

U. N. B'ers

By PAT RITCHIE

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Wright have announced the engagement of their daughter, Eileen Louise, to William H. Stranks, Ottawa. The wedding will take place on Dec. 18th.

Eileen was of the class of '43, and took a leading part in all college activities during her four years up the hill.

Tracy MacFarlane '42 is Forest Engineer with the Anglo-American Pulp and Paper Company in Forestville, Quebec. Mrs. MacFarlane, (nee Helen Founds) and their daughter, Tracy Lynn are living in Moncton.

A wedding of much interest took place on Friday, November 9, at Penniac, N. B., when Rita Olive Nealis, Fredericton, and Chester Vincent Wade, Penniac, were married. "Chub" is of the class of '48, and is Secretary-Treasurer of his Class.

Dave McDonald, ex '46, is working with the Department of Transport near Fredericton. Dave was manager of the Boxing Team up the hill last year.

Robert Grant of Baltimore, Maryland, is in Fredericton visiting friends. Bob is a graduate of U. N. B. Class '42 and has recently been discharged from the Army.

OUCH!!

It seems that a lion and a lioness were wending their weary way through the jungle one day when they noticed six little gnus proceeding in the opposite direction.

"I'm hungry," said the lioness. "I'd like those gnus for supper."

"Okay," replied her mate, "if that's what you want you shall have them."

Without further ado, the King of the jungle then proceeded to kill the poor unfortunate gnus. When he had finished, he turned to the lioness and exclaimed in a deep, stentorian voice:

"That is the end of the gnus. The time is now 10.15 Daylight Saving Time.—Manitoban.

ROUGE ET NOIR

Everything was fine until Shirley and Bob decided that they didn't see eye to eye on all subjects. The contagion spread to Audrey and Bert too. How about it, girls? Anyhow it was all patched up for the trip home. Barb and Pete cooed happily together all the while.

Speaking of spats, it was noticeable that Ed and Spud were having a bit of a family quarrel at the game. Getting in shape for bigger and better ones, kids?

Postponing the formal givas Johnny Lawrence another week to stall around. He's still available girls. "Last-minute Lawrence" is his other name.

Despite what we saw in Sackville, things are not all what they seem. Barb and Jim Ross have made the latest pair. We hope it will last.

Ask Pat Wright, Pat Ritchie, May Dohane and Betty Montleth why they were so hoarse when they reached Sackville. If only someone had a recording machine along to get their renditions of the old U. N. B. favorites.

And ask one of those Pat's why she and Dave had a little argument. Oh these handsome lieutenants!

Attention Stuart Baxter: You'd better watch Hot Pants at the formal. You might end up with the same trouble as Cammon—horse-phobia.

\$64 QUESTION
Who are the two freshmen in Fleming's math class who have a correspondent's course? Can it be love notes?

Tch! Tch! Effie!

Another Look

(Continued from page one)
which protect the rest of us. Under such circumstances their standard of living is not below ours.

(2)—The Japanese send money out of the country, back to Japan. ANSWER:—a negligible amount only. (Statistics prove this).

(3)—The Japanese teach their children Japanese culture and speech at home. ANSWER:—The schools and universities also teach foreign languages. It's a land of free speech in any language. Japanese children attend Canadian schools, and learn our language and ways of life. They can study both if they want to—their average I. Q. is higher than ours.

(4)—The Japanese in Canada conducted espionage during the war. ANSWER:—No Japanese was convicted of it. There is no proof. Surely they were watched closely enough. We know just how closely some of our own "foreigners" were watched!

(5)—In fifty years we have failed to assimilate the Japanese. They still remain a problem. ANSWER:—This fact is accepted as essentially true. Look at the rest of your arguments, ideas held by a supposedly average and representative young Canadian,—and answer that one yourself!

Why go on? We had a debate on our hands. It was our job of the moment to find arguments that

could not be refuted. (That phrase "right or wrong" keeps popping into my thoughts). Here is our main argument, and the one I used in my rebuttal against all the points raised by our opponents. "We have failed (and note the word 'we') to assimilate the Japanese in the past fifty years, since they first started immigrating. Why not kick them out now, when there is little chance of anyone kicking us in return?"

(While the Japanese are "down", as one might say).

There you have the crop I harvested from the raising of that particular seed of thought. My colleague in the debate most considerably refrained from saying "I told you so". As all students know, it takes more than a mere "telling" by someone else to make a lasting impression. Nevertheless, one thing leads to another. One question or problem is similar to many others. Are we taking sufficient interest in prob-

lems such as this, which were brought up by student organization which is showing us, in this way among others, that at least their members are interested in more than personal comfort, eating and sleeping. I notice with no little amusement that "right or wrong", this question is still "up".

Would it not be to our advantage if more such subjects were brought up and discussed? There are too many of us who are inclined to think and say that it does not matter. Someone else will settle the Canadian-Jap problem. Someone else will settle the problem of control of the atom bomb. As Dr. DeMerten's lawyer might say, someone else will settle the election.

Why bother? You say these things lead to wars? So what? There be another war anyway. I didn't do so badly in the last one. Always a place to sleep. No money troubles. No rent, no taxes, and we didn't have to worry about what color of tie to wear.

I can just imagine one group of students looking up and saying "Hey! that's a crack at us!" It may be, but after all, why bother? It is too late now, the thing is in print. In any case, this is one group that I feel qualified to take a crack at.

And yet, I know the feeling. It was my feeling when I saw the banks of the St. Lawrence on Labor day. Not so long ago? Maybe not, but the students of economics could run the country. Here was one boy who was going to dodge all that, and become a student of science. Simple! Just as simple as the little matter of the Japanese in Canada. Just none of my business.

All I want is my maintenance grant. (From the government), my gratuities (from the government), a house to live in (under the National Housing Scheme, if possible), and to live peacefully, (in a peace kept for me by the Government of the world). To be able to enjoy life a bit, get in some hunting, (once the Government can ease the wartime shortage of rifle cartridges), and generally live on what I can get.

Perhaps I can do it, if the government succeeds in keeping prices down.

Who wants to be bothered finding out who or what constitutes this so-called Government? What is it going to do next, and how can we

have any say?

Who did you think of on November the eleventh? To whom did it seem that you were always in danger, in the front line, risking your life to 'save' us up? Who starved and suffered and died while we lived and ate? Who was tortured and persecuted while we said what we pleased about whatever we pleased, and if anyone did not like it, call on the police to protect us?

As Dr. DeMerten says, (quote)—"This is far from the Jap of the beginning, and yet pretty close to the problem, except for those who do not wish to see what is before their eyes" unquote). We have people to act, reason to act, means whereby we can act. A few people, too few, have seen this. So we have student organizations, study clubs, veterans organizations, political organizations and the Church, to name only some of them.

Are we, also, going to see what is before our eyes?

D. A. Benson

A man went to see a friend of his who was in the hospital, and inquired what had brought him there.

"Well, it happened this way," said the sick man weakly. "I tried to kiss the hotel chamber-maid and she busted a vessel". "Then why ain't she in the hospital instead of you?"

"She busted the darn thing on my head".

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