

SLABS & EDGINGS

By HATCH & MURPH.
At the suggestion of Prof. "Doe" Roberts, "Learn to Swim" classes are being organized. Anyone who is unable to keep afloat, or who has any difficulty in doing so is urged to sign up.

Classes will be held under the coaching of Amby Legere from 9:30-10:20 P.M. on either Tuesday or Thursday evenings, depending on when the majority has free evenings. It is hoped to get underway this week.

Considering the time foresters spend on the water, it would behoove any non-swimmers to sign the list at the Forestry building door.

There's no shame in being unable to swim now, but it would sure be foolish to let this opportunity go by to learn.

Caribou differ from deer, moose and elk in that both male and female caribou bear antlers.

And there's the ingenious forester who poisoned his wife with an axe . . . he gave her "arsenic" (Diagram next week if necessary)

Now is the time for every good forester to come to the aid of the Reading Room . . . "in a manner of speaking". At a recent meeting of the F.A. it was decided to approach each forester for \$2.00 to be used for furnishings. Results in the Intermediate class have been first-rate and if other classes follow their example, we'll be off towards our goal like a turpentine-terrier.

All we need is a little sand on the third floor to have a real desert. Our oasis is still a little dust bowl.

In a couple of weeks time it would be worth your while to drop into the Memorial Reading Room and have a look at the model lumber camp. Rory McLeod, Roger Simmons, Ralph Pitne and G. H. Watson are all working hard on the project. We've been watching progress with interest and notice that the foundations have been laid—we also notice the lack of trees (of all things). Roger tells us that a lot have been promised but none have been forthcoming. How about getting on the ball and making a few like the one up there now!

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Propwash

By AL HUGILL
Since our last gab fest this portion of New Brunswick has been blessed with fair to middlin' flying weather, on week-ends at least, (our monsoons aren't expected back for at least three or four more days) and as a result activity around and above the field was at its peak.

In this game almost as much fun can be had with your feet firmly planted on terra firma, criticizing the poor dope who happens to be overhead at the time, as can be had in actual flying.

An example of this fun occurred just the other day. It seems that poor old "Flatspin" was trying vainly to get the Fleet into a right hand spin . . . or at least all the "Captains-Knows-It-All" thought so. When the unlucky chap finally alighted to be quizzed by the boys it turned out—says he—that he was merely trying a few stall turns. That's one of the exciting things about flying, you can never tell which of your friends is the bigger liar.

Before you get to the stall-turn stage there are a few minor requirements. One is learning how to fly and the other is getting your licence. This is what the club members have gone through to get theirs: Thirty hours of instruction, of which a minimum of twelve hours must be dual, the writing of a test on air regulations for a student permit; ten hours of ground school; the successful completion of exams on Air Regulations, Navigation, Meteorology, Airmanship and Engines and Airframes; as well as a cross country solo flight of not less than three hours duration to two other points and return. A medical is also required from the Department of Transport doctor once a year. So you see it's not just a case of jumping into the darned thing and taking off into the wide blue yonder.

If the reader is entertaining any ideas about learning why not get in touch with a club member and get the low down?

Remember: There are old pilots and there are bold pilots but there are no old bold pilots.

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As Seen From The Bleachers . . .

By THE SPECTATOR
How Low Is Aloofness?

During the past week it has been drawn to my attention that our campus is infected with a few high browed athletes who consider themselves to be above and beyond the level and range of criticism. When such is tossed in their direction they tilt their noble heads in shock and utter amazement. You can watch a superior athlete in bewilderment and disbelief at this loss of prestige creep over them which portrays quite clearly the thought behind it. "Why the nerve of that lowly creature, after all I play on SENIOR VARSITY." Unable to drum up an answer in their own defence they immediately turn to the American method of answering one question by asking another, and inevitably burst forth with the ages old cover up, "Can you do any better?" or "If you know so much why don't you come out and show us how?" When confronted with such a situation I often wonder if George Mikan, probably the greatest hoop ace in U.S. history, blurted out the same childish come back to Grantland Rice when the dean of U.S. sports writers bitterly criticised the bespectacled star a few years back for lack of team work. "Ah," but they will say, "that is different, you are no Grantland Rice." On that I will be the first to agree, but on briefly glancing around I have not spotted too many Mikans either.

The amusing part of such a situation is the rapid admittance of guilt by those concerned. When a person criticises a few members of a team, and deliberately holds back all names, he has in mind a couple who he knows to be guilty and a few more about which he is doubtful. This doubt is quickly confirmed. Any player not meant to be affected by such an article simply reads it, weighs the pros and cons of it, realises in his own mind that he is not guilty of such an offence and lays it down with the belief that it must apply to some one else and that is the end of it. On the other hand, those who on reading such an article are stunned by the realisation that it is applicable to themselves are immediately engulfed with fear and begin to wonder if the rest of the team and the students know that they are the ones at fault. In their minds they know they are guilty and with this fear that others also know they promptly jump to their feet with accusations and denials in an attempt to defend themselves in the eyes of others. Such proof that a troubled conscience is always a dead give away can lead to many surprises for a critic, for more often than one might expect he finds through this method that he has hit the nail more squarely on the head than he at first believed.

Not too many years ago a sports columnist asked Connie Mack, the father of American League baseball, what he considered to be the trade marks of a real athlete. The grand old man of the American pastime, with fifty years of experience in dealing with athletes behind him, thought for a few moments and then said, "The mark of a real athlete and sportsman is his ability to accept the greatest of victories and the highest of praise with an unturned head and an unaffected ego; and to withstand the most despairing defeats and the bitterest of even unwarranted criticism without finching, undaunted, and with the sole purpose in mind of doing better the next time."

It appears that some of us have a long way to go before we can include ourselves in the category of a real athlete.



Player's Please
CANADA'S LEADING CIGARETTE

The terrible story of WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The facts behind the Hiss Case

Here is a measure of the true dimensions of the Communist threat in the U. S. Here is the inside report on espionage in top government circles. Yet it is more than a spy story. It is a closeup of the battle between freedom and Communism—between a world with God and a world without God.

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Apache Day
Friday Night
Beaverbrook

VOL. 71, No. 14

CO-ED APACHE CLIMATE

Co-eds have once over the campus with Leap Year in their females of the camp up the motto of the week opened with a bridge party held in reading rooms, and were trumped or m matter for everyone time.

The females prove superiority over the hockey game on T with lots of laugh bruises. Despite the faculty will still be will take more than game to have them week. However the stall to come. Get organs and the most you can find to survive on the slide down. we won't encounter drants like some of fortunate colleagues. of course are served to soothe any injury.

Take it easy wolf you'll need lots of a big Apache dance on. Maybe you've seen "che", but here's a given by one magazine off with slinky mus skeller, where custom apaches (French g their molls. It deve a cross between a w adagio dance, jujitsu beating and knife t dance form has b high art by the Abbott Dancers, wh forming in night sp U.S. and Canada."

This is not mean literally of course, your best "APACH you'll have wonder make it the best w eds.

Red 'N Black Tickets Red

Another successful afternoon rehearsal Black Revue was held and the show is beginning up as the best yet. nights only about away activity is becoming intensive.

The chorus line with the directors last week modelled a new costume to be bought for the comment "shaping".

The directors have meetings quite regular week, putting the program and decisions on skits. M the skits have been it is reported that has been discovered tet.

The big show will in Teachers' College March 12, 13 and 14.

An advance ticket momentarily, coup usual intensive campaign. It is also reliably) that the cheaper this year. better show at a lo