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The Brunswickian



Vol. 63 No. 18

FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, MARCH 3rd, 1944

Price Seven Cents

MAX AITKEN'S PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO U.N.B.

Impressive Ceremony Is Held in Memorial Hall

Address Given On Lord Beaverbrook

Adding to the interest which Lord Beaverbrook has shown in U.N.B., was the presentation of the painting of Wing Commander, The Honourable Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., Lord Beaverbrook's son. The portrait, which has been painted by the English artist, A. R. Thompson, will hang in the Lady Beaverbrook Residence.

Canadian born Wing Commander Aitken joined the British Auxiliary Air Service in 1935. He was in the fight from the start, at first serving as one of the so-called "week-end fliers". During his career as a flier he has attained renown. In 1940 he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and in 1942 the Distinguished Service Order. He has also received Czechoslovakia's highest air award, the Czech War Cross.

The portrait of the war hero was presented to the college in an appropriate ceremony.

ENGINEERS TO EDIT NEXT BRUNSWICKIAN

Special editions of this "news and literary journal" have been appearing rapidly on the campus within recent weeks. A new treat awaits readers of the Brunswickian next week when the third annual Engineering edition will be published. An announcement from Editor-in-Chief James Belyea reveals that the forthcoming issue will be the best Brunswickian ever to roll off the presses.

Although specific plans are the deep, dark secret of the Engineering staff.

McGill Students Set \$2,500 Red Cross Objective

Montreal (CUP)—A campus Red Cross drive, starting today, will run concurrently with the annual National Red Cross Campaign. It has been announced by the War Council. The students will be given small, printed cards, where they will be asked to put down their name, the amount they wish to donate, and their signature. The contribution will then be deducted from their caution money.

The men students, stated the committee in charge of the campaign, will be contacted at their

Dalhousie Wins Radio Debate

In the first Intercollegiate Debate of this term, broadcast over station CHNS, Halifax, the Dalhousie debaters, Jim MacClann and Bob McCleave won a 2-1 decision over the U.N.B. team represented by Fred Davidson and Ralph Crowther. Dalhousie upholding the negative of the resolution—"Resolved that Canada should unite with The United States, each province a state."

For this debate Scott Gordon, president of the Dalhousie debating union, acted as chairman.

Co-ed Jive Session Pleases Large Crowd

Last Friday night saw the old Mem. Hall bulgin' and shakin' with a crowd of triumphant and lucky males hangin' on to their seemingly happy fems. The Co-eds really wore the pants and did a fine job of it too. The dance committee is to be commended for runnin' one of the biggest and best dances held in Mem. Hall this year. Even the orchestra was extra special, and kept things moving in high gear. The feminine touch strongly prevailed with the fancy programs and beautiful corsages that the males so proudly wore.

On Wednesday of this week Frances Harrison was elected to take the place of Connie Murray as Arts Society Representative.

SCIENTIFIC SOC. MEETS

Hears Address on Larval Disease of European Spruce Saw Fly

The Scientific Society met last week with the president, Dr. G. S. MacKenzie in the chair, to hear an interesting lecture given by Mr. H. S. Bird of the Entomological Laboratory. For his topic Mr. Bird chose "A larval disease of the European Spruce Sawfly."

Mr. Bird told about the terrible destruction to the forests which is caused by the saw fly. However the war against the saw fly has received reinforcements from an unexpected quarter—a disease which attacks the insect in the larval stage. According to Mr. Bird the disease has done more for our forests in three years than the government could have done in twelve. He told of the difficulties encountered in order to get the diseased saw fly for experimentation.

Dr. R. J. Petrie Guest Speaker At Eng. Meet

A few members turned out for a meeting of the Engineering Society March 1 in the Math. lecture room to hear Dr. Petrie, the featured speaker.

The meeting was called to order by "Holy" McSorley and Fred (They-have-nice-maids-at-Pine-Hill) Davidson murmured out the minutes which were approved inasmuch as nobody could hear them. Next business caused general mouth watering as plans for the Wassall were discussed further. It was finally agreed that the boys should pay 75c for a chicken instead of 50c for pop. Jim (soft drinks-for-the) (Continued on page five)

Delta Rho Debates Mounties March 7th

Plans are being completed for a girl's debating team from Mount Allison to debate with representatives of Delta Rho on Tuesday evening, March 7th. The resolution for the debate is—"Resolved that the British North America Act should be amended so that the federal government can implement social legislation." Doreen Pridham and Kay Simcock will uphold the affirmative for U.N.B. against Arlene Acton and Irene Finnney from Sackville. The Delta Rho lost to Mount St. Bernard College at Antigonish in an intercollegiate debate last fall, so this time U.N.B. is looking forward to a victory.

War Effort Committee Drops 50 Percent Cuts

Bridge Fest Lacks Support

Wednesday night—and all the Culbertsons and little Culbertsons were huddled around thirteen tables of bridge scattered about the Memorial Hall. The Sophomore bridge tournament went off with a bang under the guidance of Chairman Freddie Forbes and her committee—Rothesay Laughlin, Just-washed Durost, Reddie MacDiarmid and Ex Officio Owens.

Clubs were flying, and the battle for hearts was on. The chaperons, Shirley Saunders and Marj Barberie moved once. Philossie Gibson flashed an 1837 edition of Crabbe's Works, in a desperate attempt to prepare for a belated English essay. Dosne and Anderson conversed (Continued on page five)

Just. and Mrs. Barry Hosts to Newmanites

On Sunday evening last, Chief Justice and Mrs. J. H. Barry received the members of Newman Club and friends at their home. After a short routine meeting, the members adjourned to take part in a program of sing-songs, quizzes and tests of mental agility arranged by the Chaplain and Mr. J. L. Howatt.

These were keenly enjoyed by all and prizes were awarded to the lucky winners after a luncheon thoughtfully provided by the hostess. The president expressed the gratitude which the members felt to Mr. and Mrs. Barry. This concluded the club's social activities for the spring term.

To Tax Athletic Activities

Speaking before the Students Representative Council at its regular meeting last Friday, Bob Evans, Chairman of the War Effort Committee, asked that the 50% War Effort cut on all dance profits be removed. He suggested that in its place a small tax be levied on students attending athletic activities. His action followed three weeks of S.R.C. debate during which council members reaffirmed their support of the War Effort Committee by moving resolutions to the effect that War Effort men collect War Effort money. The question of the levy and who will enforce it will come before the council this week.

John MacCullum asked the council for action on the proposed Men's Common Room but Dave Whittingham stated that Dr. MacKenzie had already stated that no action could be taken until after the war. Dave also conveyed a message from the president asking the council to be responsible for stopping the poker (Continued on page five)

RESIDENCE HOP SET FOR SATURDAY 18th.

Under the direction of Bunny Smithers plans are well under way for the annual residence dance to be held on Saturday, March 18th. The chaperones for the evening are to be Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Turner, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Petrie, and Major W. G. Jones.

The dance as usual will be cabaret style and the pool is to be decorated in the customary manner. (Continued on page five)

Engineers Holding Dance At Beaverbrook Gym Tonight

Tonight is again "dance nite" as the Engineers of the campus come to life to present their annual rug cutting, hedge hopping event of the year—the Engineer's Dance.

A nine piece Legion Orchestra will start tootlu' as soon as the basketball games are over, so come on down on the floor and get in the groove. (You'll need some exercise after you've set on your fanny for 10 hours watching those High Hoopsters battle it out.)

For only 2 bits (4 if you're draggin'

anything) you can have a barrel of fun with lots of space for flinging your floosie around. Also supplied free of charge are balcony seats for intermissioning.

The Dance Committee headed by Jack Turabill, assisted by Jim Belyea and Fred Davidson, have everything about ready including novelty blueprint programmes, a real engineering feature of the dance.

Proceeds of the shindig will be used for editing the Engineering issue of the Brunswickian and for the Engineers' annual tea party.


SPORTS


SCHOLASTIC STAMPEDE SHATTERS SILENCE

They Came... They Saw....



... We Conquered

Two Day Ball-Fest

This morning the interscholastic Basketball Tournament for New Brunswick championship honours got underway in our Beaverbrook gym. A record number of teams has entered the fray, and the Tournament gives every indication of being a thriller. From High Schools all over our province have come basketballers to distinguish themselves in these battles of the bouncing ball, the winning of which is the dream of every eligible team in New Brunswick. The results of weeks of faithful training will be seen out on the big floor for the two Tournament days. The winners go home champs and heroes.

Harkins High, the Cinderella team from the Miramichi, is the defending title holder. From Rothesay, Saint John, Woodstock and Fredericton have come strong teams to battle for New Brunswick honours. Moncton hosts the dark horse of the Tournament.

Tomorrow night the champs will be crowned. To every team, we say, "good luck" and "good shooting".

Mary's Mauler's...



.... They Triumphed

CO-EDS DOWN MT. ALLISON

Marj. Barberie Tower Of Strength

Sparked by the deadly passing and shooting of Marj Barberie, the fast improving U.N.B. sextet fought hard and collected a well earned victory last Friday, when they defeated Mt. A. by a score of 28-23. Both teams were very evenly matched and although the co-eds from Up the Hill retained the lead throughout the game, the girls from the windswept marshes were never out of the picture.

The game opened at rather a slow pace as the girls locked the situation over, both teams taking no chances, but waiting for the breaks. U.N.B. soon took the initiative as play speeded up but, at first, gave rather a disappointing performance on the set shots and rebounds as they continually rushed in, only to lose control of the play right under the twines. The Murray-Barberie-DeLong trio however settled down in fine style and were soon on the job at every opportunity and Marj Godfrey seldom missed when she broke through the Varsity defence. She was undoubtedly the main driving power for Mount A. and received able assistance from Shaw and Garland, both of whom were most impressive for the losers.

Barberie was high scorer for the session, collecting 12 points. Shaw of Mount A. and Mary Murray both gathered 8 points and were followed by Godfrey and Mav DeLong with 8 each.

The fixture went into its final half with U.N.B. leading 15-12 and this margin was never relinquished. Play showed vast improvement in the last half and both teams played fast, steady ball until the final whistle.

"If you should ask me what the commonest sin is, I should say, Respectability."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Intramural Basketball

Syd. Acker's Black Widows won in last Monday's opening Intramural thriller against the Mustangs. The game was a heart-breaker by the proverbial hairbreadth as their first line powerhouse of "Errol" Bell, "Scotty" Mulherin and that rangy, bespectacled Washburn boy were playing heads up ball all the way, only to see victory float away in the last few seconds of play. In their desperate battle for supremacy the Widows borrowed Harry Moore from the Engineering Faculty's inner sanctum and turned him loose on the startled students. Despite the posting received in the previous week's hockey brawl with the co-eds, the Prof. proved to be a massive menace on the Acker rear-guard alongside the angular Mr. Callaghan and "Smut" Donahoe. Final score: Black Widows 23, Mustangs 22.

In the second game, the Spitfires had to rush in all their reserves to stop the cellar dwelling Hurricanes (26-19). Again the Baxter to Ayers to Mackenzie combination was a threat, but their effect was neutralized by the miraculous shooting of Hal Robinson, the Spitfire ace. (Continued on page six)

HILLMEN TAG MOUNTIES

Set 'Em Up

Last week the Bowling League ran off the first round of its playoffs with three sudden-death games being rolled. All games went true to expectations, the winners being the teams that finished one, two, three in the standing.

The first place Mesquiteers handed the Freshmen their last trimming of the season by a 65-pin margin in a very low-scoring game. Gerry Fletcher and Doug Ryan led the way for the winners, with Ghernot Wheeler turning in his usual smart game for the cellar dwellers. The Freshmen, who are now through for the season, collected only one win in the eleven games they rolled, a la N.Y. Rangers. The winners draw a bye to the league finals by virtue of their winding up in first place.

The Sophs blasted the Toy Riders out of the playoff picture, with a 77-pin shellacking in the afternoon's highest scoring game, and advanced to the semi-finals against the Wildcats. Frank Horgan, Al Corey and Bill McKinnon all chalked up high scores for the Sophs, with Art O'Connor and Bud Fairley being the leading lights of the losers.

The Wildcats turned back the Roughriders by a 38-pin margin as they advanced to the semi-finals. Doug Murray turned in the highest score for the Wildcats, while Dick Malloy and Skip Ayers battled hard for the losers.

Frank Horgan led the scorers with both high single, 117, and high three, 332. Bud Fairley racked up 115 to come very close to high single. (Continued on page six)

Jerry Lockhart Sensational

The 1944 edition of the Garnet 'n Gold hoop squad that ventured out of the marshlands to tackle the Red and Black last weekend, created no outstanding impression, as they stormed about the floor kicking balls and just kicking, and they found themselves smarting under the demoralizing effect of a 58-19 shellacking. However, by fair means or foul, they hope to gain revenge when our boys gamble with death in the return game with Mt. A. next week.

The game was fast and fairly rough as referees Hashey and Caughey handed out a total of 21 fouls—13 to Mt. A. and 8 to Varsity. Ed Tucker, star guard of the Mounties, was injured when he collided with Crawford in the last quarter. He sustained a severe gash over his eye which required several stitches to close it. Hurter, glamorous, curly-haired centre was irked, when after having given Owens the hip, he was pulled up for a foul, and he gave a masterful exhibition of his kicking prowess, as he caromed the ball off the far wall. Dalziel, the Dizzy One. (He of the Sporting Spasms, and spasms is the word for it), was frustrated in his attempts to commit sabotage and as a result, he was fouled off in the first half—much to his chagrin.

At this time, Mt. A. attempted to nail off some Black Magic. After the exit of Dalziel, Bill Crawford, alias the "Ambush" made his grand entrance. The trick almost worked, for "the Ambush" could easily have been mistaken for a bear as he

Sporting Spotlight

Today and tomorrow will tell just which high school in the province owns the best basketball squad. Listening to reports about the campus, I've found that it's the general opinion that Harkins High will lose the crown to one of the following three: Moncton, Saint John or Rothesay. Former big guns in previous tournaments, Fredericton and Woodstock are not even given a chance this year by the so-called experts. Last year this column correctly predicted weeks before the tournament that Harkins High would cap the trophy, consequently it's in order that the old column should reach in the grab bag again this year and bring out the winner—Rothesay.

The appearance of Big Bill Crawford on the floor last Friday took many fans back about a decade, to the days when Bill was a red hot Mt. A. basketball player on a red hot team. However "them days is gone forever" as the saying goes—at least for the present. Bill has slipped since those bygone days—which is to be expected—but even so he was still a big help to the Garnet and Gold team whenever he was on the floor. Should he play in Sackville it is quite doubtful if the boys can win by a 30 point margin.

Minus the services of Blanche Law, the girls eked out a slim 4 point victory over a new bunch of faces representing the Mt. A. co-eds. The return game at Mt. A. should prove to be a comparatively close one. It will be all the Red and Black girls can do to come out on the long end of the series. The co-eds are definitely to be congratulated for their fine performance here last week, and we wish them the best of luck at Mt. A.

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There is a pool
Like a cool and p
Staring at the sun
Round its brown
The thick-lashed
In the fringed and
Of a needling pin
A brooken branch
Across its narrow
A water-logged an
And there you w
Dreaming the sul
That poises over
Or sinks into the
With steaming s

But winter's free
Breathes across
Rigid-cold, it bla
Up at the grey sh
Its icy eyeball fro
Of a wider world
Snow above it—p
Blows across in r
Props the heavy
Lovely pool, if i
From your summ
Pressing back the
Of your dripping
Could I catch aga
Drink the fluid s
Melt my soul like
Let it slip into th
Sweet-layered wa
Dropping d

Editor's Note: The above poem is chosen as a winner in the Poetry Contest.

THE

I am one of those people who like to talk to myself. But the best part of it is that myself always answers me, usually with excellent advice. For example, yesterday afternoon I was pondering what to do for the evening. "I guess I'll go to that good show," I said to myself and myself answered, "Sure, let's." "I wonder who to take," I thought to myself and he replied hurriedly, "Don't take anybody, remember the shallow condition of our purse—besides, what good will it do you—besides all women are gold diggers, besides..." "All right, I won't take a girl." So ten minutes later I went to the phone and called up Lulu. "Like to go to the show this evening?" "Oh, I'd be delighted! What time? O.K. Oh, who is calling?"

After a while I went over to Lulu's and read the funnies for twenty minutes while she dressed, fixed her hair and powdered her nose. "Oh, well," I said to myself, "I needed to catch up on my reading anyhow." To which myself replied, "Oh, yeah, all women are alike. Besides what good does all this fixing-up do her anyhow? She still looks like an..." "Shh!" I said to myself.

On the way to the movies we chatted about inconsequential things, politics, weather, war situa-

CONTEST

This week the Brunswickan tallies the winners of the Poetry Contest. After a week of entries, we have decided to divide the 10 dollars equally among 10 winners at \$3.30 per person.

The winners are:

Betty Bre
Jack Je
Eleanor B

The feature editor would like to thank the winners for their participation in the contest and helped make it a success.

**MARITIME
BILLIARD ACADEMY**
The Finest Recreation Center
in Eastern Canada
135 Carleton St. Phone 1467

THE POOL

There is a pool whose waters lie
Like a cool and pensive eye
Staring at the summer sky.
Round its brown and wavering rim
The thick-lashed grasses cluster, dim
In the fringed and tufted shade
Of a needling pine that droops
A brooken branch down to its brim.
Across its narrowest point is laid
A water-logged and mossy plank;
And there you weli might sit all day,
Dreaming the sultry heat away
That poises over the drowsed fields
Or sinks into the honeyed clover,
With steaming sweetness running over.

But winter's freezing—smoky breath
Breathes across it thickening death
Rigid-cold, it blankly gazes
Up at the grey sky that shields
Its icy eyeball from the wind
Of a wider world than this,
Snow above it—powdered, thinned—
Blows across in restless mazes,
Props the neavy lashes up,
Lovely pool, if I should sup,
From your summer coolnesses,
Pressing back the greennesses
Of your dripping-lipped warm grass,
Could I catch again the sun,
Drink the fluid sunlight down,
Melt my soul like your iced glass,
Let it slip into the brown,
Sweet-layered waters, dropping down?
Dropping down, far down, far down.

BETTY BREWSTER '46

Editor's Note: The above poem is that of Betty Brewster's which was chosen as a winner in the Poetry Contest.

THE DATE

I am one of those people who like to talk to myself. But the best part of it is that myself always answers me, usually with excellent advice. For example, yesterday afternoon I was pondering what to do for the evening. "I guess I'll go to that good show," I said to myself and myself answered, "Sure, let's." "I wonder who to take," I thought to myself and he replied hurriedly, "Don't take anybody, remember the shallow condition of our purse—besides, what good will it do you—besides all women are gold diggers, besides . . ." "All right, I won't take a girl." So ten minutes later I went to the phone and called up Lulu. "Like to go to the show this evening?" "Oh, I'd be delighted! What time? O.K. Oh, who is calling?"

After a while I went over to Lulu's and read the funnies for twenty minutes while she dressed, fixed her hair and powdered her nose. "Oh, well," I said to myself, "I needed to catch up on my reading anyhow." To which myself replied, "Oh, yeah, all women are alike. Besides what good does all this fixing-up do her anyhow? She still looks like an . . ." "Shh!" I said to myself. On the way to the movies we chatted about inconsequential things, politics, weather, war situa-

tion, etc. Then I remarked, "My, but you're looking beautiful this evening!" Myself spoke up, "You're a liar! She is not!" And I told him, "Well, it does no harm to tell her she is . . . besides . . ." "Oh, do you really think so?" she simpered. The show was good and we went to Charlie's afterwards, for lunch. "She eats like a horse," I thought to myself, who answered, "Yeah, I know—pure coincidence that she looks like one too, isn't it?" "Shut up," I said to him. On the way home we talked about more inconsequential things, as politics, Lulu, gin rummy, Lulu, women's hats, stars and Lulu. When we got to her door, she paused, "Would you like to come in a few minutes?" "Deighted," I said to her. "Don't do it, sap," said myself, "wanna stick your neck out?" "Shut up!" I said to him. Seated on her davenport, she remarked, "My, you look handsome tonight!" "Do you really think so?" I said, then myself warned me, "Don't believe her you dope, she's just trying to jock you into another date!" "Oh," I said, "Thanks, pal." So we talked about inconsequential things, such as—never mind. Then I said to myself, "Do you suppose she would?" Myself replied, "Sure she would, just try and see!" Then I said to myself, "Mebbe she doesn't

CONTEST WINNERS

This week the Brunswickan takes pleasure in announcing the winners of the Poetry Contest. After much deliberation the judges decided to divide the 10 dollars equally among the three best poems—that is \$3.30 per person.

The winners are:

Betty Brewster
Jack Jeans
Eleanor Belyea

The feature editor would like to thank all who participated in the contest and helped make it a success.

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FOX'S
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Co-eds Gone to War

In this issue of the Brunswickan we would like to pay tribute to the co-eds who have gone to war, either in the armed forces or in war work. This is a woman's war too, as has been everywhere manifested by the trim figures in khaki, navy and air-force blue. Our co-eds have felt the call to the colors and although they are not many, they have our heart-felt best wishes and cheers always with them. Into the Royal Canadian Air Force, went the White twins, Barb and Marg of the class of '43. These girls joined in the winter of '43 before completing their year, but they were able to come back and receive their degrees in May, presenting a very smart appearance in their Air Force Blue. Also of the class of '43 in the Air Force is Pauline Cunningham, who on her return to Fredericton last fall fully extolled the merits of that service. In the senior service are four more former co-eds, Jeanne Nevers ex-'45 who left to don the navy blue in Sept., 1943 and Fran Dougherty '43, who received her call in February of this year. Jeanne has since completed her course and been posted in that "eastern Canadian port" while Fran is taking her basic at Galt. Both agree that there is no life to equal that of the sailor gal's. Perhaps not so well remembered by present co-eds, but equally one time co-eds and equally very much in the Navy are Joan Cowie '39 and Fegy Harmon '40. Joan was a member of ye olde rag's staff and Peg was always prominent in dramatic circles.

JOYS OF BEING AN EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people thing we are silly. If we don't, we are too serious. If we clip things from other magazines we are too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't, we get stuck on our own stuff. If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting up news. If we do go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius. If we print them, the paper is full of junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's writeup, we are too critical. If we don't, we are asleep.

know how." Myself came back with, "Oh yeah? She's been practicing 15 years." "Mebbe she isn't old enough." "Huh, she's 28, if she isn't old enough now she never will be—go ahead—ask her," myself said. So I asked her if she would. She would and did. Then with the delicious raspberry of her lipstick still clinging to my lips, I went home. "That was a delightful evening," I said to myself, and myself replied, "It sure was!" Now like as not someone will say,

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

I have been reading J. B. Priestley's "Too Many People" with that comfortable satisfaction felt by all confirmed lovers of essays who, after a period of exploring plays and novels, settle back again to the less exciting but more solidly enjoyable delights of essay reading. For my part, I think that essays are by all odds the best sort of reading material. Of course I don't include under that name those horrible bits of writing, deserving of no name under the sun, and of no fate except to be cast into outer darkness and to perish as the abominations that they are—I mean the treatises, dear to the hearts of high school teachers, on such charming subjects as the fisheries of British Columbia or the Industrial Revolution, or, as Priestley suggests, the economic policy of the Netherlands during the seventeenth century. These diabolical creations, having sought shelter under a name that in no way belongs to them, have, I think, turned away some easily led minds from the rightful bearers of the name, so that even the gentle humour of Lamb can hardly coax them back.

Yet the true essay, the not too serious comment upon anything or nothing, is the most delightful and least dull of the prose forms, and undoubtedly the most suitable for reading in bed. Lovers of detective stories put up a good case for their own particular pets, but for anyone who retains a childhood fear of the dark they are utterly impossible. Novels of any kind, as a matter of fact, are likely to keep one awake, besides the temptation they offer to read just one chapter more. But essays are perfect—complete in themselves, entertaining without being exciting, conducive to that mild "all's right with the world" sort of glow that makes sleep come gently and easily.

Now, Priestley's essays are pre-eminently suited to reading in bed. That fact can be seen just by a random selection of titles: "Hats", "Thick" Notebooks", "First Snow", "Photographs", "All the News". One reixaxes at the very sight of them, and the essays do not belie the promise of the titles. They have the "to be read in bed" texture that characterizes all really good essays. However, whether or not you like reading in bed, you will probably enjoy them. I suggest especially that you read "Thick Notebooks". It might be required reading for all university students. On second thought, it oughtn't to be. That would spoil it. But read it just the same.

We swiped this from some other magazine. And sure enough, we did. (New Zealand Public Service Journal.)

"Dearie, your dog's a card."
"Uh huh, a post card."

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The Brunswickan

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

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VOL. 63 FREDERICTON, N. B., MARCH 3rd, 1944 No. 13

Max Aitken Portrait

On Thursday afternoon of this week a portrait of Wing Commander Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., was presented to the University and will hang in the Lady Beaverbrook's Building. At first this portrait, a gift to us, by the young airman's father, Lord Beaverbrook, was not intended for the University of New Brunswick. However when friends in this province learned that the publisher peer was planning to send a painting of his son to Canada, they brought to his attention how appropriate a gesture it might be to present the portrait to the University of New Brunswick, in which Lord Beaverbrook has taken such a keen personal interest and to which he has made such munificent gifts.

Lord Beaverbrook gave U. N. B. its long established Beaverbrook scholarships, its fine Lady Beaverbrook's Building—men's residence—and its magnificent new Gynnasium.

It is significant therefore that the Max Aitken portrait should hang in one of Lord Beaverbrook's memorial buildings, for not only will it serve to remind us of his unstinted generosity, but it will also serve as an inspiration to the youth of our university, since Wing Commander Aitken, an air hero of the Empire, represents the youth of our generation who are fighting in an endeavor to gain peace and freedom for all peoples of the world.

The Red Cross

This week the Canadian Red Cross Society throughout Canada is carrying on a voluntary campaign in an effort to raise funds for their numerous and varied activities.

The goal set by Red Cross officials is ten million dollars, which may seem to many of us a startling amount. However if we pause for a moment and consider what the Red Cross has been doing and is doing we will realize that this sum is small in proportion.

The Red Cross has organized blood clinics throughout Canada and the United States; has brought relief to prisoners of war in the form of food and reading material; has followed the troops in all theatres of war taking care of the sick and wounded. These and other things have made the Red Cross emblem one of the most looked up to throughout the world.

Accordingly when we students are given the chance to aid the Red Cross Society gain their ten million dollar objective, we should give unstintedly, realizing that we are helping those who are helping our brothers and sisters in the armed services.

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htr eiobeg NO GORBIE TODAY

Jay Elby regrets to announce that there is no Gorbie today—since the enormous Engineering Brunswickian is in the offing—but for the amusement of the Gorbie's thousands of regular and enthusiastic readers, an arrangement has been made with the local theatres for this week only.

Cut this out:

THIS COUPON and forty-seven cents WILL ADMIT BEARER TO ANY FREDERICTON THEATRE

The Gas Jet

Resolved: Polygamy is Naughty (But Nice) or Share Your 4F's, Babe.

Gretchen Flibbertygibbett, Aff. vs. Jerry Duckhonker, Neg.

Gretchen: Madame chairman, ladies and you big, handsome members of the male species, exciuding those 3 or 4 4F's at the rear of the hall, I am addressing you today of all days on that socially frowned upon topic, "Polygamy, or the Use of One or More Mates or Just Any Number of Mates." I am trying in my own cunning way to show that although this "share your man" so to speak is naughty, it is also really very nice. So much variety, you know.

Why should we charming, attractive, seductive creatures limit ourselves to one lowly male when we, at the drop of a zipper, can have, who knows, how many gullible . . . Oh, ladies and gentlemen, my emotions are running away with me at the thoughts of it . . . Ladies, let me remind you there is today an acute shortage of eligible men.

So let us be like the pearl divers who collect all the shells in the hope of getting one oyster—I mean one pearl. Let us have polygamy in its broadest sense, and who knows, we may—I warn you, I say MAY—find one, shall we say, pearl in the whole damn lot. Ahem, thank you.

Jerry K.: Mad, chairman, ladies and my poor bedraggled virile-less anaemic looking comrades, I am here today to defend our sex from, shall I say, extinction due to overwork and great nervous disorder, shock and anticipatory excitement.

I claim polygamy, as thought of by my worthy opponent, will be the final victory of the female sex over the already moth-eaten male specie of human so-called being. With polygamy legal, the male brain would deteriorate and weaken to so great an extent that men would be no more than clay in the hands of hungry woman, and I ask you, would you care to join a harem? Hm-m. (Please quiet that wolf cry and quit drooling, McNeer).

Men, you'd lose that old vim and vigor—black markets for trading mates would spring up and although it would be fun, I'll admit, the male race would gradually die off and I really mean die off. Let us keep on marrying one woman and if we feel a need for a change—well, it has been done before and we can do it again. Thank you.

Gretchen: My worthy opponent has stated that the manpower shortage is acute—he underestimates the situation basely. We ladies know that. But he goes on to say that the male specie would be taken over by the females and run like a herd of cattle. Ah, no, dear sir, that is not the object of polygamy. We do not wish to be greedy or possessive. We merely wish to evenly distribute the supply (as far as it goes) to satisfy the demand. That, I believe you will agree with me, is good sound business logic. Thank you.

Jerry K.: Business logic it is.

The Inquiring Reporter

Do you think that final examinations should be dispensed with? Unnecessary in English. The teacher finds out all he needs to know about the student during

But today I believe you will find the average male will stand by your theory and try to make the supply satisfy the demand without having the whole male species taken over and run by the females. I myself will start a supply-demand club immediately after this is over and come one, come all. Thank you.

Gretchen: That, ladies and gentlemen, is a noble gesture, but will it work? Legality is everything in our social set-up, but who am I to be legal at a time like this. Make way, there, girls, I'm on my way to join Duckhonker's club. Thank you.

A vote taken by the chairlady (Continued on page five)

term. But I don't speak for other departments.

PROF. McCOURT They should just do away with the hard ones.

DORIS PRIDHAM

C. J. MacMILLAN

MacQUARRIE

PATRICIA MOFFETT

How else could I get through.

MAC PERKINS

I think that we should be passed on our average work during the year.

DON WILCOX

All kinds of exams should be dispensed with.

ELLEN MacLAGGAN

Crise, yes.

STAN

SEAMAN TO-DAY, gold braid to-morrow . . . that is the story of many a lad in Canada's growing navy. Every fighting officer in the R.C.N. to-day must start on the lower deck. Promotion depends on initiative, resourcefulness, intelligence and hard work. There are no short cuts. If a man "has the stuff", he can go right to the top.

The whole fabric of Canadian life has been fashioned on this same principle. Any man is free to rise from the lower deck to leadership—whatever his chosen field. How far he will go depends in large measure on the man himself.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dr. R. J. Petrie
(Continued from page one)
non-alcoholic) Belyea discussed the merits of chicken and pop to the satisfaction of all present. After a short talk it was decided that no featured speaker would be in attendance as the boys might not feel like sitting still for any length of time.
For the benefit of some disbelievers "Holy" told the "slide rulers" that the illustrated lecture called off a short time ago had actually been planned and was not just talk to give the engineers a feeling of importance. "Non alcoholic" Belyea gave a few amusing moments when he asked for a guarantee from the Engineers for \$25 towards the issue of the Brunswickian. Later it turned out that it would be a gift to be paid back after the dance Friday night. Confused in their feeble minds the boys finally agreed to giving the \$25 although after the meeting nobody could understand what it was all about.
Reno (Where's-my-bock?) Cyn wondered how people would be kept off the dance floor if they didn't have tickets, but a happy look crossed his face as he was told that there were things called doors for this purpose. He then drew detailed plans of the gym with a secret entrance to the dance floor so anybody wanting to get in for 12½c please call 1407 ask for Stan—ond B.C.
"Holy" then introduced Dr. Petrie who gave a most excellent talk on

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Dr. R. J. Petrie

(Continued from page one)
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Reno (Where's-my-sock?) Cyr wondered how people would be kept off the dance floor if they didn't have tickets, but a happy look crossed his face as he was told that there were things called doors for this purpose. He then drew detailed plans of the gym with a secret entrance to the dance floor so anybody wanting to get in for 12½c please call 1407 ask for S—L— and B.C.

"Holy" then introduced Dr. Petrie who gave a most excellent talk on

Gas Jet

(Continued from page four)
 showed only five people remained in the hall after J. Duckhouker had opened his club in the Boy Ranger Room—of all places—and the only reason they remained was that they were knocked out in the rush (and will no doubt miss all the fun). And so on far into the night.

McGill Students

(Continued from page one)
 pas. The contributions, stated the executive, should be at least one dollar, and if possible, more. One dollar to some students, it was said, was the equivalent of five or more dollars to other students. Therefore, it was concluded, everyone should give as much as is humanly possible.

"Production and Business efficiency in Canada's War Effort." He pointed out that although Canada had followed her policy of producing only raw materials up until the time of Danterque she has changed over and is the 4th. largest producer of finished products among the Allies. The figures of Canada's progress staggered the Engineers so that they could only extend thanks to Dr. Petrie and weep bitterly when George Porgy told them that the cows had not come home so no drinks were available.

Stuff 'N' Things

Although coming at an inopportune time the anecdote about the tossing blanket may put some flendish ideas in the present frosh heads for initiation next fall . . . as the story goes (quote and unquote) the tossing blanket consisted of a large square of canvas complete with rope drawstrings and was the time-honored torture weapon used by the Sophomores for tossing "new boys." The t-b was handed down each year to the succeeding Sophomore class but there was always a squabble as to which class—the present or future Sophomores—should keep the instrument in repair. Being democratic the two classes held a meeting in the old gym (the Radio Lab.) to discuss the matter of blanket repair and "thereby hangs a tale" . . . some excitable frosh made a slurring remark about his upperclassmates and the gym re-echoed to the sounds of knuckles on faces—THE BATTLE WAS ON! Both sides were attempting to salvage the blanket but each fought like fury to keep sole possession with the tumbling, swirling mass of humans finally working out to the road. To add to the uproar the weatherman yayed for his ringside seat with plenty of dew-drops and the slippery condition of the road caused the struggling group to gradually make their way to the bottom of the hill behind the Residence. Here the fateful tragedy occurred, the canvas and contenders fell in a heap in the brook and the remaining shreds of the tossing-blanket were used to clean off some of the mud and dirt.

Skipping back to the present . . . looks as tho' the Bunnies had the final say in the sign duel during Co-ed Week, or did you notice the sign over the Reading Room that topped the girls' answer to Residence statements? . . . that Sophomore bridge tournament under the chairmanship of class second-in-command Marye Forbes, really went over with the well-known bang Wednesday nite, and what is most important the entire proceeds went to the War Effort Fund—whatta class, whatta class! . . . 'twas a humorous sight to see J. V. Clark lending a youthful hand to fellow Bunnymatchers, Baxter and Gammon, some time ago as the latter were not able to make the icy hill on their way to lab. The Reading Room windows were lined with co-eds shouting words of encouragement as well as wit and wisdom to the unfortunate males, and this coupled with beauty (co-ed) provided the extra shove needed for victory.

Crack-of-the-week: Dr. Turner in surveying lecture re time changes, "Next week when the chickens rise on the 45th parallel they'll be sea gulls."

As our parting shot this week, gang, how about a little surge in the old spirit . . . not much response to efforts of Bell-Weyman leadership at last week's traditional Mount A. games. And by the by, for any of you unfortunates not at the games, you missed hearing the band in action once more. Getting off to a poor start they soon warmed up and were really tootin' as the evening progressed. Congrats to Al Cameron and Jerry Lockhart for "making her pay."

Engineers Edit

(Continued from page one)
 Society, for once the Beermen have laid down sliderules and levels to take up the pencil and attempt some "creative literary work". Several new breezy features are expected to add color to the well-filled pages, and the blue and white edition proposes to be really different from anything which has previously hit the campus.

An energetic staff of reporters and editors, including Dave Plummer at the Sports Desk, Hugh Seely sorting the news for the front page, and Fred Davidson as Managing Editor, have been at work for some time on the Engineers' Brunswickan. Jack Scovil and Alvin Copp have been assisting in the Sports and News departments respectively, and Murray Zides is acting as Business Manager.

Portrait Presented

(Continued from page one)
 appropriate programme, held in Memorial Hall on Thursday afternoon. After President MacKenzie's opening remarks, an address—"Lord Beaverbrook as a Young Man" was given by G. Percy Burchill, LL.D. of South Nelson. Dr. Burchill is a member of the University Senate.

Dr. MacKenzie then presented the portrait of Lord Beaverbrook's son to Dave Whittingham, President of the S.R.C. and Ralph Crowther, President of the Sigma Lambda Beta Rho. Concluding remarks of the programme were given by Lieutenant-Governor W. G. Clark. In commemoration of the event invitations to the programme were extended to the Premier, Members of the Legislative Assembly, Members of the Senate, Officers of the Alumni and Alumnae, the Fredericton Clergy, Principals of the Normal School and Fredericton High School, Commanding Officers of the Depot and Training Centre, and the University's G.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C. Lord Beaverbrook has given to U.N.B. the Gym, the Residence, and the Beaverbrook scholarships. The gift of this painting should be another reminder of his interest and support of the college.

War Effort

(Continued from page one)
 and gambling on the campus. The president indicated that if the S.R.C. failed drastic action would have to be taken. Here again the need for a common room was stressed and, after some discussion, Bill Gibson was appointed chairman of a committee to investigate the matter. Other S.R.C. business included setting dates for the Con (March 31), the Junior Dance (March 24) and the Hammerfest (March 25). Arrangements were completed for the Interscholastic Tournament and the Council accepted the resignations of Lloyd Brewer and Gordie Simpson.

Bridge Fest

(Continued from page one)
 freely in French. When asked if it worked Dosne answered, "We didn't need it." As time dragged on Bateman and her Nfld. Romeo made a hurried departure. Said Beulah, "I don't want to be around if the scores are read." The struggle ended with all hearts excluded, and top honours went to Young C. R. and Price F. O. Their total—7200. The "other" prize was captured by Wylie and Margolian.

Residence Hop

(Continued from page one)
 Shortly after 8.30 the dance will begin and will continue until the solemn hour of twelve with music supplied by the Legion Boy's Band. An interesting feature of the dance will be the programs which are being designed by Bill Horton and Uffe Andersen. The dance promises to be a very colorful event of the season and a full turnout of the bunnies is expected.

Hillmen Tag

(Continued from page two)
 lumbered about the court. However, a sharp-eyed youth in the audience pierced his disguise, and immediately reported it to the Gestapo, who announced to the bench that it really was the one and only Bill Crawford.

At the beginning the game was slow and spotty, but it gradually worked up to high pitch, and in the last half it was fast and furious. Close checking and poor passing by our boys held the score down to 13-7 at half time.

In the latter half of the game, the Varsity steam roller really got going. Jerry Lockhart, sharp shooting pivot man for the Red and Black led the assault, turning in a great performance as he hit the twines for 23 points to pace the squad to victory. Cec Garland speedy wingman, was sharp around the basket, racking up 14 points in one of his best games of the year. Milton and Owens, in their own inimitable way, turned in a scintillating performance on the guard line, putting up a stone wall defence that the Mounties simply couldn't crack.

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Bits About 'Em

—By Eileen Crotty

Johnny Landry ex-'44, R.C.N.V.R., has been a patient in the Lancaster Hospital, Saint John, for the past few weeks. At the present time he is in Moncton on leave.

Donald Dykeman ex-'45 is a member of the R.C.A.F. He is on a six month's course overseas at the present time.

Corporal Donald Duncan ex-'46 is in Fredericton this week on furlough.

John and Roy Watt '43 are working in Lawrenceville, Illinois. Before going to Persia for three years they will spend some time in Texas.

Clarence "Chub" Clark ex-'45 spent the week-end in Fredericton. Chub is in the United States Navy and is now stationed at Medford, Mass., where he is taking a course at Tufts College.

Lieut. Allister Cameron '42 is with the Canadian Army in England. He and Lieut. Harry Saunders '42 are stationed in the same camp.

Pilot Officer Doug Rogers '43 was in Fredericton a short time ago. Doug is now in Montreal on a course and on its completion will return to Mount Pleasant, P.E.I., where he is stationed.

Claude Keays '42 is continuing his studies at Dalhousie University as a medical student.

Set 'Em Up

(Continued from page two) followed in order by Murray, Horgan, Falmer and Ayers. Doug Murray's 308 was second best total and Al Corey, Bill McKinnan, Art O'Connor and Bud Fairley followed in that order.

To the three teams who have bowed out of the picture, we extend our congratulations on their fine spirit in defeat, and our appreciation of their regular appearance for their scheduled games, which went far towards making the league the success it has been this year.

There is no game tomorrow, due to the interscholastic Basketball tournament now being played.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.

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ROUGE ET NOIR

—Scoop by "Snoop"—

ROSES: To the Co-eds for a swell dance. Particularly to Blanche Law who was in charge. Any similarity to this and Engineer's dances is, of course, coincidental.

THORNS: To all those who didn't avail themselves of an enjoyable evening at the Sophomore Bridge. And for U. N. B.'s War Effort too!

GOSSIP CORNER
Betty Dougherty boasting of her emotional equilibrium. Pardon our snicker; we'll wait a while to see.

Wolfing at the Rat Race Sattidy unite we saw Brother Wolves Dave Whittingham, Eric Bell, Dale Wade, Bob Evans, Chub Clark ex-'45, Jim Dosne, Ralph McDowell and Bob Jennings. From the silly grins about 12 o'clock we presume they had a successful evening.

Brent Hooper and Arna Sewell got around to the "Y" after closing hours. We only surmise the reason for this delay. Tsk! Tsk!

Ralph Brooks seems to be beating a steady tattoo on the door of our Mavis Pindar. How they grow up!

Bill and Dick seemed only too willing to accept dates to the Ladies Card Party. Maybe they're just shy.

Intramural

(Continued from page two) Wilford Baldwin was a standout on the Spiffire defense, frequently making Johnny Baxter's boys look pretty sick around the basket. The results of the two games placed the Black Widows and Spits, on the league's top rung with the Hurricanes and Mustangs deep in the cellar.

She — If wishes came true, what would you wish for?
Me — Gosh I'm afraid to tell you.
She — Go ahead, you sap. What do you think I brought up this wishing business for.

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