

# Classifieds

**FOR SALE** Fischer Superglass Skis, 185 cm., Marker Rotomat Bindings, Lange pro-Boots Size 6. All equipment two years old. Will sell individually or as package deal. Call Nora at 455-8707.

**RESEARCH PAPERS** - Thousands of topics \$2.75 per page. Send \$1.00 for your up-to-date, 160 page, mail-order catalogue of 5,000 listings. Research Assistance, Inc., 11941 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 2, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 (213) 477-8474.

**FOR SALE** latest Sony CF - 550A Portable Stereo Cassette Radio Recorder with AM-FM stereo. Contact 454-0280 after 5 or leave name and phone number.

**WANTED** drive to Halifax or Truro any weekend. Will share expenses. Contact Leo Sheehy, Rm 18, Bridges House or phone 453-4904.

**WANTED** ride to PEI for two people on February 1. Return February 3. Will share expenses. Contact Shane Cassidy, Rm. 19, Bridges House or call 453-4904.

**FOR SALE** one pair of Tyrolia "500" step in, downhill ski bindings. Excellent condition. Used for one season. Rental style with adjustable track. Value \$40.00. Best offer accepted. If interested leave name at Bruns office.

**NOTICE:** There may be something about your name or your mug that you don't like; but they are yours and it's kind of nice to keep them together, isn't it? Better check your grad picture to make sure it's correctly identified - Just drop into the Yearbook Office (SUB 31) between 9:30 and 5:00 weekdays up to and including Friday Feb. 8. And if you don't do it and you get put in with the wrong name, don't grouse about it. 'Cause it won't be anybody's fault but you're own.

**N.B. Residence Co-op** is now accepting applications to fill vacancies this summer and for the fall of 1974. For more information contact Mikki Mosher 565 Aberdeen Street 454-4981.

**WANTED** one pair of snowshoes with harness. Preferably standard woodsmen about 14 x 48. Please contact Bill at 455-7654.

**BEE GEES** Sat. Feb. 16. YES Mon. Feb. 25 in Montreal. INTERESTED? Contact Dave Day, Bob Rhead, or Paul Haining at CHSR.

**IMPORTANT!** I need the Sept 73 issue of Penthouse for an article concerning terrorist organizations. Willing to pay. Contact Graham Shepard, 810 Montgomery Street, no. 763.

**R.C.R. BAND** Concert, Feb. 11 at Playhouse. Students \$2.00 Adults \$3.00. Contact Cathy Flanagan, 648 Hanson Street 455-7204.

**WANTED** one pair men's size 9 hockey skates. Must be in reasonable condition. Call 455-6152 evenings after 6:00.

**I WILL PAY** 20 percent over face value for any silver coinage 1966 or before, and will pay more for larger amounts. Please phone Rick Fisher at 453-4983 or 454-9147 for quotes.

**CERAMIC CLASSES** being held in small dining room no. 7 SUB Wed. evenings 7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m. by certified ceramic teacher.

**FOR SALE** Silvertone black and white T.V. with 24 inch screen. Brand new. Contact 454-1843 between 5:30 and 7:00.

Continued from page 9

mouth-watering 16-ozs. of choice sirloin steak, reminiscent of Fall Festival too, will be served to every lucky customer.

Following this event, at 7:00 p.m. a rally for the torchlight parade will occur behind the SUB with the traditional inspiring event commencing at 7:15 p.m. and winding down to Buchanan Field where upon the Ice Palace created by the benevolent Engineers, (again, with a little help from the weatherman) the official opening will take place, with the crowing of one of the charming faculty queens as Carnival Queen.

This momentous event will lead into a skating party on the field with music and food (soups and bread).

The Rothmans Caravan will be on hand all night to enhance the magnificence of the evening and the next two days.

The Monopoly Marathon begins February 6th as well at 5:00 p.m. in the SUB.

Thursday morning at 11:00 a.m. the first bus leaves for Crabbe Mountain and the outdoor (and indoor) phenomenon of sugar derby, skiing, tobogganing and sleighrides will go on all afternoon with races, games, and prizes.

A meal will be served of corn on the cob with extras. The bar will be open all day so no one freezes to death.

Meanwhile, the SUB Ballroom should be swinging to the tunes of the 50's and 60's rock 'n roll with CHSR announcers emceeing the nostalgic event.

In the evening in McConnell Hall, 'Ryan's Fancy', the popular Irish group on Friday nites at 9:00 p.m. will fling out lyrics at a pub.

Friday, a chess tournament and treasure hunt will be staged during the afternoon, starting in the SUB and offering unusual prizes.

In the evening 'Extravaganza' - 'Festival of the Bands' is being held. 'Heartache's Razz Ban', a vaudeville act, 'MacLean and MacLean' - an acoustical guitar act from Winnipeg, and 'Liverpool' - a rock 'n roll group that does only Beatles tunes will perform. Students pay to get in at the door and attend each event as they please.

Saturday afternoon the Carni parade leaves from the TC parking lot to traverse downtown Fredericton and present the wares of numerous campus groups to the city.

In the evening the 'Candlemas Ball' with 'The Mystics' is scheduled for the SUB Ballroom.

At the same time, an exciting fun group called 'Brussel Sprouts' from Detroit will be blasting out a professional country rock sound in McConnell Hall.

Sunday morning a hangover breakfast claiming 'all you can eat for \$1.25' is on in the SUB cafeteria.

The Sports Car Club has their annual ice Dice slated for noon and the first Annual Co-ed Toilet Bowl (football) ready for 2:00 p.m.

The Parajump Club will be giving displays throughout the weekend. Carni should have something for everyone. Interested in participating in some events?

Come see us in Room 118 of the SUB. Who says UNB can be outdone?



☆☆☆

We apologize for the state that our pictures were in last week. A special "we're sorry" to the people interviewed for Viewpoint, the Business Society Queen candidates, and Prof. Sharp.

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CIRCULAR  
Continued from page 25

to wait for the trucks. He'd get paid at least up to three o'clock for sure.

The trucks were coming in, two of them. Neither was Leo's. As they got out of the trucks, the men were laughing and joking. 'I'd rather have gone with either of these guys than with my driver,' Leo thought. They were both younger men, with long hair. One guy had a beard. They all trooped into the shed. The drivers gathered up the satchels and brought them into the shed to be put away for tomorrow. The men stood around waiting for their cheques. The drivers disappeared to talk to the black man and soon he came out with a pile of them. He called out each of the men's names and they picked up their cheques. There was a lot of laughter and shoving as the men compared amounts. Then they wandered off, some getting into cars outside and driving away.

Leo's truck screeched onto the lot raising a cloud of dust. Leo could see 'Blondie' laughing and old Harold grimly holding onto the dashboard in the front seat. Leo could imagine what the guys in the back were doing. They climbed out slowly with their satchels. 'Blondie' walked directly up the steps into the shed. He saw Leo at the door. "Where were you?" he said smiling. "Delivering handbills. Where were you?" 'Blondie' looked at Leo seriously and then walked in to talk to the black man. 'He doesn't know what to make of me,' Leo thought. 'I'm not like the other guys.'

The sullen man came over grinning. "What happened to you?" he said. Leo explained what had happened. The sullen guy looked at Leo sympathetically and said "Tough luck." Then he joined the others who were picking up their cheques. The wino's wrinkles were stretched into a smile with a cigarette sticking out of it as he looked at the amount on his cheque. Twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents. The kid was behind him folding his own cheque and putting it in his pocket. He gave the wino a shove from behind and said "Hey you old buzzard, how'd you like to cop a lid of grass? A change'd do you good." The kid laughed. "Awww go peddle your sister's ass!" said the wino, folding his cheque. "I've got better things I do with my money." Recognizing Leo watching him, the wino winked. "Sure you do, you old buzzard," said the kid. "See ya tomorrow." The kid walked out in a hurry trailing a cloud of cigarette smoke, while the old wino looked around for someone to talk to and finally decided he'd better move along himself.

'Blondie' emerged from the back room. He walked by Leo without looking and caught up to the wino on the way out. Leo heard him laughing about something the wino said as the black man came out of his office. The black gave out a couple of cheques to the last of the men who were waiting and then looked at Leo. "Just a minute," he said, with a grin on his face. He went back into his room. Leo didn't care about the minute. He just wanted his money. At last the black came out with a fresh cheque, waving it in front of his eyes as if he were making sure the ink was dry before he gave it to Leo. Twelve dollars and ninety cents. "Hey, wait a minute! How many hours is this for?" "Til twelve-thirty," the black said. He didn't blink an eye. Leo knew then that 'Blondie' had told the exact truth.

"I was waiting out there for two hours for that asshole to pick me up!" "We don't pay people for standing around!" the black said, fixing his eyes on Leo. Then his nostrils flared, "You weren't where you were supposed to be!" Leo could tell that the black wanted to say more. He was ranging like a tiger behind the counter, waiting to see what Leo would do. "Thanks," Leo said, meeting the black's eyes squarely. He walked out, but his mind was racing.

He was going to call the police. No. He didn't want to get involved with the police. He'd had a jaywalking ticket from them once and they were impossible. They couldn't understand anything. Instead he'd call the Better Business Bureau. That would fix those crooks. Wait a minute! A letter to the editor? Yeah. A letter to the editor and then the Better Business Bureau. Put a stop to them. Close down their whole operation. Right! And he wanted his money too! He remembered that the Star had a column that specialized in getting people their money back from sharp businessmen. He was going to sick every dog he could think of on them.

He got back to his room and started to write the letter. 'Dear Sir: It's about time that something was done about certain sharp businessmen in this town that make a practice of capitalizing on unfortunate people in desperate circumstances.' He remembered the wino grinning as he folded his cheque, probably on the way out to the liquor store. 'Your readers....' he continued. Then he stopped. He crumpled the letter. 'Your readers don't give a damn about anything!'

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