

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



Margaret Vince

Another Senior gal is our Campus Personality this week, lively Margaret Vince.

Margaret came to U. N. B. last year as a Freshie-Junior from the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Halifax, and immediately entered into the full swing of the campus activities.

For two years Margaret, with her long shots, has played on the Ladies' Basketball Team. This year she spends even more time down in the gym, handing out birds, making up schedules, and efficiently managing the Badminton Club. But all her time for sports isn't spent indoors for Marg is a keen skater and skier.

Margaret is equally at home on the stage as on the gym floor. We won't soon forget her superb portrayal of Lorraine in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" last year, or her fluttery role as Aunt Martha, who had such a knack for making poison, in last term's "Arsenic and Old Lace".

Last year Marg debated for the Delta Rho against Acadia, and she was also a staunch member of the International Relations Club. This year, Marg can always be seen putting up notices for the Newman Club as she is Secretary-Treasurer of that society.

For all these extra-curricular activities, Margaret is a top Arts student with high honors in French and English, and she can often be found plugging away in the Library.

Just 'Fore Co-Ed Week

(With apologies to "Little William")

Mother calls me Junior, the girls all call me sweet.

The professors call me stupid, but the fellows say I'm "neat".

Mighty glad I'm not a girl—rather de a man—

Without that rouge and lipstick that girls use when'er they can.

Love to play at poker, and often shoot some crap.

Hate to have to survey, and mark thing on a map.

"Most all the time, the whole year round, I'm foot-loose and fancy-free.

But just 'fore Co-Ed Week I'm as nice as I can be.

I never bother much with girls, seldom take them out.

Never think about them, don't know they're about.

I go to all the dances stag, just stand and look around.

Go to movies with the boys, or just take a walk down town.

Girls don't know how to talk, they haven't got a clue.

They build you up, and let you down, and leave you feeling blue.

So I am just collegiate, because I go to U. N. B.

But just 'fore Co-Ed Week, I'm as nice as I can be.

One Co-Ed Week I thought I'd be a real Lone-Wolf man.

And so I schemed and thought of a good foolproof plan:

If the telephone should ring for me, my landlady would say

"That I was out, or I was ill, or I was called away."

Because, I said, with 'most girls it's just trouble that they bring.

The plan was fine, the only trouble was—the telephone didn't ring.

Now you have heard my little tale, and now you can see

Why just 'fore Co-Ed Week I'm as nice as I can be!

The bottled perfume that Willie sent

Was highly displeasing to Millicent, Her thanks were so cold

They quizzed, I'm told, 'Bout that silly scent Willie sent

Millicent. . . .



EAGER BEAVER

And it came to pass that with the coming of the new moon that rose high on wings of night, didst the

Furry ones again set out to make unto themselves a name after a quiet week.

Didst not Arnold, the Paul Revere of the Beavers, ride all night and part of the day to bring the long awaited news that all had waited for, "La Bats is in", and with a mighty roar didst the beavers in all raiments and conveyances pour out of the Lodge in never ending streams to lay up store of the casks and kegs of the cherished brew that is well and truly named the universal salve, for does it not heal all ailments, even that of heartbreak.

Lo, has it not come to the ears of the scribe that our Bill, son of the smithy, hast made approaches unto babe with the greatest tuning range of an amateur radio set whilst Olli-merse was seen in the land of Staples where he purchased a new lease on life in the shapely form of a

horrid babe, who yea, like all her kind, cast evil eye on our fair one.

Verily, didst not, "Close the window or throw a blanket over me" Cartier known as "Luvver" to the many, quote Hebrews 13-8 at each meal and many were the ones who didst recall said passage for were the Beavers not virtuous and righteous men. Was not the end of the week sad and full of lamentation for many Banshee light of life hadst gone to far off lands to do battle with the enemy. Wild reports have circulated to the effect that the Beavers hast carved such a place in the hearts of the Banshees that they prefer to play only them and have agreed to lose each game till they conquer the Beavers.

However with some mice away dost certain Beavers play, free of the shackles that binds them to the mades for it is net right that many furry pelts adorn the deep, dark, depths of the Banshees abode. Lo, have some of the Beavers been sacrificed to the Banshees that those who remain may be free. On this we comment in the words of the meekest of the meek as he was seen dragging that which was meant to be sat upon home from a date and saying, "Wot a lovely way to die."

Did not a great delegation from the "Prowled-off-Wick" come unto the shrine of the patron Eager Beaver bearing many gifts and flags of ancient vintage to find out the cause of the true Beaver spirit that prevails throughout the Lodge. For a nominal fee the Beavers will give lessons in collich

Farewell To Eager Beaver

By Mardie

And it came to pass—as the scribe hath done—

That Eager Beaver, the Mighty One,

Didst abandon his pen, and from public look

Withdraweth the words of the Sacred Book.

And from this day forward, the Land of Lodge

Upholdeth the maxim—the age-old adage—

"Silence is golden"—mysterious too—

The deeds of the Great One fast fade from view.

But a cry hath arisen, "Awake and Be Wise!"

The Eager Beaver hath opened our eyes.

Ye age-old established traditions—Beware!

The denizens plot in their mystery-cloaked lair.

For their fame hath spread to a foreign land,

Being carried there by a tiny band Of invaders returning. The Mighty One nods

To the mades of the Hill and the Mount of the Gods.

'Twas the Emcee of Fria presented the prize,

A little piak censored of suitable size,

Could be used as a hat, to the Beaver to doff

And now with a "verily", scribe must off.

spirit which seems to be in rationed quantities.

Verily not to be outdone by Banshee week hast the Beavers decided upon a Beaver week and great plans are now under way and with the gnashing of incisors dost Beavers plan to pick pinup girl from amongst Banshees. It is said that Banshees from land of Connecticut have inside track with Beavers for are they not like rose among thorns.

With a verily scribe puts an end to carvings on the walls of Lodge for hast not the column had its day, and from land of Lodge dost news cease to come in form of Eager Beaver. Before we say goodbye we part with the words of the immortal Eager Beaver who sayeth—

"Unto Gaily is due great credit, unto Charlotta, great thanx for this space; and, Ye, of Doins, either remove back of lap from proverbial seat or bury column deeper in mire that already surroundeth it. Huby, Huby,—Long live the Beavers." Thanx—Scribe.

"Why do you call your wife Pegasus?"

"Well, Pegasus was an immortal horse and my wife is an immortal nag."

St. Peter (to newest arrival): "How did you get up here?"

Latest arrival: "Flu."

Impressions

The latest design in trains, the Fredericton Flyer, geslights and all, shuffled into Fredericton with four anxious and excited co-eds.

After being greeted by Dr. Thompson, we started off on the right foot by changing our shoes on the station platform and then sent cut a searching party for a customs officer.

After finally getting settled in our respective houses, we were welcomed at the Lady Beaverbrook Residence with the good old American greeting, "Hubba, Hubba!"

We felt right at home!

After an introduction to U. N. B. with Saturday afternoon tea at the Greggs and that super basketball game, it's been one whirl of tea dances, movies and sleigh rides (Canada and U. N. B. are tops with us.)

We like the informality of U. N. B. Smoking in classes is unheard of at Connecticut.

Many enjoyable moments are spent with the Co-eds in the Ladies' Reading Room around a bridge table!

Lectures at U. N. B. are very interesting—Dr. Bailey's stimulating discussion groups—Dr. Pacey's guest, Dr. Smith, who clarified T. S. Eliot for us—schools of Philosophy by Dr. Stewart—and last but not least, Dr. Thompson's psychological tests. We find the library, with the Hatheway collection and Archives, very interesting.

Going up the hill on a windy morning reminds us of movies of the Arctic Circle.

These are our impressions. Everybody is wonderful!

—Reta, Louise, Elaine and Arlene.

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WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



A Dentist?

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