"

Well, I haven't had any yet."

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**I SAW . . .
This Week**

Dr. Evans watching an orchestra practice and remarking, "Now what is Tommy going to do with that Buck Saw" . . . McGregor lamenting the fact that he was abnormal, and also the same gentleman smoking a new pipe . . . Gus Yaeger calling three College men gangsters and the fourth a gentleman—the fourth by the way is not a gentleman . . . Bliss showing the girls how to walk during a Lit practice . . . Wood, Pulfer and McKenzie returning home on Saturday night singing "Down by the Old Mill Stream" . . . Barbara Young with a new collapsible pipe, which looks like anything but a pipe . . . Ross Williamson almost stuck with the bill on Sunday night . . . "Duck" winning a \$5,000 bet from Stinson and Roberts . . . A snooker tournament in organization . . . "I'm going to get a whole wall for my mathematics assignments" said Mr. Birkinshaw recently . . . A Sociology student reading aloud "Giant Industrial Enterprises like the Dnu-prostroy, Magnitostroy, Kuznetsk-

stroy, Chelyabstroy, Bobicki, Nral-mashstroy and 'Krammashstroy" . . . John Jahour almost slipping off the roof . . . Dr. Easterbrook and Dr. Smith enthusiastic over the Halloween party . . . Mr. Vernon making notations in church . . . "Miss" Bliss slapping Pulfer's face on the dance floor . . . Don Knipfel remarking that even a preacher has the right to admire beauty—as she passes . . . Dead Pan Wood wistfully watching winsome Winnie waltzing . . . Several students remarking how good the orchestra "gave" on Friday night.

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Sneers . . .
By THE SHEARS

Won His Point

A racketeer, on trial for murder, bribed a juror with \$100 to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. After being out for a long time, the jury brought in the desired verdict.

"I'm grateful to you," the racketeer told the juror. "Did you have any trouble?"

"Yes," replied the juror, "I had a devil of a time. All the others wanted to acquit you."

—o—

From the Logic Department

Police are men with clubs. Clubs are places of recreation. Recreation is time out for play. A play is something that flops. When something flops it goes flat. Things that go flat are fleet. Therefore, police are flat-feet.

—o—

Lady Macbeth: "Have I told you about my apparition?"

—o—

Sign on Theatre: "Mae West in 'It Ain't [No Sin].'"

Sign on Tabernacle (across the street): "'Tis Too."

—o—

"What would you call an old maid doing the dance of the seven veils."

"A comic strip."

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