

ONE MORE  
BRUNSWICKAN  
NEXT WEEK

# The Argosy Weekly

"From The Swamp"

OVER \$2,000  
RAISED IN  
VETERANS'  
CAMPAIGN SO FAR

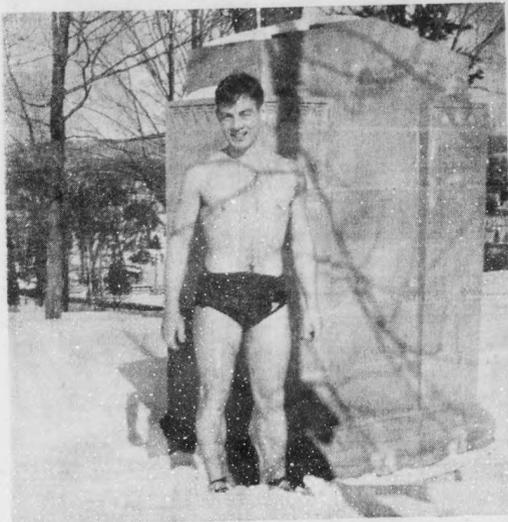
VOL. 68

SACKVILLE, N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1949

No. 22

## S.R.C. Gets O. K. On Canadian Football

### NEEDS \$500 FOR BAIL



Reid Caught Up City Hall Flag-Pole

Police Chief O'Connell of the Fredericton Police Department today called on the R. C. M. P. to help keep Jamie Reid, a University student in the town police jail. It is understood from an informed source, namely the Daily Bleater, that Reid was found atop the flag pole at City Hall early yesterday morning. Reid was dressed in a pair of trunks. After being thrown into the local police cell, Reid attempted to strike a policeman.

After one howling night in which Reid was found clad only in trunks, Police Chief O'Connell, at 12.00 noon, phoned the University authorities wanting to know what he was going to do with Reid.

Saturday afternoon, Arnold Duke, hardworking Brunswickan photographer got a close-up picture of Reid on the University campus. In an interview with a Brunswickan reporter Reid said, "This malady is due to the fact that I'm attempting to build up resistance to the 'hot' campus coeds."

Last night a cordon of police officers was strung around the City Hall to keep Reid in jail. A reporter from the Daily Bleater, that well-informed City publication that "sees all, hears all, and squelches all", said he understood the local police were expecting a raid from Alexander college where the students were in "high spirits". According to rumours (none of which the Brunswickan could confirm), it is understood that Lloyd Kingsland (upholder of civil liberties), was leading the riotous Alexites to the police station.

However it is understood that the students stopped off at the corner of Westmorland and Queen Streets for merely a social call. Last night all Alexites who started the trek were found in a beer and bear party at Alexander. The reason for not continuing their trip to the local City Hall to get Reid out of jail is not certain. Big Ed McGinley was joyfully wandering down Front Street last night singing "There'll

### Brunswickan Staffers Going To Mt. A.

The U. N. B. student body has lost faith in the University after recent events which found The Brunswickan had decided that Mount Allison University was a better University for a fine arts course than U. N. B. While rumours spread over the campus that Don Rowan, Ralph Hay, Bob Howie, Fred Butland, and other prominent staff members had resigned from U. N. B. to take a Music Course, S. R. C. officials Edward Fanjoy and Hugh Church were quietly starting an investigation to discover why these gentlemen had decided to go to Mount A. next fall.

Church's suspicions were aroused by the arrival of a reporter from the Mount Allison Argosy, who, it is said, is to take control of The Brunswickan next year. On further investigation Church has labeled Rowan and Hay as perpetrators in a deal to overthrow the constitutional authority of The Brunswickan and establish said paper as a subsidiary of the Mount A. Argosy.

When approached by a reporter Hay's only comment was: "I'm hired by Mount A. to publish The Argosy next year. Since my field is journalism I have naturally accepted the offer. Besides getting a five hundred dollar honorarium as Argosy Editor I'll also develop my musical talent by taking the music course offered by that noble institution."

Rowan had even less to say on the matter. Besides hinting that he and Hay made a good team to publish both the Argosy and its new subsidiary, The Brunswickan, he said that Mt. A. has offered him a job as Hockey Coach. "Hell", he said "they certainly need me to bring them out of the swamp."

Charging Hay and Rowan with selling The Brunswickan out without S. R. C. sanction, Hugh Church and E. Oswald Fanjoy immediately informed Dr. Trueman of the alleged sell-out.

When contacted on the phone, Hay informed Church that he was leaving Fredericton on the 7.45 train that evening. Rowan, meanwhile, was cornered in The Brunswickan Office by Darrell Yeomans and Ed Fanjoy. Besides shouting hate against a girl's debating team at Dalhousie University in Halifax last Thursday night, they upheld the affirmative of "Resolved, that the woman's place is in the home." The judges were unanimous in their decision.

This was the last contest of the year for the U. N. B. Debating Society.

President Trueman has called a

faculty meeting to discuss the student newspaper issue. A well-informed source hints that the Faculty will flunk Rowan, Hay, Howie and Butland, so that they will not be accepted at Mount A. next fall. However in commenting on the dastardly deed performed by The Brunswickan leaders, Trueman said that flunking them would only be the last straw. Before that he would establish a music course at U. N. B. for Hay to lure him away from Mount A. Rowan would also displace the present Hockey Coach, who has been charged with inefficiency because he did not take the series with Acadia.

Damon Bunion Mixed in Deal

Recent indications all along have been that Damon Bunion, famed Brunswickan sports commentator, has been mixed in the deal too. Recent columns of Bunion's have been published in the Argosy. A recent one was "Poor Mount A." Bunion hotly denied this charge saying that The Argosy had only "bought" a syndicated column. Church and Fanjoy are investigating.

The Brunswickan Editor and Business Manager have denied Church's "slandering statement" that they had sold out The Brunswickan. They laid countercharges against Church. They have dug up information to the effect that Church has purchased a T. C. A. Ticket to Bermuda and is leaving from Barker's Point next week for this Atlantic Island. They claim \$2,000 has been embezzled by Church from S. R. C. funds. They say the \$2,000 is the cause for all the recent consternation concerning shortage of S. R. C. funds for awards and banquets.

As a result of this episode in which charges and counter charges have been issued thick and fast an S. R. C. Commission has been set up by Oswald Fanjoy, S. R. C. President.

### FEMALES WIN

Jackie Webster and Mabel Locke of U. N. B. were successful in a debate against a girl's debating team at Dalhousie University in Halifax last Thursday night. They upheld the affirmative of "Resolved, that the woman's place is in the home." The judges were unanimous in their decision.

This was the last contest of the year for the U. N. B. Debating Society.

Canadian Football for U. N. B. has become a reality! At a meeting with the University administration on Thursday afternoon the controversial issue met with the approval of the University whose only stipulation was that M. I. A. U. Commitments must be given preference.

In a report submitted to the S. R. C. on Thursday night A. A. A. President Anglin said "that Canadian Football was given the blessing of the University authorities and their co-operation can be expected in any reasonable ventures. However English rugby and soccer, which are recognized M. I. A. U. sports must take priority as to practise time and games."

Following this information the Council unanimously passed an \$800 budget for Canadian Football gear. A meeting on Wednesday night at which over 40 students were present indicated that there will be a sufficient number of players when the game is introduced next fall. Over 25 students are coming back early next fall to practise the game.

The Campus Attraction

S. R. C. Meetings have become the best shows in town. Most S. R. C. members and spectators agreed with this statement following Thursday night's gay jokes, bitter controversy, and general shouts of disagreement mingled with the far away mutterings of the S. R. C. President's voice for "Order, Order." The general meeting which found I. S. S. Chairman Alice McElveny and Brunswickan Editor Hay who were throwing bitter retortations at each other were highlighted by other S. R. C. Reys like Sophomore rep. Aulder Gerow who supported the I. S. S. in its drive for scholarships.

A motion presented for discussion concerned the possibility of turning \$3,000 over to the Veterans' campaign. The motion was proposed by Darrell Yeomans and seconded by Ralph Hay. This was opposed by several members who desired funds to be given to I. S. S. After a hectic debate the motion was unanimously passed.

Maintaining she'd "certainly latch on to all the money" she "could get" Alice McElveny then proposed that \$200 originally given to the Dramatics Society and returned to S. R. C. Funds be turned over to I. S. S.

The motion was also opposed on the same principle as the previous motion—that the student body did not want S. R. C. Funds to be used for the I. S. S. Scholarship Fund. The motion was defeated 10-9. Following this topsy-turvy discussion in which members were shouting to get the floor on several occasions, Terry Rankine marched up to the front of the room with one of Dave York's "Don't Be Vague" signs. It was appropriately placed amidst gales of laughter.

The biggest show in town adjourned after discussing other minor problems. It is expected that the S. R. C. will sell tickets to students who wish to see future S. R. C. Meetings. This will give the S. R. C. enough money to make up any deficits.

The University Veterans Wives will hold their annual tea for the wives of the members of the Graduating Class at the home of Mrs. R. E. Baich at 102 Alexandra Street on Saturday afternoon, April 9th from 3.30 to 5.30. If any of the Seniors' wives were missed when the invitations were mailed it is hoped that they too will attend.

### Nominations '49-'50 Sophomores

President

1. David Fair
2. John Little
3. Don MacFarhall

Vice-President

Anne Sansom (acclamation)

Secretary-Treasurer

1. Cynthia Balch
2. Kenneth Ewing

S. R. C. Representatives

1. Maxine Holder (acclamation)
2. Danny Elman
3. Don Higgs
4. Don Henderson
5. Bill Beach
6. Robert Church
7. James MacGillivray
8. Sterling Shephard
9. Don Williams
9. Gains Miller

Elections Tuesday

S. R. C. Office

9-12 a. m. — 2-4 p. m.

SPRING

Spring has sprung.  
The grass is ris,  
I wonder where  
The birdies is.

Q. Cogwheel.

Always Be An England". He was arrested by Sergeant O'Connell for subversive activity.

Ed's Note: (What "There'll Always Be An England" has to do with Jamie Reid up a flag pole, we don't know.) When asked for a statement by the Sniff 'N' B Radio Station Sergeant O'Connell replied: "He's a material witness in this case."

### The Pic of the Week

UNB enters contestant for World's Heavyweight title!!



## MacLEOD ELECTED

### 85% Majority for Forbes; Biddiscombe Elected on Second Count

Over 775 students representing three-quarters of the student body turned out in Wednesday's voting to elect little-known Rod MacLeod as 1949-50 S. R. C. President. Promising to legislate according to the wishes of the students MacLeod led all polls with an over-all majority of 83 votes over Footballer Paul Keleher. Rod MacLeod is a Junior Arts student from Saint John. A navy vet, Rod has assured the student body "the fullest degree of co-operation and understanding among the members of the executive in order to ensure that the policies advocated by the students' representatives are carried out in a most efficient manner." Further policies of MacLeod's platform, including the statement that his policy will be governed by the wishes of the majority of the student body, attracted 428 voters as opposed to 345 for Keleher.

**No Politics?**  
Syd Forbes, a Junior forestry student turned in the record! A majority of 545 votes over his only opponent, Union Nationale man Lloyd Kingsland. This is the greatest number of votes ever awarded a U. N. B. office seeker. Kingsland, basing his whole platform on political speakers, went quickly to defeat in every poll by well over 150 majority in each for Forbes. As First Vice President, Forbes will be acting President of the Freshman Class up until next January. Forbes also becomes a member of the Brunswickan Managing Board automatically. The decisive victory in this vote indicates that the student body is wholeheartedly back of the present S. R. C. in its action to prevent political clubs on the campus. It is expected that the new administration will take this into account if such a question is ever presented again.

**Four Per Cent Margin**  
It was a close three way battle all the way for the A. A. A. Presidency. Racking up impressive figures in all polls, all three candidates could have been elected practically, until the last poll was counted. Then it was evident that Biddiscombe and Noble would fight it out with preferential voting being taken into account. Thus it was that Bernie Biddiscombe, popular Senior Varsity Hockey Manager this year, won the election by a close 4% margin.

Virginia Bliss was elected second vice-president over her only opponent, Jackie Haines, by 73% total. Virginia thus is the only member of the present council executive to retain an executive position next year. In what was predicted to be a close contest, Dave York, freshman Engineer, was elected S. R. C. Secretary over the present Assistant Secretary, Wilma Sansom. Author of the "Don't Be Vague" signs polled an 8% majority. York intends to promote more active electioneering by candidates in the future.

In what appeared to be another landslide Janette Webb, Frederictonian, chalked up an impressive 65% lead (228 vote majority) over her opponent, Maxine Holder of Saint John.

With the election of these candidates next year's S. R. C. promises to be active and efficient.

At the campaign speeches held on Tuesday night Edward Fanjoy, Virginia Bliss, Hugh Church, Hugh Whalen, and Pat Gibson, were honoured on several occasions by references from candidates and other individuals. The sentiment seems to be that Fanjoy's team operated an all-round, excellent administration for 1948-49.

#### TABULATED RESULTS OF CAMPUS ELECTIONS

S. R. C. President			
	MacLeod	Keleher	Majority
Arts & Science	135	97	38 for MacLeod
Engineers	150	113	37 for MacLeod
Foresters	143	135	8 for MacLeod
Totals	428	345	83
Percentages	55%	45%	

S. R. C. First Vice-President			
	Forbes	Kingsland	Majority
Arts & Science	195	38	157 for Forbes
Engineers	234	34	200 for Forbes
Foresters	232	44	188 for Forbes
Totals	661	116	545 for Forbes
Percentages	85%	15%	

S. R. C. Secretary			
	York	Sansom	Majority
Arts & Science	106	122	16 for Sansom
Engineers	151	108	43 for York
Foresters	159	115	44 for York
Totals	416	345	71 for York
Percentages	54%	46%	

S. R. C. Secretary				
	Biddiscombe	Noble	McIntyre	Majority
Arts & Science	67	127	22	38 for Noble
Engineers	100	53	99	1 Plurality for Biddiscombe
Foresters	107	53	69	38 Plurality for Biddiscombe
Totals	274	233	190	41 Plurality for Biddiscombe
Percentages	39%	33%	28%	

Second Count Necessary with Preferential Voting. Redistribution of McIntyre's votes to Biddiscombe and Noble with second choices used as first choices.

	Biddiscombe	Noble	Majority
Arts & Science	75	139	64 for Noble
Engineers	158	94	64 for Biddiscombe
Foresters	125	90	35 for Biddiscombe
Totals	358	323	36 for Biddiscombe
Percentages	52%	48%	

A. A. A. Vice-President			
	Webb	Holder	Majority
Arts & Science	159	73	86 for Webb
Engineers	170	91	79 for Webb
Foresters	167	104	63 for Webb
Totals	496	268	228 for Webb
Percentages	65%	35%	

## Successful Candidates

S. R. C. PRESIDENT



ROD MacLEOD  
... 83 votes

SECOND V. P. S. R. C.



VIRGINIA BLISS  
... Coeds decided

S. R. C. VICE-PRES.



SYD FORBES  
... political immunity

S. R. C. SECRETARY



DAVE YORK  
... no vague voters

A. A. A. PRESIDENT



BERNIE BIDDISCOMBE  
... from the North Shore

A. A. A. SECRETARY



JANETTE WEBB  
... a Frederictonian

### GANDER BOSSES ENGINEERS

Over 160 members of the Engineering Society went to the polls last Tuesday to elect their new executive. Emerging victorious was Bob Gander, a junior civil engineer, who will begin his duties by attending the annual conference of the Engineering Institute of Canada in Quebec City as the official delegate from U. N. B.

Pieter VanDermeyden came out best in a three way race for the position of secretary treasurer, while Earl Bryenton walked off with the position of Vice President uncontested.

The Society meetings are over for this year but the new executive promises a full and active year beginning early in the fall.

#### SENIORS NOTE

The committee for Non-Athletic Awards will receive applications for such awards until Wednesday, April 6 at 1.00 p. m. The constitution setting out the basis on which the awards shall be made is posted on the bulletin board opposite the Classics lecture room in the Arts Building.

All members of the Senior Class who feel that they have a sufficient number of points to qualify, are urged to submit to Pat McGibbon (Chairman, Non-Athletic Awards Committee, S. R. C.) an application setting out their point qualifications.

#### FOR IMMEDIATE SALE

Brown English Tweed Sports Coat, size 38, almost new.  
Trousers, contrasting brown.  
Call: 4066

#### NOTICE

Will the Cheerleaders please return their uniforms immediately to Amy Legere at the Gym.

If anyone has the Megaphone will he please also turn that in.

#### PASTEURIZED GENERAL PRODUCTS

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#### CO-EDS PLEASE NOTE

Nominations are called for the following positions on the Executive of the Ladies' Society for the year 1949-50.

#### PRESIDENT

Must be a Senior in her year of holding office.

#### VICE-PRESIDENT

Must be a Junior in her year of holding office.

#### SECRETARY-TREASURER

Must be a Sophomore in her year of holding office.

"All nominations shall be in writing, signed by the nominator and seconder, and shall have the names of eight other witnesses. The nominations shall be handed to the Secretary or the President of the Ladies' Society."

Deadline for nominations Thursday April 7.

ELECTION MONDAY, APRIL 11

### COEDS!

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## "No

(A few radio series play based on of last year poetess. It all this fanfa ter been d Brunswick, Canada. W written the say on one newest poet

Much com in recent ti from the pr whose work ago, unknow of Quebec. the work of ist is being coast to the eyes to the wick need n for leadersh Here, in th Carman on to the worl is being he a new poet name will so ple who ca coast. \*3. Mink.

Unlike th Saskatchew the great Moncton. Rome on th the Thames the Avon, c noted for its which is a color a love ted only to fair as its banks of th majestic b Co., Marit other build peace and peaceful an road tracks dian Nation the heart of and citizen the sleek g puff clouds black smok "What bette who was de Moncton's l

Harold li in the very cozy little expanse of vista of ur Main street dows that l which brou of poetry, f old saw auc lady who v on several can be seen environme placing him the end of t reached.

Harold's were spok age of five small boy dust, on the intently at apartment city air, a automobile sweet mus Suddenly, face to his first poeti

"What a From th Harold's beautiful, somewhat her scrapp us,—and f band's rot shown the nounced ir old was to husband, agreed an day Harol artist as l greater.

For a t poetic ga Harold M in years often surpr ers alike Typical of poetry is

# "New Brunswick Has Poets, Too"

W. A. Edmiston

(A few weeks ago that famous radio series "Stage '49" presented a play based on a prize winning novel of last year about a Saskatchewan poetess. It has occurred to me that all this fanfare could have much better been directed towards New Brunswick, the poetical center of Canada. With this in mind I have written the following historical essay on one of New Brunswick's newest poets.)

Much commotion has been made in recent times, about a poetess from the province of Saskatchewan whose work was, until a short time ago, unknown in the provinces east of Quebec. \*1. At present, however, the work of this great western artist is being acclaimed from one coast to the other. \*2. But turn your eyes to the east, for New Brunswick need not look to Saskatchewan for leadership in the field of poetry. Here, in the province where Bliss Carman once gave his contribution to the world of letters, a new voice is being heard. It is the voice of a new poet, a young man whose name will soon be on the lips of people who can read from coast to coast. \*3. His name is Harold Mink.

Unlike the "Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan", Harold was born in the great eastern metropolis of Moncton. Moncton, situated like Rome on the Tiber, like London on the Thames, and like Stratford on the Avon, on the banks of a river noted for its beauty, the Petitcodiac, which is a river of many moods, its color a lovely chocolate brown, fitted only to flow through a city as fair as its river. Not far from the banks of this delightful river, the majestic buildings of the T. Eaton Co., Maritimes Ltd., rise above the other buildings and cast a spell of peace and contentment over a peaceful and contented city. Railroad tracks belonging to the Canadian National Railways run through the heart of the city to give visitors and citizens alike a chance to view the sleek grace of the engines which puff clouds of delicately tinted grey-black smoke into the clear air. What better birthplace for a man who was destined to become one of Moncton's leading sons. \*4.

Harold lived not only in a city, but in the very centre of that city, in a cozy little apartment with a broad expanse of windows overlooking a vista of unusual charm—the city's Main street. It was from these windows that little Harold saw a scene which brought forth his first words of poetry, from which an older Harold saw and fell in love with the fair lady who was to cast her influence on several of his later poems. It can be seen from this that Harold's environment played a large part in placing him on the road to fame, and the end of that road has not yet been reached.

Harold's first words of poetry were spoken at an early age, the age of five. Imagine the scene, a small boy is leaning albow deep in dust on the window sill and gazing intently at the street below. The apartment is filled with the pure, city air, and the sounds from the automobiles on the street are like sweet music to the inhabitants. Suddenly, the boy turns his childish face to his mother and repeats his first poetic words:

"What a fuss,  
From the bus".

Harold's mother, on hearing this beautiful, although I must admit, somewhat brief poem, hurried to her scrapbook and recorded it for us,—and for posterity. On her husband's return from work, he was shown the poem by his wife who announced immediately that her Harold was to be a great poet. Her husband, an interior decorator, agreed and prophesied that someday Harold would be as great an artist as his father, perhaps even greater.

For a time, no further signs of poetic genius were evidenced by Harold Mink, but as he advanced in years and entered school, he often surprised friends and teachers alike with his ability to rhyme. Typical of Harold's grade school poetry is the following stanza:

### "To a Grade VII. Teacher"

Hail to thee, sweet teacher,  
Thou lovely you are not.  
All our studies feature  
All your finest thought.  
Those you passed, all love you,  
Those you failed, do not!  
Harold was neither a brilliant nor quiet student and during his younger days often was the recipient of well-merited punishment at the hands of his teachers. In the squabbles, Harold's mother always took his part, and sought every opportunity to remind his teachers that Harold's artistic nature made him sensitive and that he should be treated accordingly. Harold's father, now head of a large paint and decorating firm, did not take Harold's part, the most probable reason for this being that his wife did. At any rate, it is fortunate for us that the teachers were in agreement with father for one of those incidents produced the following poem:

### "The Dictator"

Oh, terrible, domineering man,  
Who now prepares to strap me.  
I know your little plan,  
And will expose it if you tap me.  
You wish to be another Genghis Khan,  
And rule your school, as he once ruled the east.  
My father is an influential man,  
To keep your job, this strapping must be ceased.

Harold's angry moods did not last long, however, and many of his poems were written in the joyous mood that was his true character. One of his greatest works was written during his high school days. In the summer, it was the habit of several of the high school boys to leap on their bicycles and drive the twenty miles from Moncton to Shediac for a swim in the beautiful Northumberland Straits, and the following poem is the result of one of these trips.

### "To the Beach"

Once more unto the beach, dear friends, once more.  
Unless some mishap turns us from our course,  
In winter nothing so becomes a man  
As quiet study in a classroom dark.  
But when the song of spring sounds in your ears;  
Then dig your wheels from out the cellar black.  
Tighten the bolts up, bring the can of oil  
Disguise the rust spots with new coats of paint.  
Then lend the eye a joyous aspect,  
As if it saw the fun that's yet to come.  
Now on your bike and to the shimmering sea,  
Where mighty waves beat on the mightier rocks,  
And glittering sands await our shoeless feet.  
For all this, pedal hard toward the shore.  
Anticipate the first, glad, breathless dunk,  
And cry, "The last one in's a dirty skunk." \*6.

Harold's first affair of love was tragic and sadly left an impression on him that caused him to give up writing poetry for a two year period. Nevertheless it was at this time that Harold's two epic love poems were written. The first of these was produced when he saw Rita Muldoon from the window of his apartment.

"To a Girl, Seen from a Window"  
Oft have I gazed from out this window clear,  
And many a lovely face and figure seen.  
To many a motion picture have I been  
Where all the beauties of the world appear.  
But never have I gazed, as I do here;  
On majesty and beauty so serene,  
On loveliness much fairer than a queen.  
That made my heart leap, like a startled deer.  
But soon the vision passes and is gone  
Far from this window and my field of view;  
To pass by other windows, other men.  
When she arrived, a light like unto dawn

Lit up my world with all its golden hue;  
But now the dusk, I am alone again.  
The next time that Harold chanced to see this lovely vision from his window he hurried after her and handed her a copy of his first poem. It was then that he was informed of the tragic facts related in the following poem.

### "Heartbreak"

To the end of the world I'd have followed you,  
One word from your lips to have. To Egypt, to Turkey, to Burma too,  
And even the Yugoslav.  
But I did not have to follow you far,  
I was on my own feet carried I met you, you shone like the evening star,  
And you gave me that one word, "Married".

This sad love affair left little inspiration in Harold's mind for the next two years, and he spent most of the time touring the province at his father's expense. He did, however, finish one narrative poem, which he had begun in the days before his tragic love affair. Again the apartment window served as a vantage point from which he was able to see the episodes narrated in the following poem:

### "The Big Policeman"

There was a giant traffic cop,  
And he stoppest one of three,  
"By thy uniform and shining badge,  
Now wherefore stoppest thou me."

"You have turned up a one way street"  
The policeman was so stern,  
"There is a sign if you can read:  
Up this street do not turn!"  
"I am a stranger in this town",  
The driver said, quite white.  
"I could not read your sign because  
The sun, it was so bright."  
The cop he laughed a hearty laugh,  
"To the judge you'll tell it please.  
You also through a red light went  
Out of that now, try to squeeze."  
The street ahead of him was clear,  
No car was in his sight.  
And he was sure that he would not,  
Give in without a fight.  
His foot down to the starter went,  
He really must get free.  
The traffic cop, who quicker was,  
Grabbed the ignition key.  
"My boy, there's no place you could hide,  
In city, wood or thicket,  
You can't escape the law my friend,  
I'm giving you a ticket."  
The moral of this story is,  
In heat or winter frosts,  
The fine for bucking a traffic cop is twenty bucks, plus costs.

Harold's travels around this great province gave him an appreciation of the wonders of nature which could not be found in his earlier works. The beauties of his native province became an inspiration to him which started him writing once again. Below are several of his most famous poems.

(The Petitcodiac River Tidal Bore is one of the two main tourist attractions at Moncton. Tourists, however, are often disappointed by the small size of the wave, and many remarks like this one are heard. "Why, I've seen bigger waves than that comin' up the Hudson, an' I didn't even hafta' leave home".)

Only a few short hours have gone,  
Since a mighty river flowed down to the sea,  
But the river has lost its strength and its brawn,  
And only a small creek remains running free.  
Beside the river's a little parle,  
Where people talk, and children play.  
Around the trees, the small dogs bark,  
And the benches are filled with tourists gay.  
But hark! What is that distant sound,  
That is like the ocean's mighty roar?  
Around the bend with a leap and a bound,  
Comes that wondrous thing, the bore.

The mud is brown, the wave is white,  
The people give a drawn-out sigh,  
For the mighty bore as it comes in sight,  
Is a full twelve inches high.

### "Magnetic Hill"

(This phenomenon, Moncton's second main tourist attraction, genuinely amazes visitors to the Hub city. One woman was heard to remark, "Well! Isn't that the strangest thing you ever saw? I wonder whatever made it happen down in this uncivilized part of the country, instead of in Ontario or Quebec or some place nearer home.)

"To the bottom of the hill, please drive,  
And stop when at it you arrive.  
Turn off the engine when you stop  
And you will coast back to the top".  
The people read the sign again "Impossible", said all the men.  
They drove the care to the bottom low,  
What would happen next, they did not know.  
Their throats were dry, their eyes were glazed,  
You could not say they weren't amazed.  
The car began, without a stop  
It backed the full way to the top.  
You may wander far o'er land and sea,  
And many a strange thing you may see,  
But a stranger thing you never will,  
Than our own amazing Magnetic Hill.

"A Monctonian in St. John"  
(It must be noted here that Harold's views on St. John are necessarily a little prejudiced against the city due to the traditional intercity rivalry of St. John and Moncton.)

### I. The Arrival.

It's called "Canada's city of sunshine", \*7.  
But the day that I picked for my jog,  
I thought that a much more appropriate name  
Would be "Canada's city of fog."  
I walked through the streets of the city,  
(It was very hard on the feet.)  
I met an experienced mountain climber,  
Who practised along King Street.

### II. First Impression

It seemed a giant city,  
With hotels and movies to spare;  
But when the sun broke through,  
I found  
'd been circling 'round King Square.

### III. The Harbour

But a part of this city's romantic,  
Where the ships go to and fro'.  
I saw a beautiful little tug,  
With a giant liner in tow.  
My mind went to far away places:  
To Turkey and Ceylon too,  
The ship may have come from Asia  
Or even from San Bedoo. \*8.  
When I learned where the ship had come from  
My hopes took a dismal fall.  
Though the crew spoke an unknown language \*9.  
The ship was from Montreal.

### IV. Reversing Falls

I stood and watched these amazing falls  
For nearly half a day.  
I hope that they would go back and forth,  
But they only went one way.

### V. A Farewell to St. John

I've seen the New Brunswick Museum,  
The falls and the Forum too,  
(Where the weak, old St. John Beavers  
Get beaten by you know who.) \*10  
Your city isn't too bad,  
Though of course it can't compare  
With the lovely city of Moncton,  
The finest anywhere.  
And when shall I return here?  
Well, time alone can tell,  
And so until the next time,  
To you I say "Farewell".

"The City of the Stately Elms"  
Here is the centre of our province fair  
A lovely city, unmatched anywhere.

Here you can see a mighty river flow,  
That for a century has watched this city grow.  
(Where nary a C. C. F.'er has been sent)

Here culture flourishes atop the hill  
And foresters, of culture, get their fill.  
For here's the school where Carman, Roberts went,  
Their lives in writing poetry were spent.  
(Although their poem's fashion may be old  
Their poems were quite good, or so I'm told.)  
Yet on this lovely city, many frown;  
For in spite of all its people, it's a town.  
On Saturday the people from the farm  
Bring to the market all the country's charm.  
So take the advice the city's council sow,  
And just sit back and watch their city grow.

It is with this majestic salute to the capital city of his beloved province that we must take leave of Harold Mink, for the present. Harold is busy at the present time preparing three volumes of work which he hopes to publish in the near future. They are "The North Shore, It's Cultural Background", "South of the Border, Down Nova Scotia Way" and "New England—New Brunswick's Cultural Offspring". In conclusion let us remember those immortal words, which New Brunswick's modern poet laureate penned in his tribute to St. John.

"And so until the next time,  
To you I say, "Farewell."  
\*1. This is undoubtedly due to the big industrialists of Toronto and Montreal, who, it is rumoured, wish to keep all knowledge of the rest of the world from the people of the Maritimes, whom they seek to control for their own interests.  
\*2. A slip-up on the part of the industrialists, I'm sure.  
\*3. This does not include literate industrialists of Upper Canada, who, I am given to understand are few in number.  
\*4. There are some who would place Gordon Drillon above Harold on the list of great Monctonians, but, considering the artistic qualities of these two men, Mink must surely be placed ahead.  
\*5. J. L. Hardy, literary critic of the Mt. Allison "Argosy", has stated that this poem was similar to poetry written by a relatively unknown English poet, a Mr. Wm. Shakespeare. To this Harold answers "It is impossible that Mr. Hardy could compare my masterpiece to the work of Wm. Shakespeare, as I have it on the best authority that no one at Mt. Allison has ever read the work of Mr. Shakespeare."  
\*6. Statistics show that St. John has more day-hours (or man-weeks) of sunshine than any other city in Canada.  
\*7. San Bedoo—a mythical Californian city mentioned in the chronicles of a western mystic by the name of James Durante.  
\*8. "Unknown"—to Harold Mink at least. Harold had been unable to pick up much French (or any other language for that matter) during his high school days.  
\*9. These lines refer to the hockey rivalry between St. John Beavers and the Moncton Hawks.  
\*10. Happy are the people whose annals are blank pages in the volumes of history—Carlyle.  
History tells of you; only the names are changed—Horatius Flaccus Quintus.

Happy are the people whose annals are blank pages in the volumes of history—Carlyle.  
History tells of you; only the names are changed—Horatius Flaccus Quintus.

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**SALES & SERVICE**  
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PRESIDENT



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# The Argosy Weekly

Established 1872

Weekly Since 1922

Published twenty or more times during the college year under the auspices of the Eurbetorian Committee of Mount Allison University. The Argosy is the undergraduate publication of the student body.

Member of the Canadian University Press.

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### STAFF FOR 1948-49

Editor-in-Chief	Bob Noble
News Editor	Reg Gunn
Associate Editor	Phyllis King
Sports Editor	Doug Milton
Feature Editor	Beau Heine
C. U. P. Editor	Margot MacDonald
Staff Photographer	George Fawcett
Cub Reporters	Bud Trueman, Rocky Baird, Red Cattley, Barney Fleiger, Hoot Gibson, Hardrock MacKenzie, Coot McNair, Scrapper Jones, Dick Petrie, Frank Toole. Columnists: Wimpy Whimpster and Carol Hopkins.

### BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	Piercey MacLean
Circulation Manager	Don Tait

Vol. 68

Sackville, N. B., April 4, 1949

No. 22

## FAREWELL '49-ERS

The pleasant memories of the University of New Brunswick will linger forever in your hearts. We hope you will not forget U. N. B. The University of the Red and Black certainly will not forget you.

Your class was different! Your attitude towards life was different. Your outlook, your manner of performing accomplishments differed from that of your predecessors.

Many of your group started their university career in '45. What broke all tradition, though, was the entrance of one hundred and eighty of your number to their U. N. B. student life early in the winter of '46. For many of you your first year was six months of cramming, six months of Alexander. One hundred and eighty almost froze to death at Alexander College.

A strange six months it must have been. Many of you were used to the cockpit of a Spitfire. You know what army rations were (Alexander brought back that memory). Some of you landed at Caen, in Sicily, or Libya. Others had the misfortune of paddling round in the Mediterranean or the Atlantic for a few days or weeks. Still others shivered in Alaska.

How strange University life must have been! To enter what appeared to you as another high school, or more likely a grade school, where the freshman and the freshette just out of high school didn't speak your lingo.

Yes, the forty-niners were the vets' class. You were the largest, too.

A different kind of spirit was injected into campus activities. You were the reformers! Probably your class was more responsible than any other for what followed. Who are we to say the veterans had no spirit! You had spirit, alright — in more ways than one.

You no sooner landed here than we found Rep. by Pop. That gave you ten S. R. C. Reps — almost enough to be the deciding factor in any major campus issue.

That was not all. You introduced Preferential Voting — the choice system. And still to-day half the students are not so sure what it's all about.

For more Class Spirit: Freshman Week was your idea. You had missed it. As a matter of passing, you missed the Initiation the Upperclassmen didn't give you — because you were too many and they were too few.

Yet you had some more fancy ideas. Tom Prescott and some more of the boys wanted an airplane. You got it — for \$2,000. We boasted that U. N. B. was the only University to have a Flying Club. You flew over the town of Fredericton for two years. — Now we have "flying time".

Many of you remember the "brawls" (or were they crawls) that were held in the Alexander College Common Room — the one that burnt down, remember?

Better still your lumberjacks said you had the biggest and best dances in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium — where they wore heavy number tens.

In a couple of months this will all be history to you. But we hope that you will remember "Up The Hill". To you we wish the fondest farewell. Wherever you go, whatever you do, we wish you the best success in your future ventures — each and every one of you forty-niners.

R. G. H.



Letters To The Editor must have the signatures attached thereto. Otherwise they will not be printed. The Editor reserves the right to refuse any letter for either length or content. Letters over 300 words will not be accepted unless under special circumstances. Your contributions to this column are appreciated.

### Complaints

Dear Editor,— I would like to lodge a complaint against the professors—namely, their neglect to give us more prepared work.

Of course, I am only a 1st year Arts' Student (and a Freshette at that) but personally, no matter how hard I try, I can never find enough material to keep me up studying past 3 A. M. Even when I have an occasional essay to do (we're never assigned more than three in one week and it's just child's play to get them done) I always seem to get it done an hour or so before daylight.

Now and again I force myself to go to the first show at the Capitol (I always leave early so I can catch the 8.47 bus home) nevertheless I seem to be far ahead of the lectures in my work.

For instance, take our Chemistry course (Freshman Chem. that is). Now, there is a snap course! Why everyone likes it so well that even Juniors take it! And when I asked a handsome Senior why he takes Freshman Chemistry he said, "I get something new out of it every year!" Well, as I was saying, it's really a wonderful course; we see cartoons (I think that's what they are, anyhow) about twice a month and the rest of the time we help the professor time one of the students to see how fast he can change lantern slides (do you suppose that student is taking a special course? I didn't know there was a course in MOVIE PROJECTION GIVEN or I would have taken that instead of Arts because there'd probably be more work and that's what I'd like!) We all have some typewritten sheets; I don't know for sure what they're for, but I think they have something to do with Chemistry. I've read all the sheets over and know everything on them off by heart. So that shows you how easy Chemistry is! Oh yes! I forgot to tell you the worst part! We can wander in anytime we like — the door is always open and whenever anyone comes in, (even if it is after 9 a. m.) he is cordially welcomed and invited to stay. Personally, I think the door should be closed at three minutes to nine and if anyone tries to sneak in, he should be kicked out.

The rest of our courses are about the same and as I said, we don't have half enough work to do.

All my good friends have been asking me to write to you in the hope that you will be able to help us by printing this letter and letting the faculty see for themselves that if something isn't done, we'll have to start going out nights for lack of subject matter to study.

Some of my acquaintances have to go out in the evenings now and I'll be starting to read novels out of the library pretty soon myself, if we don't have more assignments.

Kay MacCollum.

### Boxing Champs

Dear Mr. Editor,—

We wish to take this opportunity to inform those interested in the results of the Maritime Intercollegiate Boxing Championship bouts that they may obtain a good report of the fights by writing to Dalhousie University Gazette and requesting a copy of last week's issue.

University of New Brunswick  
Boxing Team,  
Maritime Intercollegiate Champs  
1949.

Ed's Note: The Dalhousie Gazette also had an excellent write-up of the Swimming Team Championships. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Ross Reads, Swimming Team Manager, for his excellent account of that meet—See page 8, March 21, Brunswickan. Also

thanks to George Noble, Swimming Team Captain, for the interesting pictures of a Halifax Swim Meet which were published in the March 14 Brunswickan. The Swimming Team's co-operation was greatly appreciated!

We would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate the Boxing Team on their outstanding success. It is indeed encouraging to U. N. B. Sports to see one team, which has had no opportunity of meeting any outside competition previous to the Maritime Meet, walk away with the bacon.

### The Brunswickan

Alex College,  
March 25, 1949,  
Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Editor:—

I'm going to tell you exactly what I think of the Brunswickan.

When I first began to read the Friday paper that comes out on Tuesday I found it very dull. My diagnosis was an extreme case of suppression and inhibition. The Brunswickan remained in this funeral state for about a year and a half, i. e. up to about Christmas time

this year.

Then one day, while reading it I found myself chuckling the odd time, and at least once I pounded my fist in agreement with the editorial.

During the past few weeks I have seen nothing but improvement. It seems to me that the staff are letting themselves relax and as a result the stuff they are writing and allowing others to write is sparkling, humorous and interesting, by gosh. Now we have a paper that most of us actually look forward to. Who ever thought they would live to see the day?

I like the way you cover the doings of our administrative bodies, and I'm glad to see less of I. S. S. and C. U. P. We have our sports, local news, and editorials we can grasp. Incidentally, that was a snappy comeback to the unhappy Mr. Jones.

I'm glad somebody noticed that the ad. of Gaiety Men's Shop was still saying "Welcome Freshmen!" Yours sincerely,

Roy Wright.

The foundation of historical truth is the silence of the dead ones—



## GUESS WHO?

A REAL OLDIE



YES IT'S ME

SNEM S'REKLAW  
POHS

### THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

Will Meet

on Thursday, April 7, 1949

at 4.45 p. m. in the Physics Lecture Room

Election of Officers 1949-50

Financial Statement 1948-49

Speaker: Prof. J. Samoloff

Subject: Relativity For Everyman



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# SHORT LIFE

YOU BOOR ME!

By Damon Bunion

Vell, followers of the Garbish and Mold — oops! — I mean Garnet and Gold, here I am, you lucky payzants! (the opening line is a remnant of the subversive propaganda shot into this helpless callonist during his prolonged stay (four years — in and out) on the mud swathed slopes of Mount U. N. B. situated on the River Saint Jack in the little town of Frederick). Last week your humble Bolshovick servant was given a prolonged vacation by the editor of the Broonswickan (bah! — the payzant) when he switched editorials on him, kicked a hole in his desk ( — what they do with orange crates these days!) and told him he should be sent to Siberia (The Lower Slobbovian Section — His relatives wrote back and said if he goes — they're leaving). My editorial deplored the State of the Union and those capitalists (bah! — Someone should hit them with an Iron Curtain!) who drive their cars recklessly through the mud and splatter the good Reds and Blacks with muck and mire. For this — he is giving me, the great Damonian Bunionvich, my walking papers. (Hah! I fooled him, I took a bus . . . Bah! He fooled me, I should have walked!)

Pazants, as I sit here in Stalin House (Try to forget Truman — I know it's not easy, but try!) looking out over the sleepy (They don't realize the ravolooshun comes!) ville of Sack, it is hard to believe that I was once on inmate of that instotooshen Up the Creek. Those democrats are a tricky lot with their high pressure propaganda. When I was but a callow youth, they are saying 'Coom to our University — all the good Reds and Blacks go to our university. Coming from a long line of Bullshicks I rallied to the colors and you can imagine my disappointment when I discovered that the Young Comoonists were in a minority Up the Mudpile or Up the Hill or up something or other. The piece was a virtual cesspool of democracy, although not as bad as I've seen it someplace. But now I am here, you gentle creatures of the swamp, and before I am through, by the beard of Lenin, your colours will be dyed a brilliant red. We will run those demon despots from U. N. B. into the ground, especially that young Progressive Phool Senator Phogbound S. Gerow. (Hah! — That's tellin' them — are you lisnin', Choe!)

Speaking of Gerow reminds us of women. Ah! Such women! It is good he is not here — he would go joyfully mad! You have whole buildings full of them. Already in two days, I have used my weekly ration of a dozen! Why are you so strict? As much as I despise those capitalists at U. N. B., I theenk maybe you should send them some. I would not wish the conditions existing there on anyone! You are indeed the chosen people — you have huge residences and nice girls, flat campus and round girls, small gym and big girls, big rink and small girls. You have girls and more girls (Really, Choe, you should see them — so round, so firm, so fully packed . . . Quit droolin' on the paper, Gerow!)

The editor of the Argosy tells me I am to write a sports calloom (Comes the ravolooshun — I will be telling him!) and with all these ravishing redheads, buxom blondes and bee-ootiful brunettes around, I know just what that sport is going to be. Those calloused beasts from U. N. B. have conquered us anyway. With all these women you want to be wasting your energy on the football field or in the hockey rink? Bah! You poor ignorant pazants! Next year comes the ravalooshun. This year I am busy. Which way to Allison Hall, comrade? Which way to the Bastille? Quit pushin', Choe!

## THEY THREATENED US, SO —



## FIRED!



DAMON BUNION

## THE SAGA OF WETFOOT

See him, knee deep in the slush pool  
Slipping, struggling, soaking there.  
Lo, did ever braver Wetfoot  
Navigate the Great Queen Square?  
Chewing on a scrap of burnt toast,  
Fumbling with unknotted tie  
Whereon if you look more closely  
Blots of egg-yolk you will spy.  
Even yet he still is sleeping . . .  
Watch, he now begins to wake,  
Mutt'ring, "Beaver clock say ten  
to,  
That meant five to: much at  
stake."  
Fear of Great God Desmond  
Pacey  
Drives him panting through the  
slush.  
From above the spirit whispers  
"On, you filthy savage! Mush!"  
Dodging awe inspiring monsters  
Higher Water faster wades  
'Mongst his red and black men  
brethren  
Twixt the dredge and 'dozer blade.  
Now he faces mighty chasm  
Over which a shaky bridge  
Wears a gleaming shiny ice-sheet  
E'en too narrow for a midge.  
Dizziness doth now o'ertake him  
Bells he hears between his ears  
Doth the nother torrent shake  
him?  
No, a cloud of smoke appears.  
Hissing, snorting down upon  
him  
Crawhew hhw long imm'nent fate  
White-foot's scourge of Wetfoot  
nation  
Great in length, a crawling  
freight.  
x x x x x  
Prostrate falls our stricken war-  
rior  
Snow and cinders fill his mouth  
'Till a half hour later  
He gets up, continues south  
About the distance of three feet  
When a mountain he doth meet.  
All before had been but pleasure,  
Papoose-stuff, or Sunday leisure  
E'en his mighty heart stood still  
Faced by such a monstrous hill.  
Paved with ice, how why vice;  
Forty victims at his feet:  
Members of the Wetfoot Nation,  
Sporting broken legs and feet.  
How did valiant Higher Water  
Make his way up to the crest?  
To relate his woe'ful torture  
Hits one like a mid-term test.  
'Nough to say, he truly made it  
Reached the top at ten to ten.  
At this instant you may see him  
One of Wetfoot's broken men.  
Oh, cheer up, you silly ass!  
Today you make the second class!  
—Ted Spencer.

TRAGEDY  
Within a shed,  
he fell;  
And struck his head,  
it bled,  
like hell!  
And now he's dead.

ROSS-DRUG  
United  
TWO STORES  
Queen and Regent Streets  
Queen and York Streets  
Rexall Stores

## Ye Olde Sea Stud

The boy stood on the frothy floor, and raised his head and shouted "More."  
The waiter no regard did show, but turned and softly answer- ed "No."

The boy became a little sore, "But sir, I've quaffed a measly four."  
The waiter turned with great disdain, and loftily said "No" again.

The boy became indignant now, and stirred up quite a healthy row,  
The waiter said "My boy please go," to accentuate another "No."

"But please, sir, on the plebiscite I marked a "Yes" with all my might."  
The waiter turned, about to go, "But I, my son put down a "No."

The owner, through the door did thud, said, "Who defames Ye Olde Sea-Stud?"  
He chased the waiter through the door and quickly brought the boy some more.

The manager with tears in eyes said "This damn place is full of dries;  
A Son of Temperance in disguise! ! ! !"

—The Manitoban

## STATE EXPRESS

for a smooth  
smoke...



Before the Touch



During the Appeal

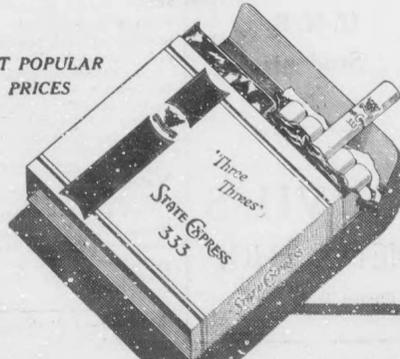


After the Cheque

## STATE EXPRESS

333

AT POPULAR  
PRICES



## Parliament to Stand on Queen and York Streets Says Oldbroom

Flash! Word has just been received from Mr. Ivan Oldbroom, janitor of the Parliament Buildings and second vice-premier of New Brunswick, to the effect that parliament will no longer sit in the Parliament Buildings, but will stand on the corner of Queen and York streets in the future. Mr. Oldbroom hinted that officials of the University of New Brunswick are making inquiries pertaining to purchase of the now obsolete structure. Further inquiry has revealed that Mr. I. M. Antirink (a newly-added member of the Senate), has prepared a motion to be put before the Senate in which he requests that a fund be started towards costs of renovating said building. One suggestion for raising the money has been put forth—if each motorist is fined the sum of 5c each time he kills a student on his way to lectures, the fund would soon reach its objective, namely 15,000,000 rasbukniks.)

Uninformed sources today stated that what the Senate has in mind is turning the Parliament buildings over to the Students for a recreation hall to keep them from being bored with college. Plans are said to provide for padded walls and floors in

all rooms to prevent crap-players from chipping their dice. The Red Ball Brewery in a village not far from here has agreed to deliver 15,000 cases of beer to the door every day. One member of the Senate was overheard to say "Just in case the poor dear Co-eds get thirsty."

The top floor will be turned over completely for the use of the hockey players and walls will be torn out in order to build a rink.

In the basement, padded cells are to be erected for the use of professors who are tired of it all or have become demented. Applications are flooding in already. There is one interesting case, now being considered by a selection committee, of a professor of Freshman Bunkistry who thinks it is ten after nine all day long.

A student plebiscite has been taken on the subject of free beer and crap-games all day and since 99 44/100% of the student body were definitely against it, certain high officials have decided to do the most natural thing and have the free beer and crap-games. To quote the high-potentate of the Senate on this subject "Vive la France!"

## DAMON BUNION FIRED!

Damon Bunion, sportswriter for *The Brunswickan*, a syndicated column which now appears in *The Argosy*, has been fired according to a reliable well-informed source. According to the trickle of information which leaked out *The Brunswickan Managing Board* ordered the staff to fire Bunion for insubordination. Although Damon was quite reliable — occasionally — there were times that he was quite open in his opposition to present policy. Not only that but there have been many instances when he has showed his distaste by condemning the action of his senior editors in very forceful language.

When the Editor recently phoned Mr. Bunion for a column for the last issue Bunion's reply was: "Go to hell, Hay, I'll submit my copy when I damned well please". He then hung up.

Bunion will be long remembered for his column in *The Brunswickan*. However since the addition of *The Brunswickan* as a subsidiary paper of *The Argosy* it is presumed Bunion will be working for that paper.

### PREVENTED FROM SUICIDE

Bunion felt so insulted at his dismissal that he attempted to jump off the railroad bridge last night. Brunswickan Photographer Arnold Duke saved him from freezing to death after he gathered up Bunion's broken body from the ice.

For those readers who have long wondered who Damon Bunion was we should like to inform them that he was none other than **Freddie W. Butland!**

P. S. His latest insults caused his removal from *The Brunswickan*. I. e.: "Here it is, Hay, you April Fool. If you want it written out for the typewriter do it yourself. Also, if I flunk my year I expect *The Brunswickan* to finance a transfer

to Columbia University in Noo Yawk. Angrily yours, Damon Bunion." Following this note to his recent column we must inform our readers that Bunion will no longer appear in *The Brunswickan*.

P. S. *The Brunswickan* Staff sent a "get well" card to Mr. Butland!

### Noted Educationist To Conduct Courses

Dr. John Marshall Nason, outstanding New Brunswick-born educationist and professor of education at Louisiana State University, will conduct the courses in education being given this summer at the University of New Brunswick's 21st annual summer school. It was disclosed today by the school's director, Prof. R. J. Love.

Dr. Nason, born at Fredericton Junction, is a graduate of the Provincial Normal School and the University of New Brunswick. Doing most of his work "up the hill" under the late Dr. W. C. Keirstead, Dr. Nason took honours in philosophy and English when he graduated in 1913. A decade of teaching in this province and Western Canada led him to further his knowledge in education and he enrolled as a post-graduate student at the University of Chicago. There, guided by such distinguished educationists as Judd, Morrison, Bobbitt, W. S. Gray, Charters and Counts, he won the Master of Arts degree in 1925 and the Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1928 in education. Since then Dr. Nason's lecturing has been largely at the University of California and Louisiana State University, the last 12 years having been spent at Louisiana University in Baton Rouge.

Dr. Nason also plans to visit his home in Fredericton Junction this summer.

### WILLIAMS HEADS MED STUDES

At a meeting held on last Wednesday evening members of U. N. B.'s pre-medical society selected their three-membered executive for the coming year. Stepping into Bob Jones' position as president of the society will be Norm Williams a junior science student, who last year held the secretarial post of the executive. Claire Rideout, another junior, became the new vice-president, and Danny Ellman, who came to the university this year from Saint John High School, and has been active among the prospective saw-bones in his first year here, takes over the Secretary-Treasurer's job.

History—A distillation of rumors Carlyle.

## GOOD REPRESENTATION MEANS A GOOD COUNCIL! . . . VOTE!

### COEDS RAID BEAVER'S RESIDENCE EXTENSIVE DAMAGE

FLASH!!! Fredericton, N. B., April 1, (BURP) Late today, seventy-seven of the co-eds of the University of New Brunswick stormed Lady Beaverbrook's Building, the men's residence on the campus. No extent of the damage has been revealed at this time since some of the co-eds are still in the building. Repeated efforts of the members of the faculty and families of the girls have been unable to end the savage and uncalled for attack which began at seven thirty tonight.

No apparent reason has been advanced for the action taken by these athletic and lusty amazons. Some students have put forth the theory that the girls feel neglected. This remains to be seen. The attack was preceded by a mass rally and torch procession in front of the Forestry Building. (These girls really must have been neglected). The rally was addressed by three of the most prominent of the co-eds, instilled with ardor, vim, vitality and vigor, the girls charged the east door of the Residence.

The first room attacked was Room 109, where two of the strongest men on the campus attempted to beat off the raging females. Subdued, these valiant defenders were borne aloft to the squash court. Some of the invaders headed for the kitchen but they saw the telephone. However, not all stopped to gossip. The remainder reached the kitchen but returned empty-handed except for a bushel of cabbage, two hard boiled eggs and a quarter pound of bacon.

An advance guard composed mainly of basketball players, most of whom weighed over two hundred pounds, headed for the second floor. Although met by a group of budding psychoanalysts, the girls did not wish to be psychoanalyzed and they by-passed this group, leaving them wallowing in a pile of broken records. Only one of the students in this section of the building escaped unscathed — he was in Vancouver at the time. Three of the eager young things immediately drew lots to see who would go to Vancouver for him.

A gorilla group moved to the third floor where one of the blondes let out a blood curdling war whoop — Maaaaarrrrry. Dear! Matchsticks were hurriedly thrown against the door of 310 in an effort to barricade it. Leaving this gruesome scene, the co-eds lined up in fours and marched to the other end of the building where the door of 315 was splintered. Terrified by a loud HAR, HAR!, the invaders retreated to 317. They were welcomed by the social committee and a short dance was held. Reinforcements arrived from the first floor and headed for the Freshmen's room. Tripping over beer bottles, they lined the three freshmen up against the wall and for the second time intimidation was commenced. Enough for the shoe polish.

Down the west stairs, the girls retreated. One of them let out a piercin' scream and stopped at 203. One of the inmates was badly mutilated. So that there will be no retaliation, we will call this unfortunate fellow, Smith. Back on the main floor, the leaders of this unprecedented attack had rounded up the King Sisters for some lively entertainment. A good time was had by all.

At the latest count fifty-four girls had been rounded up and college officials say that the boys' lives are not safe until the remaining twenty-three are captured. It is believed that these strays are carrying out mopping up operations under the pool.

The building was left in shambles and most of the boys have removed to the stacks in the library where the Foresters are neatly cross-piling them. Most of the debris consists of broken glass. Already an order has been sent to St. John for a new supply of glass containers. These containers are very popular. They are green in color and are adorned with a Mocshead. Fifty-four of the men are missing

BURP will keep you informed of any upcoming events.

Wins Freshman Radio

G. N. Cater of 581 Brunswick Street is the lucky winner of the Radio raffled off by the Freshman Class. This was announced shortly after a meeting of the class on Monday night.

### GIFTS FOR EVERY OCCASION

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**U. N. B. TAKES TIDDELY WINKS TOURNAMENT**

Fredericton, N. B., April 1.—This morning in the Boxing Room of the Lady Beaverbrook's Gym, the Tiddeley-Wink team from Up the Hill won a decisive round over Mt. A. by defeating them 14-1, 12-3, and 10-5. All three games were fast with U. N. B. taking an early lead in the first and last games. The second game was a bit slower and Mt. A. held the lead for some time before U. N. B. was able to overtake them and then climb steadily to the top.

The line-ups for the two universities were as follows. For Mt. A.: Tiddeley, Joep Q. Crotchmeyer; 1st Winker, Len Dusahand; 2nd Winker, Bill Pfft. For U. N. B.: Tiddeley, Ivan "Urp" Beers; 1st Winker, Aloysius "Al" Katt; 2nd Winker, Ben Dover.

Crotchmeyer for Mt. A. and Beers for U. N. B. (that's nothing new) were the outstanding players for the morning. Tiddeley, furiously, Crotchmeyer raked up seven of his teams nine points. Beers followed closely with six. Although Beers didn't get as many points as his Winkers he still held the spotlight for his marvelous kibitzing. Kibitzing in Tiddeley-Winks is very difficult. Oftimes a Winker doesn't know whether to hook a point or to tiddle. Hooking shots is very dangerous; it is much like hooking a car. On the other hand tiddeling is a difficult thing to do. It is the job of the Tiddeley to coach his teammates properly so that they will not take the wrong shots. Tiddeley-Winks is very much like drinking; if you mix your shots you've had it brother.

The most notable shooting of the morning was done by Dover. Taking difficult shots at an angle of ninety degrees or greater, Dover would snap the Tiddeley-Wink almost straight up into the air and as it came down he would blow gently on it and direct it in the proper direction. The audience kept yelling, "Put something in the pot." He did almost invariably. Katt was the biggest fouling man of the day. He was given thirty-seven fouls and that ain't hay... Hay? Good for horses! Horses? And there they go... It's Toupee going on a head. Lucky Lady is losing badly, Long Underwear is closing in behind, and now it's number one, and number two, and number three and... ah... well that stumped me. Scrapper never told me I'd be counting that high.

But back to the tournament.

Beers (urp) opened the scoring with a lovely hook shot that took the Mt. A. guard completely by surprise. The man, it was Pfft, didn't even have time to pucker up and blow. As you know the only defence in this game is blowing the opponents Tiddeley-Wink off it's course. Of course the man who makes the shot is also allowed to blow. In this way if he is a bigger bag of wind than his opponent he has a decided advantage. There was an awful lot of hot air in the gym this morning. It was almost like an S. R. C. meeting. The first game was a cinch for U. N. B. But when the second rolled around the Mt. A. team was beginning to get used to the table. The table was a wobbly affair much like the tables in the Beaverbrook Residence Dining Hall. U. N. B. wasn't expecting this change of pace and that is why the game was a bit slower.

The third game really took the cake however. The score is an indication of the play. The game was fast but the playing was a much higher calibre (between a 38 and a 45). Katt opened the scoring with a difficult pocket shot. A pocket shot is a shot from the pocket. Crotchmeyer followed with a slow angle shot, but as he was blowing, his bubble gum popped out and fell into the pot. He was disqualified. Dover was also disqualified for inhaling instead of blowing. This is not allowed in Intercollegiate play-offs. He insisted at the time that he was only breathing but since the referee's toupee was whipped off by the vacuum created his complaint was ignored. Next came a lovely shot by Dusahand. Wearing his Soup Repellent Vest (A lovely purple gabardine outfit with pink polka dots) because the drool as he is blowing ruins a good deal of his clothes, he took a low altitude swoop shot and guided the Tiddeley-Wink in by creating a temporary vacuum about it by opening his mouth and allowing the surrounding air to fill up his brain space.

By eliminating Mt. A. from the running U. N. B. has won itself a spot in the North American Intercollegiate playoffs. The final games are to be held in Chicago, the windy city. They will be held on May 4 and 5. The Argosy would like to extend to U. N. B. the best of luck in the finals. "Al" Katt, "Urp" Beers, and Ben Dover, here's hoping that you win the North American crown. Mt. A. bows to one of the best teams that it has seen in years.

**Just Around the Corner**

By Heckle and Hide

(CUP) NEWS IN BRIEF — Tuesday, April 3, 1949.

As we are nearing the end of our last year Up The Hill, we feel, that after such a prolonged stay on the Campus, we should pay a tribute to the activities in our year of graduation.

First, Rufus O'Hay, now editor of the Daily Cleaner (local advertising agency,) formerly of the Brunswickan, has once more taken up his slanderous activities against the Co-Eds. He certainly looks the same to us, even as though he were still a freshman, his hair is tainted now, but only knows he has lived a rugged life, always asserting that the "Pen is mightier than the sword."

You all remember that back in '49, there was considerable controversy over an artificial rink. But last year the Atomic Ice plant, the only one of its kind in North America, was installed by the Alumni, with the assistance of the ISS.

In sports this year, the ladies society with their 1,000 members, headed by Juicy Linton, won the girls intermediate varsity snooker crown. In ping pong, water polo, and chesterfield rugby (Canadian), they won high honours hands down.

The small number of male students at the university did their part by winning the intramural bridge tournament in their reading room. Then don't forget the Dal game, when Mousie Monahan scored our winning rouge for the one needed point. Damion Bunyan, god bless his happy home, was the official newscaster for the Maritime Farm broadcast, until he visited Mt. A. to check on swamp growth, and more or less disappeared. They say that Bunnies are multiplying...! All green vegetation has completely disappeared.

To return to this triumphant year in the history of U. N. B., it is only fitting to note that President Trueman celebrated his 10th year in office. His wife held a reunion for the grads of '49.

The outstanding musical performance of the year was the Musical Revue, sort of Red N' Black without jokes, devoted to the appreciation of themes from Brahms to Boogie. Mt. Allison sent one of its top flight entertainers for the evening, with Wally McGinn and his Corn Cobblers in attendance. The highbrow portion of the show was received by roars of applause, from the first two rows. They were the cast of '49, (chorus gals and boys.)

With a personal slant, Fergie MacLaren and Don Fonger, are both the proud fathers of numerous sons and daughters. Big Ed has grown a beard, rivaling only that which once made Harold Good the envy of every blue blooded boy on the campus.

It is with great displeasure that the feud between the Alfa Cappa (Girls residence,) and the Alf, Alfa, (boys residence,) is recorded here. Hard Feelings existed for some time, before Miss Whimster staved off the attack, by barring the windows of the girls rooms. A counter attack was launched in February, much to disgust of Ed McGinley, who like most of us returns annually to visit his Alma Mater, and was thrown into the pool. (of milk)... In the fray the Dean, escaped the panic, by hanging himself, (to save face).

Thus after a year full of countless enjoyment, we ended our stay here by singing as we boarded the plane... Away, away with life and drum, and au revoir to our flat footed friends!

**The Saga of Jenny**

Jenny made her mind up when she was three  
That she would be a Co-ed at U. N. B.  
Little Jenny studied madly from day to day!  
Every night she burned the candle, threw the novels away  
Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny  
Her equal would be hard to find.  
She wrote matriculation, and caused a great sensation  
For she really had a marvelous mind.  
Now Jenny had a passion for CHEM-IST-RY  
She entered into Science with fiendish glee  
But at seventeen at college it was quite a blow  
When she gazed upon the hillside where she must go.  
Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny  
Her equal would be hard to find.  
She led the sad procession to early morning session  
With cries of "Mush!" resounding from behind.  
No matter how she struggled — it seemed like Fate,  
The trains and icy summits would make her late;  
For no matter how she hurried at a hectic pace,  
She would always find the portal slammin' right in her face!  
Poor Jenny! Bright as a penny  
We know she's gonna flunk in May.  
She begs you to consider conditions which have hid her  
From your early morning classes every day!

The members of THE ENGINEERING STAFF and their wives request the pleasure of the company of the Co-eds and post-graduate lady students at a coffee party

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 8

Between 11.30 a. m. and 2 p. m.

at the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Turner,

128 Alexandra Street

**Engineering Students Tour Saint John**

The last Engineering Tour of the season was conducted last Friday the 25th to Saint John with Larsen at the helm. The first point visited was the hydro-electric plant at Musquash which was given a thorough inspection by the visiting Engineers.

After eating lunch at Musquash, the noble group moved on to the big city where they saw Chittick's ready mixed concrete plant. This was most interesting as some new mixing methods and new types of cement as well as the batching plant and mixer trucks were demonstrated by the manager.

The next plant visited was that of Jos. A. Likely Co. Ltd., which was also visited by the Foresters. Here they make high grade concrete pipe by tamping and by centrifugal force. The concrete is very dense with the strength being around 15,000 p. s. f. With their methods, forms can be taken off within fifteen minutes with no danger of the pipes collapsing, using only ordinary Portland cement. Their erecting plant was also visited along with their plant for making the sweeping compound known as "Go-Dust" of which every one received a free sample.

Anderson's Claybrick and Tile works at Little River was next on the schedule. Although the group arrived just after the plant had stopped for the day, the process was ably explained by Fonger who had been through a factory before.

Leaving the brick works the bus went to the landside. The slide was explained by Larsen with the construction of the new road being

**Summer Session Starts on July Fourth**

July 4 marks the opening of the 21st summer session of the University of New Brunswick (Prof. R. J. Love, director of the summer school, announced today. Through six weeks, till August 15, courses will be offered for teachers wishing to obtain the Bachelor of Arts degree or to improve their academic and professional status; opportunity for students desirous of clearing fall supplemental examinations will be provided; complete courses are to be available in preparation for the grammar school teaching license; and pre-matriculation work for those who wish to acquire clear matriculation standing will be given. Special instruction also will be arranged for the post-graduate students who will be present.

Highlighted by the lecturing visit of Dr. John Nason, of Louisiana State University, the U. N. B. summer session has a strong staff on hand for work in all departments. The observatory Art Centre, which attained national distinction under the direction of the late Pogi Nichol MacLeod, will continue to function. Accommodation will be available in the Lady Beaverbrook Residence. Recreation plans have been made.

Altogether a successful summer is anticipated and it is hoped that the enrolment will surpass last year's all-time high of 150 students.

Calendars may be procured from the University.

the obvious cause. After having supper the group headed back to Fredericton with an informal sing-song held on the bus.

### Tonsorial Parlour Started

Phlash! April 1, 1949—It was announced today by President Trueman that the Ladies' Reading Rooms in the Arts Building are to be converted into a joint barber shop-beauty salon. Said President Trueman as he sat with his feet on his desk, "Most students cannot afford to pay the price demanded by the local barbers for a haircut and hence are forced to either let their hair grow or cut their own" (unquote: there must be a shortage of scissors among the male population of the campus) and it is up to the university to do something about the situation. Also, in all fairness to the Co-eds who must not be outshone, a beauty salon will be featured in what was once a great card centre."

Your humble reporter was pleased to witness the first operation on this ingenious new undertaking swing into action early this morning. There is already a brilliant neon sign outside the door displaying "TRUE-MAN TONSORIAL PARLOUR" in green and "CUTE Y' BEAUTY CENTRE" in red. Inside, busy Foresters are hard at work sawing partitions into shape; strong engineers are calculating how to conserve space; clever scencemen are mixing up hair tonic and Toni solutions; artful artisans are sharpening scissors.

Best of all, credit can be had by all at our campus "fixum" spot which will open bright and early this Saturday morning in time to get everyone all spruced up for the dance at the Alex drill hall Saturday night. And if one doesn't happen to be broke a hair cut will only cost 13c (three cents tax). Shaves will be given free for the first two weeks.)

For the Co-eds, how about a Toni or a Smooth Date-Bait corkscrew curled crew cut; you can have either one for only seventy-nine cents. Games of poker and dancing will make waiting in the anteroom more pleasant.

The President also announced that starting this September, special courses in hair dressing and the art of shaving will be given on the second floor of the Forestry Building.

It has just been announced by the Senate that President Trueman has been promoted to Janitor of the Arts Building for his courageous stand on the "TRUE-MAN TONSORIAL PARLOUR".

### Thanks Electors

I would like to express my thanks for the confidence which the student body have placed in me by electing me to the office of S. R. C. President. I shall do my best to justify that confidence and, I feel sure, that with the other members who have been elected to the executive, the S. R. C. will operate as successfully as it has in the past year.

Sincerely,  
Rod MacLeod.

To receive the support of so many is indeed the greatest expression of confidence that one could wish for in any election. I should therefore like to take advantage of this opportunity in extending my thanks to the student body in carrying me to office of 1st Vice President of the S. R. C. In working with the other members of your choice I shall do my best to justify your confidence in me in helping the S. R. C. carry on successfully as before.

Sincerely,  
Syd Forbes.

### Kampuz Koedz Chooz Kampuz Kween

Skratchin, skreamin, skreechin, bitin koeds, wuh dizpleyed wut peered to be an ere of modesty, have unanimously chozen there kampuz kween.

No longer will any frustrated editor be able to crow that koeds are dumb, ungly, and poorly dressed. The koeds pecked there way to viktory at the pulls held recentli. Miss Marry Spice, a koed of sum repute, was chosen several udder kandidates. She will hold the roost for 1949-50. In kommentin on de elektions un koed sed Miss Marry Spice was chosun i nan elektoral batul which was ran without fear nor fairness and wuz chosun in a verra demokratschie memner.

Miss Spice cluked happily at her elektion. She sed that her figur trooly representid the average koed. Withot eny prejudise wutsoevr she sed she hed da figur, wuz well cut, and wuz set on roostin foor the rist ov hiz kollege karear.

### Nominations '49-'50 Seniors

#### President

1. Geo. Andrews
2. Hugh Church
3. Marven Palmer
4. C. K. Smith

#### Vice-President

- Betty Clarke (acclamation)
- Secretary-Treasurer
- Eleanor Barker (acclamation)

#### S. R. C. Representatives

- Jean Pearson (acclamation)
- 1. Jim Wallis
- 2. Jim Watson
- 3. Jack MacKay
- 4. Frank Lawrence
- 5. Sam Rideout
- 6. Julian Guntensperger
- 7. G. J. Genevoss
- 8. Annie Berge

#### SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

9.00 a. m. — 3.00 p. m.  
Tuesday, April 5  
Arts Building

History is the art of choosing among many lies the one which most resembles the truth — Rousseau.

People want novels. Why then do they not read history?—F. P. G. Gulzot.

### AN EXPENSE ACCOUNT WITH A STORY

Advertising For Stenographer	\$ 1.68
Violets For New Stenographer	1.75
Week's Salary For Stenographer	25.00
Roses For Stenographer	3.75
Candy For Wife	.75
Lunch With Stenographer	3.75
Week's Salary For Stenographer	35.00
Picture Show For Wife and Self	.60
Theatre Tickets For Stenographer and Self	7.50
Coca/Cola For Wife	.20
Champagne and Dinner With Dorothy	21.75
Dorothy's Salary	50.00
Champagne and Dinner With Dotty	21.75
Doctor	100.00
Fur Coat For Wife	625.00
Advertising For Male Stenographer	1.53

### DO YOU WANT LIVING QUARTERS NEXT FALL?

Next to University Residence?

If So, Why?

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FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Do you drink like a fish?.....
2. Do you like a drink?.....
3. Do you drink or are you a teetotalitarian?.....
4. Do you like girls?.....
5. If so, what kind of girls?.....  
a. Nice girls?.....  
b. Or NICE girls?.....
6. Are you from the Arts Faculty?.....  
Note: Engineers and Foresters will be given the preference.
7. Do you hold any position of responsibility on the campus? If not, why not?.....
8. Do you smoke or cuss?.....  
Note: Smokes will be accepted. Bring your own Old Golds and Camels.
9. Have you reached the age of 19?.....  
Girls and boys under 19 need not apply, unless you are female.

FILL OUT THIS APPLICATION FORM AND MAIL TO THE CAMPUS HIERARCHY 775 ALBERT ST.

(Signed) Edward Fanjoy, S. R. C. President  
Hugh Whalen, S. R. C., Vice-President  
Bob Allen, Mandrake The Magician  
Ed McKinney, S. C. M. Vice-President  
Hugh Goodman, Forester  
Harry Kierstead, Engineer  
Mac MacNevan, Engineer.

P. S. Will you promise to be in every night by 10 p. m. except nights such as when formals are being held —then you must agree to be in by twelve o'clock. Only cooks need apply.

#### MENU:

Weekdays at noon — soup.

Weekdays at night — hash.

All other meals — Ham and Eggs.

There must be a wide variety of faculties represented as well as political parties. We must have a broad-minded household.

WANTED—Sealed tenders for construction of concrete walks on Campus of University of N. B. Applicants may obtain particulars from University Office. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Contract to be completed by A. D., August 31, 1949. All tenders must be accompanied by a certified check of \$1,000. Tenders close May 15, 1949.

Fats MacLean, Bursar, Mt. Allison.



### DON'T FORGET

The First and Last Barn Dance of the Year.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8th

At Memorial Hall

O and □ Dances From 9 to 12.30 p. m. with

GLEN LARSEN and his All Star Playboys  
The Pre-Meds want to see every bodie to this

THE JAMBOREE OF THE YEAR



ALL ORGANIZATIONS AND SOCIETIES ON THE CAMPUS MUST PRESENT A COMPLETE REPORT OF THE YEAR'S ACTIVITIES ON OR BEFORE

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1949

This report should include a summary of financial standing, this year's executive, next year's executive, and general activity of organization. Hand in to S. R. C. Secretary or place in "S" section of Campus mail box.

V. Bliss, S. R. C. Secretary.

