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Picobac
GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Bowling

(Continued from page two) Wildcats, and Russ Bishop led the winners, while Stan Spicer and 'Skip' Ayers topped the Roughriders' scoring. Roughriders were minus Paul Robinson and Dick Mallory, two good men, and their return may make a big difference in tomorrow's result. Jake Riste, R.C.A.F., ex-'46, filled in for the Roughriders.

Walter Ross led the onslaught on the pins with 132 for high single and 348 for high three. Skip Ayers posted 128 his second string to trail Walter very closely, and Hatfield, Horgan, Fainer and McKinnon all chalked up high single strings. Horgan with 307 took second spot for high three, with Ryan, Reid, Bishop, Fainer and McKinnon following in that order.

May We Present

(Continued from page three) on a large scale as a post war measure. Good going, girls!

We should like to take this opportunity to extend our sympathies to all these male inhabitants of the campus who are confined to their homes this week, due to ill health (or sumpin'!) We hope that another week will find them well and around again.

The final standings of the league follow: (first number indicating points won, second points lost) Mesquiteers 32-8; Sophs 28-12; Wildcats 23-17; Roughriders 17-23; Joy Riders 12-23; Freshmen 8-32.

"Thanks for the dance."
"The pressure was all mine."

The Bar that Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen Prefer

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Neilson's

St. Thomas

(Continued from page two)

Saints last tally of the game, scoring from a melee in front of the net. The third period opened fast and it proved to be the best of the game with both teams fast, and passing nicely to keep the crowd on its collective toes. In spite of the action in this period there was only one goal and that was by speedy Jim Ross who played tonight's game minus one pint of blood. The game ended with U.N.B. crowding St. Thomas fiercely with five forwards but the whistle went without additional scoring.

Collins looked good for the losers in the tussle while the overworked U.N.B. rearward were definitely outstanding as they broke up many a dangerous St. Thomas sortie.

Lineups:
St. Thomas—Goal, Bourque; Defence, Kennah, Hammond, Murphy, Byron; Forwards, McKenna, Gagnon, Collins, Toner, McAllister, McEachern, McAloon

U.N.B.—Goal, Whittingham; Defence, Wade, Fleming, O'Brien, Bond; Forwards, Simpson, Ross, Bell, Stewart, Skovmand, Hooper.

Women in War

(Continued from page three)

active. It can not be stressed too strongly nor too many times that there should be equal pay for equal work, and that women should not be discriminated against whether single or married on the basis of their sex, or their marital status.

If Canadian women will not lose sight of these points, and will insist on them being put into action then they will have as varied, and as full a contribution to make to Canadian life in the peace years as they have made in the war years.

Scrapin's

(Continued from page four)

"Where did I come from, Mother?" chirped eight-year-old Jimmy one evening after school.

"Oh, oh, this is it!" thought his mother as she replied in embarrassed confusion, "I'm busy right now, dear, but when daddy comes home tonight he'll tell you all about it."

"Okay" asserted the lad, a puzzled look on his face.

That night daddy settled down with his small son, and Jimmy's eyes opened wide as he was gently introduced to the "facts of life."

When the ordeal was finally over, Jimmy turned to his model airplane without comment, while his father, brick red and with wilting collar, picked up the evening paper.

Five minutes later, he looked up. "By the way, son, what made you ask your mother such a question?"

"Oh, nothing specially, Dad, 'cept I heard the new boy up the street say he came from Peoria, so I just wondered where I came from."

Five year-old Janie had listened thoughtfully for some time to the only sounds in the room—the ticking of the clock, the creak of the rocker and the clicking of grandma's knitting needles. At last she asked, in her piping voice, "Why do you knit, Grandma?"

"Oh", replied the bright old lady, "just for the hell of it."

A robust rooster was chasing madly after a fluttery little hen.

President's Message

(Continued from page one)

Bank during free lectures, and in the afternoons. It is part of our war effort and we are proud of it. This work replaces our training as a University Red Cross Corps which began last year. In addition, donations of money have been given to the War Effort Fund. Individual efforts have been made by the Co-eds who are members of the War Effort Committee and by those who assist in tag drives and other money making projects which tend to swell the fund.

The secret placed at our disposal last fall a sum of money which we could use to furnish our rooms. After a thorough investigation by our furniture committee it was deemed wiser to postpone purchasing the furniture until a later date.

We owe gratitude to the members of the Alumnae Society, also to Mrs. McKenzie and the Ladies' Advisory Committee who gave us valuable advice and assistance.

Some mention should be made of the changes in the Reading Room. The furniture and window seats have been newly covered, the piano and tables have been repaired and painted, magazines have been bought and we have added to our supply of kitchen utensils. Much has been accomplished but much more can be done. We should strive now, more than ever, to keep our rooms looking clean and tidy. This cannot be done without the cooperation of every girl, so let each of us resolve to do her part for the remainder of the term.

In closing I would like to thank the girls for their unfailing support and enthusiasm in Co-ed undertakings. Without it we would not have been successful.

"Got a pen I can borrow?"
"Sure thing, pal."
"Got some paper?"
"Yeah."
"Going past a mail box?"
"Yup."
"Wait till I finish this letter?"
"Okay."
"Lend me an airmail stamp, will you?"
"Sure."
"By the way—what's your girl's address?"

—The Communique.

Out in Hollywood producers are confused. They don't know what kind of stories to schedule, because now even good pictures are making money.—Sydney Skolsky.

Archie: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."
Sally: "You're telling me!"

German (passing Dutchman in Rotterdam): "Heil Hitler!"

Dutch (acknowledging and returning salute): "Heil Rembrandt!"

German: "Halt! For vy do you say Heil Rembrandt ven I say Heil Hitler?"

Dutchman: "You mentioned your best painter, so I am polite and mentioned ours."
—The Ulyssey

Squawking raucously, the hen dodged wildly to escape and finally dashed into the roadway in the path of a truck. Two old maids, seated on a porch, witnessed the tragedy.

"You see", said one, pointing to the sad remains and nodding vigorously, "she'd rather die!"

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