

The Brunswickan



VOL. 56, No. 10

FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1946

Price Seven Cents

U. N. B. HOSPITAL OPENED AT ALEX.

HOSPITAL SERVICE AVAILABLE TO ANY MEMBER OF STUDENT BODY

The U. N. B. Hospital, immaculate and shining with paint and varnish, is now open as a service to the students of the University. The Hospital is located in Building No. 19, Alexander College, between the Alex grounds and the race track.

The Brunswickan, feeling a bit feverish, visited the new hospital for a mutual checkup. We were met at the door by Mrs. D. Kermode Parr, Matron Superintendent, and Mrs. Black, the Resident Nurse. Dean Parr of Alex was also on hand evidently proud of another U. N. B. milestone.

The U. N. B. Hospital, formerly the Officers' Mess of No. 70 I. T. C., has been completely remodeled, and now looks very much like a hospital should. The walls are a light green shade with white trim, the hardwood floors have been resanded and restored to their original lustre.

At the present time, the hospital will accommodate nine patients, five in the main ward, three in a smaller ward, with a single bed for isolation cases. The beds were obtained from War Assets, as was much of the equipment, and are familiar to all who have done time in military hospitals. To depart from the military appearance, however, the windows hold attractive drapes and the beds are covered with distinctive spreads.

Four new oil stoves have been installed, giving a continuous regulated heat through the hospital. Mrs. Black, the Resident Nurse, is the wife of a U. N. B. veteran student. One end of the Hospital provides a three-room apartment for them. It was announced that a nurse would be on duty all hours.

The hospital is intended for use in special emergencies, for mild illnesses, and first aid service. The hospital service is available to any member of the student body. Families of veterans are not included, the authorities stated, although they could, naturally, receive first aid treatment there in emergencies.

Already, the hospital has had a few visitors, although it was not officially opened. "Oh, things from porcupine quills to sprained ankles," explained Mrs. Parr. She then informed the Brunswickan that business was quite brisk at the hospital after the Fall Formal and Sadie Hawkins Dances. They anticipate a busy week-end after the Veterans' Smoker.

The largest room of the hospital

has a fireplace, and unless the wards are filled, this room will be used as a lounge for visitors and up-patients. Off the lounge, in what was formerly the bar, is the new dispensary.

Although the staff will provide twenty-four hour duty, students needing medical treatment other than emergencies, are asked to attend between 8:30 and 9:30 in the morning, or between seven and eight in the evening. The hospital telephone number is 1617-21. Dr. Robert Chalmers is the U. N. B. physician.

Those responsible for the actual details in equipping the hospital will be appreciated by student patients. The china is not the customary institutional variety, being more bright in appearance. In fact, the Brunswickan reporter concluded, the U. N. B. Hospital will probably be a popular haven for all students requiring a few days rest!

Students Hear British Laborite

At a meeting held last Wednesday night at Alexander College Linden Peckles introduced Mr. Samuel Watson, a member of the National Executive of the Labour Party in Britain. Mr. Watson has had great experience with labour, he himself, starting work in the coal-mines of his native district, Durham, at the age of twelve. His experience has been supplemented by the Labour College of Great Britain as well as by having travelled to a great extent throughout the world.

Student members of the International Relations Club, the Debating Society, and the Political Club, together with other students and citizens of the city enjoyed Mr. Watson's enlightening speech.

Mr. Watson's theme was "The Labour Party in Britain and Conditions There Today." He outlined the problems existing in Great Britain and what the Labour Party is doing to cope with these problems. He stated that the basic democratic movement there today consists of three organizations: the Trade Union Movement with 7½ million members, which is attempting to attain a state of economic democracy; out of this organization grew the Labour Party with 3¼ million members; while associated with these

(Continued on Page Eight.)

CITIZENS OF FREDERICTON BEHIND FLYING CLUB

FLASH BULB FIENDS GIVEN FUNDS

The Students' Representative Council passed the Camera Club constitution, awarded the new society \$123.40 and concluded its business in the record time of one hour and forty-five minutes. President Ateyo informed his council that barring emergencies, there would be no further meetings until the new year. Twenty council members were on hand, fourteen of them sophomore representatives, according to a rough count after the meeting when the sophs gathered around class proxy Andy Flemming for further discussion.

Darkroom Doin's.

The Camera Club constitution stated among its purpose "to promote interest in photography... and provide further training in darkroom technique," which evoked several obvious remarks from the floor.

President Joe Ateyo made several remarkable statements from the chair. Stating his wish for a quick adjournment, Ateyo said, "There is a swimming meet tonight in which quite a few members will participate." During the hockey budget discussion, he requested, "Give the

FACULTY PREPARES FOR ONCOMING ACTIVITIES

At the November 25th meeting of the University Faculty plans were prepared for oncoming activities and programmes.

Much deliberation has already been given to the way in which the five year course, starting next September, for Engineers and Foresters will change the present curriculum. Plans were proposed to enable full intra-faculty study and discussion of the subject to insure that the best possible tentative programme be available for full faculty consideration early in the new year.

Details for Christmas examinations were completed. December 10th will be the last day of classes, December 11th will be available for final preparation on the part of both faculty and students and examinations will commence on December 12th. The space in which the examinations will be held was also agreed upon and a good deal of coordination completed to obviate clashes. It was arranged to have reproduced copies of the complete timetable for Sophomores and Freshman made available on notice boards and elsewhere, showing time, subject, place and faculty invigilators.

Members of the visiting team from National Defence, Ottawa, were invited into the meeting. — Lieut. Comd. Chauvin (Navy), Major Gosnell (Army), Wing Comd. Dennis (Air) and Dr. Goodspeed (Defence Research). Each briefly outlined their mission in visiting Universities in interviewing students interested in Service training.

A recommendation of the President (Continued on Page Nine.)

DONATIONS TOTALING \$200 ALREADY RECEIVED



U. N. B.'s pioneers of the air! Flying Club Pres. Tom Prescott and Vice Pres. Stan Tyrill, now airborne.

"Already we have received \$200 in donations from interested citizens" was the statement made by Tom Prescott at the meeting of the Flying Club held Tuesday night in the Geology building. The president went on, "This is only a start as several hundred more have been promised us. The citizens of Fredericton are fully behind the efforts of the Flying Club and are willing to help it out any way possible. With co-operation such as this we should have a most successful year".

Then for the benefit of new members Tom gave a brief sketch of the activities of the club since last fall. He related how they had tried to get the Forest Ranger School to donate the land for an airport, how they were about to buy land back of

Smythe street and finally that they had made arrangements with Sturgeon and were now able to rent his flying field.

The matter of a new plane was brought up and Tyrill stated that a new Taylor-Craft, side by side seater, was ordered from the factory. This plane is to be delivered as soon as possible.

The matter of Honorary President was brought up and Senator Burchill was nominated.

A membership committee under Bev Matchett was set up and there is to be a drive for new members starting the first of the new term. The membership fee was set at two dollars and the flying fee set at \$5.50. After electing an assistant secretary and treasurer the meeting adjourned.

Weary Brunswickan Staff Considers Haven in Lower Slobbovia

Once bitten, twice shy, the staffers of the Brunswickan are now thrice bitten and browbeaten. This week, according to a Brunswickan cub reporter, the college newspaper staff was thrown out of another office. Not only that, the report adds, but it was a cold, wet night.

"I wouldn't throw a fiddlehead out on a night like that," observed the cub reporter.

The Brunswickan, rich in cash and heavy with staff, are holding meetings now on city street corners, competing with the Salvation Army. Brunswickan Editor D. K. "Last Straw" Camp was reported to have traveled to Ottawa for the sole purpose of pleading his case before the WPTB.

With cold winter in view, the Brunswickan has indentured for twenty-six Outdoor Ovens, to be used for their winter fresh-air meetings.

The story of the long-lost Brunswickan office (see November 22 edition) is one of frustration, humiliation, discrimination, and exposure. Denied space in the shingled cam-

pus addition known as The Blot, due to demands by the Engineers drafting department, the Brunswickan took refuge in the library, once known as the heart of campus hospitality.

They first met in what is known as the Science Room. Due to the fact that a student was reading a book in the Science Room one day, the twenty-odd newsman were transferred to Dr. Bailey's history classroom. For two weeks, the staff enjoyed the comforts of ashtrays, desks, and chairs. However, like the Acadians, they were ejected from the premises, since two students wished to do some work on index cards.

The Brunswickan staff then fled to the Rutus Hathaway Room, home of the Canadian writers. Being Canadian writers, the staff felt at home with Hathaway.

Monday, however, they were ejected from the Hathaway Room, no questions asked... Footsore and weary, the Brunswickan staff have

(Continued on Page Five)

THIS WEEK

- The Front Page: Flying Club Finds New Sponsor!
- Editorial: Students' Christian Movement "Qualitative Success"
- Letters to the Editor: "Brunswickan worst in history," scolds "anonymous" writer!
- Sports: Veterans and Newcomers Club to Continue U. N. B.'s four-year winning record!
- Inside News: The Kerrigan Corner Grocery Store.
- Feature Page: Brunswickan Contest Extended... Students Plead for College Spirit!
- Also: Snoop and Kilroy Continue Feud!

The Brunswickan

THE WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK
Est. 1880

Member, Canadian University Press

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dalton K. Camp

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NEWS EDITOR	George Beyea
ASSOCIATE NEWS EDITOR	Vern Mullen
CO-ED EDITOR	Betty MacDonald
SPORTS EDITOR	Walter Smith
FEATURE EDITOR	Murray Barnard
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MANAGING EDITOR	Jackie Pickard
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SUCCESS OF A MISSION

The University Christian Mission, according to a reliable source, was "a qualitative success, but a quantitative failure." There are many reasons for the proportionately small attendance, since, for all we know, each student may have had a different one.

We were somewhat depressed, however, when we were told that certain individuals took it upon themselves to deliberately influence others against attending. For instance, for a person to inquire of a group, "Is anybody here interested in this religious thing this afternoon?" shows a rather unique and immature assumption that perhaps most people are not interested. We name no names here, but we leave the gentlemen guilty of disparaging such a project to his own conscience. This page goes on record as stating that we consider this "religious thing" vastly more significant than the particular subject with which the forementioned group was preoccupied at the moment.

We did hear a few students discussing the Mission. They did not seem to consider it time wasted. There was one question asked by a student, and an answer given, which is worth repeating here for the benefit of those who couldn't attend. The question involved a remark by one Karl Marx, the latter having written that the church was the opiate of the people. What did the religious gentleman think of that?

The clergyman replied that Karl Marx may have been correct at the time of writing. But today, the religious man added, we have the movies, the radio, and the press as drugs for the people.

We do not consider this answer as an attempt by the clergy to duck its responsibility. Instead we believe it a most candid and pungent retort to a somewhat tattered and shabby cliché that has been bandied about by young economists and associated materialists who delight in using the church as whipping boy to exploit their new world panacea.

THE END

This is the last issue of the Brunswickan for the year 1946. Operating under confining and often irritating handicaps, the unpaid, underrated, unappreciated staff of your college journal are frankly relieved. Exactly why students work on college newspaper staffs is difficult to determine. We only warn those tempted to do so that once we began the job we disliked every day of it, but wouldn't leave it for anything.

The Brunswickan appreciates the interest shown by many of its readers, particularly those who have offered constructive criticism. We take this opportunity of wishing all the best of luck in the forthcoming exams, and an enjoyable and carefree holiday.

We suggest each student include amongst his New Year's resolutions at least one that will benefit the campus. Next year, known as the "long session," will find, we are sure, a fresh conception of our University and our position in it. Let us think more about that, and less about ourselves.

LIKE A LAUGH?—THEN HEAR

Ozzie and Harriet.....	Sun.	7.00-7.30 p. m.
Bergen and McCarthy.....	Sun.	9.00-9.30 p. m.
Amos and Andy.....	Tues.	10.00-10.30 p. m.
Fibber McGee and Molly.....	Tues.	10.30-11.00 p. m.
Wayne and Shuster.....	Thurs.	10.30-11.00 p. m.

at 550 on the Dial--CFNB

Letters to The Editor

The Editor,
The Brunswickan,

Dear Sir,—I heartily agree with Mr. Gandy's attitude towards the printing of that article in the "Snoop column" a week ago. What actually aroused me, however, was "Snoop's" burlesque handling of the retraction in this week's edition.

The Brunswickan is not confined to campus circulation, and the printing of such base and baseless statements, which, as a rule leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, sometimes lead to some startling and rather unfortunate interpretations, however nature being what it is.

I suggest that the column written by this frustrated whoever "it" is, be transferred to the local High School paper, and the space taken up by his childish remarks devoted to something more interesting.

Yours respectfully,

G. W. KOLDING.

...In a vote taken when the present staff took over the Brunswickan, nine out of ten students voted to retain the Snoop column.

The Editor,
The Brunswickan,

Dear Sir,—It is about time someone has said something concerning our college paper. In all probability, this letter won't be printed but I can guarantee that I am voicing the sentiment of a good many of my fellow students.

For many years before I commenced my college education I read the Brunswickan and I think that I am well qualified in saying that this year's paper is the most deplorable that I have ever had the misfortune to read.

It would take too long to relate the weaknesses of the whole paper, but I will name two of our paper's greatest hindrances.

Time was when "Snoop" used to get around and dig up hidden little secrets concerning many of our student personalities. Now, it is much different. Snoop spends about half of his column patting himself on the back and hurling insults at other columns of the paper. In the remaining space Snoop tells a few jokes about the same six people each week.

Add this Kilroy character! Of all the stupid, half witted columns, Kilroy takes the cake. The mentality that Kilroy exhibits in his column is not that of a six year old child—it is much less.

There are other columns almost as bad as the two I have mentioned but it would be useless to describe them. Until someone takes over Snoop who is a regular guy and not one of the chosen few of the campus, we will never have anything but the same corny jokes and the usual remarks about the same six people...

(Signed) ANONYMOUS.

...Many thanks, and a Merry Christmas to you, sir.

Jack walks home from lectures every day. He'd like to take the bus home, but his mother won't let him keep it in the home.

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Vote To O

In a very unprecedented confidence with Administration Society. tions were h President, Vi retary. Roy ed as Presid President, E Secretary, N elected.

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U. N. B. Year Book

Costs \$6.25 but available to Freshmen, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors for Only \$2.50

U. N. B. Year Book

The Bru er has fou his wife w grocery s where the vets are s keeps a rigan and Kerrigan has been or three v business l "We ex clientele settlement complete, wickan. Your re rigan's K Kilroy), nced front doo one of th apartme good sup fruits, ve on. Ove ing "No wouldn't strictly "Our o RCAF v a studen we were cause of keeping Kerrig have ne ence wi gan calv advice r business tailers. All enco said and Asked terfered said "W jorie do of the v Hous find the since th ping in Mean ed up t gan ap candy. ting a s chocele reporte ful of Corner The st "ine fo spit.

Vote of No Confidence Returned To Officers of Debating Society

In a very surprising and almost unprecedented move, a vote of no confidence was given to the present Administration of the Men's Debating Society. Consequently, elections were held for the offices of President, Vice-President, and Secretary. Roy McInerney was re-elected as President, but a new Vice-President, Ed Fanjoy and a new Secretary, Norm Williams, were elected.

Much important business was also conducted at the meeting. Eric Teed read the report of the delegates to the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League; a set of debates was also proposed with the Saint John Law School, and all matters pertaining to that were left in the hands of the secretary. It was also decided to petition the S. R. C. for money to enable the Society to send two debaters to the University of Maine, sometime after the Christmas recess. Another important decision reached was that Holyoke, Hay and MacKenzie be a committee to select a design for a crest for the Debating Society. The Society was also informed that one of its members, Benson, was in the hospital with laryngitis. A collection was taken among those present and a carton of cigarettes will be sent to Mr. Benson.

After the business of the evening was disposed of, an impromptu debate was held on the subject: 'Resolved that America should withdraw her military forces from China.'

Due to the proximity of exams, it was decided that this be the last meeting of the Society until Monday, January 13.

U. N. B. Expansion Program Takes New Turn

The Brunswickan's roving reporter has found a college veteran and his wife who have opened a "corner grocery store" on Wilmot Park, where the apartments for married vets are situated. The new storekeepers are UNB'er Geoffrey Kerrigan and Mrs. Kerrigan.

Kerrigan, a sophomore engineer, has been running his store for two or three weeks, and so far the new business has been a success.

"We expect to build up a regular clientele here in the married vet's settlement, once the apartments are complete," Kerrigan told the Brunswickan.

Your reporter dropped in on Kerrigan's Corner Store (apologies to Kilroy), and his presence was announced by a buzzer attached to the front door. The store is located in one of the rooms of the Kerrigan apartment, and the shelves boast a good supply of the usual staples, fruits, vegetables, cigarettes, and so on. Over the counter is a sign reading "No Credit," but Kerrigan wouldn't say whether the rule was strictly enforced or not.

"Our original intention," said the RCAF vet, "was to make the store a student cooperative venture, but we were forced to give that up because of the complications of book-keeping and so on."

Kerrigan and his English wife have never had any previous experience with storekeeping, but Kerrigan said that he received valuable advice and assistance from local businessmen, wholesalers and retailers as well as a bank manager. All encouraged the undertaking he said and offered every aid.

Asked if he found storekeeping interfered with his studies Kerrigan said "Well it keeps us busy but Marjorie does the accounting and much of the work out front."

Housewives at Alex and the Park find the store a great convenience, since they need not do all their shopping in the city.

Meanwhile, the Brunswickan picked up a can of shortening. Kerrigan apologized for not having any candy. "We're having trouble getting a shipment, but we expect some chocolate bars this month." Your reporter helped himself to a handful of grapes and left the Kerrigan Corner Store otherwise intact.

The sign in the street-car said, "fine for spitting, \$40." So he didn't spit.

English Workshop Writer's Sweatshop

Pacey Holds Unique Course



Moderator and Referee

The most unique course given at U. N. B. is Dr. Deamond Pacey's Creative Writing Class, held every Monday afternoon. Known as the English Workshop, Dr. Pacey's class consists of from eight to ten members, and is steadily expanding. The unusual feature of the course is that all the students are volunteers, as is the teacher, and so far as is known, no official credit will be given for the course.

The English Workshop originated from an English course which is available at Summer School. The summer course proved successful, and the English Workshop was an extension for the regular year.

Dr. Pacey, whose biography of Frederick Philip Grove was published last year, conducts the course with informal candor. Ambitious poets and prose writers bring their work to the Workshop and present it to the class. The poem, story, or essay then comes under fire, and Dr. Pacey acts the role of moderator, and often referee, when critical opinions widely conflict. Dr. Pacey encourages the class to give frank opinions, since polite restraint would be of little value in such a group. No one attends to be flattered.

Members of the Workshop include Murray Barnard, Fred Cogswell, Betty MacDonald, Mardis Long, Linden Peebles, Don Gammon, Bob Rogers, Gordon Fisher, Dalton Camp, and Bob Leewright. All interested and intended poets, authors, and critics are encouraged to attend. The Workshop Group, however, insist that you attend only if you must.

Trailer Colony Started at Alexander

I joined the Brunswickan Staff in order to find out what gives. So naturally this day I phoned up the News Editor (that's George Beyea) to find out what's cooking. He said simply, "You your it." So... I'm it. The Brunswickan Staff decides that something needs to be covered and promptly. The Editor-in-Chief passes the buck to the Associate Editor who passes it in turn to the News Editor. It's pretty worn out by that time, but alas, I get the tail end of everything from the News Editor.

"Well," says George, "we have fellows living from Na'sis to Lincoln and more from Marysville to Brick Hill... but did you hear the latest." "Yes, that's it, eh? On O'Dell Avenue." So this happy reporter trades the full three blocks of O'Dell Avenue... but no! "Beyea, you misled me again." "Too bad, guess 'twas a rumour," says George. Result: one unhappy reporter.

So to pass the hours away I go to the Lecture Hut at Alex. to see a film put on by the Arts Society. (Incidentally this report is being written via lamp-light due to the new malady which electricity has: off 'n an. So please, Mr. Editor, disregard errors.) There I bowed humbly before the Editor-in-Chief who was attending the Wedding of Palo and stated that I had failed to do my duty.

You know the Editor. He's a very particular sort of individual to work for. Either you do it or you have had it is his motto. So I thought that I had had it... when to my utter surprise...

(Continued on Page Eight.)

Joint Meetings of S. C. M. And Newman Club Concluded

Alexander Reports

Cats Still Under Discussion

Earl Lawson, the president of the Alexander Society, introduced the speakers of the University Christian Conference. The Rev. E. S. Reed spoke first. He stated that the purpose of the university was to present all the various sides of culture and that Religion was a necessary item on the agenda. When we go to Sunday School we get an insight into religion but there it stops. As we get older we approach studies with an adult mind and an adult education, with the exception of religion which we look at with the mind of child. Because we do not understand, we say it is wrong. We should look at it with a fuller understanding; with the understanding of an adult mind. He gave the purpose of the UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE as being not especially to convert people but rather to present the contribution of Christian faith to culture. He stated that Religion has had a great deal to do with shaping the culture of our life. He said that religion should have a prominent place in the university curriculum so that students could have a better understanding of its meaning. And in our present time it is the movies, comics and newspapers that shape the views of the people.

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REPRESENTATIVES OF SERVICES SPEAK TO U. N. B. STUDENTS

Last Monday evening a meeting was held in the Memorial Building for the benefit of those students interested in a career in one of the three services, or, in the Research branch of the Department of National Defence.

Major Love presided, and explained the purpose of the meeting, and introduced Dr. Goodspeed, the representative for the Research Department of National Defence. Dr. Goodspeed outlined the purposes of the programme, namely the development of new scientific weapons and the care and servicing of this apparatus. He stressed the need for trained technicians in the fields of Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. He also mentioned that students would have the opportunity of obtaining summer employment preceding graduation, and so become familiar with the work before entering this field.

Lieutenant Commander Chauvin, the Navy representative, explained that recruiting for the peacetime Navy would commence in May 1947, and that personnel required were Engineers and Technicians and a few Professional men. He further stated that the Navy could absorb a number of these men each year from 1948 to 1951. The Navy will consist of two cruisers, two aircraft carriers, and approximately twelve destroyers, requiring a complement of ten thousand men; and in addition a Reserve force of eighteen thousand personnel.

The Army was represented by Major Gosselle, who outlined the proposed program of the Permanent Army, including the Reserve and the C. O. T. C. He stressed the need for Engineers of all branches and technical trades, and outlined the policy of promotion and rates of pay, which will be similar in all branches of the Service. He stated that students requiring further information concerning any branch of the Army could contact Major Love, Major Gagnon, or Captain Blakeney of our faculty.

Wing Commander Dennis spoke on behalf of the Regular Air Force and the policy which was being followed. Under this policy all applicants for commissioning in the R. C. A. F. must be graduated from a university, for the most part in England.

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Buzzin' The Field

By KILROY

Flash! Inside dopester comments on cornerstone laying: Quote: No Brunswickan under cornerstone — just two pieces of paper. Unquote. Kilroy not hurt. Snoop only one usually found under rock.

Letter to Mr. G. W. Kolding, regarding letter in this week's Mail Column: Dear Koldie: Ganly & Snoop are old pals. Whole scheme kooked up job. Now draw YOUR conclusions.

Kilroy reads DVA will not pay checks to vets in December. Kilroy no longer believes in Santa Klaus. Note to clueless accountants at DVA: Dear Sirs: Why can't you pay vets in advance? They paid you in advance.

Read Window Pains' latest column on sophistication?

Kilroy throws hat in political ring. Will run on KKF ticket. Slogan: "There's No Boy Like Kilroy!"

King, Kotwell, and Brakken concede defeat.

Kilroy kramming for kampus katastrofe. Kan't katch Kilroy kribbing... Faculty busy watching Snoop.

MULLIN APPOINTED TO NEWS STAFF; HAY TO HEAD ALEX. REPORTERS

Vern Mullen, sophomore Artsman, has been appointed to succeed Bob Rogers as Associate News Editor, following Rogers' resignation last week. Ralph Hay, Alexander freshman, has been named as Alexander Editor.

Both undergraduates are welcome additions to the Brunswickan staff, since it was pointed out that most of the senior editors were seniors. Mullen was president of last year's freshman class and treasurer of the Veteran's Club. He has had former experience in journalism. Hay started this year as a cub reporter. He was editor-in-chief of his high-school newspaper.

Dr. W.C.D. Pacey Contributes to Book of Knowledge

W. C. D. Pacey, Ph. D., head of the Department of English of the University of New Brunswick, is the author of one of the literature chapters of the new 1946 edition of The Book of Knowledge, internationally known children's encyclopedia published in the United States and Canada.

Doctor Pacey chose Canada and Canadians as the subject of his article which is entitled "Canadian Poets and Prose Writers."

FORESTRY ASSOCIATION SHOWS FILMS

After one postponement and one displacement, the Forestry Association finally showed some very enjoyable and instructive films. The showing took place at Alex in but No. 3, Tuesday. A good turnout saw two colour films—"Tomorrow's Timber" from the National Film Board and "Let's go to the Woods" from Bathurst Power and Paper Company.

The Forest Ranger School was invited and were well represented.

Mr. Gough of the N. B. Forest Service very kindly donated his services and equipment. The meeting adjourned to Alex canteen for coffee.

Driver, can you tell me if this bus stops at the Berkeley? No, we put it in a garage for the night.

The joint meetings of the S. C. M. and the Newman Club were concluded on Sunday afternoon at the Normal School. These joint meetings were the first such meetings in any University in Canada.

At the first meeting held in Memorial Hall Father McGinnis expressed the co-operation and the feeling of the speakers, "This is the first time I've been on the platform in such a meeting with the ministers of the 'opposition'... We must work together... we must choose between democratic Christianity and totalitarian lack of religion."

The keynote of the whole series was "Christian solidarity." The three well-attended joint meetings, one at Memorial Hall and one at Alexander theatre on Thursday and the last at the Normal School Sunday afternoon, had speakers from both the Protestant and Roman Catholic faiths. Dr. Gregg also spoke briefly at these meetings. All speakers expressed the importance of Christian solidarity in the present world and all felt that these joint meetings were a positive step in the right direction.

The Protestant speakers for the mission were Archdeacon Ernest Reed, Anglican, from Gaspe, Quebec, and Rev. Edward Johnson, Presbyterian, a former missionary to China. The Roman Catholic speakers were Rev. William McGinnis, Notre Dame, Indiana, and Rev. Father Boyd, pastor of St. Dunstan's Church in Fredericton.

Between these joint services, meetings were held at various churches in the city with discussion groups at the end of each service.

LADIES' SOCIETY WILL INITIATE FRESHETTES TO READING ROOM

The last meeting of the Ladies' Society for this year was held in the Reading Room Tuesday with President Charlotte VanDine presiding.

Alice MacKenzie reported on the profits of the Sadie Hawkins' Dance, \$297 was taken in with approximately \$140 clear.

With this money, added to what is already in the bank and the \$500 the Senate granted for furniture it was decided to look into the question of new furniture for the Reading Room. It was moved and seconded that a committee be set up to see about approximate costs during the Christmas holidays and report to the society on its findings.

The question of more adequate washroom facilities for both students and faculty was discussed. It was unanimously agreed that something should be done and the secretary was instructed to write a letter to the President concerning the subject.

After a lengthy discussion and the defeat of a motion, the girls finally decided that the Freshettes should be allowed into the Reading Room December 7th with a fitting ceremony to mark the event. Shirley Tracy was named chairman of the committee to look after refreshments, etc.

With this the meeting adjourned.

RADIO PLAY PRESENTED BY DRAMATIC CLUB

On Thursday evening, November 21, the U. N. B. Dramatic Society presented a radio play entitled "The Yellow Monkey," by Bernard Bradon.

A professor of English Literature, whose avocation is psychology, reminisces over his days at college. His roommate, Redgrave, an Australian, had inherited a considerable sum of money from his recently deceased father. Redgrave bought a luxurious home on Vancouver Island, and Dolmage, his old college chum, heard little of him until several years later. Dolmage, about to give a lecture at U. N. B., is invited by Redgrave to come to visit him on the island. After dinner, Redgrave told Dolmage he needs his help. Because his grandfather had offended an over-seer, the family of Redgrave...

(Continued on Page Ten.)

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TRISTS

VARSITY DEFEATS AROOSTOOK NORMAL 41 TO 33

Red and Black Team Shows Improvement in Second Win

(By Melvin Jacobson)

The 1946-47 edition of the Red and Black cage team, after their baptism of fire last week against Woodland, rolled out its big guns and scored a smart win over the smooth, tricky Aroostook State Normal School squad.

Fast-breaking, effective Art Demers got off to a flying start and was good for 4 points before the other side found itself. But the well-trained Maine outfit soon had Demers covered and his effectiveness reduced. As the big right forward later put it, "a stick of dynamite would have been the only way to get that man off of me."

Then flashy Number 9, Captain Dave Stothart, tricky pivot man of the Ryan machine roamed in and out from his own basket to take up where Demers left off. He was high scorer with 23 points.

The third star of the winners was galloping Bill MacDonald who played his best game since the final Nashua affair of last spring. His lovely blocks squelched many scoring attempts and his smart rebound plays started many of U. N. B.'s scoring sprees.

Demers took the ball from MacDonald on an out of bounds and got the first basket of the game. Then a few seconds later he scored again on a lovely post-pivot play.

Strong of Aroostook got the visitors' first try with a set shot from outside the U. N. B. zone defence. A short time later Rafford dropped an over-the-head shot to even up the ball game. Dick, Beckwith and Hallett each hit the twines for 2 points and the Red and Black called for a rest.

Coach Ryan sent Haines in for Demers.

Hallett of Aroostook charged into the key and his efforts were rewarded by a block that sent the ball skyward and down through the net for a fluke basket. George Jardine took a pass from Haines and made sure of his points. Stothart got the next 2 on a long pass. Jardine ended his scoring of the game with a lay-up shot that had the Maine guards beaten by a mile.

Laurie Lockhart, brother of U. N. B.'s Jerry, came on for Jardine and Aroostook brought Fowler into the game for Hallett.

It was Lush of Aroostook who got the next 2 points. He scored on a pop-shot from outside the key. U. N. B. took a time-out.

Strong of Aroostook scored, Fowler pushed Garner of U. N. B. who got 1 of 2 free throws, Demers and Jardine came into the game, with instructions from the coach, and the first line was back in action.

Demers took a pass from Stothart for 2 points. Strong of Aroostook scored. Stothart scored from the corner of the floor and Aroostook sent Beckwith on for Rafford. He failed to report to the referee and Stothart made the free shot good. The scoring of the first half ended with the Americans getting 2 points for penalty tries. Score: 26-24 for U. N. B.

The Americans tightened up their already good man-for-man defence and kept the scoring down to a minimum in their half. The Aroostook coach said afterwards that one of his forwards got his signals mixed and U. N. B. got away with several baskets. It was this and the driving fast-break of the collegians that sewed the game up for them in this last half.

Rafford, Strong, Dick, Beckwith and McGlaughlin started for Aroostook.

Demers, Stothart, Jardine, Campbell and McDonald started for U. N. B.

Strong scored first from under the basket, then Dick got 2 points from the key, and U. N. B. kept the ball in their front court seeking for openings and chances to work some of their scoring plays. MacDonald of U. N. B. got a point on a free throw and Hallett of Aroostook left the floor charged with 5 fouls. A substitute was sent in and Coach Ryan sent Tommy on for Jardine. The game slowed up at this point. U. N. B. had possession of the ball most of the time and racked up six

(Continued on Page Nine.)

Saturday's Lineups:

U. N. B.—Demers, 12; Haines, Smith, Davidson, Jardine, 4; Wylie, Tommy, Lockhart, Stothart, 22; Hanson, McDonald, Campbell, Garner, 1; Blackmer.

Aroostook—Hallett, 7; Fowler, Rafford, 2; Strong, 12; Dick, 4; Beckwith, 2; Lush, 6.

Referee—Tony Tammara, Woodland, Maine.

Newcastle Juniors Down U.N.B. Seconds

Establishing an early lead which they never relinquished, the Newcastle Junior basketball team defeated Junior Varsity by a score of 34-25. The game was of the exhibition variety, however, and did not give a true indication of the strength of the college team since two players were "loaned" to the visitors. One of them, Murphy, was high scorer for the evening with sixteen points. McWilliam, with U. N. B. last season, came next with twelve. Atkinson, Jim Gibson and Donald were the leading scorers for the Red and Black. Howie Ryan refereed.

The Fall Term in Review

Autumn, to the collegiate mind, summons up thoughts of football, rain, mud, cold feet, turned-up coat collars, apples, hot-dogs, bands, and bonfires. All those things are tied together in a form of mob psychology known as college spirit. To fall under the spell of college spirit, however, it is essential that one mustn't have seen too much of life in the raw, as have so many of our present student body. In other words, the strain of events during the war years was such that our senses may appear blunted, and we lack the enthusiasm we might otherwise have had for special trains and college yells.

And so this year at U. N. B. there existed a silent mutual agreement that we were not in the mood for football and all that goes with it. Even the weather-man concurred, and gave us a wonderful succession of blue skies and bright October sunshine. We spent Thanksgiving and other weekends at golf, tennis, hunting, hitch-hiking, walking with our best girl, and generally seeking the cure for our restlessness far from the "madding crowd".

With the defeat in football and the brilliant victory of our seven-man track team at Halifax passing virtually unnoticed, it took the onslaught of cold November rain to make us conscious of the gymnasium and its possibilities. First, the basketball team had to be built up to meet a heavy schedule from November through to April. The response of players was far more heartening than in football. Several new potential stars have been discovered and have already proven their value in helping to win the first two games of the season. Win or lose, we have every reason to predict a tanner season for U. N. B.'s headline sport. The indoor activities of boxing, swimming, and badminton have all been receiving encouraging support, while the prospect in boxing is especially good, with capable material in nearly every class.

However, it fell to the lot of the winter games of hockey and skiing to show the way insofar as enthusiasm and energetic planning are concerned. In spite of the handicaps of life in Fredericton where we have no rink and can't even depend on a good snow surface, these truly Cana-

dian sports are being kept very much alive. Much credit is due to the hockey and rink managers and to the ski club executive in making pre-season preparations. The splendid turnout of hockey material leads us all to wishful thinking, namely, of what might be accomplished if only the S. R. C. could hand out more \$2,000 cheques.

Now with the groundwork ready for next term's athletic activities, we must turn to the more serious thoughts of Christmas shopping and exams. Since most of us are cynics and don't believe in Santa Claus, we shall have to resort to study. However, we suggest that everyone, whether or not a member of a sports team, take a fair share of daily exercise throughout the exams and vacation, even if it's only three laps around the desk with a packstack full of textbooks. And finally, let's all take renewed interest in sports so that we can produce winning teams next term.

Alfie Tommy



Bruce Campbell



Above are two new members of the Varsity basketball squad who have shown great promise. Campbell comes from Ottawa where he played with the Glebe Collegiate team, and Tommy is a member of the noted athletic family of Woodstock, N. B.

Sportscast Introducing the Montreal Y.M.H.A.

All those interested in turning out for boxing next term are requested to meet in the gymnasium at 7.30 on Tuesday, Dec. 3.

With about sixty-five players attending the shooting drills in the gym, the hockey team this year can boast the most enthusiastic turnout of any sport in the history of the university. If only a rink were available, we could ice a team strong enough to compete in a senior league.

The Saturday morning practice at the Saint John Forum was highly successful, as Coach Ralston viewed his material on skates for the first time. Several forward and defensive combinations were tried and three goalies saw action in the two-hour work-out. Some of the new players were really outstanding and with such a wealth of experience on hand, it appears that anyone who makes the team will have to be pretty good.

The power-packed Caledonia rugby team is once again the McCurdy Cup winner. Both Acadia and Mount Allison offered strong opposition, but were turned back by the more experienced Glace Bay squad.

The Varsity basketball team has come through with another win. During the first half of the Aroostook game, the outcome appeared somewhat in doubt, as the Normalites displayed expert ball-handling ability, and the Red and Black team kept on even terms only because Stothart and Demers were in top form. But in the second half the offensive power of the visitors faded as they were overtaken by a surge of scoring on floor-length passes by U. N. B.

We refuse to go out on a limb over the outcome of the big Montreal game next week. Too many times in the past U. N. B. basketball fans have been let down due to visiting teams' failure to live up to their advance reputation. On paper, they

Next Saturday at the Beaverbrook gym, basketball fans will be able to see in action the most highly-rated team ever to play in Fredericton. The visitors, representing the Montreal Y. M. H. A., won last season's Quebec and Ottawa Valley championships and were senior semi-finalists in Eastern Canada. That they are in top form again this year is indicated by the fact that only last week they defeated McGill University by six points.

Individually, the visiting players have brilliant records in the realm of athletics. At an average age of twenty-six, every man has had at least seven years' experience on such teams as McGill, Montreal Oiler, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg St. Andrews, Toronto Flvers, and service teams. Joe Richman and Dave Greenberg played with the Montreal Alouettes football team this year, Richman being chosen Montreal's best all-round athlete in 1946. Greenberg played basketball with Winnipeg Bombers for three years and with McGill last year. Mel Prupas at centre is the fastest and heaviest man on the squad, and has the distinction of having won a Golden Gloves boxing championship and the Montreal Athletic Club's 100-yard dash. K. Kitman, at guard, hails from Brooklyn and played baseball with the famous Dodger's farm club, the Montreal Royals of 1945. He also was a member of the 1943 William and Mary College team which won the Southern Conference Basketball Championship.

The game will be preceded by a ladies' match between Saint John Y. W. C. A. and the U. N. B. Co-eds. The main event will start at 8.00 with Tony Tammara as referee. Although it is hoped to provide additional space for spectators along the floor, it would be advisable to be on hand early in order to get a good view of the game.

have beaten every time but the scoreboard reveals a vastly different ratio of strengths. We can only hope it will be close.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

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Since this week ago, we h that Acadia Un ed their new M dence. We hav mall campain University of where a \$500. Gymnasium is ed. Thirdly, f a special editi News which ins for an elaborat Centre.

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There are, the question o moral may so It is to be h Committee ap gations as to should take w a recommend meeting that made at that will follow ear

Meanwhile, ured memori heres would Secretary you Memorial, you first step to it appropriate to erected.

One of the Canada at the Paris of the U tional. Scienti ganization is Dr. McNally v N. B. in '00 a in 1937 was d cation for Al cellor of the

A campus Edward Mac charged from May, studied vesity, Queb and in Septe on the staff School. His Lean, graduat the class of 1 Margaret L

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Alumni News

Since this column was written a week ago, we have read in the press that Acadia University has dedicated their new Men's Memorial Residence. We have also received in the mail campaign literature from the University of British Columbia where a \$500,000.00 War Memorial Gymnasium is fast becoming assured. Thirdly, from McMaster came a special edition of their Alumni News which inaugurated a campaign for an elaborate Alumni Recreation Centre.

This was brought forcibly home the fact that we at U. N. B. are lagging behind with a plan for a Memorial to our Alumni who so gallantly gave their lives that we might live.

There are, however, signs that the question of a U. N. B. War Memorial may soon become a live issue. It is to be hoped that the Alumni Committee appointed to seek suggestions as to the form the Memorial should take will be able to bring in a recommendation to the January meeting that a decision will be made at that time; and that action will follow early in 1947.

Meanwhile, if you who have treasured memories of fallen U. N. B. heroes would forward to the Field Secretary your suggestions for a Memorial, you would be taking the first step to insure that a Memorial appropriate to their sacrifices is erected.

One of the delegates representing Canada at the current conference in Paris of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization is Dr. G. Fred McNally, Dr. McNally who graduated from U. N. B. in '00 and received an LL. D. in 1937 was deputy minister of education for Alberta and is now Chancellor of the University of Alberta.

A campus visitor last week was Edward MacLean '29. Ed was discharged from the R. C. A. F. last May, studied French at Laval University, Quebec, during the summer, and in September resumed teaching on the staff of Campbellton High School. His father, Donald MacLean, graduated from U. N. B. in the class of 1898.

Margaret Anno (Morrison) Mac-

Kinnon '37 received the glad news last week that husband Hector '36 has found an apartment in Toronto and with daughter Jean lost no time in joining him there. Incidentally, upon completion of his postgraduate course, Hec intends to practice medicine in Fredericton.

Birth—To Mrs. Blake Harriman, the former Mary Neville '40, a daughter, on November 5th. The baby has since been christened Joan, has an older sister Ann (fifteen months) and with the nappy family resides at Loggieville, N. B.

Capt. Doug Gunter, R. C. A. '42 was recently posted from Fredericton to Camp Shilo, Manitoba. The transfer also meant the loss of the services of his wife, Jo (Durick) Gunter '42, to the biology department.

Marriage—in Guntingville Baptist Church this month, Ethel Louise Mills and Kenneth Dawson '45. After their wedding trip they will reside in Ottawa where Ken is on the staff of the Department of Mines and Resources.

Admitted to the Bar of the province last Thursday were the following: Capt. King McShane '39, Wiley Tomlinson '40, John MacCallum '44, George O'Connell ex-'41, Ted Duffie, Don Gillis, Bill Meltzer and John Palmer. All are veterans and hold the degree of B. C. L. from the U. N. B. Law School.

Weary Brunswickan

(Continued From Page One.)
hit the road once more. A battered, dispossessed handful of students, serving 1400 UNB'ers, in search of some small space, preferably donated without charge and without entangling clauses.

At the week's end, the editors at their wits end stated they had received one offer of haven. An abandoned mine shaft in the Goodfornut Mountain of Lower Slobbovia had been put up for sale. Commented the News Editor dolefully, "If we accept the offer, it means we'll be a day late coming out."

MAIL CALL

Ubyseye, University of British Columbia — The Beauty Contest is over at last. A week's squabbling and arguing between western universities has resulted in a judges decision that the University of British Columbia has the most beautiful co-ed.

It all started when The Vancouver Daily Province tried to raise some excitement by inciting and sponsoring a beauty contest among Western Canadian universities. They certainly succeeded. U. B. C. sent out a challenge to the Universities of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The University of Alberta Student Council decided not to enter. There was a furor, and one councillor resigned. In the end, Regina college, an affiliate, sent two representative damsels.

The others carefully selected candidates for the test of pulchritude. The University of Toronto threatened to throw the contest out of joint by entering some of their unquestionably superior stock. Almost as

Misunderstood Says Campus Chief

In a special interview granted to the Brunswickan, Campus Police Chief J. Albert "The Man" Clarke, this reporter was told that the recent dispute with the S. R. C. was "just a misunderstanding."

"Yes," Clarke admitted, "I submitted my resignation. But tonight many editorials were written on the pros and cons of this intercollegiate struggle as over the McGill-Dalhousie Tennis Tournament. Exclusive Queers decided to hold their own contest. Dalhousie Gazette said that Maritime Co-eds are the ultimate. In what respect it did not say. Anyway, the Seattle Chamber of Commerce gave the official verdict. U. B. C.'s 17 year old Freshette, Marton Albert takes the cake.

Lady of the House: "I don't need none."
Salesman: "How do you know? I might be selling grammars."

it was returned to me." The Chief then produced the envelope containing his resignation and consigned it to the glowing embers of the fire in his inner chambers.

The dispute, or misunderstanding, grew out of the recent Fall Formal, which Mr. Clarke, dressed in formal clothes, attended with a partner, and then billed the Council for his services as police chief. The Council insisted that Mr. Clarke not mix business with pleasure.

"Ridiculous" snorted the Chief. "Why, take the Premier of the Province. Does he only get paid when the House is in session? No, of course not. The Premier is paid, even when he attends a social affair."

Mr. Clarke allowed a smile to cross his stern countenance. "My good man," he said, "in my pocket I have a check from the treasurer for my services. Just a mere misunderstanding, you see?"

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A Short Story

Feature Page

BRUNSWICKAN
CREATIVE WRITING
CONTEST POSTPONED
(See Notes.)

One day in early September, during the first week of school, me and Vance jiggled and made plans to go fishing out Rosedale Road. We were supposed to meet at Harry Palmeter's drug store. I arrived first, as usual, and Vance showed up late, also as usual.

Vance is the latest guy I know. Late for school, late for work when he was at the pulp mill, late for meals, late for everything. I used to say to Vance that his birthday should be in August instead of September, because probably he was a month late being born.

Finally he breezes in and walks down by the soda fountain. He gets big smiles from the girls behind the fountain, because they all think Vance is cute. Right away I can see that Vance doesn't intend to go fishing, as we planned, because he has his suit coat on and his hair combed.

"Hey, Vance," I says, "where are we going?"
"Listen," he says, "I want to tell you something." He sits down beside me in the rear stall.

"Give me a cigarette first," I says.
"Why don't you give up smoking? You'll turn into a regular bum?"

"Who was bummin' last Saturday?"
We light up and Dorothy comes down to see what we want, although we hardly ever want anything except to sit there and smoke and listen to the records in case any is playing on the machine.

"Hello, Vance," Dorothy says. "What can I do for you?"
"Well," he says, looking at her, "you can't do much for me here."

Dorothy laughs at that and reaches out and musses his hair and runs back to the fountain.

"What's the score, Vance?"
"I guess you know about the war," he says.

I told him of course I know about the war. England and Poland against the Germans, and the French siding with us too. Everybody knew about the war, because the papers were full of it and you couldn't get nothing else on the radio.

"They're signing up at the Armouries," Vance says.
"They're going overseas right away as soon as they get enough signed up."

"Vance, you can't go. You're mother won't let you."
"She isn't going to know. I'm not going to tell her until I've signed up."

"We'll catch hell," I says.
Vance give a snort. "Whoever heard tell of soldiers catching hell from their mothers. We're old enough to sign up."

I says, "You're not even seventeen yet."
"Well, I could pass for eighteen easy enough. I shave, don't I?"

"They won't take us, Vance. They turned down Arthur Tracey, and he's older than you and me both."

"Sure," says Vance, "because he has a crooked arm, that's why. You can't have anything wrong with you in the Army. You got to be one hundred percent fit. You can't have a thing wrong with you."

"I got hay-fever, you know, Vance."
"That don't matter, hayfever."

"I thought you said—"
"Listen, Harry Taylor got in and he takes fits. You remember him taking the fit in that theatre that time, and everybody saying it was because he got so excited because it was a horror picture? He takes fits, but they got him signed."

"I thought you said—"
"For Pete's sake, will you listen? They'll take you if you look fit, see? If you got a leg off and they notice it, they wouldn't take you. But if you look O. K., you're in."

"Mean to say the doctors won't know I got hay-fever?"
"Not unless you tell 'em they won't," says Vance.

"Doc Crombie knows I got hay-fever," I says.
"Nuts," says Vance. "He won't be there, and if he was he wouldn't be sober."

"I still don't think we should."
"Well, who asked you? I only said what I was going to do. You don't have to if you don't want to. I only said I was."

"Wait Vance," I says, "if you go, I'll go. We're fast friends, aren't we? Always chum around together? Well, if you got to sign up that means I got to. But I only said I thought—"

Vance puts his finger under my nose. "Listen, Billy," he says, waving it, "we never been any further from home than Morristown. We never would of got that far only for hitching. In the army you always travel on the railroads, and you travel free. We'll get to Ontario and Montreal and Nova Scotia, and get a trip to Europe. We'll see the whole world, Billy."

"And maybe get ourselves killed, Vance."
"Don't worry," Vance says. "I can shoot faster and better than anybody you'll ever see. I'll look out for us, Billy. Just let them give me a rifle and I'll look after us."

I guess there isn't a better shot in the county than Vance. He used to win all the prizes at the shooting galleries when they had the exhibitions, until they finally wouldn't let Vance shoot anymore because he won too much. We used to go out to Kilmarnock and jack deer, and I never seen Vance miss once.

"I suppose we'll have machine-guns, too," I says, beginning to get excited about it.

NOTES

This week the feature page intended to carry the winning short story or informal essay and the winning poem of the Brunswickan Literary Contest — instead it carries a short story done by one of the ineligible Brunswickan Staff.

The contest has been postponed . . . Frankly, the Brunswickan staff feels that the amount of time given from the first announcement to the deadline, was insufficient considering the time of year, the great amount of work to be done by all students for the encroaching exams and the fact that with the release of the Christmas holidays there comes an opportunity for all to investigate themselves and become aware of the syntheses of their ideas and thereof write.

This postponement is not entirely of the voice of the opinions of the senior editors of the Brunswickan. It has been nourished by popular expression in the student body. Many people with whom we are acquainted have said, "I want to write something for this contest, but I haven't time before the exams. I wish there was more time . . ."

Well, under the flow of all these bubbles of disappointment and dashed creative desire, we considered how many more entries might be submitted if more time were given. We considered the fact that the original thoughts that condensed to produce the idea behind the contest were generated over the promotion of creative writing on the campus and with an objective concerned with gaining some knowledge of the quality and quantity of the aspirant writers at U. N. B.

It has been decided, then, to advance the contest deadline to January seventh. Entries may be mailed to, The Brunswickan, U. N. B., Fredericton, N. B.

It's Me I Hate

(By Kasper Phogey, Class of 42, and Overdue.)

"Ole Puddleridge U. hasn't changed much! Still sits on the hilltop, casting a long shadow over the city of Sney, known as the city of the Weeping Willows!"

Thus spake Fossdick Fossdick, graduate of the class of '19. Fossdick may be right, but all I can say is, it must have been grim in '19.

Don't get me wrong. I love it here. I love the work, love the girls, love the nightclubs, love the football games, love the other games, love the campus, love the professors . . . but Puddleridge U. — peeyou!

We have a big batch of supermen here, and a big batch of superpapermen trying to cram a little theory into their big, fat heads. Every one a superman! They're so good at football, the coaches refused to let them play . . . you know, hardly sporting to use real supermen; fellows that could play BOTH games of football, Canadian and Parlor . . . Golly, we were just lucky they were here though. They attended a couple of dirty old rugby games and our boys were sort of inexperienced you might say. But the coaches Straiston and Stryan really got a lot of helpful advice from these 195 pound, real grown up men who knew BOTH games.

Now, take the co-eds, for instance. You might as well, nobody else has. Well, the co-eds have a special sort of residence of their own (No, I don't mean that one), and nobody really knows how many co-eds we have here. Fellow who sleeps next to me in History says he saw five one day, all in a bunch. Anyway, these co-eds are all here in disguise. Nobody knows who they really are, except most of them have Hollywood contracts, and you know how hard up Hollywood is for character actresses. Some of them are better than others, or so they like to tell each other before a dance, or something.

The dances here are pretty good. There was a move afoot not to have

(Continued on Page Eight.)

"Probably they'll give you a machine-gun because you can't shoot so good," says Vance.

"Vance, I think I should tell the old man first."

He shakes his head. "No, because he'll only tell you not to. I'm going to sign up now. If you're coming, come on."

Vance and me been chumming around together since we was five years old, and even when my mother wouldn't let me play with Vance, we still stuck together until she gave up. I remember we used to sit out in front of my house on Elm Street and catch toads out of the sewer. That was a long time ago, and we had grew up together. I don't know what I'd do without Vance to chum around with.

"I'll come with you," I says, "only I don't mind letting on I'm scared."

"Let's go," he says, "soldiers are never scared."

We walked down past the fountain again and the girl start to giggle at Vance.

"Where are you going?" says Dorothy.

"None of your business," Vance tells her, "But you won't know us when we come back."

When I was about nine years old my mother said I couldn't play with Vance anymore. She said Vance wasn't a nice boy, and I said she didn't know Vance enough to say that.

"Well," she said, "his father was never any good."

I guess when Vance was a baby his father ran out on him and his mother, although he was drunk most of the time and they was probably glad to get rid of him. Anyway, that was why my mother didn't want me to play with Vance.

It didn't stop me though, because I liked Vance and we had a lot of fun together. Vance was always fun, and he could stay out late and do lots of things that nobody else could do. Whenever my mother would catch me playing with Vance she would wait until my father came home at night and then tell him to give me a licking. I got about ten lickings for playing with Vance, until finally my father got tired of licking me and he told mother to let me and Vance alone.

"One thing about Vance," father said, "he's got lots of brass."

"That's one reason I don't like him," mother said.

"As long as they keep out of trouble, let them alone," my father told her. "Vance has had a hard life for a kid. And at least he's not spoiled."

From then on I knew why I liked Vance so much. He wasn't a sissy or mother's little boy, and he had lots of brass. He wasn't afraid of anybody or anything. I remember the day Vance jumped off our garage roof, because I said he was scared to.

When we got to the Armouries a soldier was standing out front, with a rifle over his shoulder. He stopped us on the step.

"What do you want?" he says.

"We want to join up," says Vance.

He looks at me and Vance and at first I was afraid he wouldn't let us in because we looked so young. Finally he said, "Okay, lad."

The last time I was in the Armouries was for a basketball game, but it had been changed since. There were signs on all the doors, and arrows, and lots of people walking around, carrying papers, and I seen Mr. Pandley and Mr. Connell walking around wearing a uniform, and they were officers. Mr. Pandley was sweating and it was probably because he wasn't used to wearing a necktie, because he used to be a garage mechanic. Mr. Connell was a lawyer, and he looked warm too. He kept running by us all the time, and he was sweating more than Mr. Pandley.

Finally Mr. Pandley sees us. "Well, what are you doing here for mercy sake," he says.

"We want to sign up," Vance tells him.

Mr. Pandley looks at us and shakes his head. "Too young."

"What do ya mean, too young," says Vance. "Eighteen's old enough isn't it?"

Mr. Pandley looked at me. "Are you eighteen, Billy?"

I says, "If we wasn't we shouldn't be here."

"Well," says Mr. Pandley, "tell you what we do. You boys go in this room here and get documented and I'll call your father, Billy, and we'll see. We need men, all right, but we can't take you if you're too young. You'll just have to wait."

I figured then the jig was up. I knew what my old man would of said to Mr. Pandley when he called him. Vance went in and so did I, and we signed a paper and answered some questions, and then they told us to go in the next room. We went in and there were about ten other men in there, standing around naked.

Somebody told us to get undressed for the inspection, so we did.

"I wish I'd washed my feet last night," I says.

"Don't make any difference," says Vance, "they aren't looking for dirt."

It was hot in the room, and it smelled to high heaven. Somebody said to open a window and when Vance did a soldier came over and told him to close it.

"What fer?" says Vance.

"Because the people in the house next door can see in, that's what fer," the soldier says.

"I'd a lot rather put on a peep show that roast alive in here," says Vance and everybody chips in to agree with him.

"Put down that window," the soldier says. "That's an order."

"Put it down yourself," says Vance. "But it still ain't you're hide anybody's going to see."

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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Intellectual Influences At U.N.B. In The Nineties

(By Mrs. W. Garland Foster (Nan Ross '96).)

Fifty years! It might be yesterday we decorated the old Reading Room with flaming maples for the Freshmen's reception. The scent of hay fern touched with frost was sweet in our nostrils. The evenings exhaled the more pungent perfume of burning leaves, which we always associated with the call to fall classes.

Like the Elizabethans, "Joy was it in that age to be alive. But to be young..." Science had just begun her strides. Electricity was in its infancy. Radio had not been born. Telephones were new toys. Stenographers yet typed with two fingers.

There were still murmurings of the conflicts that had raged between the various schools of thought over the findings of science, psychology, theology. The ancient fathers of dead issues still stood stubbornly by their brain children, challenging all comers. But with us who were in the spring of our years, knowledge was the goal. If wisdom lingered, who could blame us?

The stirrings of our springtime were as mysterious as the rush of spring sap. Psychology was not so knowing in those days as today. Students now, no doubt, diagnose each wandering symptom, gathering it into the right file... this to barometric pressure, that to heredity or environment. But to us lounging over the violet besprinkled terrace in exam week, life was still a mystery in which we abandoned thought for feeling.

This is not to say that there was no direction for our wandering thoughts. Two principal intellectual influences were paramount in that age of the old U. N. B., Dr. Loring Bailey and the young Dublin professors.

Dr. Loring Bailey had come to the chair of science fired with tremendous enthusiasm for the new in science. In his student days he had actual contact with the men who had made the discoveries of that age. He was full of it and knew how

to impart to his students much of the marvel of the new age. It was an advantage that the economics of those days decreed that the science professor should compass the whole range of scientific thought in his teaching. This worked to the advantage of the student, for it became necessary to give him not a smattering as might have been the case in later years, but a bird's eye view of all science. This Dr. Bailey was well equipped to do. He knew his stuff, he knew his students. They learned without actually being aware of the fact in their desire to probe the mystery of the new discoveries.

Small wonder that with all he had to do, Dr. Bailey was said by some to weigh exam papers, by others to skim them. It was from this latter idea that he got his popular nickname, Skim — a name over which he must have had many a quiet chuckle when late at night a acy band of students passed his door singing their favorite song:

"Oh, we'll hang Skim Bailey to a sour apple tree!"

Second, although of not such long duration, was the influence of the young Dublin professors who from time to time came to direct the young idea in English, French and German. Dr. Harrison having been a Dublin student knew the value of their training and periodically a new professor was imported. Among these Professor W. F. Stockley, later a member of the Dail Eirann, was the greatest single influence.

Professor Stockley's striking resemblance to the Shakespeare bust in Stratford Church — in fact he might have sat for the Heminge & Cordeil monument while at U. N. B. — greatly enhanced the charm of English drama.

Often as he discoursed of this and that Elizabethan custom, he might have been the great dramatist, himself come back to enjoy the mystification of some of his long gone references. There was something mystic about Dr. Stockley's class room as (Continued on Page Nine.)

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

We feel that it is about time we brought to light the policy of our weekly effort. In four short precise, meaningful words — "WE HAVE NO PURPOSE" — (but to amuse?)

This week we are feeling quite maternal, so we shall attempt to give some motherly advice in answer to the pleading letters received from our many readers, who wish to duplicate our rise to the dizzy pinnacle of success.

One reader, who signs himself "Distressed" asks, "Should I do all the talking or should I let my girl get a word in once in a while? The answer to this is an emphatic "NO". Never stop talking about yourself as a lull in the conversation may force your girl to make a comment. This may prove to be very embarrassing as silence is one of the basic female instincts.

Here is a particularly heart-rendering appeal from one of our co-eds who signs herself "Worried". She writes—"I have worn light blue throughout my Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years. Lately, a hideous doubt has crept into my mind, perhaps men don't like light blue after all. Can you help me with my problem? Now, as to whether or not men like light blue we are not in a position to say—after all who knows what men like? However, after three years a change would be plausible. We suggest orange as it is all the rage this season at U. N. B.

This is one of many letters signed "Frustrated" which we have received. It came Alrmail, Special Delivery and Registered. He asks, "For years I have been frustrated in matters pertaining to the heart. I would like to know if reading helps." Sir, yours is, indeed a most difficult problem. If we knew more of the particulars we feel certain that we could help you more. Our advice is, however, keep right on reading. The beauty of the printed word does not fade with the passing of the years, but love may fly out the window tomorrow. (Movies help, too.)

And in closing we have a tip for you girls—wrinkled stockings can

Lets Get Cracking!

Draw up a chair, son. Let's sit back by the fire for a few moments and have a talk. This is no story... it's a simple picture of you and your life at U. N. B. Do you know that the very things you study in psychology are often illustrated day in and day out on the campus. For example take the Library... you may find there anything from Joe College himself to the more serious introvert type (and even Killroy). The Library is a fascinating place... stick your head in around five o'clock some afternoon; that's when all the steadies gather! And have you noticed the number of people who keep things clicking... a classic saying is "more people than books". Last year a "This room is for quiet study" campaign was waged. Now there is one going on for the protection of text books.

But if this doesn't interest you, explore the upper regions of the Library. Have you heard about the History 100 course? Wander into Dr. Bailey's lecture room and see the assortment of art pictures. Another hideout is the Historical Documents room... a real Indian head-dress rests in one of the glassed cases there. Beware though of Spuddy Loughlin and Don Gammon while you poke around. They are working on their M. A.'s... hours 9-5... but try Saturday. If you are interested, the Hathaway Room is furnished with the works of Blies Carmen and Charles D. G. Roberts (U. N. B.'s themselves). Next door to the Hathaway room, the archives stores all sorts of mysteries. Some of your fellow students know the secrets of the Archives, do you? Scrapbooks are kept of campus life; there is a collection of New Brunswick school textbooks; the Gleaner is filed away every day. Past records, trivial, you say? It's

do wonders for your sex appeal! They set the elusive male to wondering just how much is you and how much is stocking.

For those who seek personal interviews we can be found squatting in the Window Seat and we assure you that your problem will be given the utmost consideration. Naturally, all these personal problems will be strictly confidential. (We never divulge information except under pressure.) At the same time you can file your application for the Lonely Hearts Club — guaranteed to find you a mate for the small consideration of ten cents yearly. —Just a Couple of Panes...

your college... past and present... it bears looking into. So you still don't care. Well then, what about the heart of the U. N. B. campus, the Arts Building. (Go in the back way, everybody does; time was when the Freshmen had to use this entrance.) Excitement springs from the first floor... the bulletin boards are the veins of college life... through them flows the energy for the week's activities. A sign of Hine prepares you for a coming dance... Some even miss reading of the posted events for fear that attending too many activities will spoil them all. Poor unfortunates... your capacity for having fun is certainly limited. More people like you around and we might just as well all fold up and go home to mother.

Winter's coming and the ski club knows it. Health's vital... and a good earnest attempt at this sport would be worth while. So get out your accident insurance and come January, let's have more than Sophomores "sliding down the college hill".

Bunk you say? Listen here... stop griping. Sure we fell sorry for Alex. Residents, but we're doing our best... life's not all that bad. Appreciate what you've got and go after what you want. Action speaks louder than words. Why there are Profs in the Arts Building who take time out to hear your petty grievances... what do you want with your tuition fee, anyway?

Move halfway down the hill to "the blot", (originally "the mar") and you'll see that it now has shingles, and the new Engineering building is moving right up. During the summer, reactionaries opposed some of these minor changes. But "you gotta get used to it." Wonder what it will be like in lectures with aeroplane engines overhead?

No life on the campus... Fred-erickton dull?... whose fault is that? Have you tried milkshakes in the Ross drug... there are two theatres in town (cowboy shows at the Capitol). The windmill club begs your support; one yet last year recommended long walks (worked somehow into a comparison of English and Canadian girls). If all else fails try organizing a Snowshoe Club... it's a new idea and the S. R. C. like new ideas.

Think about it for a while. What if the term was a dead loss (in more ways than football). Exams, Christmas holidays over, and we'll be back again. What then? It's up to you.

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It's Me

(Continued From Page Six) any dances this year. They figured we'd all rather play basketball. But finally they let a few of the young ones go to dances, providing they wore soft shoes and didn't dance around under the baskets. They have six or seven dances going on at once: six dances in one night and nuthin' for the rest of the week... well, next to nothing.

By that I mean that you could go to a meeting of the S. R. C. The S. R. C. is a bunch of amateur politicians who got fooled by the people. Boy, what a rugged outfit! They have charge of the student's money and they buy little things for the students like oranges, airplanes, and gum. The S. R. C. is made up of about ten people and they own the Brunswickan. If they don't get their name in the paper every week, there's hell to pay.

There's other activities on the campus, but nobody bothers much. The only way they hold meetings is to lock four or five people in a room long enough for them to form a committee. We got more committees around here than we have people.

If it wasn't for poker games and gossip sessions and stuff like that, a fellow couldn't hardly stand it. Now, don't get me wrong, I love it here. It's me I hate.

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Trailer

(Continued From Page Three.) ter amazement there is was, not over a hundred feet from my very eyes. Yes, U. N. B. has not only Beaverbrook Residence, the Wallboard-Astoria, Beaverboard Hall and Alexander Apartments, as well as half-a-dozen other Residential buildings... but now, dear reader we have discovered something something new, something different.

Yes, you guessed it. What? A trailer-city, although at the present time it consists of one trailer. Being a reporter I snooped around when the occupants were not there, and then showed up later (after Kilroy, of course.) I knocked. "Enter," said the hard-working student stretched out on the bed. I said humbly, "I'm a reporter for the rog. The boss sent me after a write-up on you boys and your nifty little trailer. Can you enlighten me on this subject." He would mention no names but said, "See Biggar. He's in Hut 27 and the owner of this affair."

I looked for Biggar. He wasn't to be found. Apparently he skipped out when he found a snoop. (Not THEE SNOOP), enquiring for his presence. As a result I have a collection of rumors and facts. The trailer? It has the usual wheels and chassis, a light blue model with a bay-window in the rear, and a door and window in the right side (all depends which way you are facing.) Inside dwell three students. They have a table, an electric stove and a heater. They pay \$10 a month rent. That's roughly 75c per fellow per week. They swipe their electricity from Hut 27, as a mess of wires run from that hut to this trailer. I surmise that these three individuals eat their breakfasts in bed, as witness empty milk-bottles and frying pans. What a life! 'Tis full of fun, but not until you have lived a life in a trailer have you had it...

Representatives

(Continued From Page Three.) gineering and Science, some recruiting would be done in 1947 and 1948. For personnel without experience there will be a program of summer training for familiarization. In addition to the Regular Air Force, there will be an Auxiliary Force of fifteen squadrons (consisting) of qualified aircrew. These squadrons will carry out flying operations on week-ends and for a period in the summer. There will also be the Reserve consisting of five groups from A to E, distinguished by the amount of flying carried out.

MUSIC AT ALEX

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On Sunday night the 1st of December, there will be a special program held in the Lounge. Time, 8 p. m. There will be a recorded light opera. It will be Gilbert and Sullivan's HMS PINAFORE. This promises to be a very interesting evening as this light opera will occupy the whole evening.

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Students Hear

(Continued From Page One.) two highly developed organizations is the Co-operative Movement embracing over 9 million British people. The Labour Party believes in the ballot-box for reform — not force — only slow evolution. That is, it believes in evolutionary progress rather than revolutionary progress.

"The Labour Party is trying to reorganize the country by control of finance to bring about a socialist economical programme."

Industrial Life Well Represented. Further, he stated that in the '45 election the Labour Party made no exaggerated promises to the British people before the election. The Labour Party received for the first time the highest number of votes of any party in English history. The party carried 293 seats with the average age of 43 years for each M. P. Every phase of British industrial life is represented in the Labour Government of which 119 M. P.'s are Trade Unionists, 38 of them representing the Mining Industry, also 20 women are midst the ranks of the Labour M. P.'s — the highest number of any labour party in power in the world. The British economic social, and cultural life are all represented in the Labour Party.

The Labour Government has set for itself five tasks: the control of finances and heavy industries, the introduction of a social security system, a foreign policy based on that of U. N., and a call on everybody to retain those liberties in which they believe.

The first major step taken by the Labour Government was that of putting the Bank of England under public ownership. This was not done by seizure but by paying the shareholders over 64 million pounds in government bonds, the interest of which becomes the property of the shareholders. Further their subsidy policy has kept the cost of living down in England better than in Canada or the U. S. Since the Labour Government came to office the cost of living has only been increased by one point.

The Labour Party intends to control strictly the finances of Britain through the control of imports, export, and capital. The Labour Government has already introduced public ownership into the Cable and Wireless, Civil Aviation, and the Mining Industry. To be brought under public ownership are the transport system (except shipping), the iron and steel industry, and the gas and electricity industry.

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A Short Story

(Continued From Page Six.)

The soldier comes over and slams down the window. "If you're planning to join the army, bud," he says, "you better learn to take orders from a corporal when he says so."

Nobody ever saw a corporal before, and we didn't know he was one. So nobody said anything and we left the window down even when it got so hot we had to leave the room.

Finally two doctors came in with the corporal and lined us up along the wall and told us to quiet down so they could listen for our heart beat.

One doctor says, "It's hotter than hell in here." The other one says, "Put up that window for Heaven's sake!"

"I'm sorry, sir," says the Corporal, "but the neighbors next door can see in."

"Dam the neighbors next door," the doctor says, "put up that window."

When it was all over we went back into the other office and one by one we signed our names again and then put our hand on an old Bible and the officer said, "Repeat after me."

It was like the responsive readings in church. When it was over he put the Bible away in the desk and sighed. "Well," he says, "now you're soldiers."

I kept wondering about Mr. Pandley. "Pardon me," I says, "where is Mr. Pandley?"

The officer looked around for Mr. Pandley, he said, "I think he's gone out for the day. Had a job to do. Anything special?" I guess Mr. Pandley forgot all about it, because he never made any call. I turns to Vance and he shakes my hand. "We're in," Vance says. "We're in."

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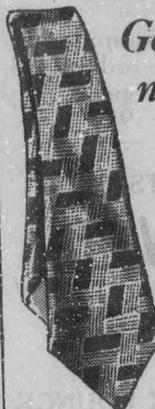


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(Continued From Page One.)

hockey dollar twenty teams." Re-
liable sources report that the strain
of office warrants a deserved holi-
day rest for Mr. Ateyo.

Flying Club Dues.

The executive of the now famous
Flying Club was approved by the
Council. Officers include two secre-
taries and two treasurers. Tom
Prescott is President, Stan Tyrell,
Vice-President, George Smith, Sec-
retary, Fred Murray, Assistant Sec-
retary, and Jim Monahan and Bill
Weeks are Treasurer and Assistant
Treasurer, respectively.

The Flying Club announced that
the dues for members have been set
at \$2.00 per year, with flying lessons
at \$5.50 per hour.

It was announced that Alex Bap-
tiste, head of the rink committee,
would begin work on the outdoor
rink on College Field immediately.
Approximately \$300 would be spent
to prepare the rink for use.

Clarke Almost Quits.

Chief of Campus Police, J. Albert
Clarke, having drawn fire from the
Council in the last meeting, turned
in his resignation to the President.
Mr. Ateyo, however, informed the
relieved Council that Clarke had re-
considered, and agreed to carry on
his duties.

Andy Flemming and Eric Teed
pointed out needs for more effective
control at games and dances, and
the latter proposed that definite
policy be laid down for handling
"the kids" who have been heckling
the crowds and the police at basket-
ball games.

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Intellectual

(Continued on Page Nine.)

though a presence of a genius had
brushed by us. He always left the
class room with hurried step, his
college cap ready to be lifted the
moment he passed, his gown floating
along the aisle as if he hurried to
some far distance duty.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, later president
of Ireland, substituted for one year
for Dr. Stockley. Judging by the
aura which he left, still so strongly
felt in the fall of 1932, he might have
done tremendous things for the col-
lege had he remained. It was evi-
dent even then that he was in the
forefront of that movement of the
young Irish element, with which he
and Dr. Stockley have been so long
associated. He brought the Irish
dramatists among us with a force
that was felt all through our under-
graduate years. These two un-
doubtedly had much to do with form-
ing our taste for literature.

Although we lost Dr. Hyde to a
larger movement, we had our own
school of poets typified by the Rob-
erts family, Bliss Carman and
others. They have influenced stu-
dents of literature at the U. N. B.
for years. Not forgetting either the
father of the family. For we could
not graduate happily without the
Rector's offices. Ege admittote...
although, he still used the English
pronunciation, Rector Roberts made
the Latin sound impressive as it
rolled trippingly from his tongue.

It was a great age that end of the
nineties. Yet a greater age is about
to dawn!

(Mrs. W. Garland Foster received
her B. A. from U. N. B. in 1896 and
her M. A. in 1932. She has made
many literary contributions includ-
ing articles published in the Cana-
dian Bookman, the Vancouver Pro-
vince, the Dalhousie Review and the
Montreal Star. One of her most im-
portant books is the Mohawk Prin-
cess, the life and work of E. Pauline
Johnson.

Mrs. Foster has presented a copy
of her latest book Makers of History
to the U. N. B. Library and she has
also presented Ms. copies of Indian
Trails in Maple Land and The Cana-
dian Doukhobors, a Study in Com-
munion to the Library Archives,
vesting publishing rights of these in
the University.)

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Varsity Defeats

(Continued From Page Four.)

points in quick succession.

With 6 minutes left the scoring
went like this: Stothart, 2 points on
a lay-up, Demers, good for 2, McDon-
ald got a free throw and Strong of
Aroostook made a free shot.

With 3 minutes left, Demers got
2 points from outside the key, Stot-
hart was in for 2 more on a long
pass from Bill McDonald, Lush of
Aroostook hit the hoop for 2 and
Haltek, Wylie, Lockhart, Hanson
and Garner came in for U. N. B.
Aroostook refused a free throw and
took the ball out at mid-court and
Tony Tammara called a basket for
Aroostook when Wylie knocked the
ball up through the basket on Lush's
shot. The whistle ended the game
with U. N. B. out front by a 41-33
margin.

Faculty Prepares

(Continued From Page One.)

dent on an extension of the role of
the Athletic and Gym Committee,
under the chairmanship of Dr. C. W.
Argue was received, and it was an-
nounced that Dr. J. R. Petrie, a mem-
ber of the above Committee, had
been chosen as official faculty ad-
viser by the A. A. A.

The Scholarship Committee upon
submitting its report, was instruc-
ted to provide High Schools with
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Radio

(Continued From Page Three)
 was cursed. All the males were to be driven to suicide by the hallucination of a yellow monkey. While Dolmage was figuring a way to explain his friend's malady, the unfortunate Redgrave plunged to his death through a window a hundred feet above the sea. When the professor finishes his reminiscing, he notes that he is all alone, except that sitting on the edge of his desk is a little yellow, green-eyed monkey.

In the cast were: Howard Urdang as Dolmage, Ray Young as Redgrave, Charlotte VanDine as Edna Redgrave, and Bob Lawrence as the butler. Studio sound effects were by Murray Meitzer. The Dramatic Society also wishes to express its thanks to Don Weeks of CFNB who ably assisted the cast with recorded sound effects.

Sportscast

(Continued From Page Four.)
 The ladies' basketball team swings into action for the first game this week-end in Saint John. With eight of last year's players back and the benefit of more than five weeks of practice, the team appears certain to be headed for a successful season. Senior Varsity will meet the senior Saint John while the "Jayvees" face the Trojans with all three games slated for the seaport city.

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... SNOOP ...

Kilroy came out with by far his most sensible "Krack" last week when he casually mentioned that he was getting down to Kracking the books. Snoop heartily endorses this suggestion for each of the 1400. I noticed lately in the report from Alex. that Alex. residents have complained of too many cats wandering around. Perhaps they should get Kilroy to conduct a "Kat Katching Kontest." If Kilroy will commit himself on such a venture it might prove whether Kilroy is a man or a rouse.

A few interesting facts were gleaned by myself and Boosley the past week. We heard of Tony Taylor and visiting dignitaries from Saint John making their way to black market Power-house. Tak. Tsk felias... is that the best you could do, with your Ten-spot...? After listening to a few more thousands of words from Alley-Lou Mackey I have finally heard a few that might bear repeating. (Quote... O Marv... Marv dear... Unquote).

Crack of the Week.
 Puzzled Latin student to Miss Hopkins — "Are you trying to give us a Latin lecture or are you trying to be a Master of Ceremonies?"
Wanted: One blonde for future formal; no references required. Apply Room 202, Beaverbrook Residence.
 Is a well known campus basketball duo coming to the parting of the way? Who was the "down-town" wench Art?
 Uncle Boosley reports that Cottingham Casanova No. 2 is making big time with Eleanor Barker.
 Language is no barrier in the Jackie Michaud-Jim Gibson case. But then youth (or something) always finds a way...

Bruno may have trouble with his ears but there's nothing the matter with his eyesight... That was the "Face" he was out with not so many Gays ago...

What Wolf of the Forestry Dept. goes out with MacLaggan while he secretly pines for another...?

Was Stud's face red Wed. morning?? Did Helen notice it?? Another item. Those of "Thru the Dirty Window" can't be as hard up as was thought... they turned down a "lift" last Sat. night. While in that Dept. may I suggest that their guest on the seat (the one with the dictionary) consider taking a course in "basic English"...

Another U. N. B. - P. N. S. contact has come to light... Nothing as smooth as "glass" ed Bud? Talking about "Star-eyes"... have you noticed Haines and Harding... especially out-side the Beaverbrook Dining-Hall. News from the "Wager Room" odds have gone up to 13-2 that "Screaming Lena" will put the halter on Bill MacDonald before long.

What law-minded Geologist is taking orders from a lowly freshette these... Never under estimate the power of a woman they say...

Those "Plaster Rock lassies" are pretty smooth eh Sim? Don. T. thought so last summer. Incidentally I hope Taylor and Peterson will take time off to drop in for an exam or two in the near future. Speaking of exams Snoop wishes you all good luck and I hope no one gets caught...

"Teas" reached a new 'high' in popularity last week when a rip-snorting good one was held at the Hawkins Residence. Too bad they aren't more of such around Fredericton.

And so to Bed...
 This is the last edition of 1947... An attempt was made this term to adapt Snoop to keep pace with 1400 students. We who have done the writing of this column have faced a difficult situation. As must have been apparent to any student with one or more drams of understanding, it would be impossible to write a column of this nature that would interest all the students UNLESS all the students would offer support. This support was lacking to the same extent that our college spirit is lacking!! This lack of support and spirit is casting a black cloud over every student activity on the Campus. Three contributions in three months were all that Snoop received. Meanwhile you have wondered and quite often complained as to why Snoop covered such a limited field. What else could be expected???

Elsewhere in these pages you may notice a student's letter to the Editor. The fact that he didn't have the guts or common decency to sign his name gives an interesting insight. I wonder what HE has done on the Campus this year apart from writing a few lines of cheap "trash"? Like many hundreds of others at U. N. B. he doesn't realize that criticizing should be a privilege of those who have done something. Many who feel that things are not at their best should realize that he will get out of College exactly WHAT HE PUTS INTO IT. A wheel built for 1400 won't turn very well when there are only 30 or 40 shoulders against it!!

During the holidays take time to size up what your share on the College team has been and perhaps you will find a couple of New Year's resolutions very much in order...

Disgustedly yours,

SNOOP.

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TOM ROYD, Mgr.

Alexander

(Continued From Page Three)
 President Gregg was the next speaker. He said that he thought it was an excellent idea to have these meetings. That there was great possibility that we would lose our religious principles if we continued in the future as we have in the past. We are coming to realize the freedom which we nearly lost. It is a sincere effort to try and search into the religious impetus which aids in our search for knowledge in a university. He also said that he hoped that these meetings would meet with great success in the university. Father McGinnis was the final speaker on the program. He stated the need of being realistic as well as idealistic; that the Roman Catholic church held a Mission each year, and the reason for it was that it would act as a spiritual pepper-upper. He said that this was the purpose of the UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE; also that it would serve to bring a broader knowledge of religion; to start people thinking about religion; that the various denominations should get together and not squabble about petty things all the time, there is no real difference in the various forms of Christian faith. We are all aiming for the same goal. He pointed out the need of all forms of Christian religion to unite against the materialists who threaten to take our freedom from us. We must be as enthusiastic in our religion as the communists are in their belief.



(You — That is —)

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