

The Brunswickan

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STUFF 'N' THINGS

Dancing has definitely been the most popular extra-curricular activity up the hill this term and not to be outdone the Frosh wrote another chapter to terpsichorean enjoyment with last Friday's Do-Co Dance. Nancy McNair headed the committee for the affair which more than repaid upperclassmen for the Frosh Reception... some appropriate dedications on the programme... Gene Krupa's rival on the drums... novelty of doughnut and coke... organization and efficiency re entertainment generally... these goin' Nance, and your '48ers.

With reference to last week's proposed Manner Week, any who attended the Do-Co Dance must have been struck by a necessity for some such method of "etiquetting" the educated (?). Did you notice the thotless and unnecessary talking and noise during the intermission period when the guest pianist was playing? And members of the upper years cannot entirely attribute it to their frosh hosts for many an upperclassman plus escort continued jostling around at the rear of the hall and in the balcony during the brief recital.

Another portrait of a former head of this university is nearing completion under the capable hand of Charles MacGregor, internationally known artist. The portrait is that of Rev. Edwih Jacob, D. D., vice-president 1829-48, and principal '48-60, of the University of King's College, the forerunner of our present institution. Mr. MacGregor is well acquainted with our campus having been here on previous occasions to do the portraits of former U. N. B. presidents. The portrait of Dr. Thomas Harrison, chancellor during the turn of the century, 1892-1906, was finished by this same artist and unveiled at last year's Founder's Day exercises. While here Mr. MacGregor is the guest of Prof. and Mrs. B. W. Flieger.

If for some reason, unfortunate or otherwise, the following comment does not ring true with you then you should pat yourself in the position of the victim... firstly as Frosh you came in contact with the folding arm on the seats in the Math lecture room, and in other rooms as you progressed to your present class. Surely you can recall the first time you unintentionally knocked the folding arm out of its upright place... everything seemed more quiet than usual... the prof. even was not talking at the moment... what a clatter and crash as down came your notebook and up went the crimson in your face... no one said anything to embarrass you, but no one needed to at that stage! Quickly you gathered the two or three loose sheets that drifted out of your book, cursed a couple of mild ones, reached around with your foot to drag your pencil toward you and finally tapped the fellow in front asking him to retrieve it; then you settled back to pick up the straying threads of the lecture. When we feel particularly superior we often look with disdain on the "stupid dope that dropped that chair arm", but let's not forget (both students and profs.) that once at least in our U. N. B. careers we also folding-arm-losers!

Crack-of-the-week: The word "Transit" was circled on a frosh drafting exercise as it was supposed to be "Traverse", and the following comment was attached: "A transit is like a keyhole — you look thru it. A traverse is like a keyhole too — only you walk around it."

The hardest time to get the baby to sleep is when she is 18.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MAN
A man weighing 149 pounds contains enough fat for seven cakes of soap, carbon for 9000 pencils, phosphorus to make 2200 match heads, magnesium for one dose of salts, iron to make one medium-sized nail, sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop, enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas, and water to fill a 10 gallon barrel.

On all the Canadian campuses elections have been in the spotlight. This year, more than any other, college newspapers have cried out for student support. In the past few weeks front pages have carried to Student bodies all across the Dominion the one idea, "Vote!"

Newspapers from the larger colleges have stressed the fact that a Federal election is in the offing and that the authorities are considering giving franchise to the youth of the country. This idea received a great deal of impetus when Neil MacDonald's "Ottawa Calling" carried the story that the Government was seriously contemplating giving a vote to eighteen-year-olds. Editorials have implied that the campus elections have been under observation and that their results may carry some influence in the decision of the Ottawa Parliamentarians.

Although this argument may hold true in a college the size of the University of Toronto, it is unlikely that our elections here will be discussed around the council tables or in the lobbies. The number of votes cast here will have no effect on the policy of the cabinet.

However, the number of votes cast here will have an effect on those who are to be at this college through the coming academic year. True, one vote makes little difference in the final analysis, but it often happens that the number of votes that aren't cast each year would be more than the difference of the number of votes between two candidates. One trouble with our system is, that after a person has been elected, it is very difficult to get rid of him, even if his performance is not satisfactory.

Consequently, the one opportunity offered should not be neglected, but should be capitalized upon to the fullest extent. There should be no inexcusable forgetting, nor any day-after complaining. Everyone has had a good chance to decide their choices and everyone has been well informed regarding the location of polls and hours. Every student has had an equal opportunity during the nomination period and will have the same privilege during the election.

It would be to our credit if a large percentage turned out next Tuesday, without the various incentives and threats which we hear of from our larger counterparts.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE

A
WRITER
?



TIME was when writers (particularly poets) starved gracefully in attic. There's no longer any need for that... if you know your job.

Even writers feed today... some on Caviar... The reason is that modern writers, journalists, ad men, fiction writers and such, look on their "art" as a business... give some attention to their personal affairs... build up cash reserves for emergencies by saving some of their earnings. Get the habit now, while still a student, even though your savings may be small indeed. It's a habit that will serve you well no matter what your future calling may be.

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JOAN FONTAINE and ARTU
DE CORDOVA in

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK
in Technicolor

THURS., FRI., SAT.,
MARCH 23-30-31

RANDOLPH SCOTT and
GYPSY ROSE LEE in

"BELL OF THE YUKON