

TRAIN FOR MT. A. LEAVES AT 7 A.M. SAT.



Vol. 68

No. 4

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Friday, Oct. 22, 1948

Price Seven Cents Per Week

SRC Stages Give-away Show

Wednesday night the SRC was like a kindly uncle, giving what was asked for but wondering where the money was coming from. Don Fonger editor of last year's Year Book, brought up the first business. He recommended that the position of Assistant Editor be established and that Editor to be a Sophomore or a Junior, so that there would be someone to look after bills, printers, etc. during the summer. Said Fonger, "Printers never seem to do just what they promise". On motion of Pete Van der Meyden, Fonger's recommendations were adopted.

Discussion arose on the Radio Club budget. Don Cox stated that "the SRC should support the Radio Club so that the UNB chess club could play chess with Dal." Remember that the chess club can't travel, -the budget wasn't passed. The Radio Club budget was passed.

Intoxicating thoughts of the Mt. A train trip were sobered by the thought of the cost. The individual cost will be \$4.95. At least 122 students must go or the SRC will lose money as the R. R. has to be guaranteed a certain amount. How long the train stopped in Moncton was a question of keen interest. "Not far from the store" came from one of the back row boys. Mr. Fanjoy, the President, asked if the council would approve the Executive decision to send a train to Mt. A. -Approval was given.

"None" was the general answer given to the question how many campus policemen should go on the Mt. A trip. Terry Rankin thought some C. P.'s should go "just in case".

It was moved seconded and carried that the S. R. C. should pay the way to Mt. A of the cheerleaders, band and the canteen workers. After very little discussion and in practically complete agreement the S. R. C. decided that post-graduates, Faculty and certain others would be given complimentary Student passes.

Student wives were also to be let in to S. R. C. activities on the husbands' pass. The Repr. wishing one another a merry Xmas broke up the discussion on Xmas cards.

J. V. Anglin brought up the matter of athletic insurance but the subject broadened into student insurance. It was decided that the S. R. C. would pay up to \$50, excluding D. V. A students, for injuries received in varsity football.

16 Cadets View 'Thumper'

Through the courtesy of Brigadier-General Smith, New Brunswick area commandant, sixteen members of the University Officers Training Corps travelled with their commanding officer, Major R. J. Love, to Sussex last week-end where they were privileged to see Exercise Thumper. This exercise was a sham battle using field artillery, anti-aircraft guns and tanks.



Dr. Trueman delivers the Inauguration Address in which he stressed the unbalance existing in present day education. Behind Dr. Trueman may be seen a few of the special guests attending the colorful function. More pictures on page seven.

Year Book Photos Start Monday

It has been learned from the 1949 Year Book Committee that the policy of having individual photos of all undergraduates (at no cost to the individual) will be continued again this year.

The plan at present is to have all Freshmen and Freshie-Sophomores' pictures taken commencing Monday, October 25. Lists are being prepared and in the very near future they will be on the bulletin boards of the various faculty buildings. It is very important that all Freshmen and Freshie-Sophomores check these lists for time and place to have their photos taken. This is absolutely FREE ... it costs only a few spare minutes in Hut 3 at Alexander College... and is essential for the success of the 1949 Year Book.

After these pictures have all been taken, the studio will be open for any other undergraduate who may have been missed last year or whose photo proved to be unsatisfactory in the 1948 Year Book. Time and place for these other undergrads will be announced at a later date.

With everyone's cooperation, the 1949 Year Book should prove to be the "Greatest Volume Ever".



Ambassador Gay and Friend

His Excellency Francisque Gay, the French ambassador to Canada, recently made a tour through the Maritimes. During his stay in Fredericton ambassador Gay visited UNB where he was welcomed by Dr. Trueman. Mr. Gay was one of the founders of the M. R. P. party in France and later became vice-president in DeGaulle's cabinet.

Dunwoodie Heads Radio Club

Tom Dunwoodie was elected to head this year's executive of the University Radio Club at its initial meeting of the year. Activities at the workshop in build-

ing 39, Alexander, were discussed, and the completion of the club's transmitter was announced by Ken Creelman. With the procurement of a communications receiver the members felt the club would be prepared to serve the students for many years with no further heavy outlay for equipment.

M.I.D.L. Winner Gets Chance At Can. Finals

The annual Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League Conference was held this year at Chatham, with St. Thomas' University the host. All the Maritime Universities were represented along with UNB Law School which was admitted to the league last year.

The highlight of the meeting came when a resolution was passed providing for a contributory plan to assist the MIDL winner on to the Canadian Finals each spring. Acadia, which for the past two years has represented the Maritime Universities in the Canadian finals, has found that the expenses incurred were too heavy. In the event of a small university winning the Maritime Championship, it was generally agreed that team expenses would prevent the Maritime champions from competing in the Canadian finals.

A plan was adopted wherein each University would contribute a sum of money, in proportion to its student enrollment which would defray two-thirds of the total expenses to Upper Canada. It was felt that the winning University would have sufficient initiative to obtain one-third of their total expenses.

The conference concluded by drawing up a schedule of debates for the forthcoming year. UNB which had two "away" debates last year, will have two home debates this season. Acadia, last year's Maritime Champions, will debate UNB in Fredericton some time during the month of November. After Christmas, Kings' College in Halifax will send a team to Fredericton. Finally, UNB will have its only away debate at St. Mary's, in Halifax.

Directory Out Next Week

It has been learned from Bob Cadman that the Students' Directory will be ready for distribution sometime next week.

The Directory is sponsored this year by the SCM.

The price will be the same as last year and it will go on sale in the Library and on the main floors on the various buildings. The price again is 25 cents.

A unique feature of this year's Directory is that it will contain both the regular phone numbers and the new dial numbers. Mr. Cadman explained that all the new dial numbers were not available because they had not been assigned by the Telephone Company.

George Ruickbie is now receiving designs for a radio club crest with deadline November first and any interested students are asked to contact him.



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

Est. 1967

Member, Canadian University Press

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Vol. 68 Fredericton, N. B. Oct. 22, 1948 No. 4

NO LINES AND DEADLINES

With this issue we are beginning an experiment in make-up. The usual lines between the columns will be conspicuous by their absence. We think that it makes for a better looking paper and hope that the student body will concur. The Brunswickan would appreciate any comments regarding the change.

With our next issue, which will be two weeks from now because of the Forestry issue next week, we plan to move the Editorial page to page four. This change is made necessary because of the lack of writing ability or almost total lack of interest on the part of the student body. We have tried to maintain deadlines only to be delayed by lack of copy. The Brunswickan staff do not have enough time to write the whole Brunswickan. Even for the Students Forum most contributors have to be begged before they will commit themselves on any issue.

In future all copy intended for the middle four pages (feature, society reports, Students' Forum, Letters to the Editor, etc.) must be in by Monday at five p. m. All copy for the other four pages must be in by Wednesday at five. If this schedule is maintained, the Brunswickan will be up the hill on Friday. If copy is not in by those times, it means extra work for the staff and the printer. Besides, the paper may not be on the "stands" at the regular time. This applies, of course, to the Brunswickan staff as well as other students who may take an interest in their college paper.

Guest Editorial

ECONOMY

Economy, to be efficient, should begin at home. Without advocating niggardliness it might be well to examine the policy of the SRC in regard to the issuance of complimentary passes to all faculty members and post-graduate students, and their consideration of a list of former coaches, doctors and others. For the record let it be said that the number of "others" may be very small.

Verily it is more blessed to give than receive, and granted that the SRC is the proper body to indicate the will of the student body in this matter, yet in view of the debit on the fall term books and still more because of the increased student levy the decision is open to question.

There can be little doubt of the propriety of presenting complimentary passes to the members of the faculty; this was discussed at some length in the SRC last year, and a favorable decision was reached. The extension, however, of the generosity beyond this point runs into the facts of cold cash, to the extent of \$16.00 a year per student. Over and beyond this delving into the none too plentiful student treasury by the extension of free passes there is the not inconsiderable expenditure for the printing of the passes. Would it be too much to ask the SRC staff to write "Complimentary" on a regular student pass form, or too much to ask the faculty to accept these? It is very doubtful that there would be any objection from the latter quarter.

The question is not one of student unwillingness to share — but one of where to draw the line.

SRC FALL BUDGET

Table with 3 columns: Item, Budgeted, Passed. Items include Football, SRC, Basketball - Senior, Basketball - Junior, Basketball - Ladies, AAA, Swimming Team, Ski Club, Boxing, Hockey - Senior, Hockey - Junior, Hockey - Equipment, Social Committee, Camera Club, Brunswickan, Debating Society, Veterans' Club, Varisty Singers, Badminton Club, NFCUS, Soccer Team, Chess Club, ISS, Dramatics Society, Band.

UNDER-GRAD PHOTOS AGAIN THIS YEAR

As in the 1948 Year Book all under-grad individual pictures will appear in the 1949 edition.

Lists with names and time of appointments are in the various faculty buildings. Sittings begin October 25, at 7 p. m. in Hut 3 Alex.

Your fullest cooperation is needed.



The Editor The Brunswickan The University of New Brunswick Dear Sir,

Please publish the following in your next issue.

Re The UNB Flying Club.

It is hoped the following will make clear in your minds the reason for the inactivity of the Flying Club's aircraft.

The unfortunate closing of Sturgeon Air Services has necessitated the grounding of the aircraft. Sturgeon Air Services had the only qualified air mechanic in this district.

Efforts are being made by the executive to sell the aircraft, and to arrange a means for obtaining economical instruction in flying when it has been sold. Myles Currie has a licensed air field but as yet he has not a charter to operate or a commercial air service. He hopes to have a mechanic and a charter in the near future.

Flying Club Executive

Advertisement for Player's Cigarettes. Illustration of a man in a suit holding a sign that says 'Player's Please!'. Text: COLLEGE INITIATIONS - They're an education in themselves! They lighten the daily grind... put zest in the West and yeast in the East. And when it comes to pleasant smoking, frosh to faculty go for fresh, cool Player's Cigarettes. CORK TIP and PLAIN. REMEMBER - PLAYER'S "MILD" PLAIN WITH "WETPROOF" PAPER DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIPS.

Advertisement for CFNB. Text: Did you realize there were just 55 more shopping days before Xmas? Just thought we'd be the first to tell you. -CFNB is always first. THE DOORWAY TO NEW BRUNSWICK 5000 watts at 550 FREDERICTON, N.B.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off. Includes words like 'Rene', 'that. Con', 'She was a', 'left by he', 'Church. U', 'Her si', 'them. Th', 'Mary whic', 'they hung', 'room.', 'Aunt', 'were old a', 'no doubt,', 'for his pur', 'children in', 'everything', 'love and', 'Throt', 'long as he', 'the past w', 'steadily it', 'living roo', 'soft low v', 'and faded', 'came to h', 'picture of', 'in his life', 'any perso', 'smiled, an', 'follow him', 'the warm', 'Rene', 'with other', 'but he wa', 'twelve ye', 'were hard', 'than he c', 'One', 'had been', 'his prayer', 'ture of th', 'tute vanis', 'time. Ar', 'went in w', 'of a blue', 'meat, fun', 'in indescr', 'the Virgin', 'plunging -', 'Rene', 'felt unhap', 'He had b', 'beyond h', 'biggest th', 'aunt and', 'went to v', 'The y', 'He werke', 'but he ha', 'seen kneel', 'that he w', 'for him, h', 'When', 'to Beaupr', 'including', 'boarding h', 'Mrs. I', 'dishes, ma', 'was demu', 'yearned to', 'toward tha', 'She v', 'room, pret', 'the object', 'waited on', 'with Ler h', 'One s', 'the greasef', 'gave him', 'right.

LETTERS
to the Editor

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FEATURES

RENE

by Fred Cogswell

Rene never saw his father. A German bullet at Hill 70 saw to that. Consequently his earliest memories were those of his mother. She was a good mother and a good Catholic, and she filled the gap left by her husband's death with her devotion to Rene and to the Church. Unfortunately when Rene was seven she died.

Her sister, Aunt Marie and Uncle Fernand took Rene to live with them. They also took among other things the picture of the Virgin Mary which had always hung in his mother's room. They took it and they hung it up in the little cubby-hole that Rene was given for a room.

Aunt Marie and uncle Fernand had a strict sense of duty, but they were old and did not understand children. They were fond of Rene, no doubt, but it never occurred to them to demonstrate. In their fear for his purity they kept him as much as possible from playing with the children in the squalid street where they lived. Rene had from them everything their poverty could afford . . . everything but affection, love and understanding.

Through the days of his grey childhood Rene had held fast as long as he could to the few happy memories he had. His link with the past was the picture of the Virgin. When he looked at it long and steadily it was not hard to imagine that he was back in his mother's living room once more, clinging to the folds of her skirt while in her soft low voice she told him stories. But even these memories blurred and faded like ripples from a stone dropped in water. Their place came to be filled not by the drab monotony around him, but by the picture of the Virgin. It came more and more to be the warm reality in his life. It seemed to Rene that the Virgin was more beautiful than any person he had ever met and much more friendly. She always smiled, and, wherever he went in the room, her dark eyes seemed to follow him. He loved to look at her soft hair parted in the middle and the warmth of the blue robe she wore.

Rene was a quiet boy at school. He did not have much to do with other children. At recess he played by himself. He worked hard, but he was always in the bottom half of the class. When he was twelve years old he was working after school as a delivery boy. Times were hard, and he did not wish to burden his aunt and uncle any more than he could help.

One night when Rene was thirteen he went upstairs to bed. He had been working too hard. He was very tired. He undressed, said his prayers and went to bed. In the dim light his eyes fell on the picture of the Virgin. There was a blurring of form and line. The picture vanished. He felt lifted out of himself, remote from place and time. Around him there was only a sea of blue light that came and went in wave-washed coolness, folding him around with the softness of a blue robe. Now the light retreated, twisted in a circular movement, funneled about a face, the rapt face of the Virgin, transfigured in indescribable radiance, smiling, beckoning . . . The light deepened; the Virgin was gone. Now it was a violet flame and he a white moth plunging - plunging with a fierce ecstasy toward the burning core . . .

Rene never came to understand this experience, but he no longer felt unhappy nor alone. He had learned to take the Virgin with him. He had but to close his eyes or to stare intently at an object to pass beyond his surroundings to a brighter reality which came to be the biggest thing in his life. He let his school work slide, and when his aunt and uncle suggested he quit school and get a job he agreed and went to work in a small garage.

The years passed, and with their passing Rene grew to manhood. He worked in the garage quietly, efficiently. Everybody liked him, but he had no close friends. He had no vices, and as he was often seen kneeling in prayer in the neighbouring church, word got around that he was very devout. The girls in the district began to have eyes for him, but he never seemed to see them.

When Rene was twenty and uncle Fernand and aunt Marie moved to Beapre, Rene stayed on at the garage and moved his belongings, including the picture of the Virgin in the blue robe, to Mrs. Dupont's boarding house.

Mrs. Dupont had a daughter, Claire. She waited on table, washed dishes, made the beds for the lodgers. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, she was demure, almost shy in appearance. But her adolescent mind yearned to explore the mysteries of sex and canvassed all possibilities toward that end.

She waylaid Rene on every occasion. She would pop into his room, pretending to have left something behind; after she had retrieved the object she would show a marked propensity to linger. When she waited on table she stood provocatively close to him, brushing his arm with her body as she leaned forward to put down a loaded tray.

One summer night, Rene had returned late from the garage, washed the grease from his face and hands and changed into clean clothes. Claire gave him his lunch in the kitchen. Every one else had gone out that night.

Continued on Page 4

Fable For A

Forester

Once upon a time, as the saying goes, there was a Rabbit who wanted to be a Forester. Now he was a perfectly normal rabbit in all other ways, such as having long ears and liking girl rabbits, so you can understand why his mother was quite beside herself with worry. She simply did not know what to do, so, like all modern mothers, she consulted her hand-book on "Rabbit Psychology" where she found it is a very bad thing to keep a rabbit from doing what he wants to do. Consequently, she decided to send this extraordinary rabbit to the finest school in the land. Since he had made up his mind to be a Forester he might just as well be a good Forester.

The next fall our hero packed his belongings, kissed his mother and father goodby and set out for the University of Notable Beavers. The beavers at first thought it strange that a rabbit should wish to learn how to cut down trees, but when they perceived that he was sincere in his desire to learn they were glad to teach him all they knew. Soon he was a true Forester; he wore high boots on every possible occasion, he wore a plaid shirt always open at the neck and he never under any circumstances cut his whiskers. In short, he was a real he-rabbit outdoor type.

Time flew as it always does in fables, and when next we find our hero he is out in the great wood about to fell his first tree. After an hour and a half of very difficult calculations, much too obscure for this humble audience, he was ready to begin. He set to work and soon the great tree trembled and groaned, and wonder of wonders the damn thing fell right on him.

Moral:- If you have big ears you had better be an Arts student.

Deichmann Pottery . . .

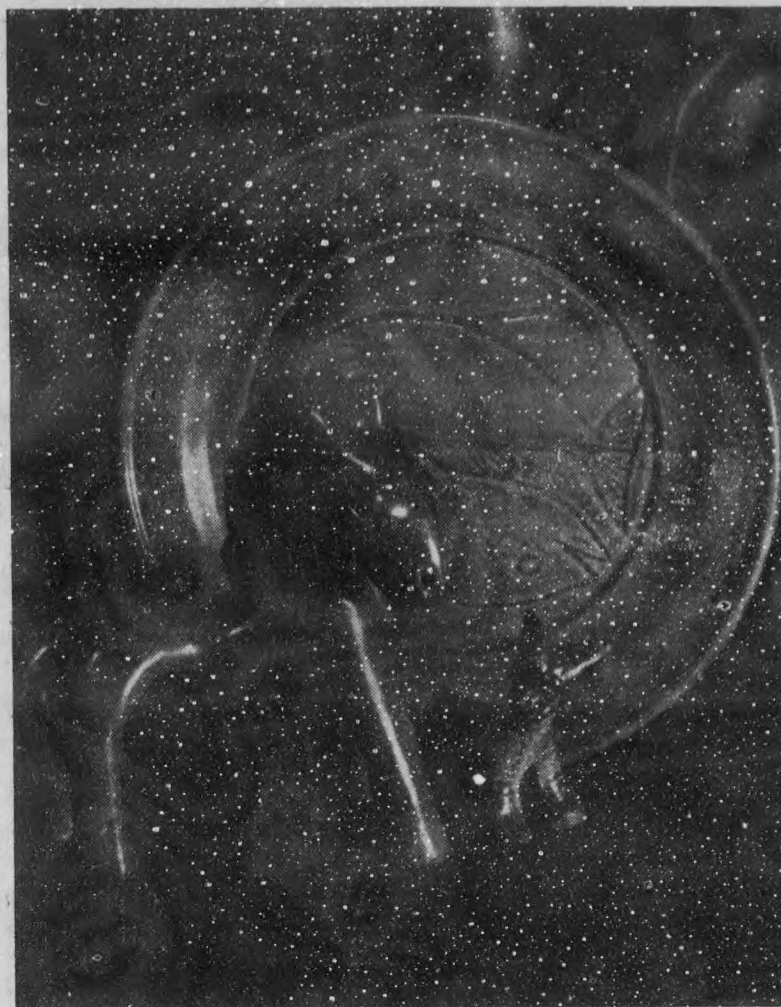


Photo by Ed Bastedo

The Fat Man

by Laurie Solomon

The girl closed the door quietly, turning the knob slowly so that it would not squeak, took off her shoes and tiptoed towards the stairs. The big clock in the hall whirred warningly and in deep tones struck twice. The girl, a shadow on the second step, froze one hand on the bannister, and listened. There was no sound in all the house except the slow tick of the grandfather clock. Satisfied she crept up several more steps and was about half way to the landing when a light flashed on downstairs and the bulky figure of a man was silhouetted in the doorway.

"Eleanor," he said in deep tones, "come in here at once."
Without a word the girl turned and slowly came downstairs again, stopped at the foot to put on her shoes, and entered the room, closing the door behind her.

The man was standing against the fireplace, the fire out at this hour, one hand in his trouser pocket. His many-chinned face looked pale in the bright light, his lips in one thin line.

"Well?" was all he said.
The girl looked sullen, her clasped hands working nervously, her loose hair hiding her face.

The fat man's fury broke loose.
"What the devil do you mean coming in at this hour? Do you think I am a fool, an idiot, or something, to let you continually disobey me after I have expressly ordered you to be home by eleven thirty? Answer me! Come on, speak up, you are not dumb! Come! I want an answer!"

"Father! I am not a child, I'm twenty now! Soon I will be of age. Surely I should be allowed to use a little discretion! Eleven thirty! Whoever comes in at eleven thirty? I would be the laughing stock of the college if I left everything in order to be home by then!"

"I don't give a God-damn if you are the laughing stock of the blasted county! You certainly aren't going to make me a laughing stock of this place by continuously disobeying me! One more offence of this kind and I will take you away from the university for a year and send you to your aunt's! She will look after you! You are no child, but you are not of age yet. When you are, that will be a horse of a different colour, but while you are in my house and a minor, you will do as you are told, or by God! you will wish you had!"

The girl had flushed darkly, but her jaw had set and the resemblance between the two was strong. Two pairs of grey eyes looked into each other, one narrow and bloodshot with anger, the other clear and young and narrowed in determination.

Continued on Page 4

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RENE

Continued from Page 3

"I have to go out, too" she said, "I must go down to Mrs. Lavois', and the streets are so dark. I get frightened when I am out all alone. Would you walk down with me and see that I get there? It's only four or five blocks away."

Rene said he would, and she went upstairs to get ready. When she came down five minutes later she already had her coat and hat on. Rene put his coat on in the hall, and they went out.

It was very dark, but the street lights lit up the sidewalks well. The streets were not crowded, but they met people coming toward them, and occasionally some one passed them from behind. Rene couldn't see how Claire could be frightened. They walked in silence.

"Let's cut across the park" Claire said, it's much shorter that way."

They turned in to the park entrance and walked along the path. It was very dark here and they met no one. She walked very close to him, and they stumbled against each other. He took her arm to guide her. The feel of the warm movement of her body beneath the cloth of her coat disturbed him strangely. She didn't draw away, and they walked on arm in arm. He felt himself trembling. Suddenly she swayed. She seemed to turn her ankle. At any rate she fell, dragging him with her . . .

The world and the park vanished. He felt himself lifted out of himself, remote from time and place. The sea was blue and warm and lapped him around with a soft smoothness. Gently he rose and fell, floating on its depths like a bird on blue air. Suddenly the sea retreated, gathered intensity with the pull of a whirlwind. For an interminable second he hung suspended, and then the sea changed. It was a tugging, searing violet flame and he a white moth plunging recklessly, plunging with a fierce ecstasy toward the cataclysmic annihilation of the burning core . . .

A light wind rippled over his face. Her voice spoke, near him in the darkness.

"How about a cigarette?"

He fumbled in his pocket, found a packet, drew one out. She took it from the packet, struck a match, holding it in cupped hands as she bent forward to light her cigarette.

She was sitting, half leaning, back against a park bench. Her hat was off and her coat unbuttoned. Rene could see the white skin through her blue dress open at the throat. But it was her face that smote him as it shone in the match-light. For gone was the expression of youthful petulance. Her features were now relaxed and tender, her eyes soft and misty. And as she looked at him thus, her whole expression transformed, Rene felt his blood turning into the white ice of unbelievable horror. Her face was the image of the face of the Virgin in his mother's picture, the picture that hung in his room at the boardinghouse.

"What's the matter, honey?" her immature voice was edged with petulance, "I was good enough for you in the dark, wasn't I?" Her eyes widened with fear. She dropped the match and tried to scream, as his hands tightened about her throat.

In the grass, the burnt match flickered and went out.

The Fat Man

Continued from Page 3

"I hate you" she said, almost calmly, drawing herself up proudly. She shook her head to clear her hair from her face. "You are my father, but I hate you! I hate you for trying to dominate me as you dominate my mother, your servants, your business, this town. Everything is yours, nothing has a life, or rights, of its own. Your family, your car, your house, your this, your that. Your chattels and slaves." Her body was rigid, her shoulders trembling, her hands clenched at her sides. She was very near to tears. "Here's one person that you can't make your chattel, your slave. I refuse to be bound down to you. If you don't like it I will go and work somewhere."

"You think I don't know what is back of this. You think that your plans and schemes are so deep and unfathomable! You are the kind of person one reads about in Victorian novels, and you are out of date, though you don't know it! You are so pleased with your domination you don't want me to go out with boys, and enjoy myself, and be a normal girl along with the others! You are afraid I will get married and so get out of your tyranny! I hate you! If I had to marry a man tomorrow from out of the gutter to get away from you I would." She was desperately tired and overwrought.

The fat man let her tire herself out.

"Sit down" he said, indicating a chair, and automatically she slumped into it. She felt drained, and her shoulders sagged.

Her father's look softened, but he kept his tone cold. "You are a silly emotional girl, just out of school and you are talking nonsense. I am only acting for your own good and my own reputation. Do you think that I am going to let you go gallivanting around having your head turned by a bunch of worthless young shrimps who are loafing their way through college at their fathers' expense? You are much too young to think of marriage, and when you do marry, you will marry someone who fought for and keeps his job on his own merits, someone who makes his own way in the world. Someone who does not need to be pushed by his father, and by me, into some soft job somewhere. None of those puny, cocky little squirts are half good enough for you. Don't you see, Eleanor? I started fresh out of grade school and fought my way to the top, and it was a tough fight. I want somebody for you who you yourself want, but he has got to have what it takes, and he has got to prove it."

Eleanor leant back against her chair, and her eyes were red. The wisp of a handkerchief clenched in her hand was wet. She felt, and looked, limp.

The fat man regarded her.

"But father, Tom . . ."

"I'm not discussing Tom, or Dick, or Harry, or any other young pup at college. You are a stubborn young brat, but you're my daughter, and I love you, but you will do as you are told, at least until you are of age. It is much too late tonight to go into the matter of your various boy friends. Just remember what I told you. Pick an honest boy who can do an honest day's work on his own hook, and the guts to fight his own way through the world and I'll say nothing. Now go to bed, and remember my warning. Another occasion like this and I will send you away."

The domestic difficulties of the fat man resolved themselves and Eleanor's behavior was everything that he could wish, which made him somewhat suspicious, being of a suspicious nature, but with the coming on of Spring the pressure of business gradually made him forget Eleanor's unusually submissive behaviour.

One fine morning just before the University had closed for the year real trouble developed. It began when two men burst into his office.

The fat man was behind his desk and he looked up startled. "What the hell do you mean by breaking in here?" he said. "Get out!"

The slight man sauntered forward and draped himself on the edge of the fat man's desk, and his companion pushed the protesting secretary out and shut the door firmly, placing himself with his back to it. Neither said a word.

The fat man rose to his feet, and his bulk towered ominously over the dapper intruder. "I said get out, and I mean get out" he said, his grey eyes narrow with anger, "before I have you thrown out."

The dapper man smiled. "Don't bother. We are going in a minute. I only came to give you a warning."

The other looked at him keenly, summing him up. He relaxed slightly.

"Well?"

The slight man pulled up his trouser leg and the fat man glimpsed a silk sock. Having eased himself into a more comfortable position on the other's desk, he pulled out an obviously expensive gold cigarette case initialed in diamonds, carefully selected a smoke, and proffered the case to the fat man. He refused it and automatically produced a light. "Don't use them," he said briefly.

(Continued on Page Five)



Of course, it's his own fault.

He should have known you have to keep handsome Arrow shirts under lock and key.

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Rev. W. H. Elgee
Addresses SCM

"What Men Live By", was the theme of a discussion led by Rev. W. H. Elgee at a meeting of the Student Christian Movement held in the Community "Y" Sunday evening. Mr. Elgee stressed the four aspects of man's life, - work, worship, study and play. He encouraged those present to consider the most important of these, work, as affecting all of us; to recognize the demand from within man for worship; to remember that we must continue to be students (in a broad sense) all through life; and to realize the importance of play-as "recreation of body, soul, and spirit". He emphasized the need to consider the work of the Christian ministry, in caring for the spirits of men, as being important as well as those dealing with the mind and body, and to remember that there is a place in this work for the highest type of mind.

A very spirited discussion ensued on these points, relating them particularly to our educational system and its inadequacies, and to the idea of Christian vocation.

A short business meeting preceded the discussion. During this period, Frances Morrissey was appointed chairman of the lunch committee, and Bob Cadman was asked to look into the matter of publishing the S. C. M. News Letter.

Next Sunday evening, the guest speaker will be Miss Alice McElveny who spent the summer as an ISS student in Germany.



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From the
Fraser

From the sixth of our university in preparing place in the engineer Office

At the car of Military -ered, and m was gained at university whether it h

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H. Elgee
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From the "Mighty
Fraser" to Cultus Lake

by G. M. Whitcomb

From the fourteenth of May, until
the sixth of September, six members
of our university were on training
at R. C. S. M. E., Chilliwack, B. C.
in preparing themselves for their
place in the Canadian Army as En-
gineer Officers.

At the camp, practically all phases
of Military Engineering were cov-
ered, and much valuable information
was gained which will help us both
at university, and in our life's work,
whether it be military or civilian.

While at the camp, we were visited
by quite a number of Canada's "Brass
Fiats". They all expressed a keen
interest in the methods being used
to train us for the Corps, and also
took the opportunity of collecting
ideas of value which they thought
would be of use to them in training
their own men.

For four weeks around the last of
May, and beginning of June, we were
confined to camp, and on call at all
time for work in connection with the
Fraser River flood. During that time
our regular training went on the rocks
and all interest at the camp was cen-
tered on the flood. Nevertheless,
they say a change is as good as a
rest (I don't believe that now), and
the COTC pitched in with the rest
of the army and did their part in
holding back the "Mighty Fraser".
The flood was very serious to Brit-
ish Columbia - - the worst in about
half a century, and there was a feel-
ing of obligation to the B. C. people
to do as much as possible for them.
It was no easy job, and many hours
were put in by the army in sand-
bagging, watching dykes, evacuating
people and their belongings, herding
cattle from near breaks in the dykes,
and various other seemingly insignifi-
cant duties, which beyond doubt
were major factors in saving lives
and country.

But the river eventually gave up
its battle, and we had to go back to
our training. For the remainder of
the summer, courses were given in
particular engineering subjects such
as surveying, roads and airfields,
concrete, mines and booby-traps,
bridging and others with which an
Engineer Officer must be familiar.

It wasn't all work though, for at
four thirty we were our own bosses,
provided there wasn't some nice night
scheme, examination, or extra lec-
ture that just couldn't be fitted in
during the day. Just the same we
got most of the night off, and in the
early evening a stream of happy "Civ-
ilians" could be seen on the road
heading for Chilliwack or Cultus
Lake, a notable British Columbia
summer resort only a couple of miles
from the camp.

Not only was Cultus Lake popular,
but every Saturday afternoon the
highway would be dotted with fel-
lows heading into Vancouver for the
week-end. It became quite a popu-
lar place and after one or two week-
ends there, there was no keeping a
person in camp once one o'clock
Saturday rolled around. Some of the
boys went farther than Vancouver,
and trips were made to Victoria, Se-
attle, and the Grand Coulee Dam.

In all, it was a good and profit-
able summer. I am convinced now
that the COTC is a great outfit to
get into. It assured fellows of good
and lasting summer employment
while at college, and a commission
in either the Reserve or Active Army
upon graduation provided they make
good.



Contrary to its appearance this is not a cut from Brunswickan files of
the 19th century. This is the "bridge" over which a considerable num-
ber of students pass each day. Beyond the bridge are the railway
tracks which are often blocked by trains. The moral should be clear.

The Fat Man

(Continued from Page 4)

The intruder blew out a cloud of perfumed smoke. "How long
have you been in business?"

"What is this a racket?"

"No, no, not at all. As I said, merely a warning."

The inter-office communicator buzzed and the fat man pressed a
button. "No, it's all right. I'll be through in a minute. No calls."

"About twenty-five years," he said, in answer to the question.

"Good. Twenty six and eight months, to be exact." The fat
man raised his eyebrows at the other's detailed knowledge. "Well?"

"Will you sell out now or will you fight?"

"What the devil are you talking about?" He leaned back watch-
fully in his chair, his eyes narrow again.

"I told you I came to give you fair warning. I am going to put
you out of business . . ."

The fat man snorted laughter. Then he rose to his feet, the set of
his body purposeful. "I have had enough of this tom-foolery. Get out!"

The slight man smiled, his blue eyes cold and watchful. The heavy
set man at the door tensed. "Have you ever heard of Orton's? Here's
my card."

The fat man's stand changed slightly. He glanced at the card and
the man seated so casually on his desk. His lips tightened and creases
showed around his mouth. "Yes, I have heard of Orton's."

The intruder laughed lightly, but his eyes seemed to bore right
through the fat man. "You should. We stopped your expansion west,
and you turned your attention to the other Maritime Provinces. You
did pretty well, almost as well as we expected, and now you have them
pretty well in your grip. There is very little that goes on in this section
of the east that you don't have at least one finger in." He leaned back,
his eyes still on the fat man who was now seated in his swivel chair,
and whose fingers were drumming on the arm of it. "You see, we had
our own grip on the west, and were consolidating it. We could not afford
interference at that time. Besides, you were pretty well marked as our
next - er - subsidiary. We blocked you in our own territory and let you
expand down here so we could take you over later on. Will you sell out
now or fight?"

The fat man stopped drumming. "You can't bluff me. Do you think
I am going to give up twenty-five years of work like that? You are crazy!
Fight? Of course I'll fight!"

"Uh-huh. Naturally. We had you figured for that too. It is a pity,
though, for my advisers had you appraised as a capable man, one who
would be exceedingly valuable in our organization." He grimaced, his
first change of facial expression of the interview. "Now I suppose you
will be made a nervous wreck with the worry of being driven out of

(Continued on Page 6)

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druft; dry, brittle
hair; loose hairs on
comb or brush. Un-
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cause baldness.



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day. Use this natural dressing for your hair.

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Acadia President

Installed Today

The inauguration of Dr. Watson Kirkconnell as President of Acadia University will be held in University Hall, Wolfville, on October 22. At that time honorary degrees will be conferred on five outstanding natives of Nova Scotia including the President of Dalhousie University.

The five to be honored are: Dr. Alexander E. Kerr, Miss Charlotte Whitton, C. B. E., Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse, Professor Muriel V. Roscoe, and the Dominion astronomer, Dr. Carlyle S. Beals.

Dr. Alexander E. Kerr, President of Dalhousie University who will receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, has had a distinguished career, first as a minister of the Presbyterian and United Churches, then as principal of Pine Hill Divinity Hall, and finally as President of Dalhousie.

The degree of Doctor of Common Laws, honoris causa, will be conferred on Miss Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa, for many years executive director of the Canadian Welfare Council, and at one time Canada's delegate to the League of Nations Committee on Social Work.

Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse, head of the department of English in the University of Toronto, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and former chairman to the Humanities Research Council of Canada, is to be made an honorary Doctor of Literature.

A graduate and a former faculty member of Acadia, and now chairman of the department of botany at McGill University and warden of Royal Victoria College, Professor Muriel V. Roscoe, will receive the degree of Doctor of Science.

The Dominion Astronomer, Dr. Carlyle S. Beals, a graduate of Acadia, Toronto, and London, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and of the Royal Astronomical Society, will also receive an honorary Doctor of Science degree.

Slumming with Spicer

On yo' mark men - get set - an' thar's the startin' gun - The Sadie Hawkins race is on! Well - perhaps we are a bit early, but just the same the Sadie Hawkins dance is this Friday night. If previous performances are any indications - it will be one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. Come on gals, nab yo' men an' drag 'em up to Memorial Hall on Friday evening! Kickapoo joy juice.

The UNB Veterans Ball has set a standard in the way of a formal evening which should prove extremely hard to surpass. The praises of the function have been loudly sung all over the campus and the city. The idea of a place to park your aching bones between dances, and sometimes during, is more than appealing - it's wonderful.

And while we are handing out bouquets - there is a large size one due the freshettes for their luncheon on Saturday. Halloween was the theme for the decorations, which were carried out most effectively. As a matter of interest girls, is it in order to enquire if you did all the cooking yourselves? If you did, then, men beware! It's perfectly obvious that you have definite ideas on the best way to reach a man's heart. Special thanks are also due Shirley Staples for getting things organized. She did an excellent job.

After the luncheon, the guest faculty members having departed - Miss Walters conducted a short Ladies

(Continued on page seven)

The Fat Man

(Continued from Page 5)

business and probably die of a broken heart. Too bad, too bad." He shook his head deprecatingly.

The fat man looked murderous, but said nothing.

"Well, I said I would give you warning and I have. I already have five hundred of my men working for you in various jobs over the Maritimes -"

"You have! Good God! Me employing your dirty I'll throw every one of them out on their ear! I'll -"

"Tut tut, now, now, my good man! How can you, pray, when you don't know who they are? They are working for you very well, and in fact you consider some of them your best men, and so they are, except that they send me detailed reports of your methods and activities." He yawned, delicately covering his mouth with a well cared for hand. "Your methods seem to be standard business practice at that, with very little crookedness. Which makes it easier than we had thought." He ground out his cigarette in the other's ashtray. "Law of the jungle, you know. You put many small men out of business in your time. Now it is your turn. Weakness goes to the wall, you know. Who knows, someday it will be our turn - God forbid."

"And how do you propose to do this 'little job' you are thinking of? I am no little man" he sneered, but his pallor belied his bravado.

The intruder eyed the other's bulk coldly. "You certainly are not, but I think it can be managed." The fat man reddened.

"To answer your question. We never go into battle unprepared. We find out all we can about the other's resources and methods, and we never play underhand unless forced. Wrecking trucks and equipment and all the rest, I mean. Unless you play rough, and most do before we are through, we just underbid them and undersell them and generally provide better services and better goods at less price. Takes money, of course, but we can afford it. It pays in the end." He grew thoughtful and confiding. "I will tell you", he said, bending over towards the fat man who was eyeing him with dislike and fear, "when we finally succeed we usually find that we can provide the consumer and do the contracting jobs for often less than the people we - er - displaced". He trailed off.

"Look here, my confident friend" - the fat man looked far from confident, though he didn't know it - "why not give in right now. It will be worth your while. It will take us another year to get our data on you and probably five years to - displace - you, and think of all the worry and heartache you will avoid by selling to us now."

The fat man glowered and thought rapidly. He would have thrown them both out of his office at once except for his desire to get as much information as possible. Then check, check, and double check. He smiled inwardly, his confidence returning. He hadn't got as far as he had without being ready to take risks and yet at the same time being as sure of his facts as it was possible to be. There was an incongruity here that he could not quite put his finger on. That lean and hard young man with his soft voice..... Maybe it would come to him after they had gone. Orton's. The bastards.....

"I'll fight."

The intruder laughed, his eyes amused and a little contemptuous.

"I have information that you are going out to supervise personally the job you have going on just a few miles out of town. I have also information that you lost two of your best truck drivers yesterday. Don't look startled - the reports will in very shortly. Yes, I know it is an important job and that the contract deadline is not far off, but don't worry. Seeing as the job is so near to headquarters I have decided to give you the honor of employing me. My - er - friend and I will take the truck drivers' places tomorrow. I never ask my men to do a job that I wouldn't do myself and I wouldn't trust them with a job like that. I can gain much information being so near to yourself." The fat man struggled to overcome his amazement at his enemy's tactics.

"If you - you - think that I would employ you on one of my trucks, you - you are damn well mistaken....."

The intruder laughed again.

"My fat friend, you will, and you know it. You don't believe you can be beaten and yet you are just a little afraid - yes? You want me near so you can keep your eye on me. I, too, worked from the ground up and I can handle a truck better than most - well enough to deal with any tricks of yours, for instance." His eyes turned cold. "You will find that you won't be able to side-swipe me, or crowd me over the side of the road." He rose and sauntered casually to the door. "Come joe." He opened the door, and glanced back at the fat man. "We'll be there in the morning."

A car purred as it drew smoothly away from the curb.

The fat man reached for a telegraph blank, then stopped. "A year" he muttered. He pressed the intercommunicator buzzer.

"Take a letter" he said.

A few blocks away the slight man and the heavy set man entered a room. The girl and the man seated there started up eagerly, the girl taking the slight man's arm.

"Tom! How did you make out?"

The slight man grinned. He lost his tenseness and somehow

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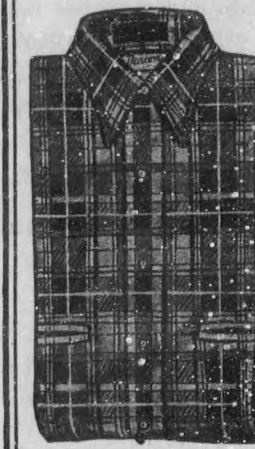
Students wishing to join the Contingent are requested to submit their applications without delay.

Students in their Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman years, within the age limits of 17 and 22 are eligible to join. (Age limits do not apply to veterans.)

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looked younger. "Just great, honey, just great! The scheme worked like a charm! Thought your father would throw us out any minute, but he was a little worried. A little, but enough to listen, and I think the bluff worked - thanks to you George, for lending me your cigarette case. Your initials being the same as Orton's did the trick. He could not help seeing them, and the faked card helped, too."

Eleanor pouted. "I gave you all the information!"

Tom hugged her. "I know, darling. Do you think I am not grateful? We could not have done anything but for you. He won't find out for about a week how we fooled him, and by then he will have calmed down some - I hope."

The heavy-set man spoke for the first time. "That is what I call getting a job the hard way."

Tom sank into a chair, pulling Eleanor on to his knee. "One who can fight for and keep his job on his own merits, eh? I guess we fought for that job, eh Joe? I guess we can keep it too, eh? Work to the top, eh George, you old son of a gun?" He gave Eleanor a squeeze, and she giggled. "I can hear the wedding bells ringing now!"

Dr. Garmaise Addresses Scientific Society

An Informal Report on Scientific Work in France was the topic of an address by Dr. D. L. Garmaise to the first meeting of the Scientific Society on October 7. Dr. Garmaise has just returned from Paris where he spent a leave of absence from UNB doing research in Chemistry.

In his talk, Dr. Garmaise described the crowded conditions in the laboratories, the high cost of living, the scarcity of food and the intensive theoretical background given the French university student.

Speaking of the crowded labs the speaker said he was without a chair for the first four weeks. His scholarship of 8,000 francs a month "had the buying power of only twenty-six dollars." Much of the research done is theoretical he continued and the research workers have intensive training in their own fields. They begin to specialize at the age of fifteen and have two years of calculus before leaving high school.



Photos by Peacock

In the top photo Lord Beaverbrook officially installs UNB's new president in office. The bottom picture was taken while the President was delivering his Inauguration Address. The Platform Party is shown in the background.

NOTICE 1948 YEAR BOOKS

The 1948 Year Books will be given out at the SRC OFFICE at the following times:

- Monday: 12:00 to 1:00; 2:00 to 3:00
Tuesday - All day
Wednesday: 10:00 to 1:00; 2:00 to 3:00
Thursday: 11:00 to 1:00; 2:00 to 3:00
Friday: 2:00 to 3:00

First come, first served - bring your receipts.

U-Y CANTEEN TO OPEN IN GYM

Both chapters, Gregg and MacKenzie, of the U-Y Club met last Sunday night at the Community "Y", with a large amount of business being discussed.

The Club intends to operate a U-Y Canteen in the Lord Beaverbrook Gym this year for all basketball and other sport and social functions. Basketball, Football, and Hockey Programs are also going to be published for all games.

Dick McCormick was appointed chairman of a special committee to provide refreshments for the Club each Sunday night. Don Cox, who last year made the total of ten cents profit from the train to Mount A., chairs this committee this year as a result of a motion to support Ed Fanjoy's plea for the U-Y to help the SRC operate the train which will carry hundreds of UNB students to the Mount A.-UNB Football games being held at Sackville this weekend.

A large number of freshmen and sophomores were present at the meeting.

Advertisement for 'EXPORT' cigarettes, featuring a woman's face and the text 'CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE'.

Advertisement for Campbell's Shoe Store, 'For the Best in Footwear', located at 687 George St.

Advertisement for Dore's Variety Repair Sales & Service, offering bicycles, washing machines, and electrical appliances.

Advertisement for Cash & Carry Cleaners, 'Artists in the Cleaning Art', located at 655 Queen St.

Advertisement for Pasteurized Dairy Products, General Dairies Limited.

Your Date Calendar

- Sat. Oct. 23 FOOTBALL: Senior and Junior Teams invade Mount A. UNE 'Football Special' Train will leave early Saturday Morning.
Sun. Oct. 24 U-Y (Gregg and MacKenzie Chapters): Report on Lake Couchiching Conference, Business, Refreshments, 8:30 p. m., Community 'Y'.
Wed. Oct. 28 FOOTBALL: St. Dunstan's at UNE, St. Thomas at UNB
Thur. Oct. 28 SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY: Speaker, Dr. D. M. Baird, 'The Resources of Newfoundland', 4:45 p. m., Physics Lecture Room.
Sat. Oct. 30 FOOTBALL: Mount A. Senior and Junior Teams at UNB
Thur. Nov. 4 DEBATE: St. John Law School at UNB
Fri. Nov. 5 FALL FORMAL, Lord Beaverbrook Cymnasium.

Slumming

(continued from Page 6)

Society business meeting. The two main problems on the agenda were team entertainments and "the" dance. It was agreed that the society should again take on the responsibility of entertaining all visiting teams in the Ladies Reading Room. A committee was formed consisting of the vice-president of every class, one other representative from every class, and Miss Staples, vice-president of the Ladies Society. The main stipulation concerning the entertainment next to the food problem, was that -all booze is to be conspicuous by

its absence! Really girls, you won't let this influence your enthusiasm, will you?

The Sadie Hawkins dance? Wait until Friday and you will see.

Incidentally - all students wives who are interested in this - just contact a coed; she will be glad to get your tickets.

Advertisement for Kenneth Staples Drug Company, 'For a QUICK LUNCH', located at LUNCHEONETTE FOUNTAIN.

Advertisement for U.N.B. STUDENTS, 'WELCOME', featuring a bird logo and 'SCOVIL'S MEN'S SHOP'.

Advertisement for Edward's Taxi, W. P. EDWARDS & SON, operating 12 new cars.

Advertisement for Ross-Drug United, 'Two Stores', located at Queen and Regent Sts.

Advertisement for THE VARSITY STORY, \$2.50, by MORLEY CALLAGHAN, available at Hall's Bookstore.

Advertisement for 'GOOD AS NEW' TIES REASONABLY, offering a coupon for tie exchange.

Soccer Team Takes Drubbing

The UNB varsity soccer team beat the Fredericton Centennials Saturday afternoon at Devon by a 5-2 score to even the series at one victory apiece. The Fredericton Centennials triumphed on Thanksgiving Day at College Field by a 2-1 score. The third and deciding game which was to be played at College Field on Monday night was rained out.

Soccer has become popular enough recently to be made a varsity sport. A four team intramural league has been formed and games are being played under the lights at College Field. At this writing the Senior Foresters are leading the league by virtue of their 2 victories. The teams are very evenly matched and of the 6 games played, 3 ended in ties. The largest margin of victory has been 3 goals; the Alexander team beating the Irregulars 3-0. The standing is as follows:

	W	L	T	P
Senior Foresters	1	0	1	5
Alexander	1	0	2	4
Sophomores	0	1	2	2
Irregulars	0	2	1	1

The varsity is made of men from these teams. The intercollegiate schedule will get under way with the first game of a home and home series at Mt. A. The second game will be played at College Field in two weeks. Plans are being made to have the winner of this series play the winner of the Dalhousie-Acadia series for the Maritime Intercollegiate Championship. However, this is still in the draft stage and nothing definite has been done.

The main difficulty so far has been the lack of spectators at the intramural games that have been played. No one has been hurt rushing for seats. The boys have been working very hard to put out a winning team and certainly deserve the support of the student body; so let's turn out and watch some of these thrilling contests. Who knows, you might even enjoy them!

The next games will be played on Tuesday night with the Foresters against Alexander and the Irregulars against the Sophomores. The first game begins at 7 o'clock.

The starting lineup which will face Mt. A. is still uncertain as there are many positions open. However, it will be more or less the same as the one that started against the Centennials which is as follows:

Goal	Harvor
Fullbacks	A. Harriet, MacDonald
Halves	R. Bjerkelund, J. Kelly
Center Half	Sperryway
Outside right	I. Harriet
Inside right	T. Kelly
Center	Geneau
Inside left	Reid
Outside left	Euchan

This lineup is subject to change without notice.

GOLF CLASSIC ENDS IN TIE

Sunday, October 15, saw the annual golf classic between the faculty and student body end in a 3 1/2 pt. tie. Thus the students this year proved not to be the usual push-over for the faculty. Dr. J. W. Sears took top honors for the faculty with a neat 80, while Hugh Church stroked in an 81 to top the students. A birdie on hole three was the nearest anyone came to making pro time.

Twelve members of the faculty and twenty-three students made the rounds. Scores were tallied on a basis of one point for a nine-hole win and one for an eighteen-hole win. Rounds were made in threesomes consisting of two pros and a student.

The course was against the players with hard greens and an abundance

SPORTS NEWS VIEWS



Members of the other winning team, UNB, are: (back row, left to right) Charles Alley, Mgr.; Glenn Scott; Jim Gibson; Tim Ellis; F. A. Sturme; and V. J. Pimenoff, coach.

Front Row (L. to R.): Janette Webb; Joene Mooers; Joan Golding.



Faith Baxter was missing from the UNB team when the other pictures were taken but she appears here in a shot which testifies to the hard work necessary in winning a tennis tourney.

Mel Miller Places Second At Orono

The UNB cross-country team returned Monday after being placed on the wrong end of a 19 to 40 decision by the U of Maine's cross-country stars. The red and black runners put up a good fight with Mel Miller placing second in the field of 14. However, the more experienced Maine men were too strong in this 24 minute run.

This was the first meet between UNB and the U of M on a 4 1/2 mile course. It is hoped with this experience and a little more coaching in strategy, UNB will go back to beat Maine in the meet which is already being planned for next year.

The following were the times turned in by the men bearing the university colors: Miller (22.15) Gibson (22.21) Bouchard (23.14) Mosher (25.28) Bridcut (20.03) Ballance, Kelly, Snook.

ance of Ellen leaves to hinder progress. Even the weather was against the followers of the white pellet as it threatened to rain all day.

In view of the fact that this was the first time in the history of the classic that the game has not been decisive it seems to indicate that a re-play of the game is in order.

SPORTS SHORTS

Visited the pool the other day and found the swim team hard at work and looking very promising. It looks like Amby has a winner this year.

Last Monday night a bowling league of 16 teams was organized. These people have arranged for their winter's enjoyment. However there is still plenty of times when the alleys are open for individual use. Reservations may be made at the office.

The Badminton Club meeting on Monday night was not very successful in forming a league as most people wanted to play the game - not talk about it. However, arrangements were made on Saturday to form a ladder competition.

The Jr. and Sr. Varsity basketball teams are working out regularly in the gym on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Maybe this season will be DIFFERENT from last.

Soccer fans may be interested in the October issue of New Liberty.



Dalhousie and UNB were co-champs in the recent Maritime Intercollegiate Tennis Tourney. Pictured above is the Dal team. From left to right are: (back row) Pat Snuggs, Ladies' Manager; Bob McCulloch; Ken Beardon, Mens' Manager; Syd Bartlett; Dave Genge; and Miss Keddy, Coach.

Front Row: Barbara Quigley; Nancy Jones; Yvonne LeBrocq.



The Mt. Allison team members are: (Front Row, L. to R.) Peggy Rice; Tim Teakle.

Second Row (L. to R.): A. Tahiri; Nancy Hazen; Miss Crocker, Coach; June Danham; Clarence Terecia.

Back Row: Rupert Usher, Mgr.; Charles Wahlen; Glenn Tahiri.

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