

THE FEATURES SHEET

ALLISON

cer team whipped in the first game of the U.N.B. team, although the boys from the boys and there were some fine playing.

Early in the stop from directly the first goal of the game in front of the

and Fitzmaurice were of the U.N.B. team. the return game of the weekend at Sackville of the series Acadia for the collegiate title.

as: Hassell, Morrell, Sandbag, Anderson, Thompson, Baker, Fitzmaurice, Hersey, Maniatis, Mackin-

on Lineup: Framparsey, Knight, Lake, ett, Piercey, Blake, unch.

Scrap

Students are reminded possible to bring one man a U.N.B. student, from 8.30 to 9.30 g. Children are ex-

Swim Club is being All those interested please contact Vic Starr. Besides the netable, a Coeds d, Swim, Canoe and Instruction Period oss Swimming Tests on Period will be



ork . . .

oring system is used. rules that one member plays one of similar the other. One point the winner of the es and one point for the second. Another n for the winner of this makes a possible ts. The results were

Kelly 3; Drummie 2, Patterson 0, Turner 3; Sears 3; Blight 0; Burns 3, MacAulay 0; Jewbigging 0; Wilson n 3. Total Students 8, 14.

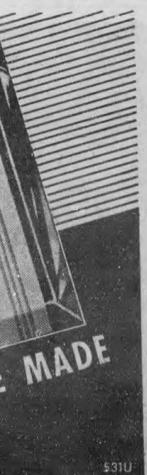
WELDERS

the GAME

UNB

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SIGMA LAMBA BETA RHO

Greetings loyal residents and interested parties. Because of the Thanksgiving week-end, the social whirl dwindled to a few small eddies and the house members turned their attention to home.

Interesting efforts are being made in the field of interior decorating in the residence. Several rooms have sprouted such luxuries as drapes, rugs, extraordinary furniture collections and minor carpentry here and there. The results are very gratifying to the perpetrators of the artistry but not so much to Christine who has to mop around the stuff. Rumor has it that those extra special pix of Marilyn Monroe will be available from certain sources at an exorbitant price. A box of chuckles to the first man who can invent a way to fasten them so they won't come down when struck by a broom. While gathering material for this, I happened to look into room 308 and saw the opposite extreme in taste. This room had been stripped of everything including beds. Even the Esquire girls were gone. I suppose we must excuse the Freshmen for being a little eccentric. Wait till they've been here a year or two.

An old fashioned pancake supper with all the fixin's was served by Mrs. Neilson the other night. As Gerry said, "we had all we could eat." The meal was designed to appeal to Foresters who have infinite capacity for absorbing meals of "staple" foods and beer. (I heard that correctly didn't I?)

Mitton & Co., importers, are opening the year in a familiar manner. There's nothing like broken glass to toughen up the feet. It seems almost pointless to ask it, but who would make a good nomination for a long overdue pool party?

During the evening meal one day last week, a ferocious beast stormed its way into the dining room with mayhem in its eyes. It was heading for a plump juicy Freshman when Mrs. Neilson, with never a thought of personal safety, rushed to the rescue and collared the animal. Its spirit broken, the creature was led from the scene amid cheers for our gallant matron. I wonder what happened to the body of the Freshman we hanged the other day . . .

The new Esquire calenders are out! Let no more be said.

SLABS & EDGINGS

Hey Archie! I just heard a new definition of a flying saucer. What's that Al?

A seagull with its foot caught in a beer can.

While we're on the subject of saucers, my favourite one comes from Marysville. Down that way, two pulpcutters have twice seen a seven-foot saucer land on the edge of the Saint John River. Each time, they say, a little man got out, scooped up water in a shiny pail, and handed it back inside the saucer.

Anybody who ever worked on a farm will immediately understand what the little man was doing. He was watering his horse. Objections to this hypothesis can be easily handled with the following questions and answers:

Q: How would a horse get in a seven-foot saucer?
A: It was a midget horse.
Q: Why didn't the horse get its own water?
A: The horse was driving. He couldn't leave the wheel.

Archie and I happened to be glancing through a magazine the other day and noticed an article on the much publicized report of Dr. Kinsey. Now, we are in no position to question this famed scientist but we came upon some so called facts that, to say the least, astounded us! According to Dr. Kinsey, 81% of the girls by eighteen years of age have, if you will pardon the expression, "petted". He goes on to point out that among single women it is the most popular pastime with, and you'll have to pardon us again, "the opposite sex". Now we want to get down to bare facts and ask all you upstanding gentlemen of this revered Hall of Learning a pertinent question: Do you think our co-eds live up to the facts stated in this report?

The above observation brings this little thought to mind: To-day, mother's little pet might well be called "mother's little petter".

In closing we'd like our readers to remember that once a king, always a king, but once a knight is too often.



U NAME IT

Help! The editor is making nervous wrecks of us. He wants some sort of a title for this so-called article. Please, if you have any brilliant suggestions won't you rescue us from this unmerciful man and send them to us. We're so desperate that they don't even have to be brilliant. Just respectable.

Thanksgiving week-end seems to have tired several of the residents, so consequently, it has taken them the greater part of the week to recuperate. Jane and Diana went to Halifax. Six gals went to Saint John and a carload went up the river, while a few remained to look after the old homestead. It must've been quite a week-end if the many yawns are an indication.

Rumours must be flying around that the girls of the Maggie J. are starving as the postman has been bringing well-meant gifts of molten bread with accompanying verses. As an example of great poetic talent running loose up the hill, may we quote:

If Moses supposes
His tocses are roses
Then open this bread
And all hold your noses.

We would like to thank our mysterious benefactors and rest assured, we appreciate the thought if not the bread.

The budgie has finally moved into the Barn and was unofficially christened Sir Barney de Bird. We're afraid, though that it won't be with us for long if Beth doesn't stop banging it about. Let's face it, Barney, girls have no patience.

We have a new arrival to our group — Claire Douglas finally straggled in a few days ago. We are soon to be honored by the arrival of another post-graduate or so the grape-vine says. The more the merrier!

The other day the girls were shocked to see a man on the sacred precincts of the second floor in the House. But he was just squeezing our hard-earned money from the phone — if only the bread-givers would donate money or a phone. Hint?

Ye olde editor is standing over us with his red pencil so we'll make a quiet exit.

Writer's Workshop

He said he'd meet her on the corner of Main at two o'clock and more people than could ever be imagined. No one cared about the cars, people ran out in front of them, called to one another across the crowded street, men waved cloth and other goods at each other from the doors of their stores. There were mostly clothing goods stores here, tailors, manufacturers, dry goods, ladies wear, every sort you could imagine. There was a Kosher butcher on the other side, the plaque with the red star could be seen even half a block away.

She reached the corner now, it was just two o'clock. Jostled by the crowd she took refuge at the wall of the bank, and by mistake knocked a parcel from a man's arm. He glared at her, cursed her in his own tongue, as she shrank away. She was a little frightened by all this tumult, these strange people.

Suddenly there was a hand on her shoulder. She turned, and all the crowd, the noise, and the movement vanished. In its place she saw him, young and happy, looking at her with the eyes of love, smiling with the smile of the old men, but his mouth laughing as the children; in western garb, but his tight brown curls crowned with the skull cap of his fathers. "Come", he said, and quietly led her through the milling crowd, to a secluded alley.

She stopped, and found herself looking up at a large building in front of her. Carved in the stone over the door were Hebrew letters. The stained glass windows, portrayed the Star of David. It was a new building—but somehow it was ageless. She looked at him, and thought of the children, the old men, the crowds, the laughter, the curses, the old and the new. She suddenly remembered the words her mother had spoken as she had read to her in the evening when she was young: "Wither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Sandra Wilson '55.

Portrait Personalities



Fredericton (Special) — Mr. B. F. Macaulay, Business Manager of UNB, and Secretary to the Senate, is a native of Grand Manan Island, N.B. His first years of high school were spent on Grand Manan and his later years at Rothery Collegiate School. Mr. Macaulay came to UNB from RCS and took Electrical Engineering. While at UNB he was active in varsity football, basketball and track. Upon graduation he went to work for the Bell Telephone Company of Canada in Montreal and Quebec City.

In 1940 Mr. Macaulay joined the Royal Canadian Navy and upon his discharge in 1946 had attained the rank of Lt. Commander. In 1946 he returned to the Bell Telephone Company and remained there until 1951, when in February of that year he came to UNB as Business Manager. Lt. Commander Macaulay became Commanding Officer of the UNTD when he returned to UNB, and held that position for a year and a half.

As Business Manager of UNB, Mr. Macaulay represents the President in the business affairs of the University and directs the financial programme.



Fredericton (Special) — Laurie Coles, vice-president of the SRC, is a Civil Engineering student who arrived indirectly from Summerside, PEI. Laurie went to High School in Summerside, completed his Freshman year at Acadia University and came to UNB as a Sophomore. He was an SRC representative during his intermediate year and in the election race last spring, came out second best which gave him the vice-presidency which he now holds.

As well as being a member of the SRC, Laurie has been connected with various other campus activities and organizations. He has been a member of the UNB Engineering Society for the past three years and this year became its president. Laurie is also a student member of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

The athletic phase of his college career consists primarily of softball, which he plays with the Senior Engineers' Intermural team. He is interested in all other campus sports from a spectator's point of view.

These activities along with the responsibilities of a family—a wife and three children—occupy all his time.

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RELIABLE PRESCRIPTIONS

CRIME AND THE COMMUNITY

A Short Essay To Be Taken With A Grain Of Salt

Much has been written about the destructiveness of crime and of its evil effects upon the community. How many authors have given crime credit for its beneficial effect upon society. Criminologists and social workers paint portraits of crime not in shades of gray but in unrelieved black. The Law attempts to protect society from the criminal and the Humanists attempt to protect the criminal from society. Who, then, recognizes the need for crime to effect a balance within the community?

Pretend for a moment that crime has disintegrated and that society becomes pure and untainted by sin. But what has happened to the community? What shall be done with the jobless? The Lawyer finds himself without a clientel. The Policeman has nothing to occupy his mind as he loiters about the street. The youth worker and the playground supervisor are reduced to playing tiddlywinks with one another as their duty to society dwindles away in the cherubic glances of their young charges. The prison worker releases his inmates and with them goes his daily bread and butter. The sociologist thinks fondly of the past when he could explore with passion the realms of crime and morality within the society. Half of the Psychologist's patients disappear and the Lab worker finds he can no longer corrupt animal life and society for the betterment of Human Affairs. Yes, society is perfect and the poor criminal must go back to the drab, unexciting life among the citizenry.

Now lets look around and see what has happened to morality. Pity the gossip and the prude, for their spark of life and their joy of living has gone. The teacher has lost his greatest source of pride and fulfillment since there is no longer the need to guide young lives into the mold of Conformity. The Church is crowded every Sunday and the Clergy find willing, even anxious ears waiting for the words of wisdom, truth and purity. But what is there to say? Evil has become extinct and the world is saturated with good. What is there to teach the flock? How can they lead them in the ways of righteousness when they can do no wrong? Picture the dilemma of the Evangelist. Here is a man with an enormous sense of moral obligation who has lost all hope of quenching the burning oratorical flame within his soul.

As our moral quilt vanishes, our aspirations toward better things and our greatest inspiration for the Art of our culture vanishes too. The Mona Lisa becomes the portrait of demure young girl who has at last successfully recited her Catechism, Titians work becomes sought after for its ethereal beauty only, and the novels of Mickey Spillane are not to be found under the mattress of a single adolescent. Without conflict, crime and sin, the world has lost three of the greatest contributors to greatness in Literature, Poetry, Art and Drama.

In the absence of crime, society asks the question: "Why better oneself?" Initiative is lost and laxity exerts its powerful grip; smugness and complacency replace corruption.

The pessimist sees only the evil in the world and groans that crime will never be abolished. I say "Thank God."

—(Jane Bennett '54)

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