

U. N. B'ers
By PAT RITCHIE

The wedding of Wren Constance K. Irwin and Sub-Lieut Ralph A. Ayers which took place at St. David's Anglican Church, Wales, Ont., on Jan. 9th is of much interest to U. N. B'ers. "Skippy" graduated from the hill in '45. Skippy has recently been discharged from the Navy, and is now on a test course with the General Electric Company, in Schenectady, N. Y.

Friends of Kathleen Beil '45 will be pleased to know that she has passed her Probation period in Montreal General Hospital and has received her cap.

Arnie Gerrish '45 is with the N. B. Telephone Company in Saint John.

Ed Reid '45 is in the Infantry and is with the occupational Forces in Europ.

Bob Neilson ex '45 is a staff reporter with the Toronto Star in Toronto. Joe was Sports Editor of the Brunswickian in '42-'43.

Al Corey ex '46 has been discharged from the Navy, and Ersel Corey ex '47 has recently returned from Hong Kong.

Among the ex U. N. B'ers attending the Snow Ball on Friday were Gordie Sipson and Jud Adams '45, Joan Ross ex '48, and Lieut. and Mrs. Donald Duncan ex '46.

Editor's Note

The Story BNFC Noticerefer, which appeared on page six of last week's issue has aroused unfavorable comment among our readers both on the campus and elsewhere. The article was not premeditated, but was written after the deadline for that week's issue, since another story had not come through. There was no malice intended in the article. The Editor and the author apologise for the breach of journalism.

ROUGE ET NOIR

It would seem that my few words of advice to the character next door didn't have much effect. But give Golly enough rope and he'll hang himself. Last week he made some remarks that make Walter Winchell sound like a loving mother when sonny comes home from college (with his degree). A few more of those, and . . .

To get back to my own little back-biting, Dorothy (Dix) Loughlin has plans for little Cecil, but he didn't seem to catch on at the sleigh ride. Mary Dohaney is still right in there.

And was I ever lonesome at the rink last Monday night. It seems that all gay young blades at U. N. B. are very interested in the right approach to the problems of marriage. Perhaps I should give a lecture, what with the things I've seen.

What was in the air at the Snow Ball that caused such an abundance of would-be vocalists to turn up? Practically every second person on the floor had a try. Some were good, Ralph Libbey for example, and some were . . . (I've been told not to use that word)

"Clueless Clark", as he is known among the third-floor gang, was pushing around a smooth red-haired fog-eater at the formal. And he had her out Saturday night after the game, too. How do you suppose he rated that?

Shirley Tracey was at the Snow Ball with another man, Dave Worthen, to be exact. What happened Ron? Is the old line wearing out. Send for my booklet on How to Woo Red-heads if you think some outside assistance would help.

It was nice to see that we really didn't need the amplifying system Friday night. Jerry Merrit had Joan up from the foggy city just in case of mechanical difficulties.

Did the hill look too steep for you, Jeannie? Or was the ratio of 45 men to 5 women not high enough for you Stick around a little

longer next time, the skinnings swell. Among the missing at the formal:

Al Cameron . . . said he was getting t-o-o-o old for that sort of thing. We-e-ell now, look at it this way . . .

J. B. M. Baxter . . . as usual. Eric Teed . . . at least that is what Elsie Peterson thought.

Jug Weyman . . . time you found another, John.

Bill Gibson . . . something about the little red-head going to New York on furlough.

Betty Dougherty was wearing an orchid. What does that mean Dal? Most of the gals only rate roses.

And here's a little story that came to me via the Ghost Town society column; entitled "Taken for a Ride":

Nancy McNair entertained a few friends quietly last Monday evening with a sleigh ride.

We assembled early in eager anticipation, and gave forth with hearty cheers upon arrival of one horse shay. We guests were all comfortably seated, when, to everyone's consternation, it was discovered that three of those present were Conservatives. These, we immediately sent home with threatening glances. The remainder of our happy throng then set forth on a wild ride which had only one serious mishap. This occurred when Elgee admitted that his uncle in Quebec had voted Bloc Populaire.

Just as we were finishing the 73rd chorus of "Vive les Liberales" the sleigh pulled up -beside the McNair residence. We rushed into the warmth of indoors (it had been a cold ride . . . with a few notable exceptions) and gathered in the speaker's chamber where covers were laid for the required number. Afterwards, a delicious supper was served (toasted sandwiches Five Cents extra).

Later in the evening we proceeded to leave. The slayers were escorted to the door by their hostess, and before leaving, each of us was

BULL SESSION
by GOLLY

Golly fools you . . .

Credit where its due . . .

Give thanks to;

Henry Durost . . . gives Golly this opportunity.

Al Cameron . . . gives Students lights and ice.

Ted Owens . . . A good guy who tries hard.

Eric Teed . . . steps, paths, weird ideas and one dance.

The President . . . a great man for a big job.

Joe Sears . . . campus improvements. Veterans Housing Committee . . . make every Vets wife a housekeeper.

S. C. M. sponsors much needed lecture series.

Scribe . . . best column here.

Ski Club . . . best idea of the term.

Seniors . . . food at the rink.

Faculty . . . no lectures are good lectures--after a formal.

Librarians . . . silence and more silence (we hope).

Snoop . . . fills up two columns we might have to write.

So! A College

(Continued from page two)

States. Canada doesn't foster music like other countries do. Musicians (capable ones) are scarce. In a near by city of approximately 60,000 inhabitants there are approximately five trumpeters, three trombonists, two bassists, and ten saxophonists. This situation is prevalent in all Maritime cities.

At present the Merry Makers orchestra employs one of the finest lead trumpeters in the Maritimes (I'm not kidding). He comes from Ontario and has played professionally

presented with a special fur-lined edition of "Retardation in the Maritimes".

After that contribution, and with a final "brackk" to Golly, "Adoo adoo, kind friends, adoo!"

Yours spitefully
Snoop

Have You Read

(Continued from page four)

tragic end, when Charlotte suffered a contusion of the clavicle whilst skiing on the treacherous slopes of Moncton's Magnetic Hill. ("She thought she was going up when she was going down," the grief stricken Stanchion explained, and was forced to retire from public life.

I will leave the remainder of this very excellent (if I may be permitted a tiny redundancy) book to the reader's curiosity. I might say that those who would rather not have two of Dr. Askew's monographs lying around the house for \$2.00 may buy the large economy size for the same price. No Stanchion partisan, nor any student of literature, can afford to miss Dr. Askew's book!

al trumpet for years. Unfortunately he is a soldier, not a student. If we were to form a college orchestra, men like him would be hard to replace.

The facts of the matter are that musical education in Canada needs a good shaking up. Toronto, the Prairie Provinces, and Vancouver, B. C. have made great strides, but waves wash up, the fog horn blows and the Maritimes still sleep.

To sum up this little article I greatly regret to say that I doubt very much if you can muster enough capable musicians out of our 900 students to form an orchestra. Amen!

P. S. If you think I'm wrong, write me in care of The Brunswickian.

The Major and the Minor

Weekly Question Box.

Dear Nuc: "I once heard a lecturer say that nudism is a page torn from the book of life. What do you suppose he meant?"—Mrs. Sippy.
Well, the leaf is certainly missing.



J. H. FLEMING

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