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Face Facts, Frosh!

Upperclassmen took for granted that your class would engender the type of class spirit prevalent on the U.N.B. campus in the old days. However, your recent efforts have served only to enervate the whole student body. We are completely disappointed in you!

You have just elected a class president. We would venture to suggest that 95 per cent of your class are not aware of this fact. Your president, elected by acclamation, is John Bishop, a graduate of Fredericton High School. Fortunately, you selected an individual who is capable of administering your affairs properly. Unfortunately, your present rate of activity would suggest that you are not going to have anything to administer.

An acclamation is not a healthy state of affairs. Six of seven positions in your class are still vacant. Still to be selected are Class Vice-President, Class Secretary, and four S.R.C. Representatives. Of course, if you are not interested in electing your own class officers and accepting your S.R.C. responsibilities we are positive that the rest of the student body would still be able to function without you.

We've managed to do it in the past and we can do it again. If you are not willing to accept your responsibilities, then it is not fair to the rest of the student body for you to participate in and take advantage of all student functions. The S.R.C. spent \$600.00 for your benefit at the first of the year. Apparently, it was a poor investment.

Possibly, you may think that this editorial is too harsh for you. It is not. It is meant to exacerbate you into action. Unless you nominate a number of candidates for each class vacancy then you have forfeited your right to participate in class activities.

You can easily remedy the situation by handing in your written nominations to Syd Forbes for the various positions of your class NOW. As the youngest group of the younger generation represented on the campus you can show the upperclassmen what is meant by class spirit. If you do not accept this then you will become flocculent gophers. In short, Wake up and Smarten up!

The S. R. C.

Although it may not be general knowledge, there is a small indescribable and opinionated group of campus notables who, under the cover of night's blackness, assemble almost weekly in the Forestry Building for a usually glib interchange of discussion on sometimes vital but mostly inconsequential matters. Worthy of citation among the many peculiarities of this faction are their unruliness, a semblance of organization, the pre-eminence of certain of their number, and possibly the variety and inconstancy of types who are to be found there. In addition, there seems to have been some agreement

reached as to a commonly acceptable name, for that most used is "The Students Representatives Council," which is sometimes abbreviated to read S.R.C.

At first sight, one might assume that it was merely an informal gathering which had come about perhaps after the putting down of a minor insurrection, but closer observation reveals an absence of any such fired enthusiasm or eventual organization. For not only is there no attempt at proper procedure, but moreover, opinions expressed show no mutual purpose and are sometimes directed to an individual rather than to the group as a whole. Somewhat in the nature of a directive force is one bright young man who constantly reminds his discursive fellows of the subject under discussion, and by times requests a show of hands or an expression of opinion on various subjects, before the matter is dropped.

Another first impression is that favorable one which one retains after having assisted at one of these sessions. The almost staccato sequence of clever remarks and weighty opinions is enough to leave one breathless with admiration. However, this awe is quickly dispelled at the second session, and even made laughable at the third, for it becomes apparent that the opinions are merely repeated, in different order and sometimes under the guise of new phrasing.

One is amazed to learn that measures adopted as being practical or practicable by this loose assembly are sometimes absorbed into the code of regulations governing student activities at the University. It is indeed fortunate that such a group has become incorporated into our college scheme, for on consideration it becomes obvious that such a body is entirely essential. Perhaps with the introduction of some radical reform and regulated pruning of membership, the group might be converted into a useful and even indispensable part of our institution.

Retaliation

By MARY GOAN

I wonder how many of those who will read this story live in a small town, or maybe a village? There are so many of these small towns and villages making up our Canadian countryside, all the way from Devon, Marysville, Oromocto, Hampton—to the many scattered over the vast areas of the west and 'Upper Canada'.

A small town is a lovely place to live—that is if you can stand your social life to be discussed at every meeting of the Women's Institute; who the new visitor is at the Joneses; and where everyone knows how much Mrs. Smith paid for her new hat before Mr. Smith does. A small town is a place where everyone rushes out the minute the fire alarm rings—if they are lucky enough to have a fire truck; where they still have 'bees' for building and for making quilts. In a small town or village, the children don't have to worry which school they live nearest to, for they are all near enough to go to the same one. There they learn the 'three R's', and there the teacher has Friday night dances to raise money for the Junior Red Cross.

But what leads to a happier life than that of a small town—the skating on the village rink or by the bonfire on the river; the ball-games and arguments at the sandlot; the children playing in the multi-colored piles of autumn leaves; the early bursts on the surrounding hillsides.

But here I rather get off the path—but at least you have the background of this story—that of a boy and his childhood sweetheart, Betsy.

Let's call the boy Charles Murray Arthur. Well Charles Murray Arthur and Betsy were really devoted to each other; they were companions, for they both lived on the same big farm just beyond the white church on the hill. But Charles Murray Arthur grew up and went away to boarding school. Finally he reached that awful stage where his parents decided he should go to college—and strangely enough he went to U.N.B.

By now Betsy had blossomed into the full beauty of early womanhood. Her eyes were brown and dreamy; she had beautiful honey blonde hair, and her shapely ankles were a joy to behold. But Betsy's heart was heavy, her beloved Charles Murray Arthur was being untrue to her. While she remained at home—patiently waiting him

TED BEDARD, popular left-wing and captain of last year's Varsity hockey team will be seen in the livery of the Fredericton Capitals

to return each day from classes—Charles Murray Arthur was going astray. Yes, Charles Murray Arthur had fallen, and saddest of all to Betsy, he had fallen into the clutches of one of those females who never let go—a Co-ed. But still Charles Murray Arthur was kind and considerate to Betsy. He still called at her house every evening, giving her his loving attention. Alas! Betsy sensed it was a divided attention. Would he forsake her—a smalltown girl for a COED who studied about prehistoric man and the nature of the atom? Time would tell?

Time did tell—and Betsy knew that she was losing the battle, for one Sunday, Charles Murray Arthur brought the Co-ed over to meet his folks. When he dropped in that evening before supper, Betsy knew that his mind was not on her—he was humming a little tune and was very absent-minded; he did not stay long, but said good-night in his usual way.

Not long after, word got around that Charles Murray Arthur and his folks were going to sell the farm and move. Betsy felt that her world had come to an end—now she and Charles Murray Arthur would not even see each other as often as they did in the old days. The day of the sale finally came around there were a large number of people present; it was a fine autumn day, and the high old house stood on the hill with the gay splashes of colored maples on the slopes beyond. Some of the fellows from U.N.B. stopped at the sale, and among them was Charles Murray Arthur's new friend—the CO-ED. Let's call her 'Queenie' (there's no one up here called Queenie is there?)

Of course now, Queenie knew a number of Charles Murray Arthur's friends, and as they all stood talking, someone rather carelessly mentioned Betsy. At this Queenie promptly spoke up, wanting to meet her, since she was an old flame of Charles Murray Arthur's.

Poor Charles Murray Arthur, he had hoped to spare Betsy this one more blow, for only last evening she had told him how much she was going to miss him. However, Queenie insisted on meeting her and the introductions were finally made. Queenie acknowledged them gracefully enough, but poor Betsy was speechless. You see, Betsy was a Jersey Cow.

this season. Ted, who hails from North Bay is instructing at the Forest Fanger School.

LAW SCHOOL NEWS & VIEWS

When this appears in The Brunswickan the big Law School Ball will be a thought in the past but be a reality a few days hence. Plans have been arranged to have plenty of refreshments (Oscar wants to know what kind before he buys his ticket—) and speaking of tickets Ted Gilbert has his hands full trying to convince everyone they should sell at least two each. We suggest he gets together the faculty and offer marks as bonus prizes. We have had it from a fairly reliable source that the Fall Formal has been postponed till a later date. If this is so we hope to see lots of our friends from the hillside at our own Ball.

Last week, Eric Young and Ervina O'Brine attended the debating conference in Halifax where the schedule of debates for the coming year was drawn up. The Law School will participate in one before Christmas and two after. The competition on the slate consists of St. Thomas, St. Dunstan, and King's. Already debating plans at the Law School are crystallizing and from the look of things it should be a successful year. Two worthy additions from last year's successful team up the Hill are Ed Fanjoy and Hal Stafford.

NEWS IN BRIEF

(By the Man with an Imagination) A possibility that a Royal Commission may be set up by local broadcasting interests is foreseen due to the appearance on the campus of an ingenious P.A. system, set up unofficially by one of the Residence members.

If an employment slump hits Canada, one of the first projects planned by the Provincial Government is the painting of Bobbie Burns, a well-known figure in the capital city.

A rumour that a rival newspaper is to be set up on the campus seems to have been taken rather seriously, as The Brunswickan Managing Board hired (acquired to S.R.C. Treasurer) the services of several prominent pre-law students to handle the case, should the threat of competition become a reality.

U.N.B. is one of the only colleges in Canada with a "Band" but no drum majorette. No one has the white boots.

The "Greatest Burlesque in Eastern Canada" (Red 'n' Black Revue), has obtained the services of an anonymous Miss who has promised to put on a strip-tease act. Jerry Bell seems to be delighted with the enthusiasm the cast showed when this was mentioned at the rehearsal held over the week-end.

The story that Foresters have been attending Prof. Cattley's Classics and Latin lectures seems to have some basis for truth. Although the men in question have not been identified, there is good reason to suppose that sooner or later they will be found out when they have to write essays in Latin—something in which only ARTS students excel.

Bud Abbott has volunteered to give tutoring in the use of the transit if a large number of students so desire.

Midst cheers and applause, Miss Whimpster met her French class for the first time last week, after a recent illness which forced her to drop lecturing temporarily.

The UNB trip to the Marshes went off with a bang, and the team got the student support which everyone has been crying for but forgot to give previously.

They say that we're getting Mounties for the Fall Formal because they look so cute. (Editor's note: Mounties—no relation to Marsh rats).

No incidents of rioting or undue alarms ushered from the Girls' Residence on Halloween night, but daring plans afoot went haywire when the word got around to the boys that a blockade had been set up in anticipation of "marauders."

Debaters Debate Privy Council

The second meeting of the debating Society was held yesterday last, under chairmanship of Brian Guntensberger. The resolution: "That appeal to the Privy Council from the Court of Canada should be abolished," went off as scheduled. The Society was honored with the presence of Dr. Trueman with the conclusion of the debate very welcome critical analysis of each of the new debaters.

It was decided that on November 8, two old and new members will contest. "That the Christmas exam be abolished," will be the topic. Those interested in the Society cordially invited to the lecture room at the above time.

Further discussion centered around the admittance of Teachers' students into the forthcoming Parliament sessions. Discussion was left to the members chosen for this matter, or not these students through a "screen-test" their abilities in the field. It was suggested that teachers are only seeking to the Model Parliament politics. Mr. Hay in the "number who attend Parliament from Teachers' be limited to five. After debate, Mr. Guntensberger amendment to continue motion: "and that candidates would choose to not more than three parties in the party in power, more than one in each of the parties in opposition."

The Varsity Singers will perform at the Memorial Hall at 8:15 Tuesday, November 8. Those who are interested and want to come to a meeting at 8:15. Women are especially needed, on, Girls!

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