

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

One thing that I have noticed about U. N. B., especially this year, is that despite the fact that so many of the students are willing to criticize the Brunswickan, few are willing to help. Since this is your college paper, you go, indeed, have the right to voice your opinion. But wouldn't it be better if, instead of merely sitting back and talking, you were to pitch in and offer suggestions or tell us where you believe there is room for improvement. (Believe us, there is!)

The editor and his staff have a tough job on their hands. If you think it is easy to publish a paper which must attempt to please fourteen hundred students, come down to the Brunswickan office in McMurray's any day of the week from Tuesday to Friday—you'll see haunted looking characters rushing around like mad trying to do a dozen things at once. We firmly believe that by the end of the year, there will be a large increase in the number of inmates in the red brick buildings across the bridge in Fairville. Although it is an exacting job, demanding a great deal of time, the Brunswickan staff work willingly. They are all volunteers. They realize that they must, in eight small pages (and 40 per cent of that space is taken up with advertising) cover the numerous activities of a college whose enrollment is about the largest in the Maritimes, where every day there are new and startling changes.

Alexander College is another headache. Not only must we report on events up the hill, but we must also attempt to give the five hundred odd freshman their full share of the spotlight. This is especially difficult when we have not as yet had much opportunity to become acquainted with the class of '50 (it was too dark at the tennis court), instead of having the freshman class sheltered under our protecting wing, it is separated from us by miles of railway track.

There has been much criticism of Snoop. You wanted it back (your voting last spring proved that), so now you've got it. What are you going to do about it? In a college the size of U. N. B., it is practically impossible to mention everyone's name in such a column. The writer or writers (I must not reveal any secrets, but honestly I don't know who writes it), do their best to include what gossip etc., they think will appeal to the majority of stu-

THE C. M. U. B. S.

Did you know that within the sacred confines of our university, there has recently come into being an organization whose activities are definitely subversive. This group calls itself the College Men's Union of Baby Sitters; they are drawn together by a common desire to enable the poor little housewife and mother to have some free time.

The constitution of the league, announced last night at a special meeting of the S. R. C. states:

- (1) "We the undersigned hereby declare ourselves to be the originals College Men's Union of Baby Sitters; we shall henceforth be known simply as the C. M. U. B. S.;
 - (2) "Our evenings and all spare time shall be devoted to the care and entertainment of any young children whose parents may desire our services;
 - (3) "Our maximum wage level shall be set at one dollar an hour, but each member may charge whatever fee he thinks fair, provided he does not go above the slated maximum;
 - (4) "Membership in our union may be obtained only when the candidate shows himself worthy to be trusted with the care of the future citizens of Canada;
 - (5) "No member shall at any time for any reason, desecrate his sacred trust by holding riotous parties, etc., in the residence of the parents whose child he is tending. This provision shall be rigidly enforced."
- It is indeed a critical situation! Consider the number of men who will be taken out of circulation by this society. Surely you realize that most college boys would actually prefer to spend a quiet evening in a

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dent's. If you have any suggestions as to how this column could be made more representative, come forward. You won't hurt our feelings, not even an Atom bomb would now!

As for the feature page and co-ed page, the editors will be literally overjoyed to receive contributions. If you think you can write for heaven's sake sit down and try. We will publish almost anything! (there are exceptions). Among fourteen hundred students, there must surely be some with literary leanings. So come on, friend, learn!

The Brunswickan will be a truly good college paper only if everyone helps. Instead of muttering comments to the person sitting next to you in class, speak up! Tell us to our faces what you think. We promise that you won't be shot at sunrise!

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



MARY LAWSON

This week we would like to present Mary Lawson, outstanding as the first female president of the Chemical Society.

Mary came "up the hill" from Fredericton High School four years ago and in her second year was vice-president of her class, as well as a member of the War Effort Committee in the last year of its functioning as such.

In her Junior year she was manager of the Ladies' Basketball Team and it bears mentioning that coach Ryan stated in his own enthusiastic way, "She was one of the very best managers I've had."

Although not a first liner in any particular sport, Mary takes an interest in all of them, one of the very small percentage of students with college spirit.

For four years Mary has been an active, though not acting member of the Dramatic Society and for the same length of time a member of the Furnishing Committee of the Ladies Reading Room.

Besides these extra curricular activities, Mary finds time to take five labs, an odd lecture, and to have an occasional game of bridge.

Although a registered straight science student, her course seems to have wavered towards the Applied Sciences, and she can frequently be found haunting the Forestry Building.

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INTELLIGENCE?

One day about a million years ago an ape was swinging lazily along several hundred yards behind the tribe. He came to an open space in the trees and saw the tribe swinging from bough to bough half way around the circle. He suddenly decided to catch up, so he took the shortest route which was across the open glade. He arrived before the others and had time for a rest. This ape continued to cross glades by foot for the rest of his life and taught his children to do the same. If that lazy ape had not tried to cross the glade, we should still be taking the long way round and enjoying it. We would be as carefree and irresponsible as new-born babes. Instead of that, to quote Tennyson, who was a most advanced ape in his own life, we "follow knowledge like a sinking star". Men sweat and suffer for a life-time to find a short cut to something which they would enjoy doing the long way.

In this age only the wealthy people go south in the winter. The others stay in the cold and envy the lucky few. A million years ago, everybody went south in the winter and basked in the sun.

One day a descendant of that first ape had a brilliant idea. One of the corners of his square wheel had broken off his car. He noticed it rolled faster without the corner, so he cut off all the corners and made it round. He speeded up his life with this invention. This bit of intelligence alone kills ten thousand people in the United States every year.

In ancient times a girl did not worry if she became plump. She didn't go on a diet of rusks and lettuce nor did she do Swedish drill or take Turkish baths. She was happy no matter how fat she got. The men liked her better that way anyhow. The ladies did not cry out that the general health of the nation was declining.

Today the lawyers have two big meal tickets. They are divorce cases and disputed wills. Both were unknown a million years ago. If a man didn't like his wife he got rid of her and somebody else beat her into sub-

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

Hello everyone. It was quite obvious that we didn't make it last week—anyhow we're here now.

With the orders of our "chief" implanted firmly in our minds, we tripped down to the football field last, cold, Thursday afternoon to witness the effort of fifteen stalwart U. N. B. er's. As the temperature cooled so did our enthusiasm. However we did manage to interview various people and get some idea of the practices...

The season's best bet... Bill Price... our choice and the manager's... Their opinion...

Nini Gibson. "I like No. 9 in the wine sweater, myself". Jim Gibson. "They might beat Mt. A."

Len Morgan. "I don't know." Bob Clark. "Mighty fine."

After a brief wait, Coach Ryan himself roared onto the field. We got his opinion of the team and although time and space do not permit us to print the whole text, here is a brief resume:

"Why in a university of fourteen hundred, there can't be more than seventeen or eighteen men turning out for football is a mystery. However with time I think we can whip up a good team. What we have is good material although there should

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mission before she had time to sue for alimony.

Everything a man owned was buried with him, so that his relatives never fought over his belongings and nobody worried about inheritance tax.

Scientists say that the appendix is the most harmful and restless organ in the human body. I say that the brain is far more harmful. It breeds greed and hatred and envy—all three we could do without.

I believe intelligence is the greatest barrier to Utopia. Away with intelligence and let all swing around the glade again.

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