

The Brunswickan

THE WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
Est. 1880

Member, Canadian University Press

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VOL. 63 FREDERICTON, N. B., MARCH 3rd, 1944 No. 13

Max Aitken Portrait

On Thursday afternoon of this week a portrait of Wing Commander Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., was presented to the University and will hang in the Lady Beaverbrook's Building. At first this portrait, a gift to us, by the young airman's father, Lord Beaverbrook, was not intended for the University of New Brunswick. However when friends in this province learned that the publisher peer was planning to send a painting of his son to Canada, they brought to his attention how appropriate a gesture it might be to present the portrait to the University of New Brunswick, in which Lord Beaverbrook has taken such a keen personal interest and to which he has made such munificent gifts.

Lord Beaverbrook gave U. N. B. its long established Beaverbrook scholarships, its fine Lady Beaverbrook's Building—men's residence—and its magnificent new Gynnasium.

It is significant therefore that the Max Aitken portrait should hang in one of Lord Beaverbrook's memorial buildings, for not only will it serve to remind us of his unstinted generosity, but it will also serve as an inspiration to the youth of our university, since Wing Commander Aitken, an air hero of the Empire, represents the youth of our generation who are fighting in an endeavor to gain peace and freedom for all peoples of the world.

The Red Cross

This week the Canadian Red Cross Society throughout Canada is carrying on a voluntary campaign in an effort to raise funds for their numerous and varied activities.

The goal set by Red Cross officials is ten million dollars, which may seem to many of us a startling amount. However if we pause for a moment and consider what the Red Cross has been doing and is doing we will realize that this sum is small in proportion.

The Red Cross has organized blood clinics throughout Canada and the United States; has brought relief to prisoners of war in the form of food and reading material; has followed the troops in all theatres of war taking care of the sick and wounded. These and other things have made the Red Cross emblem one of the most looked up to throughout the world.

Accordingly when we students are given the chance to aid the Red Cross Society gain their ten million dollar objective, we should give unstintedly, realizing that we are helping those who are helping our brothers and sisters in the armed services.

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htr eiobeg NO GORBIE TODAY

Jay Elby regrets to announce that there is no Gorbie today—since the enormous Engineering Brunswickian is in the offing—but for the amusement of the Gorbie's thousands of regular and enthusiastic readers, an arrangement has been made with the local theatres for this week only.

Cut this out:

THIS COUPON and forty-seven cents WILL ADMIT BEARER TO ANY FREDERICTON THEATRE

The Gas Jet

Resolved: Polygamy is Naughty (But Nice) or Share Your 4F's, Babe.

Gretchen Flibbertygibbett, Aff.

vs.

Jerry Duckhonker, Neg.

Gretchen: Madame chairman, ladies and you big, handsome members of the male species, exciuding those 3 or 4 4F's at the rear of the hall, I am addressing you today of all days on that socially frowned upon topic, "Polygamy, or the Use of One or More Mates or Just Any Number of Mates." I am trying in my own cunning way to show that although this "share your man" so to speak is naughty, it is also really very nice. So much variety, you know.

Why should we charming, attractive, seductive creatures limit ourselves to one lowly male when we, at the drop of a zipper, can have, who knows, how many gullible . . . Oh, ladies and gentlemen, my emotions are running away with me at the thoughts of it . . . Ladies, let me remind you there is today an acute shortage of eligible men.

So let us be like the pearl divers who collect all the shells in the hope of getting one oyster—I mean one pearl. Let us have polygamy in its broadest sense, and who knows, we may—I warn you, I say MAY—find one, shall we say, pearl in the whole damn lot. Ahem, thank you.

Jerry K.: Mad, chairman, ladies and my poor bedraggled virile-less anaemic looking comrades, I am here today to defend our sex from, shall I say, extinction due to overwork and great nervous disorder, shock and anticipatory excitement.

I claim polygamy, as thought of by my worthy opponent, will be the final victory of the female sex over the already moth-eaten male specie of human so-called being. With polygamy legal, the male brain would deteriorate and weaken to so great an extent that men would be no more than clay in the hands of hungry woman, and I ask you, would you care to join a harem? Hm-m. (Please quiet that wolf cry and quit drooling, McNeer).

Men, you'd lose that old vim and vigor—black markets for trading mates would spring up and although it would be fun, I'll admit, the male race would gradually die off and I really mean die off. Let us keep on marrying one woman and if we feel a need for a change—well, it has been done before and we can do it again. Thank you.

Gretchen: My worthy opponent has stated that the manpower shortage is acute—he underestimates the situation basely. We ladies know that. But he goes on to say that the male species would be taken over by the females and run like a herd of cattle. Ah, no, dear sir, that is not the object of polygamy. We do not wish to be greedy or possessive. We merely wish to evenly distribute the supply (as far as it goes) to satisfy the demand. That, I believe you will agree with me, is good sound business logic. Thank you.

Jerry K.: Business logic it is.



The Inquiring Reporter

Do you think that final examinations should be dispensed with? Unnecessary in English. The teacher finds out all he needs to know about the student during

But today I believe you will find the average male will stand by your theory and try to make the supply satisfy the demand without having the whole male species taken over and run by the females. I myself will start a supply-demand club immediately after this is over and come one, come all. Thank you.

Gretchen: That, ladies and gentlemen, is a noble gesture, but will it work? Legality is everything in our social set-up, but who am I to be legal at a time like this. Make way, there, girls, I'm on my way to join Duckhonker's club. Thank you.

A vote taken by the chairlady (Continued on page five)

term. But I don't speak for other departments.

PROF. McCOURT

They should just do away with the hard ones.

DORIS PRIDHAM

No.

C. J. MacMILLAN

Yea man.

MacQUARRIE

Wait till I get through the mid terms.

PATRICIA MOFFETT

How else could I get through. I think that we should be passed on our average work during the year.


MAC PERKINS

All kinds of exams should be dispensed with.

ELLEN MacLAGGAN

Crise, yes.

STAN



SEAMAN TO-DAY, gold braid to-morrow . . . that is the story of many a lad in Canada's growing navy. Every fighting officer in the R.C.N. to-day must start on the lower deck. Promotion depends on initiative, resourcefulness, intelligence and hard work. There are no short cuts. If a man "has the stuff", he can go right to the top.

The whole fabric of Canadian life has been fashioned on this same principle. Any man is free to rise from the lower deck to leadership—whatever his chosen field. How far he will go depends in large measure on the man himself.

What is PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



Dr. R. J. Petrie

(Continued from page one)

non-alcoholic) Belyea discussed the merits of chicken and pop to the satisfaction of all present. After a short talk it was decided that no featured speaker would be in attendance as the boys might not feel like sitting still for any length of time.

For the benefit of some disbelievers "Holy" told the "slide rulers" that the illustrated lecture called off a short time ago had actually been planned and was not just talk to give the engineers a feeling of importance. "Non alcoholic" Belyea gave a few amusing moments when he asked for a guarantee from the Engineers for \$25 towards the issue of the Brunswickian. Later it turned out that it would be a gift to be paid back after the dance Friday night. Confused in their feeble minds the boys finally agreed to giving the \$25 although after the meeting nobody could understand what it was all about.

Reno (Where's-my-book?) Cyn wondered how people would be kept off the dance floor if they didn't have tickets, but a happy look crossed his face as he was told that there were things called doors for this purpose. He then drew detailed plans of the gym with a secret entrance to the dance floor so anybody wanting to get in for 12½¢ please call 1407 ask for Stan—ond B.C.

"Holy" then introduced Dr. Petrie who gave a most excellent talk on

