

NOTES

RELUCTANT DRAGONS

About May first one will be able to obtain The Wedge; when we were told this we had the same reaction you have just experienced—What is The Wedge? This could be explained by simply saying it is a new magazine of stories, plays and essays but the answer we got to a similar query was a great deal more informative if not a little more involved. It was something like this: The Wedge is what we have decided to call our new publication; but first let me tell you how the organization behind it came into being. Around the beginning of February a few students with relatively like interests who had been rubbing past one another in the library, the arts building, and at various lectures had passed enough words among themselves to gain some knowledge of the attitudes of one another toward subjects concerned with contemporary writing and authors past, present and future. Gradually they became warm enough to be friends. Their interchanges of words became discussions, and finally an organization called the "Society of the Reluctant Dragons" was conceived.

The purpose of the society was laid down as the promotion of constructive criticism of the prose writing of the Reluctant Dragons by the Reluctant Dragons.

The membership was limited to ten who would meet weekly wherever they could be accommodated. They would have guest speakers and a jolly time, and it was sincerely hoped that through this association they would improve their style and technique in the art of creative writing.

That this was accomplished is not for a modest person to say. What can be said is that the club flourished and interest at its meetings ran so high that frequently order had to be preserved by the chairman between dragons with differently colored opinions.

From this society, which required principally that its members be actively interested in good prose writing, issued a number of works which, after communal criticism and selection were prepared for assembly into the magazine which makes its debut as The Wedge. The name, Wedge is symbolic of an attempt to try to separate art from its commercial trapping.

We were thankful for this information and as we write this we would note this nascent body as a nucleus of creative writers, good or poor, at least very much interested in their work.

The shortest poem on record:
"On the antiquity of microbes"
Adam
Had 'em.

"I never think of him without a choking sensation," said a wife of her absent husband. "Yes, every time I think of him, I want to choke him."

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ART?

We were told by a student that the faculty was considering giving a course in creative writing. We were told last Wednesday and since then have heard no one say it ain't so. Now if we may believe in this rumor having a particle of truth, we have cause enough to start jumping up and down and clapping out respective hands in glee. We are most anxious to have such rumors prove unworthy of the name.

After some consideration of such things as arts courses we have made some comparisons with other universities and have come to wonder why art (painting) and music are not available here as non-credit courses at least? It is common knowledge that rather than merely eking out a comfortable existence from the knowledge they gain at college, some students would like to live—probably just for the hell of it.

POINT COUNTER POINT

The point system is consistent with a plan to recognize distinction of the student who has contributed his mind rather than his legs to student activities. This is called non-athletic distinction and under the S. R. C. a number of points is awarded the student for executive positions held in campus societies and on the Brunswickan staff.

After having this explanation given us we wondered how anything so well organized needed to be reorganized but we ventured to ask if some change hadn't been made in the system lately?—There has been.

It seems, in the past, that just before one graduated the procedure was to suddenly remember the many points he had earned three or four years before, and claim his just-award, pin or ring or pin or ring arranged in orders of silver and gold according to the grade of distinction to be bestowed. There was no way of checking the number of points however, and just what happened when they were not made clear to us.

However, this year the point system was revised and all points earned were to be logged yearly with the S. R. C.

Died Last Night

Friends and relatives will be shocked to learn of the passing of Thaddius M. VanBuren (better known as "Teddy") in his sleep last night at his home, 159 Brunswick street. Thaddius was well known in this part of Fredericton, being the oldest cat in the ward and one of the last vintagenarians in the county. He will be missed by many friends who attribute his long life to moderate living and a strict diet of raw meat and milk. Teddy was a great believer in temperance, in the true sense of the word and was never known to touch catnip. He was a cat of quiet temper, during his last year living a secluded life on account of ill health, and visiting friends very rarely. He had been suffering from a peculiar illness for some time and finally passed in his twentieth year.

Thaddius M. was the last of a long line of Van Buren cats. His brother Thomas E. Van Buren, whose death last year, will be remembered by many, since he left his mark upon the community, set an example that will be an inspiration to all the young cats of the city, indeed if not the country. Thomas was very active in business and social circles,

Pirates

Back in the cold winter of '45, the famous or infamous Beaver Lodge ship was launched on the quiet waters of U. N. B., soon got under sail and began to play about in its own crazy, loveable fashion.

After many moons of erratic progress, the typical reaction to the new and outlandish craft may be summed up in the words of a U. N. B. Banshee, a maiden of tender years:

"The Beavers? Oh, they're a crazy bunch—but they do have lots of fun!"

The new ship of state, which some enemies have said resembled more a little row boat with a lot of leaks in it, began to course about, try its speed against competitors, run crazy races, and sometimes run up the black flag and push over a few out-of-date old hulks in true piratical style. So cold-blooded were they that on one occasion they grew angry at their cooks and made them walk the planks; and for three days thereafter had to gnaw shoe leather!

But pirates or no, the beavers realized the need for some discipline, and elected a pirate captain, 1st, 2nd and 3rd mates, one of them a Keeper of the Booty, and three others to look after the big guns when a Boston Tea Party was to be staged, or an excursion boat of unsuspecting Banshees was to be overhauled, and forced to walk the plank. The need was felt to make the old boat a little more shipshape and deadly, so the lounge was stripped for action, and fitted up with the best spoils of war. Naturally pirates had to have their bar, even though it served nothing more innocuous than milk—even pirates are rationed in these days! To lure timid Banshees into this web of iniquity, the best of furniture was installed decorations put up, pictures borrowed or ruthlessly com-

ing of a heart attack in the spring of 1945. He was also a gifted musician, and the outdoor concerts he conducted during the war years will not soon be forgotten by the cat-lovers of the city.

Thomas E. Van Buren left a large family all of whom met death in a tragic drowning accident just above the City Water Dept. Thaddius remained a bachelor all his life since he was crippled while very young and always felt that this hampered him in his social relations. As far as is known he has no family connections except for some distant relatives in America.

Thaddius's mother, Mrs. Kitty Van Buren went to her last home two months ago after a long illness at the age of 24, having maintained an active interest in family life even to the end. Mrs. Van Buren was of United Empire Loyalist stock, her great-great-grandfather having come to Fredericton with Jonathan O'Dell during the American Revolution. It will be recalled that Kitty Van Buren gained nation-wide fame as a vegetarian eating only lettuce, raw potato, beetroot, cucumber, water-melon and raisins. She was also the President of the Anti-Catnip League, and Thaddius carried on the family tradition as secretary of the Wild Cat Temperance Union.

With his passing, a fine old cat family will disappear from the Fredericton scene, but their deeds will live on.

Thaddius Van Buren's body is resting at his home, 154 Brunswick street, one of the oldest houses in the city. The funeral will take

mandeered.

About once a fortnight these gay buccaneers grew restless and started shining up their cutlasses and oiling their pistols for a battle with their ever-ready enemies, the Banshees, the fighting generally taking place in the lounge, the Beaver's inner sanctum, to the tunes of an ancient and much battered phonograph. The Banshees lost so frequently that it became necessary to scour the lanes and byways of that terror-stricken town of blood and thunder, Fredericton, for more victims. Sometimes these were dragged forcibly from the folds of the Normal School, sometimes even from the bed of pain, the Hospital; and these poor mortals were made to participate in the horrid orgies of the Beavers...

The Banshees seeking revenge, trained in secret on ye olde basketball floor, finally choosing that as their next battleground. Great was the slaughter thereof. A few picked warriors from each side met in mortal combat at first, but this growing tame, the pirates with a bloodcurdling yell, went in en masse for the kill. A furious melee took place till both sides crept off to the lounge to nurse their wounds, the battle being considered a draw in favor of the Banshees. Battle was joined again on the basketball floor a few weeks later, the Beavers posing as Indians, and almost literally scalping the luckless Banshees. After the brawl, Chief Rain-in-the-Face passed round the peace-pipe, occasioning more casualties among the tender Banshees than did all the fighting.

The Beavers attempted to storm the Banshees inner stronghold by means of a Trojan Horse, labelled by the Banshees as a Privy-Coun-

place tomorrow at 2 o'clock from McCattam's Funeral Home, directed by Rev. O. I. Nip, and interment will be made in the Van Buren Garden Cemetery.

SCIENTIST

My brain demands
To know the ultimate...

The apprehended butterfly
Of flitting Beauty
To me is mystery to probe.

I cannot love and let it go,
But fix it on a pin
In the mad's laboratory...

With clumsy instruments
Of reason dissecting
Delicate webs of illusion
I note with scientific satisfaction
Loveliness is a powdered dust
Hiding useful membranes.
FRED COGSWELL.

...cillor, but the attempt failed. The Privy-councillor, after being publicly snubbed and insulted was privately ejected and returned to the inner sanctum of the piratical Beavers, to live out its last years in silent meditation.

But life was not all battle and bruises for the Beavers aboard their crazy craft; sometimes there were long sessions bent over a table, trying to figure out the ship's reckoning by the stars. Enemies will say the Beavers sailed only by guess and by God, and if they ever bent over a table studying, it was cards they were studying in a tense game of cutthroat bridge. But the ship sailed serenely on, and most of the Beavers still clung to it after many a tense bout with the books, so it would appear that some charting of the course must have been done. And now there are shoals and reefs ahead, and the Beavers hear the moaning of the bar, and there is fear and trembling in every heart for the Reef of No-Man's Woe, the term exams, is ahead, and it shall soon be seen how good was their reckoning. Many a jolly buccaneer will be seen no more in these parts, but may the good ship, Beaver Lodge sail steadily on with a goodly party, always flying its black flag.

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