

READING RUMORS

Look here, Reading Roomers! I for one and you for others were on a wonderful sleigh-ride two weeks ago, sponsored by the Eager Beavers.

Co-Ed activities are going on as usual—badminton, basketball, choral club, swimming, Skiing and Skating are added to the list whenever the weather stops playing coy long enough to permit such activities.

The S. S. S. was a big Success. It was nice to see so many of the Reading Roomers present. And where has Henrietta Bruiser been hiding her charms all year?

There was a good representation of Co-Eds at the final budget meeting. Getting in practice for slashing future household budgets I guess. The S. R. C. should award Betty Price a medal.

Friday the 1st saw the Co-Eds in all their formal finery at the Snow Ball. But why so few? Are the men at this college blind—or just dumb.

Saturday evening Ladies' Varsity met and defeated a "strong" team from Saint John Y. W. C. A. Lightnin' (we'd have to have wings) Harquail and Captain I. O. Law (I. O. for Immovable Object) were outstanding. Yea verily, in the matter of girl's basketball this year things are progressing—things are progressing—

"Has your son's college education been of any value?" "Oh yes! It cured his mother of bragging about him."

For Men Only

Many and varied problems confront the student who enters university at this present time. Our student body has increased enormously during the past year and will continue to do so for a few years to come.

It is known for a fact that many a co-ed has spent four years in university without ever having attended a college dance. Naturally there are some girls who have no particular interest in these things, but by far the majority are more than willing even anxious to attend at least one of these dances a year.

Now since the number of male students so greatly exceeds those of the female students, surely it might be possible for the men to get their heads together and decide to see that every girl who wants to go has an escort for the dance.

Many of you men have spent years at war enduring all sorts of hardships facing all kinds of peril. Many of you have been decorated for bravery in battle—surely that sense of duty which won you medals of honor will not desert when you have to come face to face with one harmless co-ed.

I would like to dedicate these few lines of a poem to these coeds.

(I) I stood at the Gym's high railing And looked at the scene below I watched the graceful dancers As they swayed to the music low And as I gazed upon the scene And heard the trumpets blare My thoughts began to wander To the coed who wasn't there.

(II) Maybe she wasn't so graceful When you met her in the hall You dress her in skirt and sweater You scarcely saw her at all But dress her in silk and satin And put a rose in her hair I'm sure she would surpriss you The coed who wasn't there.

(III) No doubt you've often passed her As she climbed the hill to her class And you might have even thought

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



RENO CYR

This week may we present to you that Senior Civil Engineer, hailing from Grand Falls, Reno Cyr.

Reno this year, is the chief Bunny in the Hutch, or if you want it properly, President of Sigma Lambda Beta Rho. Reno is also an active member of the Newman Club, having been U. N. B's Newman Club delegate to the Dominion Conference last year and Vice-President of the society this year.

But perhaps it is in the sports world that Reno is best known. He has played Varsity Hockey for three years and this year is Captain of the puckmen. Reno managed the Track Team in his Freshman year, and besides being an ace pole vaulter, he is a champion in handball, squash and crap.

However, Reno's time is not all spent in sports for his main pastime this year has been working up and helping Logan with Freshman Math.

(I) to yourself I wouldn't mind meeting that lass. But when the time for the dance came round The vis on faded in air And you didn't even think again Of the coed who wasn't there.

(II) She couldn't very well ask you To take her out for a date No doubt you didn't consider Until it was much too late That often the lowliest flower Breathes forth a perfume rare Indeed you'd enjoy the company Of the coed who wasn't there.

(III) The coed who was there Maj. Jones (exceedingly angry): "So you confess that this unfortunate Freshman was carried to the pool and drenched. Now, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" Sophomore (meekly): "The right leg, sir."



EAGER BEAVER

How it came to pass it shall never be told yet after gazing long at high-riding moon scribe greeted the dawn and approaching task of Kol-U'm with light heart for verily were the happenings of the Lodge many and the Beaverites ardent lovers.

Did not the eager ones enjoy watching game of basket whilst Banshees-of-the-Hill didst charge through battered mades from land of High soon bruised from bang of hip a d flying tackle that Banshees hast practiced on men of Lodge on night of slayride. Or to quote the meekest of the meek in the land of Lodge "Wot girls, wot gams, wot pots, wot pans, wot a night—Huba-beaver." Star of basket game was W. B. Kinnie, affectionately known as Wobbly for short, who from her usual position on floor didst partake of game in great style as Don-the-Yodie didst scream encourage and pledge his troth anew. Verily he hast hadst it! Whilst watching the screaming mass of pulchritude, the Beaver boys beat themselves into a frenzy whilst the Res Dense men chewed "No Smoke" sign off rail in cheap imitation of furry ones and led by big Jerry didst hurl down insults on heads of battling drabags and cry for even more blood.

Verily, dost Eager ones agree more credit is due unto Lightning (you had one wrong) Harquail, seldom heard but often seen as well as Mighty Mouse Mardie who hast led our Virgie on trail of wolf. Yea, was our boy Lushwell Moodie and his brief romance that died a quickie but passionate death a topic of talk and remembrance for leering ones. Verily also hast Kay and Co. turned into Corporation as partnership was outmoded and not large enough.

With a verily dost scribe call unto the Banshees of the Hill to come out of hiding in hills for has not our Bunny sworn off women and the danger being passed, the Beaver boys swear to protect them shouldst he go back on vow.

Yea, didst Daddie, Duke of Dork, receive rebuke from Ham-of-Belling for report on lady of luv in earlier copy who dost write long tabloids of passion pantings resulting in which the Ham dost indulge in orgy of horrid stuff known to the few as study, and Daddie dost drabag well lubricated with oil of Highland teachers across floor in style of dance. Also dost Bruin one

I know its wrong for me to drink Gin, Scotch, and lager clear, In fact to punish me, I think, That I will swear off beer. This short analogy was left in its pure form for that individual Doins who apparently is too lazy or not intelligent enough to figure the rest of the column out—Our other reader does—why don't you try it, son?



I've taken to pipe smoking like a prof to knowledge since I've discovered sweet, cool, mild Picobac.

Picobac THE PICK OF TOBACCO

and Ken, son of John, swear everlasting allegiance to land of Rodent Raze whilst crying in unrationed brew over results of For Mal drabag quest.

From out of the dark night came a screaming horde of Beavers clad in raiment of sleep to practise game of basket for conquest over Banshees who hast accepted challenge for game. Yea, to keep Banshees from learning secret play dost Beavers wait for midnight hour to practise game and concoct secret brews for revival of men dashed aside by the wild-eyed banshees lusting for coat of fur. Yea, quoting Hermanology from land of Kaveentz, dost Beavers take up cry:

I know its wrong for me to drink Gin, Scotch, and lager clear, In fact to punish me, I think, That I will swear off beer.

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As the moon again ascends into the vanishing light and the draught runs low, scribe must off and seek out the sound of flicking pasteboards that continues into the bewitching hour and beyond and to comfort the luckless ones who with hearty cry in dregs call forth the wrath of the Great One upon themselves for their eve of futile folly.

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