

An Unpleasant Reminder

We know your opinion of people who bring up the topic of exams. When supposedly there is still a lot of time before the fatal hour. But this article is we think worthy of attention.

There is a dormant seed in every man. Perhaps in every woman too, if anyone could say anything for certain about women. But in men, yes. It's old. A survival from the time when Homo Sapiens used to inhabit the Banyan tree with the chimpanzees in the primeval jungle. The insidious processes of civilization have rendered this left-over from the dim past as superfluous as the appendix and, occasionally, as troublesome. Both these survivals from the human past have arrived in the twentieth century to find no useful work to do. The appendix has been usurped of its functions by the super-health frying pan. The other has been similarly usurped by the circumstance that the wide open spaces of yesterday have become the well-mapped and thoroughly congested city tenements of today.

Still, and at least once in every man's lifetime, something happens to reawaken the dormant function and, when that happens, the whole vociferous chorus of morality, of practicability, of social respectability rise in unison and raucously shout it down. Those voices cry: settle down, be sensible, act your age, what will the neighbors say, what about your future, your family? Settle down and be sensible.

Sensible! What cold blooded crimes have not been perpetrated upon art, upon the imagination, upon suffering mankind in the holy name of sensibility!

But back to the superfluous appendage. They are small things that reawaken it. So small and so accidental that no one can hope to be on guard against them. A bar of music from some house you passed on a leaf-strewn lane, a movie travelogue, a photo in the rotogravure section, a freighter in the harbor, a string of rusty red freight cars on a side track all loaded for some far off corner of the earth, a certain sunset, or just autumn. Those voices, disturbers of the peace, are everywhere, especially in the autumn, and when they get a direct line to the dormant chimpanzee, you might as well give in; it does no good to fight back.

Just in case some esteemed and intelligent reader is wondering what all this is leading up to, let him wonder no more. It's leading up to

the fact that brother Ezra isn't going to do so well with his examinations this Christmas. And this piece is an unashamed intercession in Ezra's behalf. Will the gentlemen who set the examinations, and those who mark them, please read and admit what follows on the grounds of compassionate and extenuating circumstances.

It's not that Ezra is stupid, or mentally torpid. A minute portion of the long list of tight scrapes Ezra's been into and out of during his time would more than suffice to establish the contrary. The trouble is of another order.

Ezra sits down to work at 6.30 and he goes to it hard until 7.32. He goes at it with all the verve and application any student ever put into studying. And then it happens—every night at 7.32. And when it does, the rest of the evening is shot.

What does Associate Professor know about the lights of a little town Ezra saw from ten thousand feet? And Professor True, so true; of physics he knows a great deal. But precisely what does this man know about the moan of a nightwind in the pine in a corner of Canada's Northland where Ezra spent last summer? And Dr. Ask him what it feels like to have a pair of jack boots on your feet and feel the solid Laurentian Plateau under your soles and the restlessness of a gold prospector everywhere else. Ask Dr. and see if he can conjure up a differential equation for that!

What do all these Doctors, Professors and writers of books know of wanderlust? It wouldn't be difficult to fix things up for Ezra. You see, at 7.32 every evening, a freight train thunders by under the very nose of the house Ezra rents an attic in. It's had enough that it merely goes by. What makes it really ruinous is that the engineer has to blow his whistle. And what a whistle! Good old North American note. Nothing like it in the whole world. It wrenches Ezra's soul out of the snuff box he tries to keep it confined in and then you might as well throw and—right into Lake Ontario. When that whistle blows Ezra's resolve to become an educated man vanishes into thin air and he's off flying bombers over Africa, thumbing rides on No. 2 highway and reading railway time tables.

So there's the story, Mr. Examiner. Ezra isn't dull but if somebody

CAMPUS CO-EDS

KILROY (Who is Here)

Although the space above is commonly occupied by a picture of one of our Senior Co-eds, we think it only fitting that this week we should devote a few inches of copy to the elusive, illustrious, personage known as Kilroy.

Perhaps to some it does not seem correct to put Kilroy on the co-ed page; but we are sure that this character personally will not object. This is even more evident when we consider the bountiful goodness which he has showered upon the female members of U. N. B.

From dawn 'til dusk he is with us. We stagger up the hill, through the fog and cold morning air with barely two seconds to make an eight o'clock Latin lecture. We dash up the stairs to get our Latin Text from our locker, after searching frantically for the key, we discover a small note in neat handwriting—"Kilroy Was Here." We go to the lecture without our Latin Book.

We rush home at noon and inquire if there has been any mail; we discover there WERE five letters but Kilroy has hidden them (as a joke, of course).

In the afternoons, we climb eagerly up to Labs. As we go to look for our instrument case, we discover that HE also had a lab and got there first.

All evening we wait anxiously for the phone to ring. We whizz up to the Library for ten minutes, come home, and find that "Kilroy called."

Just the other day we heard, so we thought, one of the co-eds say, "I was out with Kilroy last night!" We hasten to ask what Kilroy looks like etc., etc. "Oh no, I said Kilroy!" We can't win!

So, to Kilroy we have just one word of reproach: "We like your tactics but we don't like your face." "How do we know what you look like? Why because the co-eds have wonderful imaginations?"

doesn't tell that train to stay away from his door, or at least give out with his Beep-beeps a mile or two further down the track, I'm afraid Ezra's going to have no alternative but to make some terrible marks this Christmas and disappoint the president, the D. V. A. and everyone else that ever had any faith in Ezra's rehabilitation.

What Do You Think?

(Editor's Note: The following article appeared in "the local paper". We would appreciate any comments which our readers see fit to make. As this page is supposedly devoted to the female members of U. N. B. we think the item worthy of our attention. Any opinions may be put in the Brunswickan box in the library.)

(By FRED KERNER)

Canadian Press Staff Writer

As the hunt for pulchritude on the college campus swings across the Dominion, it has become apparent that beauty is where you find it.

Today there were learned shouts of "Eureka!" at the University of Toronto as the Species Male at Varsity claimed they too had found "it" and loudly proclaimed the charm, taste, beauty and assorted social assets of Toronto's girls.

This followed hot upon challenges and counter-challenges at camp west of the Great Lakes earlier in the week when seven Saskatchewan natives attending University of British Columbia complained about an "absence of beauty" at U. B. C. Within a matter of hours a beauty contest was arranged for Nov. 16 at Vancouver with Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba and of course, U. B. C. girls competing.

It may have been prompted by the failure of the Harvard "campus queen vs. show girls" contest; it may have been a crafty co-ed attempt to swing the boys' attention away from fast-approaching Sadie Hawkins' week.

Whatever the impetus, it landed smack in the middle of last-minute—in some cases, hysterical—plugging for semester-end exams and few students took the philosophical attitude of one R. C. A. F. veteran at U. of T., who said, "When you're at university age, they all look beautiful."

There was no agreement at University of Alberta last night. There rumors quickly spread that girls at (Continued on Page Seven)

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

Not from womanly intuition, nor from particularly uncanny powers of observation, but from just plain ordinary abilities of discernment are we of this column able to notice and appreciate, mind you, the very essence of supreme masculinity and intelligence which finds embodiment in the male populace of our university.

Yet it seems strange and rather incongruous that these men who possess every attribute should behave in such a manner as to create a veritable old maids' home within the environs of our campus.

Harken! There sounds from the distance a strange roar which seems to issue from many throats. In words it goes something like this: "And what, oh venches, is so strange and incongruous about our actions. Is it possible that our pleasure is your displeasure?"

Commiseration it is such that Grecian gods upon pedestals standing are so plagued by the proverbial mote that they, unlike their ardent entreaters, fail to observe the abundance of potentialities ever present in the nucleus of our college—the Ladies' Reading Room. But perforce compensation is partially found in the very probable fact that these infallible overlords are in some measure blameless because they don't happen to possess the so necessary aesthetic virtue.

We need not counsel, our campus males, indeed, it will not be necessary for us to urge that they rally their senses, their splendid selves, to prevent the "wasting of roses on the desert air" for surely they will perceive the great waste ere long.

On the other hand we seek not to impart but to reimpress with determined vigor upon the minds of U. N. B.'s most worthy men and undoubtedly immortal line:

"A kissed mouth loses no savour but is renewed like the moon"— Our hearts beat very rapidly now (Continued on Page Seven)

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) Campus Observer, withheld by request)

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