

Chips—

Pat Clair, ex-'45, is in the Royal Canadian Engineers and has just completed an aerial photographer's course at Halifax. Pat will be returning as a Junior Forester when the war is over.

Lieut. J. R. White, ex-'43, is now on the Western Front. He left U. N. B. and joined the Forestry Corps. After being in England for two years, he transferred to the Infantry and came back to Brockville for his commission. He arrived back in England in December of last year and is now on the Western Front. Best of luck, Rupert.

William Henderson, '44, is working for the Great Lakes Paper Co. and is at Fort William, Ontario.

Lt. H. P. Saunders

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to contribute to his success as an officer, a fact which seemed assured during his four years in the U. N. B. Canadian Officer's Training Corps. Following training in Canada, came more training in England, and then the Continent last summer, with action in Holland and Germany until now.

To his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Saunders, formerly of New Brunswick, and family, of Calgary, and especially his wife, Mrs. Saunders, the Brunswickan, on behalf of the University of New Brunswick, the Faculty, his Class of '42, and the Students, extend deep and sincere sympathy at this time. We honour his memory and are humbled by his sacrifice.

Time for Action

(Continued from page five)

dynamic energy to see those ideals put into effect.

I would like to see all three major political parties so dominated by young people that they would truly represent the ideals of young men and women and honestly seek after their energetic fulfillment. If we can get that kind of domination we will see a complete rejuvenation to the Canadian political scene.

And that change will only come when every young Canadian is ready to take his active part in Canadian politics.

So your brother is a painter, eh? Yep. Paints houses, I presume. Nope—paints men and women. Oh, I see—a portrait painter. Nope—paints women on one door and men on the other.

UNDER THE BRANCHES

To date that ever lively Forestry Faculty has been neglected in this column. Why? It is obvious that this is memorable because the Foresters do not deign to mix with the common herd, superior beings that they are; so we are proposing to give you an infinitesimal insight into the darker side of our local Bushmen's chapter. Any similarity to persons or places herein mentioned is definitely not purely fictional and coincidental. This is from the shoulder with a blunt axe. We hope you like it but we don't particularly care if you do. ALLONS !!!

The Bunny Hutch dance was, by far, "The Dance of the Year" in any man's language. Decorations, Music, Program, Food and stacks of Femmes, went to make up a truly delightful time. Thanks to Uffie Anderson and Committee for the best time in years.

Bill Martin and Mary Lawson were looking just too cuddly for words and who's to blame either of them... Dick Mallory looking gay with young Vonnie... Ken MacKenzie and Eric Teed really "enjoying" themselves in the pool room...

A senior civil, from the ridiculous to the sublime... I never danced with so many good dancers. M-M-M-m-m-m!... War shipwreck's table without a light deliberately planned so that he could be nice and confidential to his Smart Date? Perhaps if all the lights were absent the idea would have amounted to something...

You broke the rules of the House, Harry, even tho' it was just a quick trip to the second floor... Ed Reid put up a valiant, but futile fight to keep from a ducking in the pool for snitching an extra pie.

The novel "ash tray" on the Fettes-Young table. I'll bet you do not dare tell the gals the truth, boys... Ted Owens, the only "foreigner" at the Bunny Dance, was very welcome in so far as his socio-s date was acceptable to all concerned. Ted's O. K., too!!!... The boys had to be very diplomatic in explaining to the gals why there could only be one Bunny on the raft instead of three. Tsk, tsk!!

Gl'd to have you on the team, Doc. What's the use of a needle without thread, Jim? You big stoop. A man of your experience should be better trained.

Young, Lewis and a telephone pole on Queen St. Was it 190 o'clock, boys?

Which curious freshette is falling in love with whom? What's the scene, Jack?

Flemming: Did you forget your brains, Jeans?

Jean's: There's nothing the matter with you, Flemming, that a zipper wouldn't fix.

We couldn't quite understand Dale Wade's action at Chatham last week. Rushing into the room after a call party he began to scrub his mouth furiously with soap and water. Didn't you trust her, Dale? That was very touching at the

Bus Terminal, Pat! Helen certainly put oomph in the S. C. M.

Me thinks the Fua Prom should have been called "Mon prom." It looks as though "mercenary" stands for '46.

We think it was a "bon coup" to nick those "cheap skates" who avoided the check room.

We have it from good authority that Mr. Cwens objects to the above remarks. Ouch!!

Varsity does it again. Another game was cancelled. Consolations to Manager Skippy Ayers.

The Student Body hopes the girls' basketball team enjoyed the vacation it paid for. Better luck next time, gals!!

Harry MacEachern believes in sharing other people's wealth. One night it is Ed's girl friend; the next, Lis guitar.

Have Fettes, Evans, Carter, Johnson nothing better to do than sit in Staples' on Saturday night? What quality admits Evans to this austere company of Foresters?... We can't explain the look in Duffie's eye. He doesn't look the type but a wolf's a wolf in any woman's language. Tsk, tsk! Darrel.

We have heard that Ben has in some way procured a key to the back door of the Normal School. We thought those were class rooms, Ben.

We understand that Carter's interest in the diamond business is on the VERGE of reaching a climax. Why do you expect her back from Newy—John?

Our special Forestry student, Pelton, must be having a wonderful time, as he seems to have a perpetual hang-over.

WHO does Slim think he is to refuse a drink of good home-brew from a friend? The friend's subsequent condition proved him wrong.

We ask Forester McLeod if one woman is not enough for one man. But three... well!!

After several campus beauties turned up with chapped lips, Mr. Hirtle was prevailed on to shave off his upper lip. You wouldn't believe it, would you?

Miss Roy stands up very well under Forestry profanity but it is left to Freshman Rogers to uphold her social life.

FLASH!! As we write we are not surprised to see C. David Steinhart leading Miss Ritchie tenderly across the treacherous ice by her dainty hand. He stifles laboriously

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