

Perplexed Editors 'Slay' Bogus Student

EDMONTON—*The Gateway*, University of Alberta's student publication, has exposed a hoax which had duped the 4,700-student university for four months. *The Gateway* carried a front page story of the "murder" of John Applead, an eighteen-year-old U. of A. student who never existed.

This fall, Applead was installed as President of the Alberta Freshman Class, by the Golden Key Society Honorary Group, which was in charge of Freshman Introduction Week. His one official function was to emcee a freshman rally. Applead did not appear at the rally because of a "death in his family".

From that time on, Applead's name was bandied about the campus. Three letters from him appeared in the student newspaper. He was rumored to have joined a campus fraternity, and to have helped form a U. of A. Free Love Society. But nobody ever met John Applead.

His third (and final) letter to *The Gateway* aroused the suspicions of the twice gullible *Gateway* editors. This letter told of the formation of the Free Love Society, and announced that the Group's opening meeting would be held "in February at the secretary's home", and warned that no alcohol would be allowed.

An investigation began into the life and times of John Applead, and revealed him as the messenger of one of the most successful hoaxes ever to hit the Alberta campus.

The address listed as his home was the middle of an Edmonton creek. The isolated northern Alberta town from which he reportedly hailed, had never heard of him. A forged registration card was in the Students' Union files, but he had never registered at the university and had never appeared in a faculty of Education classroom.

The Gateway decided that the most face saving way to tell the campus it was duped, was to murder Applead. The paper exposed the hoax and printed a picture of a strangled student and a photostat of his free love letter.

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Campus Calendar

by Sheila Caughey

To prevent duplication of meeting times and places and to ensure a listing in THE BRUNSWICKAN, please report all campus events to SHEILA CAUGHEY, campus coordinator, at the Maggie Jean Chestnut House (Phone GRanite 5-9061).

THIS LIST COVERS TODAY THROUGH MONDAY

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT: Meeting, New Lounge, Students' Centre, Sunday, 2 p.m.

NEWMAN CLUB: Meeting, St. Dunstan's Hall, Sunday, 8.15 p.m.

CANTERBURY CLUB: Meeting, Cathedral Hall, Sunday, 8.15 p.m. (Panel Discussion: "Fighting Words").

LADIES' SOCIETY: Meeting, Maggie Jean Chestnut House, Sunday, 6.30 p.m.

CURLING: Lady Beaverbrook Rink, Sunday, 8.15 p.m.

FILM SOCIETY: Chemistry Building Auditorium, Sunday, 8.30 p.m. ("Othello").

CO-ED WEEK: Monday through Saturday.

AUCTION: Maggie Jean Chestnut House, Monday evening.

CHESS CLUB: Meeting, Oak Room, Students' Centre, Monday, 7 p.m.

PRE-MED CLUB: Meeting, New Lounge, Students' Centre, Monday, 7 p.m.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY: Meeting, Civil Engineering Building.

(Continued on page 3)

SKI QUEEN



During a social evening held by the Ski Club last Saturday, Miss Carol MacPherson was crowned as Queen of the UNB Ski Club for 1959. Due to the absence of Miss Janet MacLellan, queen the previous year, Ed Balmforth, president of the Ski Club, made the presentation of a bouquet and extended congratulations to the members present on their fine choice.

Carol, a second year Arts student from Saint John, has taken an active part in the club's activities as a member of the publicity committee and in helping in various Ski Club projects, such as the Winter Carnival float this year. Carol has shown a great interest in skiing and may be seen on some mornings carrying her skis up the hill to get in some added practice.

SUMMER

My memory wanders to the birch beyond
And the summer joys I held therein;
But now summer joys are gone
Of body breast and slender limb.
When wintry winds chased her smile,
It bared the birch and drove away
The warmth that I held awhile.
For some summer comes to stay,
For me summer came and went its way.

R. A.



By GARY SAUNDERS and FRED McDOUGALL

Whenever this time of year you see a knot of students clambering over each other like turtles in a tray and craning their necks to catch a glimpse of a crisp, new notice affixed to some bulletin board you need not scratch your head in puzzlement: they are hunting jobs. And a look at their eyes will tell the rest. The harried look belongs to this spring's graduates-to-be; so does the furrowed brow, the pockets bulging with "Sorry-no-opening-but-will-keep-you-in-mind." letters, and the ulcers. It happens every January. And for what?

Money? Those dog-eared, thumb-marked, tinted scraps of paper without which there would be no tuition fees, no doctor's bills, no tuition tax forms, no Wall Street Blues, and no upper crust?

Or prestige? ("There goes Whipplehorn... yep, stepped right into the Super's job the other day" ... or "Him? Oh, that's young Evvington... bound to go places, that boy!" ... or "This company wants the young man with the 'Oomph!' This company needs you, boy!")?

Or just the simple, inconspicuous, homey life? ("And on your way home, dear, pick me up two pounds of rib roast and a bottle of Madame Flamingo's Never-Chip Nail Brightener, and pay the hairdresser, dear... oh, and don't forget Lady's case

of Dr. Birdwell's Dog Food...")?

Well, it isn't worth it. Who wants a pink Caddie, or White Owl cigars, or an acre of lawn to keep smooth-shaven? Who wants a job? Jobs are for those ambitious people who aren't content unless they have a migraine headache, a duodenal ulcer, and tensions. Job applications are official entry forms to The Grand Rat Race.

The solution? It's simple: Tear up the entry forms, quit college, pack a toothbrush, hitchhike to Saint John, find a freighter bound for Tobago—and once there, a palm-shaded beach to recline upon—hire a dusky maid to fan you with a palm frond and fetch fermented coconut juice, and Meditate.

After a few years, when your nerves have unjangled themselves and your ulcers subsided, bestir yourself enough to plant a few tobacco leaves and beans, and to acquire a few good milch goats. Then, since some vices are essential, marry the dusky maid (to get the

recipe for the coconut wine), live to a serene old age, and die. The Rat Race will tumble on without you. You will never be missed.

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