

BROWN

as the whistle for

Acadia started the second half when she under on a pass from Harquall quickly a lay-up on a pass an 18-14 for U. N. B. called time.

on for Harquall who try. She set MacLag- ice pass under the as the whistle for time went.

left. Bearists for e for Long, Pickard on fous, Ritchie MacLaglan ended U. g with a lay-up and d as the whistle went. Final score: 26-

J. N. B. 13; MacLaglan, f. 2; Long, f.; Golding, Wylie, g.; Pickard, f.; aristo, g.; Moores, g. Acadia.

Walker; Lockhart, Donald, 6; Stevens, k; Hawkes; Edge-

et Summary

's Events.

y—1st, U. N. B. and 3rd, Dalhousie.

1st, L. Pelton, U. N. Acadia; 3rd, Reade,

—1st, Powers, Dal.; Acadia; 3rd, Cottin-

—1st, U. N. B.; 2nd, alhousie.

—1st, G. Noble, U. N. Acadia; 3rd, Emith,

—1st, Pelton, U. N. E. Acadia. (tied); 3rd,

—1st, Steeves, Aca- ngham, U. N. B.; 3rd, usie.

—1st, Noble, U. N. B.; Acadia; 3rd, Ried, Dal.

—1st, Dawley, Acadia; U. N. B.; 3rd, Seaman.

—1st, U. N. B.; 2nd, alhousie.

Q. Worthen, U. N. B.; ing, Acadia; 3rd, Pow-

en's Events.

y—1st, Acadia; 2nd, U. N. B.

t, Titus, Acadia; 2nd, Dal.; 3rd, MacNair, U.

—1st, Kibley, Acadia; U. N. B.; 3rd, Snuggs.

—1st, Major, Dal.; 2nd, s; 3rd, McGibbon, U.

—1st, Churchill, Aca- off, Dal.; 3rd, McGib-

—1st, McKinley, Aca- lies, U. N. B.; 3rd,

—1st, Acadia; 3rd, U. N. B.

Stewart, Acadia; 2nd,

and the game ends. 6-26 for U. N. B.

U. N. B. Raines; Campbell, 4; Herland, 7; Hanson, 5; King; Smith.

Mt. A. Ketchum, 21; Ander- s; Cameron 3; Bus- 2; Ashford.

was broadcast through of James S. Neill, over



CO-EDS' FEATURE



Just A Thought

We take a history course and learn that the emancipation of women occurred at such and such a date in the history of the world. The word emancipation has a very vague meaning which can be found in any good dictionary—"the act of setting free or releasing". This definition is not very concrete and the use of the word by writers of history text books is correspondingly abstract. Women have been set free in a political sense in that they have the power to vote. They are no longer (in theory at least) regarded as weak, silly creatures whom men must protect from the cruelty and wickedness of the world. They now wield power, as indeed they have always done, but in more varied spheres. However as career girls, superficially successful and secure their ambition is frequently merely

a compensation for some lack in their emotional life. They wish to stand on equal terms with men, yet in the very fact of their inequality they are different. Woman's place is in the home" is an old adage often quoted (by men) but with reservations it is true. Every woman, whether she will admit it to herself or others, wants a home and children. Yet if she has this, she perhaps feels that she is being deprived of the very thing for which her grandmother fought. She then becomes a frustrated dictator in her own small world.

Undoubtedly women now have more "power" than their great grandmothers; but how are they to use this? Power alone does not make happiness or success; the events of the last hundreds of years have shown this our age has seen progress in all fields—science, technology, industry and infinitum. But essentially our emotions do not differ greatly from those of primitive problems. In the realm of hu-

man relations, psychology and sociology have posed solutions but only tentative ones. Why do so many feel that life is a muddle? Time has slipped out of our hands and raced on before us.

During the past war, women played important roles, if not actively, at least passively. They kept the home fires burning, they were embodiments of the ideal for which men thought they were fighting. Women wrote letters to their fathers and sons, husbands and sweethearts, expressing concretely things they had never put in words, now however the war is over.

Ibson's Nora slammed the door upon a life of hypocrisy and deluded happiness, a strange yet courageous act for her time. But where did she go from there? Ibson did not tell us—he did not know, and neither do we, when we read the play, know where Nora or ourselves are heading. The influence of women, whether behind the scenes or in the bright glare of the footlights, is growing and will continue to grow. A small world is no longer necessarily a safe one, we have seen that. We also know that the more equality women have had, the healthier society has been and the reverse is inevitably true. In Germany and Japan, where fascism was (or is) not a word but an idol, women were thrust back into the feudal role of childbearing kitchen slaves, who had no voice and supposedly no power or will to think independently. But women are essentially sympathetic, this is a quality which can do much to teach the future generations that a different creed or color is not synonymous with hate and intolerance. They have also a capacity to endure pain and surely nothing worthwhile has ever been achieved without suffering. We admit that women must be feminine (and we equate beauty and femininity), but we do not mean the clinging vine type of woman. Beauty and brains is a combination hard to surpass.

Hasti-Notes

Well, gals, there hasn't been much gossip on this page lately and while we wouldn't exactly call what follows "gossip" we thought you might like to catch up on the latest news. So we curled up on the window seat and hid behind the curtains. This is what we heard!

That Betty Price, ex '48 is now a sophomore at the University of Toronto, and Don Moore '49 U. N. B. became engaged at Christmas. Everyone who was "up the hill" last year remembers Bet and will wish she and Don all the happiness in the world. And while we're on the subject of engagements, Ralph Miller '49 presented Muriel Wilkins '49 with a gorgeous hunk of ice before the Junior Dance last week. Best of luck, kids!

That the Bar '48 was definitely "the dance" of the year. Even the Juniors enjoyed themselves. The floor show was a "huge success" especially the chorus line (riff!) and the singing, gum-chewing barnmaids (or did you think so?)

That the two Connecticut co-eds had arrived. The girls have all been anxious to meet this year's exchange students. Finally Mary Lou Casey and Isobel Bosch came into the Reading Room. We had a short talk with them; and from the number of social events we've seen them at, we're sure they'll like U. N. B.

That the "Con" was expected to be the biggest and best the campus has yet seen. The air of secrecy has everyone on tiptoe (even those who aren't going). Elsie has been rushing around for weeks saying "you'll find out" and whispering to Nancy and Patsy. By the time this column reaches you, the hush-hush affair will be a pleasant memory so (to change the tense) we hope you all had a super time. Incidentally we also heard one co-ed exclaim (we'll reveal no names): "Fally this is my senior year and my last Con, why can't I ask someone to take me?" (but after thinking a moment) "There's no one to ask." Tsk, tsk. We thought there were supposed to be 1306 men on the campus.

Be sure and see "Our Town". The Dramatic Society has put a great deal of time and effort into making this year's play a success. See you there—we'll be sitting on one of the step ladders!

Spring Poetry a la Jig-Saw

This su%ed poem I wrote In 10der +oration, Let me reiter8, my dear, List 2 my supplication. What if 5 told you countless times My un+ed devotion, A love 6wain cannot withhold Gay Cupid's b9 potion. & so I'm . . . ing off this song With desol8ing passion, 4 give me, if 5 raved 2 long In this low 'n fashion. Like blessing; fire, my heart Now where what 10der bliss is, I'm smit10, Kid, so 'n now, Accept my 0000 and XXXXXX

Wife: "You're not the man I married!" Husband (hopefully): "You think you could find him?"

Compliments of Margolian's Lower Price Store 338 Queen St., F'ton, N. B.

Why Do You Read

If you were to ask the average individual off the campus: "Why do you read a book?" he would stare at you blankly or regard you as slightly insane. The variety of answers would be astonishing. A Babbit would say that he read a book because everyone else was reading it—it was a "best seller" (it would be pointless to analyze what a best seller is but obviously it is something that sells the best). An adolescence high school girl would say "because it's such a beautiful love story", and there you are.

But ask a college student the same question and ten to one he'll answer in words to this effect: "Professor So-And-So put it on the required reading list for his course, I want to pass the course so read the book". Now we're not preaching a crusade or harranging professors, but why do we feel that we can only read what we are told to read? The answer to this would probably be that there is only time to read the books which are required (including text books which are usually dry). It seems to have been forgotten that reading is intended to give pleasure not to be drudgery. Entering college most of us had read the standard, conventional children's books. Is our reading to stop there. Some of the greatest writers of the world are not included in college courses. Many wise men have said that they could gain as much knowledge from four years of reading as from four years of regular college curricula. We should not leave college with a narrow view of human culture, such as is encompassed in the number of credits required for a degree. We should have acquired, if not a knowledge of the great authors, at least a desire to become acquainted with their works sometime in the future.

ALARM CLOCK

When we are sleeping in our beds—the grim, relentless clock—starts ringing loudly in our ears and gives us such a shock—it says "Come on, you lazy thing—and don't hesitate!" — Oh, how we hate that cruel clock—especially when we are cold—we have to leave our cozy beds and do just as we are told, and face the bleak realities that crowd upon the mind—begin the day and leave our rozy dream land far behind . . . And Life's like that—we think that we're secure and safe and warm—and suddenly we find we've got to face the strife and storm—Some trouble comes along and gives us such a nasty knock—Just like the rude awakening of that fiendish thing—the clock!

SUCCESS

Success is speaking words of praise, in cheering other people's ways, In doing just the best you can With every task and every plan. It's silence when your speech would hurt, Politeness when your neighbor's curt, It's deafness when the scandal flows And sympathy with others' woes, It's loyalty when duty calls, It's courage when disaster falls, It's patience when the hours are long, It's found in laughter and song. It's in the silent time of prayer in happiness and in despair, In all of life and nothing less We find the thing we call success.

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