

The Brunswickian



VOL. 66, No. 2

FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1946

Price Seven Cents

NEW BEAVERBROOK GIFT



This week the campus was electrified by the announcement of the new "Overseas Scholarships" bestowed upon the University by its chancellor, Lord Beaverbrook. In vain would any student of this university search for adequate words to express the gratitude of the undergraduates for the energetic and vital devotion Lord Beaverbrook has shown for us.

Our gymnasium has been instrumental in developing teams of the highest calibre, winning honors in both Maritime and Dominion competition. It has served as a vital cog in the student's life, contributing towards the development of those qualities which are gained through the medium of competitive athletics.

Many of the leaders in our campus society are recipients of Beaverbrook Scholarships. The Lady Beaverbrook Residence has been a core of the spirit of scholarship and fellowship dominant here at U. N. B.

The creation of this latest fund for study at London University is a bestowal unique in the field of education. Its opportunities for widened horizons of culture and scholarship are apparent. It will surely strengthen the bonds of affinity between this province and Great Britain; it will provide a steady exchange of ideas and customs; it will raise the standards of achievement in all phases of our college life. For the individual student, it is a signal for continued stewardship.

The undergraduates of this university are unanimous in their heartfelt appreciation for this splendid tribute from the chancellor. We are alike in our mutual regard and admiration for the university's prolific friend, the Right Honourable Lord Beaverbrook.

S.R.C. PONDER'S PROPOSED PLANE TRIP

The Students' Representative Council held its first meeting of the 1946-47 term on Thursday, September twenty-sixth, in Room 14 of the Forestry Building. S. R. C. president Jerry Ateyo presided.

After the meeting was called to order, the president launched into the new business before the council. He revealed the full strength of the Council would be forty members; the freshman class contributing more than a dozen new members due to the constitutional revision

carried out last year known as "Representation by Population." This created a problem in itself, since such a large representative body would present a difficult problem in assembling for the weekly meetings. The members of the council present were unable to choose a regular time which would be convenient for all members to attend. The council finally decided that its only alternative would be to hold meetings whenever possible for the majority (Continued on Page Seven)

PRIESTMAN HONORED BY R. C. H. A.

Dr. Bryan Priestman, who last fall lost his life in a valiant effort to save eight-year-old Ronald Dempsey of Barker's Point from drowning in the Saint John River, after Ronald had fallen over the side of the railway bridge near the last span on the Devon side of the river, and whose body was found within twenty feet of the shore in front of the Irving Oil Company's sign, with his arms wrapped around the boy, has received the Gold Medal for bravery from the Royal Canadian Humane Association. The Association has been in existence for fifty-two years, and in that time has awarded the gold medal only nine times; it has been awarded but three times in the last seventeen years.

Dr. Priestman, who had just returned to the University after several years service in the Air Force was head of the physics department in U. N. B.

We are proud to have had the honor of knowing Dr. Priestman, whose quiet kindly personality earned him the respect of all who came in contact with him, and we are proud that he has been so honored by the Royal Canadian Humane Association.

ATHLETIC PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

The Athletic Department, during a meeting held on Wednesday, the 24th of September, announced its comprehensive sports program for the coming year. Athletic Director Howie Ryan stated the policy of his department would be "Mass participation—sports for all."

Added by an increased staff, including Bernie Ralston and Leger Ryan also announced that experienced members of varsity teams would be asked to assist in coaching and overseeing intermural teams.

The sports calendar for the year includes specific periods for handball, volley-ball, basketball, squash, badminton, weight lifting, swimming, informal games, as well as the customary varsity and junior varsity major sports. Ryan revealed that U. N. B. would also begin varsity tennis practice immediately, and it was hoped that a team would be able to attend the invitation tournament at Dalhousie in Halifax later in October.

Those present at the meeting were called on for suggestions in making up a tentative time-table for use in both the Lady Beaverbrook gym, Alexander gym, and the swimming pool.

Boxing classes for all those inter- (Continued on Page Eight)

10 SCHOLARSHIPS ARE GRANTED FOR STUDY IN BRITAIN

TEN U. N. B. GRADUATES TO ATTEND UNIVERSITY OF LONDON EACH YEAR

A series of "Overseas Scholarships" which will enable ten University of New Brunswick graduates each year to do post graduate work in Great Britain, has been bestowed upon the University by the Right Honourable Lord Beaverbrook, its Chancellor and long time benefactor.

Disclosure of Lord Beaverbrook's latest benefaction to the University of New Brunswick was made here today by President Gregg.

"I can think of nothing in the educational field better designed for quickening the spirit of youth and raising the morale of the whole Province," he said.

The scholarships, which are tenable at the University of London, will enable a maximum number of ten U. N. B. graduates each year, to do post graduate work in various fields. Students who, after a minimum of two years at the University of New Brunswick, are nominated to go on to another university to study subjects not provided by U. N. B. may also be eligible for the scholarship awards, Dr. Gregg pointed out.

Open to students of both sexes, the scholarships provide for a year's stay in Great Britain but students receiving a certificate of proficiency while attending London University may be permitted to remain for two years so as to qualify for a degree.

Without a doubt among the most lavish in existence, the new scholarships provide for the wives of married men, for travel expenses to Britain and back, University tuition and fees, living expenses and extensive travel in the United Kingdom during vacation periods.

Candidates will be judged on educational attainments, character, motivating force, potential qualities of leadership and prospective careers for which post graduate work in Britain would (a) provide the greatest value to the individual and (b) enhance the usefulness of the individual to the New Brunswick community.

These new Scholarship awards are the latest in a most impressive list of gifts to the University of New Brunswick by a man who never lost his love for the Province in which he was reared. Other bequests include the Lady Beaverbrook's Building, a magnificent men's residence erected to the memory of his wife, and the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, rated one of the finest of its kind in Canada. In addition, Lord Beaverbrook instituted in 1920 a series of scholarships for University of New Brunswick students, graduates of New Brunswick High Schools, seven of which, each worth \$500 annually, are now awarded each year and are tenable for four years.

These gifts, Dr. Gregg noted, had been in great measure responsible for the growth and development of the University.

Commenting particularly on the contribution made by the Lady Beaverbrook's Building and the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium during the war years, Dr. Gregg referred to the fact that R. C. A. F. and R. C. N. V. R. personnel, numbering between six and seven hundred, had in a period of more than three years, been quickly trained, through the use of these buildings, for the part

(Continued on Page Eight)

FRESHMEN RECEPTION HELD FRIDAY

Flickering torches, short speeches, college cheers, songs, street parade, dancing on the Tennis Court in Queen Square, will feature the Freshmen's Reception which will be held tonight, Friday the fourth of October, for the Freshman class of 1946. Not that the parade will be formal enough to awaken any memories of the army parades in the minds of veteran students, for it promises to be, as in the past a jostling (hic—Latin for this of course), happy, shouting band, that will go

tramping from the University through the streets of Fredericton; nor will the flickering torches outdo the memories of more vivid displays, still fresh in their memories. Ever for those of us who have been present at other Freshmen Receptions, the novelty has not worn off; we always have the Freshmen.

For who among us can resist the lure of forming new friendships, be they formed with Freshmen or Freshettes. We have begun once (Continued on Page Seven)

The Brunswickan

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

Linfield College is a typically small institution in Linfield, Oregon. It has a normal enrollment of four-hundred students. During the opening weeks of the fall term, Linfield celebrates what it calls "Linfield Hello Week". The student-body devotes the week to the simple task of saying hello. This is done by each man on the campus. Instead of bypassing strangers encountered during the round of classes, the students pause to greet one another with an informal "Hello".

We have on our campus a large freshman and sophomore class. We are all very nearly total strangers. We pass one another in the halls, on the hill, and between classes with furtive glances, or with heads turned away. There is always a mutual reluctance, for some reason, to begin the process of getting acquainted. All that is needed to break the ice is a mutual attempt to say hello. Linfield College has the right idea. We may not need a "U. N. B. Hello Week", but let's not speed the rest of the year waiting for a formal introduction.

ARE WE GETTING TOO BIG?

We have become a big university. There is, we think, a danger in bigness. Our 20th century seems to have a peculiar preoccupation with size. Our neighbors to the south frequently build the biggest buildings, the biggest dams, and have the biggest depressions. Just recently, we heard that Canada had the world's biggest cement mixer; they don't know what to do with it.

Big business, big factions of labor and capital, big bombs— all point to the danger of being too big.

The thing we found most attractive about U. N. B. last year was its size. It was of a size that permitted it to be malleable and graceful community. There was an easy, informal relationship between teacher and student, permitting a free exchange of ideas. We liked it that way. A friend of ours is fond of saying that education is a personal thing; we agree that it certainly should be. Dr. Bailey has often spoke of the necessity for "a two-way traffic of ideas" during class lectures.

We have only been here a week. We have shouldered our way through crowded halls, squeezed our way into rear seats in the crowded classes. Dutifully, we have taken notes on that which we considered significant. In one class, sitting in the last seat back, we are unable to see the professor up front. We are able to report that he has a pleasant, well modulated voice.

We have also attended a few meetings, held by a few desperate individuals who supposedly must direct certain phases of our campus society. We do not envy Jerry Ateyo his job. We voted against "Rep-by-Pop" and thereby lost our vote, but now we have a Representative Council nearly half the size of the senior class. It is an unwieldy representative body. It is odd that the United Nations could represent their countries in the UN organization with a single member apiece while in our little world, it requires something like thirteen freshman to represent their class.

There was a plan put before the Council to send the track team to the meet in Halifax by chartered plane. There is talk

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MAIL CALL.

(The Brunswickan receives a tremendous volume of "exchange mail", although in many cases, it is not reciprocated. Realizing the impossibility of circulating such mail throughout the campus, the Brunswickan will feature a weekly column in this corner which will attempt a condensation of the material received in hopes that it may be of interest to its readers.)

Univ. of British Columbia (Vancouver). The joint is jumping at UBC, according to airmail letter received from the west. Dated Sept. 23rd. (CUP), the letter says "9,000 students, more than half of them veterans, and a staff of over 700 started work . . . today. It is the largest enrollment in the history of UBC. Nearly five times normal pre-war enrollment." The letter goes on to say that, at U. N. B., surplus army huts (300 of them) are being used as classrooms, restaurants, offices, health units, washrooms for trailer camps (an idea, by gosh!), and "above all, for living accommodation." Not only that, says the UBC writer, sticking his chest out slightly, "there is a five million dollar building program in full sway." . . . Including a new poultry center. And in case the hens don't lay, UBC's "autonomous government (will net) in excess of \$100,000 to play with." UBC also plans to play American football this fall, with teams across the border.

National Tax Equality Association (Chicago). These people have just announced the winners of a national contest with the theme: "The tax privilege of public corporations and its impact on private enterprise." A co-ed named Miss Lila Fundaburk from Northwestern cleaned up \$750 for her prize-winning essay. Miss Fundaburk then gave her winning check to Alabama College for Women as a gift. Miss Fundaburk had quite a bit to say about the tax privilege afforded co-operatives, but we were too dazed of it. Anyway, she's against such by her generosity to get much out forms of charity as not taxing co-operatives.

Public Relations (Army-NDHQ) (Ottawa). Our old friend the PRO has followed us to college, with a "weekey news letter" that he hopes will contain items of interest for the vets on the campus. The PRO tells us that the strength of the interim force nowadays is almost 15,000. 2,763 officers and 11,295 O. E.'s. By a little not-too-hasty arithmetic, that makes one officer available for every 4.08 men. Offhand, that would seem to be enough. . . . A Sackville C. S. M., Frank Dixon, is the only man in the Canadian Army to win the Military Medal with two bars during the "recent war." CSM Dixon was decorated for bravery at Dieppe, Caen-Falaise Road, and on the Calcar Road. . . . The news letter goes on to say that NDHQ is still issuing orders about "gaiters" with or without battledress. This is where we came in, fellows.

McGill Daily (Montreal). A somewhat stern letter from CUP Editor Glenna Lymburner of the McGill Daily urges us to get on the ball and notify her of the identity of our own CUP man. "Each year," Glenna

complains, "CUP staffs are faced with the same problem: for the first couple of months wires drift in from "Joe" of "Puddle-by U" and we are never sure whether he is the Editor-in-Chief, the CUP Editor . . . or the Janitor."

Well, Glenna, our Ed-in-Chief is D. K. Camp, our CUP Editor is Don Baird and our Janitor is Art Dunham, a swell guy.

The Maritime Advocate & Busy East (Sackville). The Busy East has a picture of our President on the cover and we looked hopefully inside for an article about UNE but found none. The difficulty, by the way, that all of the journalists have in striving for accuracy is reflected in the by-line beneath the President's picture, which runs: Milton, F. Gregg, V. C., M. C. and Bar, M. A., D. C. L., LL.D. . . . Dr. Gregg is also a Commander of the British Empire (CBE).

Anyway, things are uneasy in the editorial offices of the Maritime Advocate. In this month's editorial, the writer feels very pessimistic

about the conflict between labor and capital. . . . It would appear," he writes, "that Labor Unions believe that the shorter the working hours, the better for the workers and the better for everybody, but such a view is wide of the mark." The writer then leaps at this conclusion with teeth and claws. "You can't make me believe," he goes on angrily, "that a man can do as much in 40 hours as he can in 44 or 48 hours. He might make a spurt for one week and accomplish a great deal but he couldn't or wouldn't keep up the pace." The trouble is, thinks the man on the Busy East who likes lots of work, "an idle man or woman is a person who has time on his hands—time to go to excesses. . . . time to go to the devil." Of course, the writer concedes that SOME of us might know what to do with a few spare hours. . . . "but how many people use their spare time to do useful things?"

It's all in a week's mail. Confusing, isn't it?

of giving McGill University a \$500 guarantee for a game here next January. Such plans are a direct result of our increased stature. We are in favor of our basketball team entertaining McGill, whether they fly down or hitch-hike. But in fairness to ourselves, we should make the game pay for itself.

As far as the proposal to make the track team airborne, we would qualify our opinion with one tender question. Was such a plan advocated merely because we feel we have become big time operators, or was it based on the realization of time and money saved? If the latter was true, then why not permit our handball, chess, and debating teams to make their trips by air? Would there not be similar economy in time and money?

U. N. B. is the biggest college in the Maritimes; Jerry Ateyo is titular head of the biggest undergraduate body in our history; Johnny Gandy has the biggest budget any SRC treasurer has ever handled. The classes are crowded, time tables need to be worked out with a slide rule.

But this is not the cry of a reactionary, but a plea for normalcy and perspective. Let's not get too big.

MUTUAL LIFE

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Summer Occupations

I laid aside the University of New Brunswick calendar for the year 1946-1947. My decision was made. I would attend summer school at a university famed for its beautiful campus and its large number of female students (statistics show the ratio to be ten girls to every man). After shovelling the snow away from my igloo, I hitched up my dog-team and headed south over the Arctic wastes.

I had travelled only a few miles when I reached the thriving metropolis of Ville de Belle. As I trudged through the outskirts of the city, a loud cry drew my attention. From my experience with wolf packs up north I immediately recognized that familiar wail and drew my rifle. What was my surprise however when four young women burst from a clump of trees. Too startled to speak, I stared at these strange apparitions; they were clad in fur-lined parkas, heavy plaid mackinaws and ski pants and their chattering teeth sounded like machine-gun fire. Surrounding me, they muttered excitedly:

"A man and he can actually talk—what a catch! Won't the rest of the kids be surprised?"

"This is the best luck we've had this week!"

I was led to a building which, from the conversation of my captors I gathered was the Belleville "bug house." You can imagine my relief when I learned that this was merely the term applied to the entomological lab. I was further amazed to discover that the young women who had taken me prisoner were co-eds from the very university whose summer school I was intending to visit.

When I told them this, they introduced themselves as Anne Gibson, Shirley Kinnie, Mary Lawson and Pauline Tompkins. They had also spent the preceding summer in the northern outpost, and considered the educational advantages they so derived of invaluable aid. This summer faene were only ten co-eds from U. N. B. at Belleville but they expected the following year to bring a large influx especially when they returned to Fredericton with tales of the marvelous opportunities for big game hunting in that district. The remaining six were now presented to me and I learned that their names were Nini Gibson, Frances Bearsto, Jeanne Armstrong, Kay Haviland, Shirley Tracey, Mary Dohaney.

Passing through Montreal, one of the smaller cities of the Dominion, I noticed a young lady wandering forlornly about the streets. Around

her neck was hung a large sign reading:

"If lost please return to the University of New Brunswick."

Naturally my curiosity was aroused and I boldly asked her name. She told me that she was Nancy MacNair and that she was attending French Summer School at McGill University. I also learned that she and Betty MacDonald, another co-ed at U. N. B. had spent the month of June working in the archives of the university library. In that short period they had restored order out of chaos and so felt that their services were no longer required.

I left Quebec and entered the fairest of the Maritime Provinces, New Brunswick. Upon arriving in Campbellton, a large metropolis, famed for its exceptional hotels, I decided to make an extensive study of the industries of that city. Having hired a guide, I went to the offices of the Restigouche Coal Co., and introduced myself to the young woman in charge, Miss Marion McLean. Luck seemed to be with me for I learned that she also attended the University of New Brunswick. She gave me valuable information about other co-eds from that same institution: Phyllis Quinn was acting as playground supervisor; Muriel Wilkins was managing the Canadian Department Stores, and Gladys Harquail was advisor to the President of the International Pulp and Paper Co. in Dalhousie.

When I arrived in Fredericton, I was met at the station by two representatives of the university, co-eds Sally Black and Pat Whalen, both members of the Summer School. They informed me that it was the practice for some of the girls to meet each train and welcome any male students to the college. As I desired some information about travelling in the province, my guides took me to the Chamber of Commerce Travel Information Bureau on Woodstock Road where all my questions were carefully answered by Audrey Gillies and Patsy Ritchie. We dropped in at the hospital for a moment where June Stephens and Doreen Miller were both employed as Lab Technicians and Barb Cowan was working as a nurses' aid.

We then walked up the hill to the university.

The scarcity of co-eds was a great surprise to me, especially after all I had heard. However, Sally and Pat introduced me to Jackie Pickard in the Biology Lab and Ellen McLagan in the Entomological Lab. After an extended search in the stacks of

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



CHARLOTTE VANDINE

In this, the first issue of the Brunswickian for the year 1946-1947, we think it only fitting to introduce the President of the Ladies' Society, and a member of this year's Senior class, Charlotte Vandine.

It would be practically impossible to mention all her extra-curricular activities for Charlotte has been one of our most active co-eds. As an actress, she has twice won the Bayley Cup, an award which is presented each year to the person giving the best performance in the college play or plays. No one will ever forget her portrayals of Penny in "You Can't Take it with You" and of Aunt

the library, hidden from view behind piles of books, we found Pat Moffet, Marjorie Wright and Marie Graham. Running up and down between various floors were Helen Little, Lenore Bartlett and Anne Barton. Mary Brewer was dividing her time between taking dictation from Dr. Bailey and working on the main floor of the library. In the Memorial Hall I met Charlotte Vandine, working industriously as Dr. Toole's secretary.

My next few weeks were spent scanning the pages of A. J. M. Smith's anthology of Canadian verse and becoming further acquainted with the female population of the college. When I returned north, I felt that I had passed a profitable summer for I had learned that not only are co-eds anxious to play but also to work (?)

President's Message

Once more the Ladies' Reading Rooms are teeming with activity and excitement for another summer's vacation has drifted by and another year of study and play awaits the co-eds.

For some of you, the seniors, this year is the last which you will spend in the Inner Sanctum as undergraduates of U. N. B. It is a year to fill with all these activities you always meant to do at college but just didn't get around to doing, and with all those really good essays you were always going to take time to write. This is the year that you have been looking forward to, for not only has it the special significance of being your graduation year, but it is also the year in which you are entertained at every Reading Room activity and have none of the worries of the planning and preparation. And this is the year that friendships must be strengthened and solidified among your class-

mates, because soon you will be scattered and a group no longer. You junior girls are second in command now. This year you have harder courses and more responsibility, but in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, you are jollier and gayer. You have now reached the half-way mark in your college career and suddenly you realize that if the next two years rush by as quickly as the first two did, then this year must be a busier one than ever.

The sophomores have graduated from the kitchen for good and by now they become acquainted with U. N. B. and its ways. This year you have more choice in your subjects and you have a clearer picture of what courses you want to take. It is this year that you really enter into the college activities right from the very first moment, and your schedule has every moment planned.

To the Freshettes we give a special "hello". You are at Alexander College this year, yet you are still a very important part of U. N. B. and of the Ladies' Society. We all want to welcome you as members of the Society and we all hope you will be happy at the University. We won't know you quite as well as we would like to, but we will never forget our Freshettes, and we hope you won't forget us.

To each co-ed, this coming year will bring new experiences. The University has expanded startlingly and all can notice many changes, but the co-eds can and will meet the new challenges successfully.

This year we must combine both work and play in a balanced proportion. We must make our year brimming over with enjoyment so we can look back on it and treasure every memory it contains. Good Luck to you all.

Gough Loses Appendix S.R.C. Loses Secretary

Kaye Gough, Secretary of the Students' Representative Council, underwent an emergency appendectomy at Victoria Public Hospital this week. Students all join in wishing her a speedy recovery and return to the Hill.

SRC prexy Ateyo announced Wednesday night that Francis Bearsto has been nominated to succeed Kaye in the position of secretary on the Council. Miss Gough has submitted her resignation to the SRC.

In addition to acting, Charlotte has been on the executive of the Dramatic Society, holding the position of secretary-treasurer and vice-president in her Sophomore and Junior years.

On the Brunswickian staff, Charlotte has been an active member for two years, in her sophomore year she was a proof reader and in her junior year, feature editor. Although appointed to be news editor this year, Charlotte was forced to resign because of her numerous other activities. Last year, as editor of the Co-ed Brunswickian, she helped to increase the fame of that already noted yearly issue.

In the Ladies Society, Charlotte's talent for organizing and her executive ability have led to her election as secretary-treasurer in her sophomore year and vice-president in her junior year, now she heads the Society as president, a task which we know she will perform capably and well.

Charlotte was last year the vice-president of the junior class and again this year is vice-president of the class of '47.

With all these activities Charlotte still finds time to greet everyone with a friendly smile, and most amazing of all, to take high honors in French, History and bridge.

CHARLOTTE VANDINE,
President, Ladies' Society.

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Feature Page

Behind The Beyond

It all began when I was looking for a laugh. Now, I don't know how long you've been here friend, but laughs are hard to find, particularly during final exams. Last spring, during the process of writing several examinations, I went into the Library looking for a laugh. Looking for laughs in the Library is like finding a furnished apartment on University Avenue for ten dollars a month and free transportation to classes. But sometimes during exams, you get desperate. I went into the Library, padded softly across the marble floors (they had a "SILENCE!" campaign on last year, and it was right at its peak then. A friend of mine got suspended from the Library for eight weeks and all his privileges taken away from him for cracking a book in the Library. They took it pretty seriously.) Anyway, I sneaked up to the desk and wrote on a piece of paper, "Have you got anything funny in here?"

The young lady at the desk read my note, looked at me darkly, and wrote back, "What do you have in mind, young man?"

"Books", I said, in a light whisper. "A funny book."

Now I don't know how long you've been here, but let me say that the Library staff are all very sincere people—they aim to please. Anything the student wants, they give him if they got it. (I took Forestry English.) So the lady went into the inner office and conferred with several of her friends; then they called in a few more of the Library assistants—four or five of them were busy as hell ironing out dog-eared pages, but they came too. Finally, they came to a decision. They broke up, and the lady returned to the desk.

"Do you know Leacock?" the young lady asked me.

"What class is he in?" I asked. "Forestry?"

The young lady winced. "No, Leacock writes books. He is supposed to be very funny. Would you like one of his books?"

"Anything for a laugh," I said. "The kind young lady produced one of Mr. Leacock's books and this is really where my story begins. The title was "Behind the Beyond" (I am not sure, but I think it's supposed to be funny right at the start), and it's number is \$19.7L (for Leacock). "How long would you like to have this book?" the lady asked me.

I looked at my watch. "How long before I laugh?"

The lady smiled wryly (a wry smile is one without white flour, but not necessarily with ham) and she stamped the book twice, made me

sign the card, and handed me my laugh. It was mine until May 21st, two weeks.

I am not, evidently, a judge of humor. I read "Behind the Beyond" for two weeks, waiting anxiously for a laugh to set in; but I got nothing, except a very low mark in Chemistry, and that isn't funny. Perhaps, I concluded, I wasn't in shape for Leacock. I decided to take the book home with me on vacation, when, in a lighter mood, I might be more open to humor. To make the story shorter, and it seems necessary, I kept "Behind the Beyond" all summer. I read it from cover to cover, read it backwards and upside down. I tried it with aspirin and coke. I had to take more aspirin.

Meanwhile, the Library, for some reason completely beyond me, missed the book. One day, I had a letter from them. I had Mr. Leacock's "Behind and Beyond", would I mind returning it? I hung on, and decided to read it again. Then came another letter. This was the beginning of a new policy between the Library and me.

"Dear Sir," the letter read, "according to our records you have the book (there should be a comma after "records", as it is an introductory clause) Leacock Behind the Beyond . . . in spite of the utmost precaution, mistakes occasionally occur. If you think an error has been made in your case, please advise us."

Well, I knew where the mistake was, but I couldn't quite bring myself to tell them. Meanwhile, I decided to draft a reply. Then came another letter. This one was very stern. I could see the Library was stiffening in its attitude.

"A charge is made for each day a book is kept overtime. Please . . . avoid further accumulation of fines." This was underlined. By this time, I had decided to surrender. I went to wrap up the book for delivery, and couldn't find it. I began to worry. I lost sleep, and weight. Friends said I had a "hunted look." I became run down, irritable, restless. I consumed quantities of Carter's Pills.

Another note came from the Library. Then another, then once a week. My postman complained. "C'mon," he said, "give 'em back the darned book." I began to drink, but I couldn't forget. The Library wouldn't let me. I went to a psychiatrist. He suggested (1) I buy a new copy of the book and return it (2) move to another address where I couldn't be reached by mail (3) pay him \$15.00.

I moved. Packed all my belongings in a shoe-box and hit the road. For twenty days and twenty-one nights I wandered the streets and highways. I don't know it for a fact, but I think I was followed by

secret agents from the Library staff. I had to move only on rainy nights, but I felt hunted, insecure, and wet as hell.

Finally, I decided to return home and face the music.

When I arrived, the doorstep and porch were littered with pink cards from the Library. I had to hire a man to come and shovel them off my property. It took him six hours, and it cost me \$14.84 for the labor, \$10.00 for the truck, \$4.50 for a hotel room until my home was fit for occupancy.

The day before I returned to college, Rachel, the upstairs maid, found the book in the vacuum cleaner bag. With trembling hands, I packed it in my trunk. The next day I embussed for UNB. I wired the Library: "LEACOCK OVERDUE PRESUMED LOST NOW FOUND SAFE STOP PLEASE NOTIFY NEXT OF KIN."

Yesterday, I tiptoed into the Library again. It had been freshly painted, even the young lady behind the desk. She turned pale when I approached the desk. I handed her the book.

"Tell me," she whispered, "did you have time to finish it?" I nodded tearfully.

She peeked at the date inside. I could see she was straggling to maintain her composure. She summoned the Library accountant. Slowly, he began to calculate the fine. I heard a murmur run through the staff-members, who had gathered at the desk the minute Leacock entered the door. I heard snatches of conversation such as: "Well all have a raise . . . we need a new library . . . five hundred thousand . . . plus postage . . ."

The Library accountant rendered my bill. The figures swam before my eyes:

Fine: at 2c per diem	\$269.48
Correspondence: Stationery	261.59
Postage	202.60
Extra held required for correspondence	480.00
Wear and tear on staff	.95
Plus Gov't tax at 8%	127.87

The total came to \$1,393.49. The accountant permitted himself a slight smile. "How would you like to arrange payment, young man?" he asked. Would you like to make a cash settlement now, or will you take our thirty-three fifty installment plan?"

"That book," I said, "it wasn't funny."

"Neither is this," the young man countered.

Well, I paid him. What else could I do? (Confederate money is still good in the Library, but don't count on it from now on.)

I suppose "Behind the Beyond" was a pretty good book. Mr. Leacock is a famous author. Boy, is he! They say the works of great authors live after them. That's what I got. The works, that is.

PERENNIAL FRESHMAN

There never was a Freshman more naive and blundering than I. Barely sixteen, I strutted proudly through the halls of the combined Junior College and High School feeling immeasurably superior to all these high school children pushing aimlessly here and there. I went through a whole year of Psychology lectures and never owned a book, or perhaps opened one. Sneezy in Speech Class, only the imminent prospect of failure unlocked my lips. Owl-eyed, I watched the girls in English and did little else.

I was too small and light for the football team—one hundred pounds is not considered quite enough. For track, I was built too low to the ground; my usual handicap was one hundred yards for the half-mile run. I was too dumb for debate—I mean of course "speechless". The nearest I came to taking part in a debate was after I had acted as time-keeper and cut our boys so short they lost the match. In the ensuing argument and rebuttal with my mates as to why, why, why—I cut them so short, I came out a poor second.

Furthermore, I was too timid and tongue-tied to take part in plays; too young for dates (it's not exactly a date if you have to jump the fence at the football game to sit beside a girl friend in the stands, and she has to walk home alone afterwards); too unmusical to last long in the Glee Club; too proud to mix with the high school; too moral to dance; too opinionated at home to be good company.

Short pants had gone out of fashion long ago in the colleges, but I wore them—well, not all of the time, but some of the time—under the impression that they resembled plus-fours.

In short, I was like all other freshmen in my naive, blundering way, vain about unimportant things, timid, sometimes speechless, sometimes too noisy; a little lazy and uninclined to study. Only of course I

(Continued on Page Six)

CAMPUS POLITICS

Among the new students on the campus there is naturally a great variety of political opinion. In the next four years, many of these new students will do a good deal of thinking about politics. In this short article, I will attempt to outline the activities on the campus of the political parties and of other groups which deal with political questions.

Students on the campus have always done a good deal of thinking about politics. The Conservative and Liberal viewpoints have long been predominant and there is now an active CCF movement on the campus. Those familiar with political activities in other colleges will be surprised to learn that there is no organized LPP at U. N. B.

The International Relations Club and the Debating Society inevitably deal with political questions in their activities. The speakers for the I. R. C. have always been scholarly and politically neutral. Last year's president of the I. R. C. was Carlisle Hanson, an energetic CCF'er who might have been expected to lead the society in leftist paths; however, this expectation was not fulfilled as the society's main pre-occupation turned out to be UNO and atomic energy.

The Debating Society at one time used to consider topics like the nationalization of public utilities but in recent years has turned to more serious questions such as the co-eds. Last year the society held a debate with the S. C. M. on a controversial question, that of the Japanese-Canadians.

One of the most promising organizations in the political field is the Political Club which was formed last year, chiefly through the energy and persistence of Pat Byrne. The society held one meeting last year at which it presented three speakers, Hon. F. Squires (Conservative), Health Minister McGrand (Liberal) and J. C. Hanson (CCF). This meeting in very ably and objectively described in the May edition of the Wedge.

The best organized party at U. N. B. (Continued on Page Six)

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FEATURE ANNOUNCEMENT
The Student in Society.
Topic of the discussion group directed by Dr. D. Stuart.
To take place on Wednesday, Oct. 10 in Hut 10 Alexander College.
All Students Welcome.

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HARVEY STUDIO

Nejla Izzedin Addresses I. R. C.

"The struggle for the Arabs and the Eastern Mediterranean was the theme of an address by Miss Nejla Izzedin to the International Relations Club on Thursday afternoon. Miss Izzedin described the imperialist rivalries of Great Britain, France, the United States and Russia in the Middle East and the attempts of these powers to utilize the Arab peoples for their own purposes. She described the development of self-government in the Arab states and emphasized the need to complete the liberation of the Arab world. Miss Izzedin pointed out the need of economic reconstruction and social reform in the Arab world but felt that these could only be achieved after independence is gained. She also explained the role of the Arab League in fostering co-operation among the Arab states and friendly relations with the rest of the world.

Miss Izzedin related briefly the history of Arab culture and emphasized its close relationship with our western civilization. She felt that the Arabs would have an important contribution to make to human progress when they achieved independence and were able to deal with the rest of the world on a basis of friendship and equality.

Miss Izzedin came from the Arab Office in Washington to speak to the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and kindly consented to address the international Relations Club. The meeting was held in Dr. Pacey's lecture room with Dr. Petrie presiding. There were several members of the faculty present and there was also a large turnout of students.

ROBERT BEACH. Campus Politics

(Continued From Page Four)
B. is the CCF. It has no club on the campus but students participate effectively in the Fredericton Club. The last president of the Fredericton CCF Club was Carlisle Hanson and the present president is also a student, Linden Peebles. Linden is also on the editorial board of the CCF paper, "True Democracy" as is another student, Verne Mullen.

The Fabian Society is another group on the campus; it is a "non-partisan" organization whose aim is "to study democratic economic planning". One of its most active members is Murray Young who is also the CCF research director for the Province of New Brunswick.

ROBERT BEACH. Perennial Freshman

(Continued From Page Four)
was a little more so than most will admit to being.

A couple of years later, I put on my riding breeches and hitch hiked to another college, arriving in time to attend a welcoming party at the President's house. They were nice breeches with a little flare to them like wings, so I didn't bother to change. Unfortunately they fitted a little too good: sitting down suddenly, I heard an ominous ripping noise and had to leave the party for repairs.

NOTICE

Junior classes' election for: President, Secretary, Treasurer, SRC Representative. Will be held in the Arts Building on Monday, October 7, 1946.

S. R. C. NOMINATIONS

Nominations are being called for the following offices:
Secretary of the S. R. C.
Secretary-treasurer, A. A. A.
2nd Vice-president, S. R. C.
Secretary of Ladies' Society.
The last two must be co-eds. Nominations are to be submitted to Gerald Ateyo or Charlotte VanDine.

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What's on Your Mind?

(Each week the Brunswickan will choose one or two undergraduates on the campus to fill this column. Their copy will be unedited and uncensored, so long as they remain within the bounds of journalistic propriety. If you'd like to air your views, get it off your chest in this column.)

This week:—E. T. McMorran, '50, from St. Stephen, N. B., and G. B. King, '50, from Montreal, P. Q., both residents at Alexander and students of Forestry.

Our thoughts of Alexander College are divided into two definite groups, favorable and unfavorable. The unfavorable get the most airing, as might be expected.

After listening for a few minutes to a group of freshmen discussing Alexander College one would be led to believe that all is not as it should be. The huts did not quite measure up to our expectations. The radio at the further end of the corridor can be heard distinctly, while one in the next room blares incessantly tuned to a different station. The floors are of soft wood, oiled for some unknown reason, and impossible to clean.

The food gets the most attention, not because of its quality, but because of the quantity. Most of us leave the dining hall almost as hungry as when we went in, except for the fortunate few who manage to get second helpings.

All of us are conscious of the many faults of Alexander, but we are not indifferent to the great amount of work that has been accomplished here, in order to accommodate the large number of new students. We have excellent lounge and common rooms. Our classes are arranged so that they are not too crowded. We are entitled to take part in all sports and have the right to use the gymnasium on the hill.

We are also pleasantly aware of the interest in our studies, social activities, and problems that the faculty has shown at every turn. We know that they are working under difficult conditions and are doing the best they can.

We realize that without Alexander College, many of us would not be getting a higher education, so that most of us do not mind sacrificing a little personal comfort in order to attend the university.

E. T. McMORRAN
G. B. KING

NOTICE

Applications for the positions of: Manager of Track, Assistant Manager of Hockey, Assistant Manager of Boxing, Assistant Manager of Track. Applications will be accepted up to and including Thursday, October tenth.

All applications to be in writing, stating qualifications and experience.

Applications to be deposited in box in main lobby of the Arts Building, or handed to Mrs. Slater in the Dean's Office at Alexander.

All students are eligible.
MURRAY SEFLEY,
Chairman of Applications Committee.

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S. C. M. HOLDS FIRST MEETING

"It is not so important that you depart from your father's God as it is that you do not depart from God," said Dr. Foster Baird, Professor of Electrical Engineering, in his address "From Infancy to Maturity in Religion" which was given at the opening of the Student Christian Movement last Sunday evening.

The speaker compared the development of religious ideas to the growth of a child to adulthood. Crudities of belief, he stated, are found in the earlier portions of the Bible and contrast sharply with the outlook of the New Testament. He cited as an example the desire of Samson for revenge in his day and the changed attitude that led Stephen to forgive his persecutors. Dr. Baird went on to say that all human enterprise has developed from primitive beginnings and that the process of growth is still going on. He reminded his hearers that science, which today holds such an important place in our thinking, has held erroneous ideas in the past. The belief that bodies fall with a speed proportional to their weights, he pointed out, was held for nearly two thousand years until it was disproved by the experiments of Galileo.

Tracing briefly the growth of the idea of God, Dr. Baird explained that in early times men thought of God as a giant, a tangible person. Later, the speaker continued, as mental and religious horizons expanded man thought of God in more abstract terms. "We don't know what God is," he added, "and no one has ever been able to prove there is a God because we know only through our physical senses." He went on to say that there exists an area beyond the physical senses and that it finds expression in art, literature and music.

Dr. Baird urged those present to "give a place to the tearing apart of your religious beliefs." He stressed the point that some things may have to be discarded, but affirmed that a student who is intellectually honest will find much in religion which stands the test of critical examination.

After the address, refreshments were served by a committee whose members prayerfully attempted to duplicate the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes. A sing-song brought the evening to a close.

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Report From Alex.

Frosh Throw Informal Dance

Buzzin' The Field

(By "Leslie")

Bob McGowan, (he's the basketball manager), tells us McGill (that's a little agricultural college up in Quebec) wants to come down here and see some of the sights, namely our basketball team. It's likely to be pretty cold around here come January, but we trust Howie Ryan and the boys will be in a hospitable mood and give these young fellows from McGill a warm reception. They are having a big freshman reception at the tennis courts this week. Don Taylor figures this is as good a time as any to introduce the upperclassmen to the newcomers. Also it is a good chance to meet our co-eds—both of them. We were up at Alexander the other day and we are happy to say that they got the best-dressed bunch of foresters up there this campus ever had. Another fashion note from the Hill: Dr. Pacey has got a new hat. There is some talk about that our track team is going to fly down to Dalhousie for a running meet. The only hitch is nobody knows just when the track meet is going to be. The track team is like a lot of people we know—they don't know just where they're going but they want to get there fast. They say we can't have any more informal dances in the gym, and they say the gym at Alex is too full of old Army flies made out in triplicate to get room to dance in. This is sort of rough on the Social

The night was Friday, the 26th of September. This was the night the boys had been waiting for—a big shindig in the Sergeant's Mess (better known as the lounge). The boys were getting slicked up and there was an air of exuberance running through the H-Huts, for tonight was the night they were going out to meet the "Glammer Gals" of Fredericton.

The orchestra tuned up and the dance began. A few girls began to arrive, then a few more, and more, and MORE! There were all kinds of girls.

The orchestra wasn't large, but it had volume. The floor wasn't large, but it had people. The floor vibrated to the tramp of waltzers and those who attempted to jitterbug. They tried to swing out, but they couldn't. Your reporter was caught in between a few dancers and couldn't do anything but shuffle to and fro in a space 2 x 3.

During the frolic, pictures were taken by means of flash cameras. The first time they flashed four vets hit the dirt, leaving four girls standing alone. That, gentlemen, is the result of training.

Dr. Gregg, President of U. N. B., and Dean Parr of "Alex" observed the festivities from the sidelines.

Committee and those that like their dances informal. It's a cinch there's no orchestra in town hot enough to keep the crowd warm at the tennis courts in the middle of October. Smart Alexes have a sense of humor. One H-Hut at Alex has been named "Beaverboard Residence." Not to be outdone, another H-Hut put out a sign—"Wallboard Astoria."

Around the Campus with Egbert...



Egbert says

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Alex. al Dance

was Friday, the 26th of
This was the night the
men waiting for—a big
e Sergeant's Mess (bet-
the lounge). The boys
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A few girls began to
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outdone, another H-Hut
sign—"Wallboard As-



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NTREAL
of life since 1817.

Carleton Streets
ager

S. R. C. Ponders

(Continued from Page One)
of its number to attend. It was de-
cided to hold the next meeting at
7:00 p. m. on October second.

Taylor Plans Frosh Reception.
Social Committee President Don
Taylor submitted six names for ap-
proval as members of his committee.
The council approved the slate, with
the suggestion that one Freshman
from Alexander College be added,
preferably a sophomore.

Taylor also revealed the Social
Committee's plans for the annual
Freshman reception. This was to
be held October fourth, and plans
included a torch parade in the city
with an open air dance to conclude
the reception. The tentative place
for the dance to be held was on the
tennis court.

President Ateyo stressed the pur-
pose of the frosh reception in ap-
proval of the committee's plans and
said it was the first opportunity for
the upperclassmen on the campus to
meet the incoming students.

Track Team Airborne?
Dave Stothart, president of the
Amateur Athletic Association, sub-
mitted to the Council a budget for
the proposed track-meet to be held
at Dalhousie in October. Stothart
accompanied his statement with an
expense estimate for a team of ten
men. Two estimates were given,
for travel by train and travel by
plane. Stothart emphasized the
savings incurred by air travel, both
in time and money. The President
suggested that if the council were
to approve of air transport for the
track team, other teams might de-
mand similar treatment. The AAA
leader reminded Ateyo that it would

not be establishing a precedent,
since a U. N. B. basketball team had
previously flown to Sydney for play-
off games in 1944.

Frank Dohaney suggested that the
council postpone further discussion
until it had been definitely decided
when the meet should be held, and
asked if the tennis team was to be
included on the proposed trip. It
was agreed to carry the matter over
until the next meeting.

Gandy Takes Up Budget.
The president next discussed with
SRC treasurer John Gandy, the ques-
tion of holding a preliminary budget
meeting. Since several vacancies
existed for posts as team managers
and assistants, Ateyo suggested that
immediate action be taken to fill
the posts. Until these positions
were filled, preliminary budgets
could not be submitted by the var-
ious teams. Gandy reminded the
council that under the rules of the
SRC constitution the preliminary
budget must be drawn up within
three weeks of the opening date for
the fall term. Dalton Camp, editor
of the Brunswickan, pointed out
that the purpose of a constitution is
not to inconvenience nor hasten
the functions of an organization,
and its interpretation should not be
too rigid. The President agreed,
and in view of the delay in starting
the term, the budget should be sub-
mitted "as soon as possible."

\$1.50 Deficit Revealed.
The manager of the gym team,
Bob Ritchie, gave the council an
opportunity to laugh when he fol-
lowed Gandy's budget problems, and
mentioned a \$3,000 surplus last
year, with the statement that form-
er manager Ed Walter, now at Mc-
Gill, had overspent his budget to the
amount of \$1.50. Speaking for Wal-

ter, he asked that the treasurer pay
the amount and bring the gym team
budget out of the red. The council
quickly agreed.

Stothart Wants Boxing Room.
Dave Stothart brought up the
question of the boxing room, now
serving as a Students Lounge in the
Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium. He
suggested the lounge be removed to
the drill hall, so that U. N. B.'s
championship boxing team might
again have their boxing room. He
pointed out the inconveniences suf-
fered by the team last year, when
the room was used as a lounge by
residents of Beaver Lodge. The
president stated that the drill hall
was the property of NDHQ, and no
authority had been given the uni-
versity to use the hall as a lounge.
He suggested as an alternative, the
temporary use of drill hall by the
boxing team, stating that he believ-
ed the lounge to be a necessity and
approved of its present location.
Stothart replied that it would be
just as easy to use the drill hall for
a lounge as to use it for a boxing
room. Frank Dohaney, speaking
for the boxing team, said that a
committee was planning to wait on
the President of the University re-
garding this matter, and so far as
he was concerned, either room
would be acceptable for the team.

The council then decided to take no
action on the matter until the com-
mittee had met with President
Gregg.

The meeting was one hour and
forty-five minutes long when Eric
Teed moved for adjournment, and
the council filed from the room.

Present at the meeting were SRC
Gandy, and Kaye Gough; Dave Stot-
officers Ateyo, Murray Seeley, John
hart, Dalton Camp, Eric Teed, Frank
Dohaney, Jake Jacobson, Herb
Liphshetz, Bob Ritchie and Don
Taylor.

Freshman Reception

(Continued from Page One)
more to settle into the routine which
only leads to exams. But even yet
we are inclined to look askance at
the many new faces, present in large
numbers, in the year's "bumper"
classes. It is fitting that the Fresh-
men's Reception will provide the op-
portunity we need to get acquainted.
We are looking forward to seeing
those new faces tonight and being
told that they belong to John, Joe
or Mary, and are not just faces, and
that new worlds of friendship and
comradship will open to us.

Each year, except 1st year, (and
this year's sophomores should learn
tonight how much they missed when

the reception was omitted last year)
the Freshman reception was rated
the best ever held; this year it will
certainly be the largest ever held
(litote) at the University of New
Brunswick, and it remains for us to
be sure to attend and do our part to-
wards making this one "the best
ever".

Proceedings will start at eight
o'clock in front of the Arts Building,
where the master of ceremonies, and
president of the Social Committee,
Mr. Donald Taylor, has arranged to
have a P. A. system installed for the
convenience of speakers and audi-
ence.

Dr. Gregg will be the first speak-
er of the evening. Following Dr.
Gregg's address, short addresses
will be given by the leaders of the
various campus organizations and
societies, who will outline the aims
and objectives of their organizations
and who will extend cordial invita-
tions to those eligible to become
members.

The Glee Club will be present as
a group, under the direction of Mr.
Morgan and will sing several
choruses, interspersed between the
speakers.

Immediately following the speak-
ers, the torch-light parade will form
up. All who are attending are asked
to come supplied with torches, (a tin
can on a stick, filled with oil-soaked
cloths). It is intended to have the
students separated into groups ac-
cording to their faculty (if humanly
possible) with each group carrying
its own poster, and for them to
march that way, singing songs
which are common to each faculty
group.

The torch-light parade will then
proceed down University Avenue,
along Queen Street to turn up St.
John Street and go along to Queen
Square to the tennis courts.

Dancing is to commence just as
soon as the parade reaches the ten-
nis courts.

A Public Address system will be in-
stalled in the tennis courts by the
staff of radio station CFNB, and rec-
ordings will be supplied from the
same source. Dance time has been
set to extend from nine to twelve
o'clock.

Invitations will be extended to the
girls of the Normal School, High
School, Modern Business College
etc., so that there should be no lack
of dancing partners for the pre-
dominantly male student body.

Careful preparations have been
made to make this year's Fresh-
men's Reception the most enjoyable
in the history of U. N. B. and we
can make it a success only by at-
tending, bringing torches and giving
a rousing welcome to the Freshmen.
So lets all plan to attend.

P. S. If it rains, it is planned to
hold the reception on Saturday
evening.

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10 Scholarships

(Continued from Page One)
 they were to play in the national war effort.
 "That it was possible for the University of New Brunswick to undertake this work and at the same time maintain its normal role was due entirely to the gifts of Lord Beaverbrook" he said.
 Lord Beaverbrook arrived in the Province this week. It is understood that he plans to spend October in the Province and is expected to visit the University. At the time of going to press, plans for his activities here were not yet fully matured but will be announced at a later date.

GET FIT, KEEP FIT

(Continued from Page Five)
 All major and minor sports, namely, Football, Hockey, Badminton, Basketball (Men and Women) will commence practices early in the Fall Term. Track and Field will commence in early spring.
 Try to organize your programme of studies in order that you may be able to participate in one sport per term.
 (Watch Bulletin Boards for Important Notices.)



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Halloooooo there you fourteen hundred hopefuls. Well well, here we are back again to the old stand. I sure am glad to see you all. Things were rather quiet for me during these hot summer days and cool (?) summer nights.

First of all I want to explain to all new students that it is I "SNOOPIE" who spends all his time keeping track on all your outside activities. I see more sides to you alleged students than there are glass bricks in the GYM. I know when you've been bad or good, so be good for goodness' sake. 'CAUSE if you aren't, you'll find yourself right in this little old column of mine. I know all the dives and shady nooks so watch your step Freshmen ...!

Secondly I want to inform you wise old upperclassmen that the rumor of my drowning was absolutely false. It's true that I fell overboard while viewing a midnight swim last July but I was saved by my waterwings !!!

My oh my, there, certainly are a lot of you milling around the campus. I bet a lot of you smarty-fellas think I won't have time to keep my eye on every one with that certain gleam in his (or her) eye. HA HA. Well don't bank on me missin' any dirt cause my uncle Boosley has promised to help me any-time he ain't busy makin' wagon-wheels out of old "Swish-barrels".

Boxing Manager made a permanent match during the summer holidays. "SNOOPIE" would like to start the year off right by joining Ern's many friends and wishing you both a "Hale" of a lot of good luck.

MAN ALIVE!! You should have seen the happy faces on the Freshies at their dance debut last Friday at the Alexander Lounge. Little wonder either, cause it was their first chance to glimpse the Fredericton girls in their "Sunday-go-to-Meeting" Gingham. A choice collection of fem. charmers there were there too. The joint was packed to the rafters but nobody was heard to complain? "Bouncing Barb" Golding was there doing her best to welcome the boys. Alice MacKenzie was there pitching too. She may have had "Old Bill" on her mind but it certainly didn't show ...

Old Snoopie couldn't help but notice a few of the new faces, such as those belonging to Bennie and a couple of Bettys. The new MacNair edition will perhaps bear watchin' too. Speaking of new editions, Chub Baxter, a brudder of J. B. M. B. jr. himself has appeared on the scene. Surely there can't be two black sheep in one family. (Must wait and see.)

It was supposed to be a Freshman affair but a few Upperclassmen scrounged in as usual. What did you think of those new "femmes" Hugh

John? Last year it was only a short while 'til the new girls including Bud Kinsman caught on to Weyman and "confreca". Snoopie trusts that this year's Freshettes will be as efficient in handling the upperclassmen in their well worn sheep's clothing ...

Harry McInerney may be a fellow worth meeting... He might interduce you to his sisters back there in Fog-City.

Newsome twosome reports from the "Sardine Shuffle" at Alexander sink A. Gibson and Ed. McGinley. (Some wimmen have no scrupies. I hope Connie sees this edition.)

Typical Co-ed Comment: "We came, we saw, we were ignored ... Where oh where are the verdant type of Freshmen???"

Miss Freshette of the class of '48 has given up her crown for a ring. Tough luck fellas.
 Have Mary Whalen and Jack Scovil revived the flame?? Where there's smoke, there's FIRE!!

In absence the heart grows fonder, eh Spuddy?
 Why did the Gibson girls have their blinds reinforced??
 Persistent rumor has it that our illustrious Sophette Marjorie Vail is engaged. Any comment Marj?

What's first on your hit parade Frances??

CAMPUS CRASH LANDS:
 Jackie Pickard—Brent Hooper
 Ellen McLaggan—Jim Lorden
 Mary Brewer—Lynnan Allen.
 There are many others but why bother. Maybe I'll mention more next week.

Junior Engineers are still pondering over the profound statement made by a Materials Prof. (Quote ... Certain standards are pretty well standardized ... Unquote). (Isn't it the truth?)

With Bill Smith gone out to England, Albert Clark wanders around looking like the little puppy whose mongrel mother has run out on him. Won't some one call the S. P. C. A. or maybe give poor Albert a bone to chew on???

Well that's all the Stuff and Guff ... I'll be snooping you.

SNOOPIE

as possible, in order to teach them fundamentals before they join teams in intermural and varsity competition.

Present at the meeting, aside from members of the Physical Department, were Jerry Ateyo, Frank

Dohaney, Dave Stothart, Alec Baptiste, Jim Gibson, Herb Liphshetz, Cec Garland, Blanche Law, Bob McGowan and Art Demers.

The meaning of a Doctor of Philosophy degree is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him. (Leacock).

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

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Athletic Program

(Continued from Page One)
 ested are slated to begin early in the fall, with varsity boxing to follow. Indoor hockey for the college sextette will begin in mid-November. Ryan stressed the Department's intention to enroll as many novices

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