

FEATURE PAGE

Murder In The Bathtub

by Scrubby

Everyone knows that a murderer is either very dumb or very smart. The dumb one gets caught easily while the smart one takes a little longer to feel the few thousand volts of justice. Now I am different. I was not smart nor awfully dumb, but I am a murderer that didn't get caught. I tell you this so that you won't have to read the last paragraph first to find out 'who done it,' or strain your nerves throughout in order to guess the identity of the culprit.

How I committet this dastardly act still fascinates me. Even the time of year wasn't right for any sane person to be thinking of death. September is such a lovely month. I had been out in my garden that evening, lazily watering my second crop of cucumbers. The sun had left me in a tranquil mood, filling my thoughts with dreams of a better garden next year. I was so completely detached from the hum of the neighbor's shop-talk and the yapping of other neighbor's dogs that I was even inventing in my mind a plan to install a permanent underground watering system for the future. I was trying to rid myself of the problem of incidental costs when I realized that my neighbors had tired of debating the values of a Chinese Elm or an evergreen hedge and had comfortably settled themselves on their veranda. The only sounds that disturbed my solitude now was someone across the street slapping at a mosquito and at the same time exclaiming with intense surprise: "I wonder how that big fellow got through our new screens?"

It must have been during these idle moments that she slipped into the house. How she got in is still a mystery to me. All the doors were closed and the windows shut. Had I not decided to take a bath that evening, I suppose she could have slipped out as easily as she had come in. Why she was there didn't occur to me at the time. I have since tried to answer that question but to no avail. My only conclusion was that she wanted a bath and my house happened to be the most accessible at the time.

But I must get on with the story of my ingenious plot to rid myself of this Machiavellian female. As I entered the house, I thought I heard garbled noises coming from the direction of the bathroom but paid little attention to them because I remembered that I had a faulty tap anyway. However, I had spent considerable energy that evening and decided that it was my duty, if for no other reason, to take a bath. I knew that if my wife had been home she would have reminded me of the fact that the sheets were clean and she dust that had collected on my ankles was not conducive to keeping them in that condition.

I entered the bathroom, turned on the light, and there she was—naked in the tub. You can realize the revolting shock that I received at such a sight. For the moment I could not quite make up my mind whether to turn and flee or to chase this creature from my chaste home. It was at this moment that the idea of murder came to my mind. I suppose it was the initial shock which drove me to do such a rash thing. Somehow, I felt compelled to take drastic action of some sort. I stared at the unclothed form for some moments, torn between fits of embarrassment and despair. The absence of water from the tub puzzled me at first. In those brief moments before my horrid act was committed, I reasoned that she must not have been there long and decided to relax in the comfort of my tub before using the hot water that was destined for my use. A more reasonable factor must have been present but it has always eluded me. Finally, neither of us speaking, I knew that the time had come for me to act and act quickly. With my hands outstretched, I made a wild leap at the open tub but being almost blind with anger and fear, I missed my prey completely. She had slipped to the other end of the tub, clinging there in fear. On my second attempt I managed in grasping her left leg. Holding on firmly against the pressure of her persistent struggling, I succeeded in dragging by unwelcome guest to the drain-end of the tub. This action was prompted by my desire to completely destroy the body. By swift and cunning strokes, I grasped my strange guest with one hand and with the other speedily turned on the cold water. Releasing my right hand

A Politician Looks at College

By Senator Coldan Damp

My friends — unaccustomed as I am to public thinking, a little application of third degree (DCL this time), has persuaded me to help guide your little thoughts in the RIGHT channels—before you go into the great world of practical cut-throat living.

Sitting in one of my suites in the Chateau Laurier my thoughts often turn to the familiar UNB campus. (I came to know it well when I drove taxi for a bootlegger). I remember last year when I visited the university in the fall. All about me were the charms of college life, confiding little freshettes, (an old man must have his pleasures), the new class wandering around happily sans hair, sans pants, and ringed with stripes of green paint, the residence ringing with the popping of corks, hysterical shrieks of joy as the foresters and engineers were exposed to the charms of femininity after a summer in the bush; in short, one could only say, "All's right with the world."

Then . . . the blow fell. From a residence window a strident voice cried out—"Tradition be damned. What we need in this country is. . ." I was stricken to the heart, and looking about me to make sure of my audience, fell to the ground murmuring in a loud shriek, "Vat's gung on?"

Let me point out to you how insidious this infiltration is, and how difficult to detect. On the surface it would appear that such organizations as the Student's Revolutionary Committee would be the most suspect, but these are merely fiendishly clever blinds. Stop and think (but not too much!) During such a short period as the last year, vital changes have taken place in our university. NONE OF WHICH EVER HAPPENED IN OUR FATHER'S TIME!

We have a chancellor from socialist Britain, we have a new left wing on the C. E. Building, and now our new president is coming from Manitoba, only a few miles from violently radical Saskatchewan. I hesitate to mention the OTHER THING, for even mention of what is to happen to the building-with-the-stained-glass-windows, might encourage those ruthless destroyers of 'our way of life' who dared to suggest that the students should have a useful memorial of the past war. How much more tasteful to have erected a tall

stone column in the good old way beside M. Barnard's 'crow cairn.'

There are other things that threaten us. I feel compelled to mention that in the few hours that I have been on the campus I have seen no less than four students and one professor who were wearing RED socks. Of course the solution to these dangers is difficult. I suggest that you follow the lead of myself and my fellow-senators—sit tight and do nothing. New that I have revealed the secret of a successful life I will proceed to point out some of the ways in which the philosophy of the good old days could be applied to UNB.

McGill has recently shown the way towards a restoration of academic freedom (from thought) by a popular move designed to protect members of the faculty from contact with the harsh world of practical politics, a most thoughtful and touching gesture. I feel that we might well follow the lead of our sister university, even presuming to improve the idea with some additions. I suggest that UNB extend the regulation to not only faculty but students, since it is possible that some uncouth student might be so brash as to mention the name of a current political party, thus confusing the sheltered professor no end. As well as this slight extension, I feel sure that we might with great credit to ourselves borrow from the highly respected Senate of Canada, and establish property qualifications for students and faculty. This would, I am sure, solve the problem of students who are here merely for the purpose of getting an education, and would probably be very useful in disposing of some of the more troublesome members of the faculty, those who have been insinuating that the major purpose of the university is the training of students for life. Any intelligent person knows that men attend university to put in four or more years in the 'right atmosphere,' where they will meet the 'right people,' and that the one and only object of the Co-Eds is to 'get a man.' To suggest that social life should be sacrificed to knowledge is tantamount to sacrilege, and furthermore, it falls within that area of terror that I mentioned previously — "change and upheaval."

I might further suggest that a board of "Lord B—k Censors" be set up, to prevent anything being (Continued on Page Five).

MURDER IN THE BATHTUB

from the cold water tap, I reached for the drain plug while, at the same time, succeeding in forcing the struggling figure down the drain. The act completed, I hastily replaced the plug; I had committed my first murder.

I can tell this sordid tale now because I know that society would forgive me for riding my bathtub of such a pest as a croaking cricket.

P. S.: It is fortunate that this fairy tale is appearing in an April Fool edition of the Brunswickan; otherwise it might be rated as a poor example of another fairy tale: The Little Tailor.

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ETTES



es are now calling for Gen-apan and run for President. McArthur a hero almost to ld it take for him or some convince the easily swayed emergency existed and that President? He could become d the people would love it. Germany and the people saying that there is no such Men are human and as matter what they are called.

at we must prepare for an- "Communism and democ- e must fight to protect our honest fight for freedom we fight over oil and markets influence we want nothing

an nature and human abil- ed to say that both Russian berately leading us into an- sioned with humanity more this lest war?

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