

The Brunswickan



VOL. 66, No. 15

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1947

Price Seven Cents

CAMPUS IS TO CELEBRATE FOUNDERS' DAY

Professor Arthur L. Phelps is to be Guest Speaker

Arthur L. Phelps was born in Columbus, Durham County, Ontario, of English parentage and received his education at the Lindsay, Ontario, Collegiate, and Victoria College, University of Toronto.



PROF. ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Mr. Phelps has been Associate Professor of English at Cornell College, Iowa, and Professor of English at United College, (University of Manitoba), Winnipeg. At present he is Assistant General Supervisor of the International Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He is a member of the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto and of P. E. N., International Literary Society founded in England by John Galsworthy. Although Mr. Phelps is the author of a quantity of verse, he refuses to consider it important.

In 1939, Mr. Phelps made a 14,000 mile journey by motor across Canada and back, recording impressions for CBC in his talk series "This Canada". This was not his first broadcast assignment, as he has been heard frequently on the CBC network in poetry readings and talks on literature and the Canadian scene.

The impressions contained in this book "These United States" were gathered by Mr. Phelps last summer when he made a 12,000-mile tour from coast to coast in the United States. The series was heard during the winter over CBC's nationwide network in Canada and over stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System in the United States. All broadcasts were given from the Corporation's studios at Winnipeg.

FLASH

The U. N. B. Men's Debating Team of Lindsay Peebles and Ed Farley, managed by Roy McInerney, defeated a University of Maine team of Edwin Cormier and Don Waring by a 2-1 standing vote before the Orono Kiwanis Club at Spruce Lodge in Orono, Me., on Thursday night.

Faculty Gives Final Approval To Five Year Plan

The full University Faculty Meeting was held in the Forestry Building on Monday evening, February 10. The main business was the final approval for the new five year programme for Engineers and Foresters with a revision of the Arts curriculum, both of which are to go into effect next September.

Preparation of these plans has been under way for months by the various faculties, among which student opinion has been weighed, and the final results approved on Monday night after long discussions, but with complete unanimity.

Standing committees of the Faculty reported on their activities. The Athletic and Gymnasium committee reported the plans for this year's Interscholastic High School Basketball Meet to be held in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, February 27, 28 and March 1.

It was unanimously agreed that whereas last year some classes had been cancelled during a similar series, this year with the complicated programme and the larger number of students, all classes and laboratories will have to be conducted as usual while the meet is in progress.

DR. TIGGES TO ADDRESS VETS

Dr. Tigges will address a meeting of special interest to all veterans of the University of New Brunswick on Thursday evening, February 20 at 7:30 p. m. in Alexander College Theatre.

An endeavor is also being made to have Mr. Galbraith of the Department of Veterans' Affairs to be present and answer questions pertaining to student veterans problems.

An ambitious program has been embarked upon by the Veterans' Club. The memorial plaque for Dr. Bryan Priestman will be unveiled on Founders' Day, February 18th, if it arrives and can be erected in time.

At present, a special employment committee is at work, contacting business people in Fredericton with regard to giving part time employment to student veterans attending U. N. B.

The Blue Cross Hospitalization plan is also being sponsored by the Veterans' Club on the campus and in a few weeks, those who are now enrolled will have the opportunity of renewing their subscriptions. A choice will then be offered any one interested to enroll for the next year.

It is hoped that a good crowd will show up at the next meeting of the club. Reports on the above work will be presented. An interesting program has been drawn up by the executive of the club for the meeting on Thursday, February 20 at 7:30 p. m. in Alexander College Theatre.

C. O. T. C. Committee Announces Names Of Selectees

The university C. O. T. C. Selection Committee has announced the names of the successful applicants for enrollment in the U. N. B. C. O. T. C. Contingent as a result of their meeting held on January 17. Successful candidates will now be granted the rank of Temporary 2nd Lieutenants in the Canadian Army. First phase of their training will commence this summer by attending various corps schools located throughout Canada.

Names of those accepted showing what corps they will join and the location of the corps school they will attend:

Infantry—(Camp Borden, Ont.): E. L. Teed, R. R. Willis, W. L. Peterson, F. G. Leger, J. R. Wallis, V. B. Copp, A. D. Mosher.

Armoured Corps—(Camp Borden, Ont.): C. R. Allen, H. C. Corrigan.

Artillery—(Shilo, Manitoba): G. A. Roussel, G. J. McAllister, G. Shaw, H. G. Good, J. P. Polier, G. L. Carr, H. E. MacFarland.

Engineers—(Chilliwack, B. C.): K. A. MacDiarmid, M. W. Paul, R. K. Gould, M. P. Gillin.

Signals—(Barrie/field, Ont.): G. C. Robertson.

RCEME—(Barrie/field, Ont. and Longue Point, P. Q.): W. W. Cliffe, L. A. Melanson, G. M. Collicott, W. R. Shaw.

Ordnance—(Longue Point, P. Q.): A. J. Clark, H. G. Fraser.

The Selection committee consisted of Majors Love and Gagnon, Dean Gibson, Drs. David and Allan Stewart, Profs. Jones and McLaughlin with Capt. A. J. Blakeney as Secretary. Candidates were selected from a total of 53 applicants.

Selection was made on a basis of personality, physical fitness, academic standing, advisory services ratings, and service record.

Over and above the candidates selected as in paragraph 2 above, a number of applicants were adjudged as potential officer material by the Selection Committee. However due to the paucity of vacancies in certain technical corps allotted to this Contingent, the Committee regrettably had to turn down these candidates.

The committee extends their congratulations to successful candidates and comments all applicants for their interest in this essential phase of Canadian citizenship.

S. R. C. DISPENSES MANY ITEMS

Many items of business were on the agenda of the Students' Council's weekly meeting held Wednesday night in the Geology building. Although none of these were large they were all relatively important. Albert Clark, Chief of Campus Police, gave a short talk to the Council on the trials and responsibilities of the Campus Police and also showed how they were organized. After answering many questions about the manner in which the police are allocated for the different areas, Clark presented a budget of \$160 to take care of the functions for the year. (Continued on Page Seven)

Annual Ceremony To Be Held In Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium

PROFESSOR ARTHUR L. PHELPS TO BE GUEST SPEAKER

Arthur L. Phelps, Assistant General Supervisor of the International Service of the CBC, and a former professor of English at the University of Manitoba, will be the speaker at the annual Founders' Day ceremony to be held in the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium on Tuesday, February 18, at 8:30 p. m.

The ceremony will be preceded by a buffet supper in the gymnasium at 6:30 for the Senate, Faculty, Staff, Post Graduate and Senior students.

During the evening program President Gregg will pay the annual university quit rent of one penny to Lieutenant Governor MacLaren on behalf of His Majesty the King.

A monologue, "Colossal Office, London, 1800" written by Professor Eric Emmert will be read by Senator Linden Peebles, Rev. R. G. Rowcliffe, a postgraduate student, will give the invocation.

Dr. E. J. Toole will direct the Glee and Choral Clubs in the singing of O Canada, the U. N. B. Hymn, and the song "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men."

REMEMBRANCE DAY ESTABLISHED SOME YEARS AGO

It is always interesting to speculate on the motives and aspirations that were the driving force with the pioneers in this country of ours. They may have had the long distance posterity in the back of their minds but we would be a little bit vain to assume that they were thinking entirely of us. More often it was a high immediate purpose that was sought upon the assumption that, if foundations were well and truly laid, surely the future generations would be wise enough to continue, improve and adapt to fit the changing needs. The Founders and builders of U. N. B. must have needed all the courage and patience and unselfish effort at their command in order to accomplish the things they wanted. These are qualities that deserve the highest recognition in any age. It was with this in mind some years ago the University decided to establish an annual remembrance date, Founders' Day. The general idea was made possible by that outstanding New Brunswicker, Dr. J. C. Webster, who made each year for Founders' Day an outstanding speaker who would present the main feature of the ceremony.—The Founders' Day Address. For some years the accent in these addresses was placed upon the men and women responsible for U. N. B.'s early development. More recently, with Dr. Webster's willingness, an attempt has been made to have the speaker deal with broader aspects of human relationship into which could be woven much of the atmosphere surrounding Founders' Day. Last year this was achieved to a marked degree by the speaker, Professor A. J. M. Smith, who delighted his audience with his interpretation of U. N. B.

The printed programs for this ceremony are very unique. On one side there is a copy (reproduction) of the first degree of Bachelor of Arts presented by the University to Samuel Street. It is in Latin written in old English letters with a translation below. On another page of the program there is a copy of the original document of the petition for the founding of U. N. B. from William Payne to the Governor General of New Brunswick. It is not dated. On a third page there is a copy of a timetable for the courses of instruction in 1854.

The cuts of these copies are owned by Clarence McN. Steeves who make a hobby of collecting historical antiques concerning U. N. B. and who has loaned them to the University to be printed. Steeves, a graduate of U. N. B. with the degree of B. A. I. in 1905 and M. Sc. in 1913, is the New Brunswick manager of the North American Life Insurance Company of Saint John. He is a former Senator of the University and was President of the Alumni Association for two years.

—Saint John River poetry and its relation to the broader field.

This year, on the evening of Tuesday, 18 February at 8:30 at the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, all who attend are assured of a very much worthwhile evening. In addition to other interesting features on the programme, the annual address will be given by Professor Arthur L. Phelps on the topic "Community and Culture". A number of people on the Hill have heard Professor Phelps both over the radio and direct, and confirm that he possesses the qualities as a speaker that will commend him to his U. N. B. audience. He knows the North American picture intimately and his supervision of international broadcasting for CBC has provided him with a unique opportunity for broad world outlook. During his interesting career he has served in the academic field and as he is expected to arrive ahead of his appointment he will be invited to visit as many classes as possible on the Hill during Monday and Tuesday. He will be staying, during his visit to Fredericton, at the President's Home.

Tuesday, 18th will mark the mid-winter meeting of the Senate which will be in session during the day. The President and Mrs. Gregg have arranged a University Buffet Supper at the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium for the Senate, Faculty and Staff, Post graduate and Senior students. After supper the Gym will be arranged as an auditorium for the ceremony to commence at 8:30. His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, Honourable D. L. McLaren and Mrs. McLaren will be present. The University Glee Club and Choral Society, under the direction (Continued on Page Seven)

The Brunswickan

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THEY SAY IT'S HERE TO STAY...

The hour was growing late, yet when a Council member raised the question of U. N. B.'s defunct Political Club, the Council was interested. Much time was saved by moving that the Political Club's president be summoned before the Council to explain why and how it is that although U. N. B. students have more than a passing interest in politics, the Political Club lies dormant.

It is not safe to say that all U. N. B. students are interested in politics, since it is almost obvious that some are totally disinterested. Yet it is safe to say that U. N. B. could and should have an active Political Club. So far as we know, the organization known as such is the sole agency on the campus for student politics, and it has not held one meeting this year. There is no good reason for this, unless it be that our campus is considerably overloaded with clubs, societies, and organizations at present, and perhaps the Political Club executive did not feel they could obtain enough student interest to justify the holding of regular meetings. However, it remains the responsibility of the executive to solicit student opinion, not to predict it, and they must either execute their executive responsibilities or resign.

It is the opinion of some that U. N. B. should follow the example of other universities and establish recognized political clubs on the campus, affiliated with the political parties. We feel such a policy is neither wise nor desirable. A Political Club, supported by adherents of all the parties, if adherents are available, is to us a sounder plan for the good of the student body.

The Political Club should be an open forum, where the student may learn the basic tenets of all parties, and not the creed of one. A healthy exchange of ideas and conflicting political views should be part of student education. There are some of us who have determined which of the parties we would support, there are more of us who maintain an interest in politics but have yet to adopt a party. Others have lost touch with the political scene, and hesitate to align themselves with one party, without opportunity to examine the alternatives. The Political Club should provide the opportunity for all interested students to jump in and get their feet wet.

There is always the danger that a well organized minority, working with willful purpose, may bring party politics into student extracurricular affairs. We have seen party politics at work in the National Conference of Student Vets, and we suspect political tampering in other supposed non-partisan organizations. The Council would be wise to maintain the present policy of confining political zeal to the Political Club, and in so doing will prevent the day when our campus might be divided by party lines.

It is apparent that at least three of the political parties have representatives on the campus, and it is up to them to support the Political Club, and air their differences there. We are inclined to think that like sex and baseball, politics is here to stay; yet it would be wise if the S. R. C. maintained its policy of dis-

(Continued on Column Four)

CFNB 550 ON THE DIAL

Requests assistance from U.N.B. students
When writing home, would you ask for reports on CFNB reception since the advent of 5000 watt power output.
We would appreciate any such reports.
THANK YOU

Campus News

(By ANDY FLEMMING)

As a result of my trip to the local Bastille I was unable to do the column last week but here it is Sunday again, all is quiet in the Victoria Public Hospital and I shall try to put down something.

While in the U. N. B. hospital, Prof. Poser was my only fellow patient. He suffers from a strange ear trouble which affects his sense of equilibrium. He has been in bed for two weeks now and we hope he will soon be out. Incidentally the hospital is "tops" so if you don't feel well don't hesitate to go. Mrs. Black will certainly look after you well.

Once in this hospital I found myself on the same floor as Jimmy Borcoman (For. '49) who has been in since Sept '46 with pleurisy. He expects to be transferred to Sussex Military Hospital soon. We shared some fruit very kindly sent by the Forestry Association.

Murray Seely and Lawrence were up to the Pulp and Paper Convention in Montreal this week with the purpose of arranging summer employment for Forestry students and were hoping to get a guarantee from all the companies for transportation to and from the university for all students employed.

Howard Fraser (For. '49) was in to see me twice, once with his moustache on and once with it off. The second call came after Mrs. Fraser had presented him with a son and heir.

The McGill team was noticed standing around after the dance after the game Saturday. It seems to me we should be able to entertain better than that. After all we do have co-eds who complain about getting no dates. There is a Ladies' Society and also a Social Committee. Surely they could arrange it so that visiting teams can have the odd dances with the odd girl.

I haven't had a chance to get my one good ear close to the ground and you don't see much from a back window of the hospital so that's all for this week. To the many visitors, both those admitted and those turned away (doctor's orders) my

(Continued on Page Six)

verting political enthusiasm into one organization. We need only glimpse at campus newspapers elsewhere to realize the petty disputes, blown up into distorted and false importance, which so often arise out of the actions of partisan students who belong to established campus political machines.

We repeat that a Political Club at U. N. B. is a necessity, but we feel that in the interest of the student body, campus politics should be confined only to such an organization.

THE FILM SOCIETY PRESENTS

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I found the American system extremely progressive methods and processes as well as new subjects were being introduced in numbers, on a trial was little or no rigid hide-bound tradition. ed wide freedom for ment of the individual. Indeed, such individual as free rhythm, hand-p music interpretations, ing and soap sculpture ed to bring out speech herent in many children all develop well-round ties, unhampered by pressions. These in American educational light of the progressi my admiration and he praise.

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Upon our second o Hartford we visited tal building and had meeting the Govern out, Mr. Baldwin. Le the street and blun own into the largest the United States. H good fortune to disc guard who hunted ar often in our New Br We were delighte "home" with him. V interest during our of the building. I wa over the chamber o States Supreme Cour

One afternoon we arrive with Mrs. Un son out to West Pe 1200 feet above sea pressure, while driv tain, was terribly ha From the top of t stone tower, we cou city of Meriden str neath us and the s est looked like the



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A Canuck In Connecticut

(Continued)

I found the American educational system extremely progressive. New methods and processes of teaching as well as new subjects for study were being introduced. Increasing numbers, on a trial basis. There was little or no regimentation and hide-bound tradition. There remained wide freedom for the development of the individual personality. Indeed, such individualistic classes as free rhythm, hand-painting, chalk music interpretations, brush painting and soap sculpture were designed to bring out special talents inherent in many children and to help all develop well-rounded personalities, unhampered by fears and repressions. These innovations in American educational system in the light of the progressive spirit held my admiration and here receive my praise.

Our countryside drives from New Britain were mostly business drives to Hartford with Mrs. Underhill. The occasion for the first of these excursions was our introduction to Dr. A. Grace and Dr. Englemann, important state education officers, at their official quarters. Rita and Luise were with us and Elaine and Arline came up from New Haven for the meeting. Both gentlemen seemed extremely interested in the mechanics and values of student exchange.

Upon our second official drive to Hartford we visited the state capital building and had the honour of meeting the Governor of Connecticut, Mr. Baldwin. Later we crossed the street and blundered, on our own, into the largest state library in the United States. Here we had the good fortune to discover a special guard who hunted and fished quite often in our New Brunswick forests. We were delighted to discuss "home" with him. We saw much of interest during our following tour of the building. I was most excited over the chamber of the United States Supreme Court.

One afternoon we took a pleasure drive with Mrs. Underhill and her son out to West Peak, which rises 1200 feet above sea level. The air pressure, while driving up the mountain, was terribly hard on the ears. From the top of the wind-swept stone tower, we could see the whole city of Meriden stretched out beneath us and the surrounding forest looked like the merest shrub.



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And here again may I recall another of those frustrating incidents which occurred often during our U. S. visit. We had been on a guided tour through the Stanley Tool Factory in New Britain and we had not spoken to our factory guide because the noise made it almost impossible. Only by yelling could he get his explanations across to us. But after our tour Mrs. Underhill explained that we were Canadian students. "Oh!" came the horrified reply, "and I was speaking English to them." He, and many other Americans believe that Canadians must invariably be French. This is the sort of foggy situation which we did our best to make clear.

Our social life during our fortnight at Teachers' College of Connecticut was highlighted by our trip to New York. Rita, Luise, Dorothy and I arrived in the big city aboard the Banker's Special on the morning of June 8. We met Elaine and Arline at Grand Central Station and checked in at the Commodore Hotel. The morning was spent sight-seeing amid the Fifth Avenue shops: Kresse's, Franklin-Simons', Dennison's, Beck's, Lerner's. My first impression of New York was that the inhabitants of large cities must invariably dash themselves madly into an early grave. My second was that the buildings were sickeningly high. I got used to the buildings in time but not to the rapid, congested rush of civilized animals. The more I saw of crowds, the more I felt that the animal was getting the better of the civilized element. Politeness in the streets was unthought of; there seemed to be no time for it.

After lunch we week-end tourists proceeded to the Battery and caught the sight-seeing boat for the Statue of Liberty. Elaine, Dorothy and I made the climb to the crown of the Statue while the others waited below. It was an exceedingly warm day and the interior of the Statue was stifling. From the windows of the crown we had a breathtaking view of the city.

After a quick return to our hotel we went to dine at the Iceland, a Swedish restaurant on Broadway featuring the famous native Smorgasbord. We all enjoyed the clever ice-follies floor show.

We left the Iceland for Shabert's Broadway Theatre, where we had orchestra seats for the operetta, *Song of Norway*. These tickets had been procured in advance of our visit by the Canadian Consul. This operetta was, for me at least, the crowning glory of our New York venture. Loving music intensely, I was enchanted and speechless throughout the whole performance. I especially enjoyed the breathtaking dance finale by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, expressing in motion the song of Norway.

After the theatre we walked down Broadway, thrilled by the neon signs and the bright lights and the laughing people. I found my hot, busy city had become gay, a lot cooler, and almost friendly. I definitely prefer New York City at night.

Even without the New York visit, our social calendar would have been well filled. We made our social debut the evening of our arrival at Teachers' College of Connecticut by attending the Junior Prom, which was, to our minds, a huge success. That first evening also, we were introduced to the dormitory rules as to signing out and in and



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the matter of "late" permissions. Luise and Rita, both Juniors, received twelve midnight permissions for the year and two ten-thirty leaves a month. Otherwise the "signing in" deadline was nine o'clock. Sopranos and Freshman did not fare so well. Freshman were required to be "in dorm" by seven thirty. Offenders were "campused" for two weeks. There was no official lights out time once inside the dormitory. At first I thought the system rather stuffy, but later reached the conclusion that it was the only conceivable way for two women to properly see to the welfare of one hundred twenty young girls.

Upon the last evening of our visit to the New Britain College, we attended the charming formal dinner which preceded the College Theatre production of *My Sister Eileen*. The play itself was an excellent effort, with many quite professional touches. The setting was expertly done and set off the whole performance.

And then, the following evening, not without deep regret, we took leave of Teachers' College of Connecticut—with the pleasant memory of our "farewell dinner" with Mrs. Johnson and the girls who had become our close friends, fresh in our hearts.

For some time previously, plans had been underway to enable us to spend a week-end in Washington, D. C., before returning to Canada. Now these plans were completed. We went from New Britain to New Haven, where our good friend Miss Foster again took us into her home and explained the preparations made for our Washington trip.

The next morning we left for the United States Capital. Our train trip was highlighted by stops at Philadelphia and Baltimore and a vivid conversation with a Greek newspaperwoman. We found the Maryland countryside especially lovely.

Upon arriving in Washington, we went to our hotel, the Martinique, and called Mr. Crockett of the Canadian Embassy, who had arranged a bus tour for that afternoon. During this tour we saw many of the tourist attractions of Washington, some of which we later visited and inspected more closely. Our bus passed: the National Gallery of Art, the Department of Justice—headquarters for Mr. Hoover and his G-men, the Washington monument, the Botanical Gardens, the Library of Congress (where one must have permission of a congressman to take out books), the magnificent Capital Building, the U. S. Supreme Court, the new Union Station (handles 326 trains daily), the Government Printing Office for U. S. currency, Georgetown University, Radio Centre, and White House, Blair House (where visiting dignitaries spend the remainder of their visits, having spent the first night at the White House), the Ford Hotel, the Slave Market — 28 per cent of the population of Washington today is Negro, the Hotel Statler, the Carnegie Institute, many Embassies and Legations, the National Zoological Gardens, the homes of Hoover and Wilson, the Mayflower Hotel (where movie stars stay during Washington visits), the Pan-American Union and a Federal Reserve Bank. The bus tour terminated with a fifteen-minute stop at the Lincoln Memorial. I felt it the most awe-inspiring and impressive fifteen minutes of my whole American visit. I have never seen anything so strikingly splendid so simple and yet so austere as that great white Statue, sitting amid the tall columns representing the "united" states he did so much to make secure.

That evening we made friends with Washington and it was not difficult to do. I felt that Washington, despite its million or so population, had a small-town air about it that spoke of home. There was none of the desperate urgency, the mad race against time, which I had sensed in New York. The people we met were polite, and extremely co-operative and willing to help when they found we were "foreigners." There was a slow gentleness about them—their actions, their voices and, I sus-

Hasti-Notes

We now turn from dances, parties and the hectic co-ed week to a topic which emerged from the memorable budget meeting. Along with discussion on boxer's jackets and timers' salary came the opinion from students that too many delegates were being sent from campus organizations to their national and international conferences—or if there weren't too many now there may be too many in the future—which wouldn't be "too good" for the budget.

We send our teams to other colleges to compete in physical skill. The University has been among the winners of Maritime and national sports events but in comparison we seem to have neglected our contribution to the leadership of national and world organizations. The campus lacks interest in such organizations as the International Students Service. Their work is not as spectacular to U. N. B. students as a basketball game. They do not work primarily for their own University. Their contribution to society is in the area of greater need—a sanatorium in Switzerland for T. B. students of European Universities. This effort seems too remote to deserve the support of those students who want immediate material results from their S. R. C. levy.

Such organizations as that one mentioned above, need leadership and active workers. These needs can be met only by students from Universities such as ours. In what better way can we participate than by sending delegates to national and world conferences, where ideas from various areas of living are fused to solve the present day problems of University students?

I attributed their attitudes to the "fine old southern hospitality" which I had heard so much about. Even the buildings took on the appearance of clean comfort and small-town goodwill. I have great enthusiasm for the "first city" of the United States.

The following day was spent sightseeing, with an excellent guide—Miss Laure Leblanc of the Canadian Embassy staff. Mr. Paul Tremblay showed us through the official quarters of the Ambassador, and we were highly impressed with their magnificence. I would imagine that the Canadian Embassy could hold its own with any other in Washington. The scarlet-coated "Mountie" at the entrance door was like a breath of home to our uniform-acustomed eyes.

With Laure we visited the famous new Statler Hotel. Thence to the Capital Building where we were fortunate enough to see the Senate in session. I was considerably astonished at the heat of the discussion being carried on concerning the Strike Bill. I feared fistcuffs on several occasions. I recognized Senator Taft of Ohio but was highly disappointed at not seeing THE women.

Later we walked through the Library of Congress and saw the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The reading room of this library seats one thousand persons. The Pentagon was next in line for our inspection. It impressed me as being a city within a city, seeming entirely self-sufficient. We then spent over an hour at the National Airport, watching the continuous arrival and departure of planes, before returning to the heart of the city and visiting the Smithsonian Institute. Here we saw: colorful "period" uniforms and formal

READ MORE BOOKS

(Recent Books Acquired by the Library)

- Adams. The ways of the mind. 1925.
- Barzun. Darwin, Marx, Wagner. 1941.
- Curtis. World war, its cause and cure. 1945.
- Kant. Perpetual peace. 1939.
- Lindsay. Religion, science and society. 1943.
- Miller. An introduction to the New Testament. 1943.
- Mumford. Values for survival. 1946.
- Nock. Conversion. 1933.
- Penrose. Mental defect. 1934.
- Rivers. Conflict and dream. 1923.

gown, war and achievement medals, exquisite china, model mines and homes, fabric displays and life-size plane models from the early days of flying. We next visited the National Gallery of Art where we were delighted to gaze upon masterpieces by Romney, Botticelli, Gainsborough, Manet . . . We also visited the famed Mellon collection. Woodridge's Department Store did not escape our quick inspection. We topped off our tour with a short stopover at the Mayflower Lounge, hoping (and it remained just that) to see some famous Hollywood personage.

In the evening, with Laure and friends, we dined at Michaels', a Rumanian restaurant with wonderful music and a colorful atmosphere. We had seen as much of Washington as was humanly possible in two days.

The following morning, June 16, exchange students Dorothy A. Loughlin and Marjorie L. Long, tired, a little sad, but terribly thankful and contented, took the train for Boston, destination—Home!

(To Be Continued.)

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DAVE

By

and

TOM



The weeks roll by and the sport scene gets thicker as they go. Last week more went on than ever. Hockey—St. Thomas were in Fredericton—they did not play—the reason—no ice. That means they will have to come back again and that costs somebody money. Too bad we have no rink. That cannot be said too often.

St. Thomas basketball team was also here. They did play and in the king of Maritime gyms. Junior Varsity was hot and swamped the Green and Yellow, so that's the end of Injun MacWilliams and the Miramichi Tribe as the Javees had previously won in Chatham. A side line from one of our reporters over there has it that Woman—Hawker Demers had a lot to do with that Javee win.

Senior Varsity—back in winning stride and there to stay—we hope. They really will have a job in the coming trip to Bates College. They are supposedly a top rater averaging over 80 points per game.

The boxing show—Congrats to coach Leger for bringing his first year men along so fast. One of the bright lights is Howie Boucher who will be a good successor to Pat Clair in the middleweight class. This year it looks like Timms, Dohaney, Clair, Laird, Fletcher, while the lighter weights do not look as definite to us. Murray Laird and Doug Timms looked good, also Joe Kaplan, Dick Gorham, Johnny Fowler and Dale Robinson. Sure wish we were going to the intercollegiate at St. F. X.

Our females ruled the campus last week but their representatives were on and off as far as the sport world went. Rumor has it the Ladies basketball team lost to F. H. S. and also St. John Y recently. However they got on the ball and swamped the Woodstock High girls. A social note it seems that some lower floor Residence boys, maybe men, made quite an impression on the visiting ladies by use of their knowledge of girls basketball rules.

We're looking forward to the first victory of the season over Mt. A. this week-end, and in girl's basketball, too. Good luck to Captain Gladys and gang. Let's have the scalps of some of the beautiful six hundred.

SKIING MEET

(By MARIE GRAHAM)

There were good skiing conditions last Sunday and about fifty persons were assembled at the Royal Road Hills for a day of good skiing. The weekly bus left as usual at 10 a. m. on Sunday, returning at 4.30 p. m.

The main features of the day were the downhill and slalom races, the cross country race having been held two weeks before. This completed the combined Interclass Meet and Elimination Races. From these results a team of six will be chosen to compete in the C. I. A. U. Ski Union Meet to be held at St. Sauveur at the end of the month.

Here are the results for the Downhill race:

1. N. Murray, 39 sec.
2. R. Grinnell, 40 4-5 sec.
3. H. W. Price, 41 4-5 sec.
4. P. Van Wagner, 44 3-5 sec.
5. H. Boucher, 44 4-5 sec.

The downhill race was held in the morning. The course was well marked out with flags and Ambrose Legere was official time-keeper. After lunch the slalom race was held with the following results:

1. D. Vogel, 71 2-5 sec.
2. W. Murray, 74 3-5 sec.

(Continued on Page Seven)

UNABLE TO PLAY

Reliable sources informed the Brunswickan that as a result of a long injury, Doug Wylie, star performer for Junior Varsity, will possibly not be able to play basketball again.

Doug has been with U. N. B. teams for his 4 years on the Hill. He has played at times with Senior Varsity and is a veteran Jayvee campaigner. We're sincerely sorry to see a good sport "leave the gym".

NOTICE!

There will be a meeting in the Drill Hall at 9 p. m. on Wednesday the 19th for all those who are interested in playing American football. This meeting is to discuss the spring training program.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

by Gus MacLeod and Charlie Alley

Standings Won Lost

Sophomores	3	0
Seniors	2	1
Juniors	1	2
Freshmen	0	3

Seniors and Frosh Win Interclass Opener Monday

(By BEN GOLDBERG)

"Whocmp!" There Jerry Atyeo lies groaning on the gym floor, pointing an accusing finger at big Dave Worthen. The latter merely tilts his nose slightly. Suddenly an ear-splitting shriek fills the air. "Poul—on Worthen—five shots" (No not Tony, Howie).

Yes, Interclass Basketball has begun in earnest. The Seniors began, what appears to be, a long triumphant march to the Stothart trophy, emblematic of interclass supremacy (first donated in 1953).

The Stately Seniors completely overwhelmed the now, "not so jolly" Juniors to the tune of 27-15. "Jumpin' Joe" Atyeo poured in 11 points through the hoops to lead all scorers.

In the second and more interesting game, from a spectators viewpoint the Freshmen struggled from down under a big lead set up by the "Sophies" to come through with a thrilling 26-24 win. Though the Sophomores had the most of the play their passing and shooting was ragged while that of the Frosh was deadly accurate.

The Freshmen's McIntyre whizzed 14 points through the twines. The most feared man on the floor was Jimmy Murchison who would break up sally after sally of the upperclassmen and race down to score.

On the other hand the Sophomores had better teamwork which accounted for the fact that every man on their first line came through with points.

Seniors: Baxter 4, Dohaney 1, Scovill 2, Mersereau, Schleicher, Atyeo 11, Haines 1, Jacobson 4, Crofoot, Bewick 2, Morgan 2, Lipshetz, Rideout. (27).

Juniors: Holmes 1, Meltzer, Mar-nusson 2, McDermid 2, Scovmand 1, Worthen 3, Mersereau, Baird, Prime 1, Johnson P., Fulton, Barnett 1, Martini, McKinley 2. (15).

Freshmen: McIntyre 14, Hildebrand 1, Murchison 7, Gagnon 3, Duval, Keleherl. (26).

Sophomores: Tarlton 2, Goldberg 6, Cooke 1, McCallum 6, Kempster 2, Barbour 2, Buchanan, Butland 2, Heine, Spinney, K. Johnson, Whittingham 3. (24).

Last Week's Games

On the night of February 7, the Red and Black were hot and came through with one of their rare wins.

Lineups:— U. N. B. 57; Presque Isle 48. Demers 18, Jardine 2, Garland 9, Stothart 12, Hanson 5, Campbell 8, Smith, Garner 3.

Garard 10, Jaspers 2, Hutchison 10, Clark 10, Miller, McNeil 2, Skeena, Hoover 14, Guell.

Junior Varsity won the semi-finals of the N. B. Intercollegiate "B" league by defeating St. Thomas U. of Chatham by a score of 71-44, in the preliminary to the Presque Isle game. The Jayvees won the first game at Chatham by a score of 41-35.

U. N. B.—Jim Gibson 4, Wylie 25, J. King 2, Blackmer 3, Church 10, Atkinson 4, Cummings 5, John Gibson 1, Davidson 2, Donald 15. (Continued on Page Six)

FLASH!

Roy Bradley, Junior Science student from Hartland, N. B., bated his way through all opposition to win the Ping-Pong crown in the Residence. To the Committee that selects the athlete of the year the Beaverbrook inmates say, "Don't forget our boy Roy".

Bob McLaughlin, assistant prof. in C. Engineering was declared winner of the Beaverbrook Residence Squash Tournament on Wednesday, February 7. Bob was the winner of the Sir Frederic William Taylor gold medal for the best athlete of the year while a student at U. N. B. He refereed the boxing matches held 2 weeks ago and can be seen in action with the faculty hockey and basketball teams.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL!

In the fall of 1943, when the Senior Class entered U. N. B., the college had an enrolment of 400. We were small then; we were, for the most part, from the Maritimes.

Today we have three times that enrolment; many of us come from Quebec and Ontario. Last fall the Physical Education department, in an effort to give the boys from "Canada" a chance to play a game they knew, started Canadian football. A field along University Avenue was fixed for the game and Amby Legere was out in charge. The bulletin boards advertised a new game. Amby was enthusiastic and it looked like a good thing. We'll let Amby finish the story:—

"Every afternoon at 4.30 I went down to supervise and instruct the boys. At 5 o'clock a few fellows would show up and on good days we might have six or eight out. Our football hopes fizzled and died." So let's not hear anyone say they didn't have a chance to throw forward passes.

An article written by Les MacKenzie of Alexander College reviews the story and brings it up to date:— "It is here at last! Yes, that's right, the S. R. C. has finally approved the adoption of American Football on this campus next fall. (American to enable us to get games close at hand rather than travel into western Canada).

I would like to briefly recapitulate the happenings of this question. Last fall you will remember reading a letter by "Skip" Dearden to the Sports Editor on the state of Fall Sports on this campus. This letter was circulated on the campus in an unofficial poll of the student body. On the 29th January, and the 6th of February, . . . this question was brought before the S. R. C. and passed. At the half-time mark of the Senior Varsity game of February 7th, a surprise meeting was called by the coaching staff to which over 30 fellows turned out. Here the question was discussed at great length and it was made known that the A. A. A. and the Physical Education Department were behind the move". (The Physical Education Department informed the Sports Editor that they were not behind the venture.)

"I would like to introduce the coach . . . for American Football, . . . Bernie Ralston . . . As for as football is concerned he played in the backfield at N. Y. U. and is perfectly capable of handling the game."

Mr. Ralston informed the Brunswickan that he went to N. Y. U. during the summers and used to stay over 2 weeks and take part in scrimmages and exhibition games. He knows the game and feels he can handle it but he definitely does not favor its inception at U. N. B.

He has often said that they tried the game at Dalhousie University and their only opponent was St. Mary's.

He does favor its initiation into the High Schools from whence a stream of players could be insured for our colleges.

He believes that if we play this game as a Varsity sport next fall we will be watching U. S. A. High Schools defeating the University of New Brunswick every other Saturday.

In view of the above, this corner suggests that we think very carefully what we are doing and if we are still determined to play American football next fall, let's not put on a vain and foolish display — let's not have pit-squels American kids winning over U. N. B. teams. Rather, we suggest that an intramural league be formed and if the game catches on and it seems reasonable to form a Varsity squad — then do so.

Sport Highlights

THE ANCESTOR OF THE SNOWSHOE WAS A THICK LITTLE FIR TREE WHICH THE INDIAN TIED TO HIS FEET



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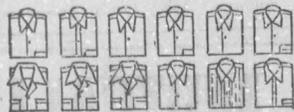
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ARROW SHIRTS AND TIES

LITERA

TO KI

"Timmy! Timmy! Ar dear!" Mary O'Shea called from the stairs. "You late on your first day of

Her small son yawning from the recesses of and manager to mummy, I'm coming"

Mary turned and walked fully to the kitchen. Cocoa hung on the air with the spicy fragrance bubbling in the per steaming porridge had notice for a moment arning to burn to the double boiler. The s from behind a passing to play darts with her curtains. In the m separator was humming der Jim's steady hand. Most of these stimu matically moved the p side of the stove. Fo nothing seemed to y curtain of her reverie

A mist of whirled thoughts enveloped Timmy's first day at school had she been reading day about schools? C the educational insti day will come the lea row." Weighty words they mean for her, fo last her baby was go Dared she dream of the mind clutched at straining to successful pro paid government ment in business, ca stage, in education. A chill of fear was m warm flush of hope.

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LITERARY CONTEST WINNERS - CROSSED NIBS

TO KISS THE CROSS

"Timmy! Timmy! Are you awake, dear?" Mary O'Shea called from the foot of the stairs. "You mustn't be late on your first day of school."

Her small son yawned sleepily from the recesses of his bedroom and manager to mumble, "Yes, Mummy, I'm coming."

Mary turned and walked thoughtfully to the kitchen. The odour of cocoa hung on the air and mingled with the spicy fragrance of coffee bubbling in the percolator. The steaming porridge had escaped her notice for a moment and was threatening to burn to the bottom of the double boiler. The sun, appearing from behind a passing cloud, began to play darts with her new chintz curtains. In the milkhouse, the separator was humming tunelessly under Jim's steady hand. Oblivious to most of these stimuli, Mary automatically moved the porridge to the side of the stove. For a moment, nothing seemed to penetrate the curtain of her reverie.

A mist of whirling, confused thoughts enveloped her mind. Timmy's first day at school... What had she been reading only yesterday about schools? Oh yes, "Out of the educational institutions of today will come the leaders of tomorrow." Weighty words... what did they mean for her, for Timmy? At last her baby was going to school. Dared she dream of the future? Her mind clutched at straw ladders leading to successful professions, high-paid government posts, management in business, careers on the stage, in education, in the Church. A chill of fear was mingled with the warm flush of hope.

Was Timmy really ready to start school? "I went through it myself," she argued, but he's so young, so desperately young. No! That was ridiculous! She knew it was very foolish to worry. All children started school when they were six. Had her mother worried endlessly about sending the children off to school on the first morning? Probably not. A family of seven would keep her too busy to think... Timmy was a normal, healthy boy. Why was she worrying? Hadn't she read all the articles about child care that she could lay her hands on? For weeks, yes months, she had looked forward to this day. "Mother would have called it a waste of time," she muttered ruefully, "but I shall use intelligence as well as instinct."

An idea struck her with the force of lightning. Mother's busy days left no time for reading or paper plans. The activities of her life were carried out by feeling, feeling which through endless repetition was moulded into habit. Mother was conscious only of the needs of each moment and she met them automatically. But times had changed. Mothers must be modern, too. Oh well, it was probably silly to worry about Timmy's first day at school. Miss Melvin seemed so good with children that it was hard to picture anything going wrong in her school. Then she must stop worrying. More easily said than done.

Jim would probably scoff at her for giving it a second thought. Dear Jim! So blunt and hearty in his approach to everything, yet she felt strangely thrilled to think that Timmy was not like him. He was hers rather than his. For some reason Timmy was not the sturdy, independent person his father was. He was shy, slightly awkward, and terribly sensitive about it. Would he like his new schoolmates? Would they like him. First impressions were so important for children. Well, he was coming downstairs. She could not let him see that she was worried—Timmy was not going to be a baby all his life.

"Good morning, Mummy," piped a thin, persistent voice, bringing her back to normal once more.

"Isn't it a lovely morning to start school, Timmy? I wish I could go myself," she said brightly. As an afterthought she added, "Wash your face and hands, dear. Breakfast will soon be ready."

"Did I hear the word breakfast, honey?" boomed a voice from the doorway. More than six feet tall, Jim leaned his muscular, sunburned

ESSAYS
 First Prize: Crossed Nibs—
 Second Prize: Time Immaculate—R. A. Craig.
 Third Prize: Loch Ness—A. F. Clarke.

POETRY
 One Prize, the poem by Lance-Jack.

height against the doorway and puffed contentedly at his pipe. Drops of sweat glittered on his forehead. A battered straw hat, pushed far back on his forehead, left uncovered a shock of reddish brown hair. His straight-forward blue eyes swept round the kitchen and rested teasingly on Mary. "I'm ready to cave in unless you perform a miracle pretty soon," he stated.

"We'll eat as soon as I get this last pancake turned in the griddle. Then, I've a surprise for you. We're having syrup—there's your miracle, Jim. Now don't fall over before I can get it on the table."

"Mary, this is a miracle," Jim replied. "How did you manage it?" he asked mystified.

"I skimped on sugar for two weeks, but I think a little surprise is worth it, now and then."

"Take a bow, Mary," said Jim, while Timmy clapped his hands.

"Here's your oatmeal, Timmy. Here's yours, too, Jim. By the way you must have come right in after you finished separating."

"Yes, I figured Timmy and I would have lots of time to feed the calves before he goes to school."

"Timmy is not going near those calves with his school clothes on. I declare, you men would let your children run around like tramps," she admonished sternly. Perhaps, she thought, perhaps if he had to do the washing, he would have more regard for clothes.

"Easy there. Don't act so upset. I didn't mean any harm by it, honey," Jim soothed.

"Do you want me to take Timmy over in the truck? I'll leave the separator and milk pails until I get back."

"O. K. I've got to fix up the reaper before we can start cutting oats."

Noticing a puzzled look on Timmy's face, Mary asked what was wrong. "Timmy confessed that he didn't know whether or not he would like his first day at school. 'Of course you will,' Mary reassured him. She tried to sound convincing, but the effort seemed to be lame. The effect on Timmy was not at all pleasing.

Jim decided to take over at this point and began a sermonette on what Timmy should do at school. "When I was your age," he began, "I could lick anyone my own size. Most of the bigger fellows would leave me alone, too, after we'd tangled once or twice."

(To Be Continued.)

Essay by D. GREENBANK

The dishes away, the kettle on its stand, the study almost tidied. That must have been the 'fog' careening past me on his way to the 'den'. No doubt some new scandal was there brewing. He must fine out -- for on what else could he ponder during preparation? And that bell would soon ring. The fire ablaze, and there, as I expected, cockroaches still busy clearing away their crumbs from the hearth; darting into shadow whenever the coals sputtered and hissed flame. The curtains drawn, withholding this little warmth from the massive bleakness without. The smell of toast, the tang of ginger, still clinging to the 'fuggy' air. Surely not the study to which I ran after breakfast to rummage out the morning's books from that pile, the mark of last night's disappearing work? Now still in neat line, the books pleading me to forget, encouraging me to start afresh. Not the study to which I brought a few of the team, all of us tired and muddled, all of us with the sole idea of lying back and enjoying that simple tea awaiting us? "A nice study" one casually remarked as he let his eyes wander freely. "Why hadn't Hack passed the ball?" Sparked—we were off in heated lively arguments. It was not easy to muse there with half-shut eyes. Pictures hung on all four walls. Above the mantel, Bradman cutting to leg, Jessie Owens at the tape, Louis in a clinch, and there, in that flame, Cambridge pulling ahead. A hive of activity. But now all in gloom, one lamp undisturbingly spotlighting the desk; the fire cast weird shapes on the threadbare carpet, glowing on the maroon chintz. Warm, peaceful, soothing, a sleepy study. It was "prep" time.

And so I sit down to write. Do you remember having just put down Chesterton's "on turning out my pockets," or Lamb's "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," being asked to write an essay? Do you remember the novel eagerness that possessed you? You just wanted to run to some secluded spot and there write. The topic did not matter you just wanted to write. And then the blow, you remember, that flattened this still matter keenness, when the Master added "Yes, you will write on swimming" Wasn't that just the subject you didn't want?.. You wanted to write on—well you wanted to write like Lamb or Chesterton, but then, they would never have written on swimming. And so, in disgust, you spent all your "preparation time" trying to give those few lines you eventually did produce an ugly undertone. Wasn't it winter? How could you write on swimming? Remember those little remarks you cunningly allowed to creep in unobserved? You would show that new English Master. When you won't remember the apology beside your first alpha but it was finally handed back to you. And so I sit down to write — to write on a shoe.

Pen, paper, prepared. Ideas, like dreams shoot up from nowhere, disappear nowhere, and no matter how slowly the reels of thought are rewound they never quite return to form. Pen, paper, prepared. None will escape tonight. A shoe — an essay on a shoe — pen, paper, prepared. No, they never come, never since that day.

This is my first study. I barely know my way around. The little cranny behind the hearth, hardly large enough to shelter a bottle, the loose floor boards that reveal, when removed by inquisitive hands, a cupboard. How many more secrets does it hold? Its personality is still unknown to me. And you C. J. R. what manner of man were you? Not a mathematician to be sure. Remember last night, the trouble we had finding that simple formula? Perhaps a wicked, perhaps a writer like the Gothic T. D. He is on the long junior table. You may have been here with him. What original essays he and I would write.

Pen, paper, prepared. C. J. R. — R. J. C. a shoe. An essay on a shoe C. J. R.

Listen to the wind, howling as it comes from the north, rolling over the hills, sweeping through the gullies, soon, soon, snow, soon. Warning even the rugged sheep to abandon their drafty nooks, to set off down for the dales. And there the shepherd — no C. J. R. I am shivering contagiously. There must be snuggler places for my thought to ramble — to ramble on a shoe.

A horse shoe, a slipper, a bed shoe. A bed shoe, C. J. R.? Oh! a bed sock. I know little about them. They would be discarded in "Victorian days". When the "double—'one poster" became the habit. For then man could no longer sneak into his bed, with feet wrapped in woolly socks and at the same time mock his wife as she pulled the clumsy warming-pan from beneath the sheets of her bed. The hardy husband had then unfortunately to do away with his comfort. And I, C. J. R., will have to do away with that idea of yours, for that is all I know about a bed shoe.

(Continued Next Week.)

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NEWMANITES MEET

With the approach of the Lenten Season a Mass was offered in St. Dunstan's Church on Sunday, February 9, at 9.30 a. m. for the members of the Newman Club. Following Mass a Communion Breakfast was catered to by the C. W. L. was served in St. Dunstan's Hall.

A most interesting and enlightening address was given by Major La Pierre who has devoted many years to studying the life and works of John Henry Cardinal Newman and thus was well fitted to address the club on the life, works and influence of the great Cardinal, Patron of Newman Clubs.

At the conclusion of the address the thanks and appreciation of the Club were expressed by Carol Wade, Ed Donohue, President, and Rev. Father D. C. Boyd, Club Chaplain.

A short business meeting then took place during which it was decided that the Discussion Group would meet every alternate Sunday, commencing February 16, at Newman Hall.

Reports on Bowling and Badminton were given by the chairman of the Sports Committee, P. J. Marcet.

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, February 23, at 8.00 p. m. at St. Dunstan's Hall for which it is hoped to be able to secure a film.

Elections . . .

The time is fast approaching when the Campus will be in the throes of elections. The executive of the S. R. C. has to be elected by the end of March and the various executives of the Campus organizations must be elected by the middle of April.

Students should start thinking about who would make the best officer and who can best fill the various positions. Interest makes for an election and interest can only be had if the students realize what is going on. The president and vice-president of the S. R. C. must be Seniors, the treasurer and 2nd vice-president must be Juniors and the secretary must be a Sophomore.

Now is the time to start campaigning for a suitable candidate for each position. The managers of the various teams will soon be appointed also, so students who have an inkling desire that they would like to try to be a successful manager should govern themselves accordingly.

Last Week's Games

(Continued From Page Four.)

St. Thomas—Sullivan 8, Stuart 6, MacWilliams 20, Moran 8, Galns, Morgan 2, Miller, Ward.

F. H. S. 31; Woodstock High 25. F. H. S. Girls 23; W. H. S. Girls 16. U. N. B. Co-eds 35; W. H. S. Girls 10.

U. N. B.—Harquail 18, MacLagan 3, Kinnie 7, Long 2, Golding 3, Quinn 2, Wylie, Ritchie, Pickard, Mooers, Wade, Bearisto, Robinson, Barker.

W. H. S.—Duclos, Stairs, Corbett 7, Briggs, Brinton 3, McEride, Brody, Nevers, Estabrooks, Stairs, Carleton Co. Voc. 62, Jr. Varsity 53.

Slipp 23, E. Buckingham 2, L. Lockhart 2, B. Stewart 19, Temmy 5, Seely, Breneol 2, R. Buckingham 9, John Gibson, Church 6, Jim Gibson 5, Wylie 16, J. King 6, Atkinson 11, Donald 3, Blackmer 6.

U. N. B. Co-Eds 27, City 11.

Harquail 9, MacLagan 6, Kinnie 2, Long 1, Golding 3, Quinn 2, Wylie, Pickard, Bearisto, Wade, Barker, Vall.

G. Horsnell 7, Fisher, M. Grey 4, S. Ritchie, Vey, P. Horsnell, Patterson, Chase, Pelletier.

Campus News

(Continued from Page Two). sincere thanks. To everybody I recommend the Victoria Public Hospital where you are well taken care of.

Film Society Presents Films

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 12, in Alexander Theatre, the University Film Society presented their second series of documentary films. About two hundred and fifty interested patrons enjoyed the informality of smoking while they watched the movies.

The first film was "The Immigrant" with Charlie Chaplin, a comic portrayal of the plight of a man who sails for the United States having no money, no friends, no job. However what probably did not happen to many of the immigrants, happens to Chaplin. He meets a beautiful girl, falls in love, they are both offered a job and so they can get married and live happily ever after. The picture was interesting because it showed the type of silent film which was the pre-cursor of modern movies and at the same time portrayed, although in a farcical manner, the condition of American society of the twenties.

A sensitive finely drawn portrait of the life of a cat formed the second film on the program. "The Private Life of a Cat" was so sympathetically photographed that the audience realized the intelligence of the favorite domestic pet and their tender care and teaching of their young.

The main film of the evening "Java Bali Report", left many of the audience with the impression that the life of the Javanese and Balinese is not one of primitiveness. Mr. Griffin caught the optimistic spirit of the inhabitants of the islands, their steadfast belief in the old prophecy which promises them that some day they will be free of the rule of foreigners. Amidst the beautiful scenery of the land we glimpsed the industry and endless struggle for existence of these people, the scores of women and small children who work from dawn till dusk in the fields. We saw their intricate ceremonial dances and primitive customs, but most especially their futile preparations for war with the Japanese. The film, made before the islands were captured by the Japs, showed us the people training their pitifully small forces, which would have been ridiculous except for the faith of the Javanese and Balinese in their one hundred and twenty plane air force and their "navy" of P. T. boats. The photography, in natural color was excellent and Mr. Griffin's descriptions of the people and their customs was a moving narrative. The three films were well worth the long walk to the Alexander Theatre.

Managers . . .

Managers . . . "those persons who run the various teams on the Campus". There is unlimited opportunity for students who wish to hold a managerial position to do so. There are some eleven positions for managers and double that for associate and assistant managers.

The S. R. C. has been asking for managers for the teams and other activities for some time and the student response has been very poor. Interested students should communicate with members of the applications committee or with SRC members. The procuring of such positions is not hard. A prospective manager writes his qualifications (in a business like form) and submits them to the applications' committee where the merits of such person are discussed and recommendations are made to the SRC for approval.

Now a manager has a unique position on our Campus. He is automatically a member of the Amateur Athletic Association and as such helps to form the athletic policy on the Campus. He is in charge of the actions of his team and arranges for games and takes care of all schedules. He is responsible to the Students' Council for the financial end of the matter, but actually enjoys a position of authority on the Campus.

In the past, Managers have not received their full due but, in spite of this, students have continued to derive experience and enjoyment from the position they hold. Students who want information regarding the work of managers can obtain help by contacting some of our present and past managers on the Campus. These include . . . Bob McGowan '47; Grant Davidson '48, (basketball); Charlie Mallory '48, Rhea McDonald '47, (hockey); Bob McDermaid, Vernon Ccpp, Herb Lipshetz '47, (football); Alec Baptist '47, Roy McInerney '47, (badminton); Frank Dobaney '47, Art Demers '47 (track).

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S. C. M. HEARS JOHN VEY

"Service" was the subject of an address given by Mr. John Vey, Secretary of the Fredericton Y. M. C. A., to members of the Student Christian Movement last Sunday evening.

Mr. Vey believed that service should spring from a sincere desire to help others. It is too often assumed, he said, that only big things are worthy of attention by a group. He pointed out that there are many small, thankless tasks which will result in no public applause, but which need to be done and which will reward the individual conscience.

The speaker considered that three main areas of service are open to a group such as the S. C. M.: (1), on the campus, (2), in the Y, and (3), in the community. He felt it unwise to suggest specific campus projects, feeling that the SCM was better acquainted with that field than an outsider would be.

"The Community Y exists particularly to help people in your age group," Mr. Vey continued, "and in return there are many ways in which you can help the Y." He mentioned that a number of small things must be done from time to time. He suggested that the group look around and that members carry out small service projects, not because some outsider suggested them but because the group felt that these things were worth doing.

Service to the community, said the speaker, may take many forms. He pointed out that the S. C. M. could assist in various drives that are carried out in Fredericton. He felt that perhaps members with spare periods could supervise children at the dental clinic or visit patients at the polio clinic. The personal element in such visits was stressed and emphasis was laid, not merely on taking something, but on showing friendly interest in those confined to bed.

Following the talk, a discussion was held. Jeanne Benoit volunteered to help in any project connected with visiting the clinic. Lunch was then served. Following lunch, a hearty sing-song, led by John Hildebrand, was enjoyed by all.

C. O. T. C. RIFLE CLUB
The C. O. T. C. Rifle Club will be shooting at 7 p. m. Wednesday, 19th Feb. at the rifle range in the Brunswick Gymnasium. All veteran students who wish to take part in this shoot are invited to attend.
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Annual Ceremony
(Continued From Page One.)
of Dr. Frank Toole, will provide music during the programme. The invocation will be given by graduate student Reverend R. G. Rowcliffe.

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a veteran of World War II who served Overseas as a Captain in the Canadian Army Chaplain Service. A feature of the programme will be a soloiquy by Linden Peebles, an R. C. A. F. veteran, as a representative of the feelings of the Colonial Secretary in London when the hardy residents of the Saint John were pressing for a college or academy in 1800 A. D.

The historic ceremony of the payment of the "Quit Rent" to the King will be enacted, carried out by the President and the Lieutenant Governor. This will be followed by the Founders' Day Address by Professor Phelps. The programme will be completed by 9.40 p. m.

The S. R. C. feels that this ceremony will commend itself to all students who are free to attend and it provides an opportunity for inviting as many guests from the city as they care to bring. There will be plenty of seats this year and checking has been done to assure that the public address system carries the programme clearly.

President Gregg has issued a special invitation to students to attend. Doors will be open at 8.15 and the audience is asked to be in their seats by 8.30 p. m.

S. R. C. Dispenses
(Continued From Page One)
rest of the year.

It was decided that all organizations who had Police protection must bear the cost of that protection themselves. This cut the budget to \$50.00.

S. R. C. Elections.
Elections on the Campus for the Executive of the Council and A. A. A. were mentioned and it was pointed out that other Universities were starting to prepare for elections. Eric Toed was appointed Chairman of the Election Committee.

Non-Athletic Awards.
The calling for Non-Athletic Awards was brought to the attention of Mary Dohoney, chairman of the Committee.

U-Y Recommendation . . . a letter was read from the U-Y recommending that the S. R. C. contact the Glee Club and arrange for having a recording of College songs to be played at intermissions. The U-Y was granted the right to arrange for these recordings.

Lloyd Kingsland, having lost his student pass, submitted a letter to the S. R. C. asking for a new one. This was approved but as a result a Commission was set up with Boynton as Director to look into the matter of Students passes in future years.

The Ski Club presented a supplement to their budget of some \$2. This was for fares and for a membership fee in the C. I. A. U. there was much discussion regarding the C. I. A. U. but as the Ski Club has to be a member before it can participate in the Ski Tournament to be held this month the permission and money needed were granted.

Article IV, Section 1 (b) of the Constitution was amended. This now provides for a different setup of the N. F. C. U. S. Committee.

Fleming Report . . .
The Committee on the Student-police incident reported that the matter was still in the hands of the Attorney-General but the students would be informed as soon as anything new developed.

After a brief discussion it was decided that there should be public phones on the Campus. The Executive was instructed to arrange for procuring two pay phones, one for the Arts Building and one for the Gym.

Political Club Under Fire.
It was pointed out that the Political Club had been non-functioning to date and as the S. R. C. is the group which is supposed to check on such matters something should be done. As a result Pat

Burn, the president will be present at the next meeting to explain the inactivity of the Club.

Dalton Camp then presented a budget for the Arts Society to give to an offshoot of the Arts Society called the Film Society. Teed raised objections to the manner in which the budget was presented saying that it should be presented to the Treasurer in a business like form rather than having a verbal request. The money was granted without further argument.

Skiiing Meet
(Continued From Page Four.)

3. H. W. Price, 77 1-5 sec.
 4. P. Van Wagner, 77 2-5 sec.
 5. B. E. Seppala, 83 4-5 sec.
- No doubt, Roy Grinnell would have been on top in this slalom race but Roy was course setter for the race and hence, according to regulations, could not compete.

On a class basis and including the cross country, downhill and slalom races the Frosh are in the lead, followed by the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors in order.

Finally, here are the individual points scored in order of standing:

- W. Murray, 288.3; D. Vogel, 271.5; B. E. Seppala, 265.5; H. Price, 248.3; P. Van Wagner, 241.6; Mitchell, 239.4; Boucher, 235.6.

Again it must be noted that Roy Grinnell is not entered in this scoring because he was not eligible to compete in the slalom race.

I suppose you're wondering by now what the other thirty or so people were doing. Well, they were behaving as usual—trying hard, learning a little and having loads and loads of fun. It was fun watching the races and the snow was wonderful. It afforded a wonderful opportunity for beginners as well as the skilled skiers.

It was even whispered about that a game of bridge was being carried on in the camp about lunch time. Now, who would have the nerve to bring cards along on a day like last Sunday? One man was heard to say "Why, I've played bridge with some of the best skiers."

Seriously, these ski buses are something not to be missed. It is the policy of the Ski Club to have a bus every Sunday, in spite of weather conditions. Although conditions may look quite grim in town, without doubt, there will be a lovely coat of snow on at least some part of the Royal Road Hills. So you can depend on a bus leaving at 10 a. m. and returning at 4.30 p. m. every Sunday.

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S. R. C. COMES ACROSS

The S. R. C. stepped in last week to do something very tangible for Joe Student. It was tucked away in the corner of a routine report and we would like to give it due publicity.

For years, the \$1.00 Max. price of dances reserved for cases when a particularly well-prepared and worthwhile dance is sponsored has been charged practically every Sat. night. The privilege has been abused too much on too many occasions.

Last week the S. R. C. called a halt to this abuse. **RESULT:** Full evening dance was set at 75c per couple and 50c per stag. After the game dance 35c.

HOME LIFE OF A FISH

(Contributed)

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink "or else." So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink, except a glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again and when they came by I had seventy-four, and as the house came by I counted them again and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses counted except one house and one bottle, which I drank.

HEH HEH...

Their cars having collided, Jock and Pat were surveying the situation. Jock offered Pat a drink from his bottle. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

"Aye," replied Jock, "but not until the police have been here."

JUNIORS HIT JACKPOT!!... AGAIN!!

The Juniors came through this week with their second bang-up class party. Skipping details, we'd just like to mention that close to a hundred U. N. B.'ers had themselves another taste of what helps to make college worthwhile — a doggone "good time."

Food, Dancing, Skits, Cards, and a little organization can make for a heck of a fine evening in the Gymnasium Lounge (old drill hall.) The

cost is less than the regular monotonous routine Saturday night dances and it's a heck of a lot more fun.
If any groups up to two hundred or so, want a chance to meet their class-mates and enjoy doing it — then get busy and put the bee on your class President.

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