

WELCOME - SUMMER STUDENTS

We are very glad to hear that the campus will be crowded with an estimated 150 to 200 summer students, starting the 3rd of July. Perhaps it will then appear more like a University! This creeping around from deserted building to deserted building is a wee bit depressing on occasion!

Authoritative sources say that of the expected amount, the greater percentage will be men, the lesser, women. Apparently in former times it was very much the reverse and the girls sat around and sunned themselves disconsolately. Now, however, they should have a much better time!

The Beaverbrook Residence is expected to be crowded (let's hope that somebody remembers to wind and set the clock!). Also most available lecture rooms in all buildings, as the emphasis is usually on Arts subjects — special attention being paid to Classics, English and other modern languages, History, etc. We in the Memorial Hall are not likely to see (at close quarters) much of our temporary sisters (and brothers), but it is felt that some of the more enterprising "Joes" will have no difficulty in remedying that situation!

To give them all possible help in this admirable ambition, we of Alexander College, by way of opening our hearts to the Summer School, are giving a Welcoming Dance shortly after the opening of the Session. As yet the exact date is not yet known, but it will be either the 5th or the 6th of July. We are hoping that the President, Faculty, and staff of the University will descend upon our humble entertainment in full force and bestow their approval of our efforts.

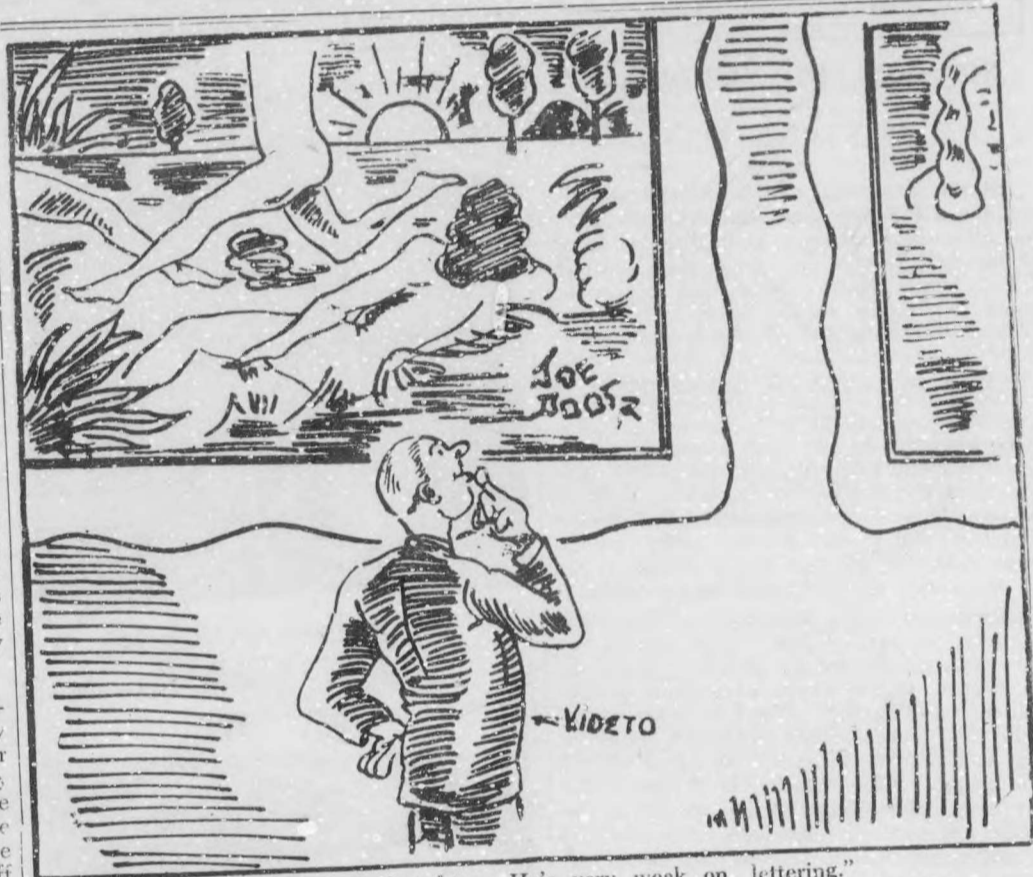
This 'do' will, in all probability, be our last until the formal dance in the Gymnasium on the 12th, after which we have no more entertainment scheduled, as it is considered to be too close (for comfort) to the end of the term, nobody having the time to organize anything. Summer School students have a standing invitation to the formal, naturally, and we of Alexander College are looking forward to seeing a good representation on that date.

Again, let us say: "Welcome, Summer Students!"

WE HOLD A SMOKER

The moon looked down on a weird and wonderful, but happy, scene the other evening when eighty-five members of the Vets' Club gathered to hoist a friendly pint, forget their current worries and sing the good old songs. It was rather reminiscent of the old days in the service, everyone fully enjoying himself from the very first hiss of an opening bottle. The surroundings were ideal, the party being held in the "Queen of the Forest" and "Chickadee" cabins at Woodbridge's Camp. Everyone completely enjoyed the freedom of friendly get-together where they could sing to their hearts' content.

The music was provided by our faithful friend Dr. de Merten as in the case of our last smoker. His magical production of all the old tunes from the shuddering old piano induced even the poorest voices to join heartily in the singing. He really played an indispensable part in the evening's proceedings.



"Just as I thought — He's very weak on lettering."

After he had retired to a corner to give Ritchie some French notes for next year, Les Wright took over the piano, but all he seemed to get out of it was the "Wedding March". Has Snoop been missing something?

Major Parr was there to enjoy the first half of the programme. Dr. Gregg also put in an appearance but, unfortunately, could not stay long. Upon his entrance the boys spontaneously broke into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". The hoarse cries of "Speech!" which followed were diplomatically drowned by Dr. de Merten's pounding out "Allcnette".

Some new altogether different types of parlour game was instituted when some people, tiring of peanuts, began to eat each other's ties. Someone (whom we suspect of being in league with the Tailors' Union) extended this to shirts! As no one but the ties suffered any ill effects we strongly recommend that the Chemistry Department begin research on the manufacture of a new breakfast food from cravats. It might be called "Shredavats" or something.

At any rate, it was a very fine get-together, and we owe the organizers, Mr. Pat Doyle, Mr. Frank Webb, Mr. Lighthbody and Mr. Musclove, a great big "Thank You" for a good job well done. Despite the fears of black-hatted snoopovitch, no one was forced to stay in Crow-Bar Hotel overnight. Perhaps this was due to an accident of geography, but maybe after all the Alexanderites are not the Indians they were reputed to be in last term's "Brunswickan".

Student— "What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

Prof— "The 'Help Wanted' column."

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