

# LOWER SLOBBOVIAN

## THE APRIL FOOL'S



## BRUNSWICKAN

VOL. 67

No. 26

FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1948

Price Seven Cents Per Week

# UNB TO HAVE NEW 16 PAGE DAILY Beaverdam Supplies Cash And Newsprint



WHAT HAVE A STUDENT'S REP HERE - ?  
MY G-D ! THEY'LL KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING !!

The Managing Board of the Brunswickan together with Lord Beaverdam are laying plans to publish a 16-page daily paper for UNB next year. A new building is to be built on the hill to house the offices and the printing establishment.

Lord Beaverdam with other non-Canadian investors are setting up a \$69,000,000 paper mill at Leperville on the Bay of Fundy to supply the *NEW BRUNSWICKAN* with newsprint. The new mill will get its power from the Pass-medaddy tidelands project which is being developed for this purpose.

In a statement to the Brunswickan today Lord Beaverdam said, "Although I have just retired I still like to have something to do for a hobby. Some people collect stamps, but I like to see my hobby have some effect on the country. I am sure that a daily Brunswickan can instill into the future leaders of this province a sense of Empire responsibility and a feeling of conservative tradition. This is my hobby to keep me from being bored in my old age."

Strangely enough Lord Beaverdam as sponsor and owner, together with the SRC, of the paper has insisted that the editor and reporters must be socialists. "They see things," he said. He has refused to take an executive position on the paper due to his age, but he has consented to "advise" when necessary.

The news of this development has been kept back from the daily press in order to make a scoop for the Brunswickan although one CBC news report did make a mistake and released part of the story on the 8 a. m. news broadcast Wednesday morning.

## Fram Ar Co-Respondent In Lower Slobbovia

From SLOBBOVIATED PRASS  
SASS AGENCY, SASKOV, ROSHA.  
-Crittings and solutions, fallow paz-zants! In kipping with our slogan, "All the news that fits, we print," I'm telling you that all the news that fits today iss good! The rav-olution iss at hand! Biffore sonn sats again, contry of Canada will be in turmoil thoss paving way for our agents to take over contry. Thess our government, the dirty dawgs, will hev nawther twalve milyun free slaves at thar back und call.

In this contry today, iss not safe to be laft winger. That iss why as I write this despatch my life iss being in grave danger. Things are being so toff that anyone who iss laft handed iss looked upon with moch sospi-shun. South of the border, govern-ment committees are invastigating into the activities of laft fielders in

There will be a full staff meeting of the Brunswickan next Monday night, April 5, at 7:45 somewhere in the Arts Building. Would the members of the Managing Board please be there by 7:20 to select a Business Manager for next year.

This is not an April Fool.  
VERNON MULLEN.

Editor-in-Chief.

major bazeball liggs.  
Thoss our government, the mizer-niks, will shortly take over hyar und than it will not be safe for laft or right wingers alike, hecoz the scound-els in our government believ in freedom, freedom from oppeshtun, laftand right alike. If our govern-ment doesn't act soon, we will shur-ly to be laft behind, lat me tal you!

Our lousy government iss being halped maintenshunally by the yel-low bourgeois prass. Av'ry day the prass iss accusin somm innocerent fallow of being member of our no-torious movement. The awther day, fallow who writes for local blat in village of Saskabush iss accusng somm hewniversity stoogents of be-ing fallow travellers. Iss sacriladgel Stoogents caacerned have no clooz of what iss being fallow traveller in first place. Whoever iss hearing of engineers who are knowing signifi-cance of word "laft" acksept when applied to a military march? Is great joke, I'm telling you!

Of cuss, thar iss story gung with it. It seems somm uncivil engineers are gattng Christmas tree and one daythey are noticing somm scoundels are removing same und burning it. Biffore you can say Rasputin Sapa-rov, uncivils are accusing members of shyster collidge of hijacking thar tree. What follows shouldn't be hap-pening in homelard. U ncivils are  
(Continued on page seven)

## Spring Delayed As Robins Banned

U. S. Border, April 1, LSP, (Lower Slobboviated Prass). -

The RCMP today cleared up the season's biggest mystery when they revealed that they had had secret orders from Ottawa to detain all robins at the Canada-Untied States border.

In line with other recent Ottawa memoranda, this ("Hold that robin!") order is designed to prevent all Reds from entering our free-en'prise country. Commissioner Woodenhead told reporters that the government was determined not to allow any one with the slightest leftist tendencies to cross the border.

(It is reported that a flock of robins had been flying northward with wings clenched in a salute toward MossCow).

No direct statement concerning the number of robins detained has been issued, but inside sources de-clare that the number reaches into the thousands. Another problem which the RCMP has tossed into the Cabinet's lap is what should be done with the birds, whose upkeep is ap-parently costing Canadian taxpayers thousands of dollars each week. There is talk of a Royal Commission being set up to investigate.

Now that Robin Redbreast has been excluded from Canada, unoffi-cial report has it that next to come under the ban will be the carrier pigeon. Government officials fear that these birds may be used as messengers by the treasonous left-wingers.



5-348

from Daily Ubysses





THE WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Est. 1867 Member, Canadian University Press

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DEFERRED

Vol. 67 Fredericton, N. B., March 24, 1948 No. 25

ARE WE FIT TO SURVIVE?

This is our annual April Fool's issue. We have the usual nonsense in it which is not to be taken seriously.

Three years ago today most of the students at UNB were scattered all over the earth's surface, in the air, under the sea, in the mud, in prison camps.

Ask almost any veteran today at UNB and you will find that in spite of his romantic memories of some excitement and adventures in the service he would not want to go through it again.

Are we, the young men of this country, going to be driven into another war that will mean certain death to millions of us and destruction to our countries?

We read every day in the newspapers how the countries of the world are lining up on sides and growling at each other.

This is a plea for our lives. Why cannot the leaders of the larger nations of the world come to a full peace agreement for the future as well as the past?

During the last war we were led to believe that we were fighting an ideological war. "We are battling for freedom against totalitarianism," our propaganda said.

EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS BETTER FOR A HOBBY. Learn what New Brunswick is going to encourage handicrafts among its peoples. EVERY TUESDAY eve at 7.30 NATIVE NEW BRUNSWICK HANDICRAFTS are discussed on CFNB.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES. "Now there's a pretty picture" "Mmm... a perfect Sweet Cap silhouette." "The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

THANKS. We wish to thank our staff members for their assistance in putting out the Brunswickan this year. We congratulate Murray Jones who has been recommended by the Managing Board to the SRC as Editor next year and we wish him luck.

People in the United States are now calling for General McArthur to return from Japan and run for President. The American people have made McArthur a hero almost to be worshipped. How long would it take for him or some other strong popular figure to convince the easily swayed American people that a great emergency existed and that he should have more powers as President?



Murder

Everyone knows that the dumb one gets caught longer to feel the few that was not smart nor awful caught. I tell you this graph first to find out in order to guess the idea

How I committee time of year wasn't right September is such a lovely evening, lazily watering left me in a tranquil meadow garden next year. I the neighbor's shop-talk I was even inventing in ground watering system the problem of incidents tired of debating the vase and had comfortably se sounds that disturbed n slapping at a mosquito surprise: "I wonder how

It must have been into the house. How sh were closed and the wi that evening, I suppose come in. Why she was since tried to answer th was that she wanted a cessable at the time.

But I must get on self of this Machiavelli heard garbled noises o paid little attention to tap anyway. However and decided that it was I knew that if my wife of the fact that the sh on my ankles was not

I entered the bath naked in the tub. Yo at such a sight. For whether to turn and fl home. It was at this mind. I suppose it w a rash thing. Someho sort. I stared at the fits of embarrassment puzzled me at first. I committed, I reasoned cided to relax in the c was destined for my present but it has alw I knew that the time my hands outstretched almost blind with ang had slipped to the oth second attempt I man against the pressure o ging by unwelcome g prompted by my desir cunning strokes, I gra the other speedily tur

Don't waste with water and to get votes in Government. votes then we happy. We spe courage the it ion and then p they vote free backed party a United States for information



# FEATURE PAGE

## Murder In The Bathtub

by Scrubby

Everyone knows that a murderer is either very dumb or very smart. The dumb one gets caught easily while the smart one takes a little longer to feel the few thousand volts of justice. Now I am different. I was not smart nor awfully dumb, but I am a murderer that didn't get caught. I tell you this so that you won't have to read the last paragraph first to find out 'who done it,' or strain your nerves throughout in order to guess the identity of the culprit.

How I committet this dastardly act still fascinates me. Even the time of year wasn't right for any sane person to be thinking of death. September is such a lovely month. I had been out in my garden that evening, lazily watering my second crop of cucumbers. The sun had left me in a tranquil mood, filling my thoughts with dreams of a better garden next year. I was so completely detached from the hum of the neighbor's shop-talk and the yapping of other neighbor's dogs that I was even inventing in my mind a plan to install a permanent underground watering system for the future. I was trying to rid myself of the problem of incidental costs when I realized that my neighbors had tired of debating the values of a Chinese Elm or an evergreen hedge and had comfortably settled themselves on their veranda. The only sounds that disturbed my solitude now was someone across the street slapping at a mosquito and at the same time exclaiming with intense surprise: "I wonder how that big fellow got through our new screens?"

It must have been during these idle moments that she slipped into the house. How she got in is still a mystery to me. All the doors were closed and the windows shut. Had I not decided to take a bath that evening, I suppose she could have slipped out as easily as she had come in. Why she was there didn't occur to me at the time. I have since tried to answer that question but to no avail. My only conclusion was that she wanted a bath and my house happened to be the most accessible at the time.

But I must get on with the story of my ingenious plot to rid myself of this Machiavellian female. As I entered the house, I thought I heard garbled noises coming from the direction of the bathroom but paid little attention to them because I remembered that I had a faulty tap anyway. However, I had spent considerable energy that evening and decided that it was my duty, if for no other reason, to take a bath. I knew that if my wife had been home she would have reminded me of the fact that the sheets were clean and she dust that had collected on my ankles was not conducive to keeping them in that condition.

I entered the bathroom, turned on the light, and there she was—naked in the tub. You can realize the revolting shock that I received at such a sight. For the moment I could not quite make up my mind whether to turn and flee or to chase this creature from my chaste home. It was at this moment that the idea of murder came to my mind. I suppose it was the initial shock which drove me to do such a rash thing. Somehow, I felt compelled to take drastic action of some sort. I stared at the unclothed form for some moments, torn between fits of embarrassment and despair. The absence of water from the tub puzzled me at first. In those brief moments before my horrid act was committed, I reasoned that she must not have been there long and decided to relax in the comfort of my tub before using the hot water that was destined for my use. A more reasonable factor must have been present but it has always eluded me. Finally, neither of us speaking, I knew that the time had come for me to act and act quickly. With my hands outstretched, I made a wild leap at the open tub but being almost blind with anger and fear, I missed my prey completely. She had slipped to the other end of the tub, clinging there in fear. On my second attempt I managed in grasping her left leg. Holding on firmly against the pressure of her persistent struggling, I succeeded in dragging by unwelcome guest to the drain-end of the tub. This action was prompted by my desire to completely destroy the body. By swift and cunning strokes, I grasped my strange guest with one hand and with the other speedily turned on the cold water. Releasing my right hand

## A Politician Looks at College

By Senator Coldan Damp

My friends — unaccustomed as I am to public thinking, a little application of third degree (DCL this time), has persuaded me to help guide your little thoughts in the RIGHT channels—before you go into the great world of practical cut-throat living.

Sitting in one of my suites in the Chateau Laurier my thoughts often turn to the familiar UNB campus. (I came to know it well when I drove taxi for a bootlegger). I remember last year when I visited the university in the fall. All about me were the charms of college life, confiding little freshettes, (an old man must have his pleasures), the new class wandering around happily sans hair, sans pants, and ringed with stripes of green paint, the residence ringing with the popping of corks, hysterical shrieks of joy as the foresters and engineers were exposed to the charms of femininity after a summer in the bush; in short, one could only say, "All's right with the world."

Then . . . the blow fell. From a residence window a strident voice cried out—"Tradition be damned. What we need in this country is. . ." I was stricken to the heart, and looking about me to make sure of my audience, fell to the ground murmuring in a loud shriek, "Wat's gung on?"

Let me point out to you how insidious this infiltration is, and how difficult to detect. On the surface it would appear that such organizations as the Student's Revolutionary Committee would be the most suspect, but these are merely fiendishly clever blinds. Stop and think (but not too much!) During such a short period as the last year, vital changes have taken place in our university. NONE OF WHICH EVER HAPPENED IN OUR FATHER'S TIME!

We have a chancellor from socialist Britain, we have a new left wing on the C. E. Building, and now our new president is coming from Manitoba, only a few miles from violently radical Saskatchewan. I hesitate to mention the OTHER THING, for even mention of what is to happen to the building-with-the-stained-glass-windows, might encourage those ruthless destroyers of 'our way of life' who dared to suggest that the students should have a useful memorial of the past war. How much more tasteful to have erected a tall

stone column in the good old way beside M. Barnard's 'crow cairn.'

There are other things that threaten us. I feel compelled to mention that in the few hours that I have been on the campus I have seen no less than four students and one professor who were wearing RED socks. Of course the solution to these dangers is difficult. I suggest that you follow the lead of myself and my fellow-senators—sit tight and do nothing. New that I have revealed the secret of a successful life I will proceed to point out some of the ways in which the philosophy of the good old days could be applied to UNB.

McGill has recently shown the way towards a restoration of academic freedom (from thought) by a popular move designed to protect members of the faculty from contact with the harsh world of practical politics, a most thoughtful and touching gesture. I feel that we might well follow the lead of our sister university, even presuming to improve the idea with some additions. I suggest that UNB extend the regulation to not only faculty but students, since it is possible that some uncouth student might be so brash as to mention the name of a current political party, thus confusing the sheltered professor no end. As well as this slight extension, I feel sure that we might with great credit to ourselves borrow from the highly respected Senate of Canada, and establish property qualifications for students and faculty. This would, I am sure, solve the problem of students who are here merely for the purpose of getting an education, and would probably be very useful in disposing of some of the more troublesome members of the faculty, those who have been insinuating that the major purpose of the university is the training of students for life. Any intelligent person knows that men attend university to put in four or more years in the 'right atmosphere,' where they will meet the 'right people,' and that the one and only object of the Co-Eds is to 'get a man.' To suggest that social life should be sacrificed to knowledge is tantamount to sacrilege, and furthermore, it falls within that area of terror that I mentioned previously — "change and upheaval."

I might further suggest that a board of "Lord B—k Censors" be set up, to prevent anything being (Continued on Page Five).

### MURDER IN THE BATHTUB

from the cold water tap, I reached for the drain plug while, at the same time, succeeding in forcing the struggling figure down the drain. The act completed, I hastily replaced the plug; I had committed my first murder.

I can tell this sordid tale now because I know that society would forgive me for riding my bathtub of such a pest as a croaking cricket.

P. S.: It is fortunate that this fairy tale is appearing in an April Fool edition of the Brunswickan; otherwise it might be rated as a poor example of another fairy tale: The Little Tailor. . . . .

## APRIL 1, 1966

The 1946-1947 Year Books Have Arrived.

You can have them delivered to your door by calling 181-21, 1395, 635-21 and asking to send you up "A BIG ONE" (meaning Year Book).

If you don't wish to pay extra freight charges call at 293 Queen Street and carry it home yourself.

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Don't waste party time by filling liquor bottles with water and pating on the bond seals. Learn how to get votes in a big way—from The Untied Stakes Government. We partition Palestine for Jewish votes then we un-partition it to make the Arabs happy. We spend millions of B—ERP dollars to encourage the Italians to hold a free democratic election and then plan to give them Trieste—as long as they vote freely and democratically for the U. S.-backed party and no other. Come see your local Untied Stakes Ham-bastador Ivn' Billynsky-Jones for information.

ETTES



es are now calling for Gen-apan and run for President. McArthur a hero almost to ld it take for him or some convince the easily swayed emergency existed and that President? He could become nd the people would love it. Germany and the people saying that there is no such Men are human and as matter what they are called.

at we must prepare for an- "Communism and democ- e must fight to protect our honest fight for freedom we fight over oil and markets influence we want nothing

an nature and human abil- ed to say that both Russian berately leading us into an- sioned with humanity more this lest war?

people do not want war. The es not want war. If we do e does not deserve to inhabit uld be blown to bits. Better our bones should build up a



# LETTERS To the Editor

Alexander,  
April 2, 1948.  
Editor,  
Brunswickan.

Dear Sir:-We of the freshman class have only one request to make of this year's Brunswickan. Please publish a picture of Doug Rice, showing him after he committed suicide, just a few minutes after shooting 'George.'

"Disgusted Fresh"  
P. S. See me for gen on where and when to get the pix.

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Editor,  
Brunswickan,  
Dear Sir:-

Is there one true Tory in the lot? Why is the British Empire disintegrating before our very eyes? It is all the fault of you and your blind "progressive" staff, (Editor's Note: Hay, MacNair, Campbell, Solomon, etc.) who are "blood-thirsty" citizens trying to stir up a revolution on orders from a foreign state whose name is not mentioned in the more polite circles. I know that you personally were sent over here to attend UNB to cause trouble to repay your debt to those red hordes who liberated you from a German prison camp. You must get extra money from an outside source. How else could you get enough to eat and sport a bicycle wife, and a tweed coat at the same time?

Sincerely,  
M.E. Im cLean.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To be personal, my wife works.

Moss Cow,  
999 1/2 Water Lou Rowed,  
April 1, 21 A. R.  
(After Revolution).

Haditor,  
Brownswackyan,

Dare Sir hor Madam,  
Yo' dirty rat. Van ve gafe you ze orders frum hour leeder (Heil me!) and pade yu part off hour 'hamburger lone 6 millyun rashbuckniks, ve haxpected yu would not be coming a reeaction-airy. Zat iss tree's son. Yu dunt been enough subtle in vat yu saying in ze Brownswackyan. Cum home and taking post-graduating courses in bourgeoisie infiltration. Brownswackyan iss filthy bourgeois rags, Yo' dirty rat!

Comrade X-sky.  
EDITOR'S NOTE:-I even overheard a Freshman say one day this year - "Brunswickan..... filthy rag..... run by a bunch of XX?!! Liberals." Honest I del.

## SCM And Novelty Clique Hold Big "Do"

The Social Climbers' Mission and the Novelty Clique have finally met on common grounds. Over the Easter holidays the two groups joined forces for a week-long orgy at Bridgewood's Camps. Reports have been dripping in that bartender Hobart Dodgers has been quoted as saying: "I would categorically state that this has been the most tautological success in my experience." Ron



Billetdoux, i/c bouncing and third vice-chairman in c/o "The Whiskey Bottles 3c rebate" Club officiated as guest speaker and in his remarks that wound up the week-long religious affair remarked that "it was one H--1 of a pleonastic time."

Two handed postoffice was played in all corners while Black Jack was the favourite form of amusement.

Attempts were made to report SRC President Gorge Dobinson's speech in full. However due to the strict censorship placed on the Brunswickan by the Senate and the Faculty it is possible to record only a fraction of the said speech: "Goodnight, ladies and gentlemen."



Distinguished and honorable guests at the outstanding brawl included: Dead McGinley, Ed McSkinney, Bloodless E. Lice, Margaret Ann Blunders, Hon. B. J. McSnair, Mayor Roy B. Hordes, Hard Hatchway, Lord Muskret-Farm, Available G. May (representing Freshman Class, and Mo Blears.



Brunswickan representative Geary Moan was the star of the floor show, and did the highland fling in flaming red kilts.

The story above is as was submitted by our reporter. Due, however, to the strict censorship of the Brunswickan, the story, as below, is the authorized version.

SCM and Newman Clubs held a joint meeting over the Easter holidays.

A good executive is one who makes an immediate decision and is sometimes right.

## ROSS-DRUG UNITED

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### APPLICATIONS CALLED FOR YEAR BOOK EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Applications are hereby called for the following positions on the 1949 Year Book staff:

Editor - in - Chief.  
Business Manager.  
Photo Editor.

Applications should state previous experience (if any) along applicable lines and must be in the hands of one of the following before Tuesday, April 6, 1948.

Don Fonger - Alexander College.  
Murray Patrick - c o Dean's office, Alexander.  
Ed. Bastedo - Beaverbrook Residence.

It may be the mink in the cloth that is responsible for the wolf in the door.

## J.H. Fleming

Fredericton : N. B.

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Hatter and Haberdasher

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## Mullen, Campaign Controller

HATHEWAY'S PLAN Being too busy with speeches to give proper time, Hatheway has asked to publish this approved platform.

You all know a good man see him, so take a good look close your eyes and vote you won't vote for Mullen, ing but an agitator, and members of the ranks of



are all deadwood. They wouldn't be running

It is obvious that the Society must be raised to life. I have raised a lot of my life but never have I had opportunity to raise things have if I receive this imp

I realize that the job is a lot of chasing to get things the proper manner, but you admit I am proficient at things. Why, in my Sophomore Junior years I even went into cats.

So you see that you have choice in this case—vote your way and take the consequences.

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# Mullen, Hatheway, Campaign For Vital, Controlling Arts Post

## HATHEWAY'S PLATFORM

Being too busy with campaign speeches to give proper time to the press, Hatheway has asked me to publish this approved (not by him) platform.

You all know a good man when you see him, so take a good look at me, close your eyes and vote. Obviously you won't vote for Mullen, he's nothing but an agitator, and the other members of the ranks of nominees



DURING

are all deadwood. They must be or they wouldn't be running

It is obvious that the defunct Arts Society must be raised to realms of life. I have raised a lot of things in my life but never have I had the opportunity to raise things as I will have if I receive this important position.

I realize that the job will take a lot of chasing to get things done in the proper manner, but you all must admit I am proficient at chasing things. Why, in my Sophomors and Junior years I even went in for chasing cats.

So you see that you have only one choice in this case—vote for Hatheway and take the consequences.

## MULLEN'S PLATFORM

It was not my intention to seek office during the coming year, particularly in such an active society as the Arts Society. However, in the face of great pressure I have submitted to being drafted. No effort must be spared in an attempt to keep the arch-reactionary, Hatheway, from office, and I am willing to sacrifice.

It has been heard from a reliable



BEFORE

source that Hatheway is being subsidized by Lord Beaverbrook, and one such high-placed individual as (deleted) even suggested that he had been giving free lollipops to the freshmen in an attempt to secure votes... and him with a child and two wives!

Fallow pazants, gather 'round me, united or divided we is sure to fall-



AFTER

ing anyway, but lets be making the effort! Things couldn't being worse... maybe comes badder days.

NOTE.—Any effort on Mr. Mullen's part to refute this critical analysis of his platform should be ignored. The staff of the Brunswickan has irrefutable evidence that both Hatheway and Mullen have been scheming for years to obtain this important post, with which goes control of so much of student life.

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## ADVICE TO HAY, RICE, AND GEORGE

A wise old owl  
Sat on an oak,



The more he saw

The less he spoke,

The less he spoke,

The more he heard,

Why can't we all be

Like that old bird.



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## Dedhictown Celebrates 2000th Anniversary As World Metropolis

by A.P., C.P., U.P., etc. (& Pravda) Dedhictown, N. B., April 1:

Dedhictown, reportedly the fastest growing metropolis in North America, reached its 2000th year of



incorporated life (?) today. Founded by an ancient civilization of the Ariou variety, this became purely Nordic in its "racial" outlook.

"This momentous occasion, celebrated by thousands of people who have trekked here from all corners of

pany which will seize Dedhictown in a brilliant display of army brains; etc. etc. The latter item is presented to witness the phenomenal growth of the metropolis since in the 1999th celebration when 12 poorly-armed natives achieved the same result.

Every accommodation has been utilized for the event. The Duke



Otterhook Hotel has even been con-



the earth, (and Dedhictown citizens), is the most unique of its kind since the recent Royal wedding." These words of Mayor May F. Cords marked the opening of the gigantic celebrations which will continue throughout the entire year. The city, already bedecked with huge flags of

veniently lowered into the near-by river so that the mammoth swimming team engaged for the summer will be able to commute from the river to the hotel without touching land. It is also reported that the corridors of the same white stone and straw structure are conveniently curved so that intoxicated members



of the various international conventions to be held here will have no worry when staggering from room to room.

The only hitch in the well prepared plans seems to be a vital division between prominent groups of civic dignitaries as to the size of this fair monument to civilization.

One group declares that the exact area of the city is 10,000 acres, while the opposing group argues that since the incorporation of the village of

every member of the Disjointed Nations, is bustling with the present activity of the changing of Rompers. A new white skyscraper has been thrown together for the event. It is reported that the immense structure is in hot competition for size with the G. O. P. elephant of United States fame.



Throughout the summer, spectacular performances are planned with famous stars competing for the chance to perform in this consecrated ultra-urban center. Among the attractions planned are: A 500 piece orchestra from Europe combined

Heaven, the precise area now stands at 10,002.7 acres.

This decision has since been healed by the astute conciliatory action of Mayor Cords. In the words of



with the grander four-piece Changing of Rompers band; a military com-



His Worship Cords, "We are both wrong. This city is expanding so



fast that our city engineer has not been able to keep up with proper measurement."





## Why The Editor Left Town, ... OR, This Is Our Last Issue Too

There is only one occasion when the editor of a small town newspaper dares to cut loose and tell the truth in his paper, and that is when he is ready to depart suddenly and permanently for some unknown destination. At such a delicious juncture he would perhaps write up a local wedding in this manner:

"Jim Galeway and Miss Georgina Bentlow were married Monday at the home of the bride parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Bentlow, the Rev. Dockett officiating.

"The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he was expelled in his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keeps a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his scalawag son's bad cheques instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

"The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been run after by every boy in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes and drinks mean corn liquor when she is out joy-riding in her Dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew or keep house.

"The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior newly painted, thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme,

for the groom was newly plastered and the bride newly painted.

"The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk and his pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number nine patent leather shoes matched his state in tightness, and harmonized nicely with the axle grease polish on his hair.

"In addition to his fag he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring, and his usual look of imbecility.

"The young couple will make their home with the bride's parents, which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies, then she takes in washing.

"P.S.—This may be the last issue of my paper, but it always has been my ambition to write up one wedding and tell the truth. After that is done death can have no sting."—Exchange.

...S.P.S.—The Brunswickan feels the same way as this is the last issue for the present staff.

An old-timer is the fellow who brags that he can remember when he could buy a good steak for 10 cents, but forgets that it took an hour's work to get the dime.

## DeMerten Named Goat Director For Canada

Named Federal Director.

"Dr. Marcel DeMerten, professor of modern languages at the University of New Brunswick, was recently appointed one of the seven federal directors of the Canadian Goat Society." (From The Cleaner).

Dr. deMerten is well qualified for this position. Apart from the several actual goats he keeps in Lincoln, he attempts to teach several classes of pseudo-goats every year in his old chapel room on the hill. "You are just like my other goats when the trains go by," says Dr. deMerten, "when I tell you something you just stare blankly at me and grin." Of course all the students in his class know better. They know everything there is to know and so they smile condescendingly at him. "It's the same thing, boys and girls, book and BUCH—you must see the connections between all the languages." But the goats still smile blankly to themselves. Of course they know better. So they shrug their shoulders and say with an air of superiority, "What does he say, we don't know. He is crazy!"

## A POLITICIAN LOOKS AT COL.

(Continued from Page 3).  
done that he might object to. There is of course no necessity of telling the man himself about this—he has apparently never been told in the past when his name was being used for a big club at UNB. In fact there is great danger that if the matter were left in his hands very little action might be taken—he shows frightening tendencies to believe in freedom of thought on the campus, a very sad thing indeed. Of course, when you consider some of the students who have been allowed to take advantage of the scholarships, Carlisleovitch Hanson for instance, one might even suspect...but no, not that, (besides, we still want some more buildings).

In closing, dearly beloved, let me stress the advantages of living according to the way I have expounded. Admitted that you may get a kink in your back from bowing to the 'right' people, you may get a sore tongue from licking boots, you may even spend your married life with some old battle-axe who was the boss's daughter, but you will be a successful man, as success is measured under 'our way of life.'

## ARMY BRIEFS:

Rate of venereal disease per 1,000 in Canadian Army was reduced in 1947 to 19. Previous year's rate was 49 per 1,000. . . . Nine medical students who will graduate from Canadian universities next May have applied for commissions in the Canadian Army. Their applications are now being considered.

Students wives bring your Passes to WHITING PHOTO SERVICE and receive 10 % discount on Photos of yourself and family

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Let's do it together!

## THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

## SNOOP SYNDICATE

After considering their hides and Fawcett week salary (extracted where I left off a year ago, George, myself, attractive contract for newspapers through Cleaner to write a such gatherins and a

Uncle Boozley and exclaimed: "Wacoium people begins thinkin. Don't soci ya? An ain't ya got I know that, U our garbage and dia capital. And brudd Boozley then wante way I do he knows

When George said to me: "Snoop Fanjoy and Whaler Funds. By damne hell!"

I insured Geo would only be fo rightists).

A special noo Snoop. Snoop is only when they th cal columns like I that the students r shall write in nex forthis year I shall

How you'll lo

P.S.:—Don't associ

## Scientific So Agriculture

By Frank

"Agriculture is g lunge to scientists, meet this challer first step in the d tion," said Mr. S. addressed the Sci the topic "Science on March 23rd. rector of the Dom Farm station at F talk he discussed modern farmer which he is aide giving examples o that await solutor

"Canada," said only country whe perimental System he continued, "w 1836 by an act Dr. William Saur rector. Today, h 24 / Experimental across Canada w and 230 illustratio tem, he continued of national import an efficiency than other countries.

"Men are need ton continued, knowledge in ag in one of the sc



ARMY BRIEFS:

of venereal disease per 1,000 Canadian Army was reduced in 19. Previous year's rate was 1,000. . . Nine medical students will graduate from Canadian universities next May have apor commissions in the Canarmy. Their applications are being considered.

Students wives bring your Passes to PRINTING PHOTO SERVICE and receive 10 % discount on Photos yourself and family

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THE CAMPS

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- SNOOP -

SNOOP SYNDICATED

After considerable "persuasion" (Jones and Mullen with clubs over their heads and Fanjoy-New Deal-twistin' my leg) and a \$50 per week salary (extracted from SRC Levies) I have consented to pick up where I left off a year ago and give you some "dope" via Uncle Boozley, George, myself, and the Swish Barrel. With the \$50 salary and an attractive contract for syndication with all main Canadian college newspapers through CUP and a super-special contract with The Cleaner to write a society column, I hereby junk socialism and all other such gathernis and accept said offer. (My ego, you know).

Uncle Boozley cornered me in the Forestry Bldg, the other day and exclaimed: "Whutta ya doin'? Don't ya know when ya write a colum people begins to think of Hay and Rice and then they stop thinkin. Don't socialize ourselves with dos bums. Ya gut honor, aint ya? An ain't ya got our features to think about?"

"I know that, Uncle," I said. "But remember, if we intend to start our garbage and diaper disposal service in Rio we're going to need capital. And brudder, ya can't have capital without labour." Uncle Boozley then wanted to resign. But me knowing Uncle Boozley the way I do he knows that's impossible.



When George and I were writing this column last night George said to me: "Snoop, I have solved the problem. Now I know why Fanjoy and Whalen were elected. 'Twas to swindle the \$20,000 SRC Funds. By damned, its a Liberal-Conservative coalition. Surer than hell!"

I insured George that it couldn't be true. Anyway, if it were, 'twould only be for one purpose: They're afeered of left-wingers (or rightists).

A special note to my dear freshman readers: You don't know Snoop. Snoop is traditional. I've been here for years and years. It's only when they thought they wanted a change that they got nonsensical columns like Kilroy, Stew'n' Brew, and Food for Thought. Now that the students realize that I am still the undefeated champion I shall write in next year's Brunswickan faithfully. In the last edition forthis year I shall be back with words of wisdom and up-to-date depe.

How you'll love me!

Yours forever, Snoopie.

P.S.:—Don't associate my "George" with Rice's "George."

Scientific Society Hears Agricultural Expert

By Frank H. Clarke

"Agriculture is giving a great challenge to scientists, and failure to meet this challenge would be the first step in the downfall of civilization," said Mr. S. A. Hilton when he addressed the Scientific Society on the topic "Science and Agriculture" on March 23rd. Mr. Hilton is Director of the Dominion Experimental Farm station at Fredericton. In his talk he discussed the problems of the modern farmer and the ways in which he is aided by the scientist giving examples of specific problems that await solution.

"Canada," said Mr. Hilton, "is the only country where there is an Experimental System." "This system," he continued, "was established in 1886 by an act of Parliament with Dr. William Saunders as its first director. Today, he said, there are 24 Experimental Farm Stations across Canada with 94 sub-stations and 290 illustration farms. This system, he continued, enables problems of national importance to be met with an efficiency that is not possible in other countries.

"Men are needed today," Mr. Hilton continued, "with a practical knowledge in agriculture as well as in one of the sciences that may be

applied to agriculture." The speaker divided scientists into two groups (1) those working in fundamental research with no thought of its application and (2) the practical scientist who studies the application of science to practical problems. Both these groups," he said, "are needed in agriculture."

Mr. Hilton then went on to cite several problems in which further research is needed. "One problem," he said, "is soil analysis. The problem is difficult because it evolves living processes which cause the soil to give different analyses at different times." "This," he said, "is a field for the chemists." A field for biologists, he pointed out, is the development of a rapid test method to determine if the plant is resistant to a specific disease. This problem, he continued, is of great importance in New Brunswick where an effort is being made to breed potatoes that are resistant to diseases such as dry rot and leaf roll.

Mr. Smith Albert Hilton received his early education in Nova Scotia and obtained his B.S.A. degree from Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in 1923. He obtained his M.S.A. degree from Cornell University. He is Past President of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Agricultural Institute of Canada and has shown leadership in several other important agricultural societies and committees.



AR CO-RESPONDENT

(Continued from page one)

bashing in; shyster's bowlers and shysters are busting uncivils beaks and vice versa. At last, truce iss being called becuz that iss moch controvers over quation of who ackehocly iss swiping uncivils tree.

In meantime, prass heers from unreliable source that tree iss being burned becuz tree is featuring Hammer and Sickle und this iss like mud in thar eye. This iss big stoff, I'm talling you! Prass eats it opp! The awther eight districts in this hyar contry are concluding that everyone in this hyar provirece iss fallow traveller . . . acksept, of cuss, honorable gartlemn of prass. Citizens hyar are planty cneezed at prass for being called names the minning of which they are not knowing.

Fallow passnuts, iss not sofe in this contry no more. I thank I gat gung home!

(From U. of S. Sheaf).



MANAGERIAL APPLICATIONS

According to Cecil Garland, Chairman SRC Applications Committee, very few applications have as yet been submitted for the various managerial positions available on the campus for 1948-49. Unless response is great within the next few days there is the possibility of several vacancies being held open until next fall which means that many teams will be off to a poor start if there is no managerial support.

Do your share to promote sports on the campus. Send your application into Cec Garland NCW.



ACADIA VOTES

AGAINST NFCUS

JOINING IUS

Acadia University at Wolfville, N. S. voted last week 591 to 103 for NFCUS not to affiliate with IUS. Acadia was the scene of a several week's campus' debate on whether NFCUS should face Communism and beat it at its own game or to leave the Communists in charge of IUS and let it spread as much as is possible.

The campus referendum was held at the same time as their Union presidential election.

Acadia was one of the last Canadian colleges to come to a decision on IUS. Most Canadian universities have approved of NFCUS' joining IUS in an effort to hold our own against Communism's spread among world university students.

The Printing Staff



Here is Fred Hartwick our printer running Brunswickans through the press. He has really been "Old Faithful" this year. No order has been too big for him. We put out an Extra before Christmas just over night and it didn't bother him a bit. Almost every week Fred and the Editor have worked until near midnight on Thursdays to make sure that the paper is up the hill early Friday morning. We wish to thank both Fred and Mrs. Hartwick for their assistance and co-operation this year, and for putting up with us when about a dozen keen "compositors" have been in the middle of their work.



Here is Lud Young our linotyper who has punched out the lines of the Brunswickan every week for us. He has put up with a lot from all of us. Sometimes when he is in the middle of a 10 point two-column article someone will want a "rush" 8 point story or a handful of 10 point Black Face headings. Especially on Thursday afternoons it has been a wild scramble, but Lud always grins and keeps punching those linotype keys.

No (April) fooling!



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SPORTS EDITOR  
Gone to China

# SPORTS NEWS VIEWS

ASSOC. EDITOR  
Who Would Associate With Him?

## U.N.B. - MT.A. GAME PROTEST ALLOWED

### Replay Is Ordered

UNB Varsity Ruggers will take to College Field tomorrow or some time soon I guess, to meet Mount Allison in a best one out of two series to decide the disputed 1932 Maritime Title.

After 16 years of diabolical research, J. Dynamite McBlast, class of '32, has found a discrepancy in the record of the Mount A. team against which he played. At that time the Darnit and Fold beat UNB 63 to 2. "Live and let live is my motto," said Mr. McBlast, now a taster for NBLCB and a graduate in engineering. He believes that right will triumph and wishes to be on the winning side.

Mr. McBlast proved to MTAU officials that one player for the Sack-villains was wearing diamond red and black socks, which constituted an unrecognizable uniform and that McBlast passed the ball to him, thinking him a UNB man. This enabled Mount A. to score the winning goal.

Turning down a demand for a forfeit of the game to UNB, MIAU officials ordered a replay, stating that this thing could be carried to extremes.

### CANADIAN FOOTBALL FOR NEXT YEAR

Canadian Football will be played next year. This has been made clear by Coach Stanislaus Extinguisher and Manager G. Wottinell Zatt of the Rottawa Toughriders. Said they, "Canadian Football definitely will be played quite a bit next year—in Canada."

"If things continue as they are, we will be in the same position tomorrow as we are today. We can say definitely that there will be a change for the better sooner or later, or maybe not."

### 4 Students Stabbed In Fencing Class - Buried Today

In describing the tragic accident last night, Detective-Inspector Stanislaus Extinguisher said that the instructor said that one of the victims said that he was run through by his opponent when he said that he was rather tickled to get the point of the thing.

J. Dynamite McBlast, the instructor, was remorseful. He explained that the fencing team was now seriously weakened. The university authorities are expected to take action in the matter, sometime in the future, or maybe not.

### SIGNS WITH N.Y.U.



Hank Snow, above, star player with UNB basketball teams has revealed that he has agreed to sign with NYU. The well-known Newcastle Yodellers Club has been after Hank for some time, recognizing his fine voice in the showers. "I made them agree to hold the broadcasts in the slower room," said Hank.

### SPORTS EDITOR HELD CAPTIVE No Ransom-You Can Have Him



A reliable source close to the Forestry Building has reported the capture of Don Baird, late Sports Editor of the Brunswickan.

The foul deed was said to be perpetrated by a group of Junior Foresters, who are applying painful torture in reprisal for poor write-ups on the J. F. Hockey Team.

We hope our story is reliable. It would be disappointing to find it untrue.

### TO SERVE BEER AND OYSTERS AT AAA BANQUET SRC Approves Menu

### Stable Side Nibbles

—By Horatio Horse.

The guy who used to write this column is a bum and a dead-beat. Henever made a correct prediction. He didn't make any predictions.

I predict that members of the UNB Track Team will go places fast. Places about 220 and 440 yards from wherethey started.

When I won the Kentucky Derby in 1936 I won by a nose. I took one look at my jockey's beak and got such a scare I made for the wire like a race-horse.

In describing his fight with Joe Louis last night, Champion Boyd Hudson said, "I sparred around a bit to please the crowd, then kayoed him. But just as they held up my hand I wokeup."

Read on. This column has a big end. Quite a tale, eh?



DR. EXTINGUISHER

Shown above or where ever it got to, is Professor Stanislaus Extinguisher, who made the outrageous comments in the accompanying article. (I lost the picture of the old goat, but filled the hole with the above one I found under the desk. Signed —The Printer).

### Past Revealed

Astonishing news that a familiar campus figure is really a talent scout for Notre Deme and a former star player in Olympic Basketball was revealed by the Department of Physical Depredation tomorrow.

For six years, Jack "get off that floor with your shoes on" Boyd has masked his true identity in his position of Chief Building Maintenance Engineer at the gym.

Actually, according to an unimpeachable source, he has been scouting for players for his team.

Asked why he has not as yet picked any players, the former great said, "None of them reach our standard, that is, be one quarter as good as I was in my prime." "The reason I gave up playing basketball," he added, "was because it took time from my National Hockey League playing."

### Prof. DEPLORES ATHLETICS

#### VOTED HONOR BY TEAM



Tommy Tammaro, shown above, has been awarded the title of Most Valuable Player by members of the UNB Varsity Basketball team, it has been announced by an unusually unreliable source. He plays equally well in all positions.

In an interview with the Brunswickan this morning, Professor Stanislaus Extinguisher, B. Sc., E.Tc., noted educationalist voiced his criticism of the present emphasis on athletics at UNB.

When asked whether there is any ground for having athletics at universities, Dr. Extinguisher said, "There is no reason in my mind." "Should sports be permitted at UNB at all?" he was asked. "By all means, I am quite a sport myself, heh, heh," replied the great authority. The Brunswickan's enquiring reporter then enquired whether the professor liked an exciting game or two at the gym. The reply was, Yes why dont they have one some time."

In summing up his attitude towards the abomination of too much stress on sports, Dr. Extinguisher said, "In summing up my attitude toward the abomination of too much stress on sports, I find there is abominably too much stress on sports."

#### EDITORIAL

This is our final Sports Page, they won't let us print another. We did an excellent job all year, but today we are fired. So we hereby commit all the breaches of journalistic form we missed. We will even call myself I.

THE TENTH AND FINAL Round And Still Champion

## WALKERS

BY A KNOCKOUT

::—::

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SPORTS-CAPTURE