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FROM UP THE HILL

CANADA'S OLDEST OFFICIAL STUDENT PUBLICATION

EASTER

VOL. 71, No. 20

FREDERICTON, N.B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1952

Price 9 cents per copy

# \$25.00 LEVY NEXT YEAR

## S.R.C. Includes Year Book in Levy Benefits

The newest move on part of the S.R.C. to alleviate the mad scramble for funds that has been occurring every year has been to raise next year's S.R.C. levy to twenty-five dollars. This will include a free Year Book for each student. The motion was carried on an eight to seven vote after much discussion of the proposal.

With regards to the Student Directory, the Applications Committee read their report. Their recommendations were that the S.C.M. receive the concession providing they paid a nominal sum of two hundred dollars to the S.R.C. and that U-Y should be given second preference because they offered to turn all the profits from the publication over to the S.R.C. The S.C.M. was awarded the concession.

The scheduled meeting of the S.R.C. has been cancelled unless some urgent business occurs.

## U-Y Holds Banquet

On Saturday evening, March 29, the members of the U-Y Club enjoyed a banquet at the Windsor Hotel. Ralph Hay and Bob McGowan, the guest speakers, told briefly of the work of the U-Y in the past and what could be done to promote the Club in the future. In this connection, an extension committee was set up to promote National U-Y, and the speakers volunteered to act as members. Their idea was to make all graduate members of the U-Y Clubs on the camp of other Canadian Universities.

The annual reports of the Club were read, and the members voted \$50 to the local Y.M.C.A. and \$10 towards the new extension committee.

## Debaters Elect Executive

The Debating Society has announced the names of executives for the coming year. They are: Bob Sansom, President; Ted Cochrane, Vice-President; Bill Barwick, Manager; and Bill Reddin, Secretary.

The Society has been making plans to have a cup available for the winners of intra-mural debating, and also to hold a model parliament.

## McCordick Takes Vote

As a result of last Friday's election, Bill McCordick has been elected Secretary of next year's Junior Class. He defeated Del Gallagher 33-15, with 32% of the class voting. Pete Murphy was the returning officer for the election.

## CORRECTION

The result of the blood Donor Clinic showed donation from 28% of the student body, and not 23% as was reported in our last issue.

## DRAMATISTS MAKE PLANS FOR COMING TERM

The U.N.B. Drama society met Friday to elect officers and discuss plans for the forthcoming year. Professor Alvin Shaw, the faculty advisor, conveyed congratulations from Dr. Truman on this year's activities. Dr. Truman stated encouragement should be given to dramatics and financial support would be given to the Drama Society by the university.

Retiring president, Wilma Sansom, suggested several measures to improve the society—including a recommendation to draft a new constitution with an enlarged executive of five. The Society accepted her suggestion and the following slate of officers was elected—President: Bill Barwick; first Vice-President—Bob Whalen; second Vice-President—Diana Crabtree; Secretary—Joanne Corbin; Treasurer—Jack Foote. Professor Shaw was re-elected

Faculty Advisor and Director.

It was decided to continue the presentation of a bill of one act plays and to run them for two nights at the end of October. The directors of the one-act plays will be Lt-Comdr. Crilley, Mr. Albert Tunis, and Bob Sansom.

The Society also decided upon the major production, to be presented in the spring term.

Wilma Sansom and Mary Needer, members of the retiring executive were elected members of an honorary drama fraternity in appreciation of their efforts.

After the conclusion of the business meeting, movies were shown to the group. The picture was a compilation of ones taken of various student activities during the year, and quite a large part of it was in connection with the major production—both on and behind stage—of the Drama Society.

## Festival of Art Proves Popular

The Festival of Art that closed today in the Art Centre has proven very popular with both students and townspeople the past week. At least seventy members of the faculty and student body contributed to the festival with music, films, speeches and various artistic displays.

A painting was received from Mr. Fritz Brandtner, who will be teaching this summer at the UNB Summer Art School.

On last Thursday evening, Professor Wheatley read a paper on modern philosophy, which was followed by a film, History of Civilization. There were also songs by Al Gordon and music by the Red'n Black jazz orchestra. Some were on the opinion that they played even better than they had in the Revue.

Saturday night a film was shown on the year's activities the campus, followed by color slides shown by Eric McGillivray, Stig Harvor and Bill Spriggs, and Sunday night the Art Centre held its regular Concert.

On Monday night, those who were present were entertained by poetry, with the works of Fredericton artists holding the primary position on the programme.

Many who attended the festival feel that an effort of this type should become an annual affair Up the Hill.

## UNB RECEIVES ITS FEDERAL GRANT

Fredericton, April 5, 1952 — The University of New Brunswick has received a cheque for \$105,698 from the Federal Government, constituting its share of Federal financial assistance to Canadian colleges during the current academic year. In making this announcement, B. F. Macaulay, U.N.B. business manager, said the university's share amounted to 41% of the money distributed to New Brunswick institutions under the Ottawa plan.

A total of \$257,800 was made available to the province of the basis of 50c per head of population as recorded in last year's census, Mr. Macaulay said. This sum is then distributed to the universities proportionally to the number of "full-course" students enrolled, he added. On this basis U.N.B. has 777 out of the 1,893 New Brunswick university students, and receives a 41% share of the 1951-52 grant.

The remainder of the money distributed among five other universities and colleges in the province, Mount Allison University de St. Joseph, College de St. Louis, and Universite du Sacre-Coeur.

The U.N.B. grant will be applied primarily against a substantial deficit which would have occurred in the university's current operations this year, Mr. Macaulay said. On the basis of it also, the provincial university gave general salary increases to its faculty and staff members at the beginning of the present session.

## Praises Freedom of College Press

Montreal — (CUP) — "College newspapers are the last bastions of journalistic freedom which remain in Canada".

So begins an editorial written by the newly elected Honourary President of the Canadian University Press, Mr. Gerald Fillon, for the forthcoming CUP handbook.

Edition of Le Devoir, Montreal's French evening daily, Mr. Fillon continued: "Canadian Press is perhaps freer today that it has ever been, but its journalists are less than ever."

"The majority of daily papers and a large number of weeklies are the enterprises of businessmen who run them for profit. Like all commercial enterprises which meet obligations and dividends, the Canadian papers are free."

"But journalists are a different case. They are pen-pushers. They do not exist for themselves, but for their newspapers. They are a part of production, like raw materials and power."

"They do not write to express ideas, even less their own ideas, but only the ideas of the publisher, if he has any. They are in the service of a commercial establishment which demands that they please the customers. They are very good clerks and salesmen."

"The university newspapers remain among those rare publications which allow free expression of ideas. They are not in the service of a political party, even less at the mercy of special interests. They don't exist for money, they do not have to pay dividends. They express good ideas and sometimes foolish ones. Both are necessary, for both signify freedom of opinion."

## NOTICES

All yearly reports and election results of Clubs, Societies and other campus organizations are to be handed in to the S.R.C. by April 21.

Found . . . in the Classics lecture Room

1 can opener

1 pair of plastic rimmed-spectacles (broken)

1 leather spectacle case

Several propping pencils in leadless or otherwise unsatisfactory conditions.

1 ball point pen (a fine sturdy animal though we don't favor the breed)

Claimants can identify by applying to either Professor Burrows or myself.

R. E. D. CATTLEY

## CHEMISTS WIN INTRAMURAL SERIES

The Chemistry Society Monday night won the Intramural Basketball Championship by downing the Alumni 38-27 in a sudden death game.

The Chemists had the edge in play and led 17-11 at half-time. Burt Simpson and Reg Staples led the winners with 11 points each. Fifteen fouls were called by referee Daryl Mowat, eight against the Chemists.

## LINEUPS:

ALUMNI: Rogers 2, Butland, D. Baird 6, Duke, Flewelling 11, Baldwin, Sidwell 1, G. Baird 4, Roberts 3. — Total 27.

CHEMISTRY SOCIETY: M. Simpson 11, Ayer, Staples 11, Valenta 8, Manson 2, Henderson, Coster 6, Fried. — Total 38.

## LOST

From the Classics Lecture-room "Greek Political Theory" by Sir Ernest Barker. Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of this book kindly inform Prof. R. E. D. Cattley.

## CAMPUS POSTS FILLED FOR COMING YEAR

The following positions on the campus for the coming year have been filled. The S.R.C. accepted the applications of those listed in the last Council meeting.

|                                    |                   |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Editor of the Year Book            | Joan Goodfellow   |
| Business Manager of the Year Book  | Dick Ballance     |
| Editor-in-Chief of the Brunswickan | Betty Lou Vincent |
| Chief of Campus Police             | Mal Miller        |
| Team Managers                      |                   |
| Ladies' Basketball                 | Ross Pollock      |
| Men's Basketball                   | John Peers        |
| Boxing                             | Mal Miller        |
| Hockey                             | Bill Baker        |
| Ass't                              | Phil Currie       |
| Football                           | Don MacLaurin     |
| Ass't                              | Richard Hale      |
| Tennis                             | Fred Chase        |
| Track                              | Bill Reddin       |
| Swimming                           | Ed. Petrie        |

The University Senate has decided to keep the apartments of Alexander College operating for one more year. There will be a number of vacancies, both of one-bedroom and two-bedroom apartments. These will now be open to veteran and non-veteran married students, also faculty. As always, those with children especially welcome.

Full particulars available on request to D. Kermod Parr at Alexander College. Applications for apartments should be made immediately, as after 15 April non-U.N.B. tenants will be accepted to fill up.



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Reporters: Ruth Nicholson, Dave Vine, Bill Barwick, Bob Whalen, Betsy Hill.

DEADLINE—All copy must be typewritten and in the Brunswickan office before Saturday noon for publication the following Wednesday. Brunswickan Office Phone 8424. Subscription \$2.00 Yearly.

VOL. 71 FREDERICTON, N.B., APRIL 9, 1952 No. 20

Our Last Issue-- And Our Thanks

Since this is the last issue of the Brunswickan for this year, we would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed to its publication (and success, we hope)...

Betty Lou Vincent, Editor-in-Chief. Ray Roy, Business Manager.

Advertisement for Sweet Caps Cigarettes featuring a woman in a dress and a pack of cigarettes. Text: 'something extra special', 'CLEAN AND FIRM WITH AN EXTRA WIDE BAND OF SATIN SMOOTH GENUINE IMPORTED CORK. Mild and Fresh'.

Advertisement for Medjuck's Modern Furniture at Popular Prices. Fredericton. St. Stephen - - - Newcastle

A Sufficient Levy At Last

The S.R.C. has finally come up with a system which, we hope, will abolish most of the financial difficulties in next year's budget meetings. Although we have heard some loud moans at the decision to have a \$25 levy, it should be realized that this step should have been taken long ago.

This new decision is not the result of a moment's thought on the part of the council. The finance committee has prepared an estimate of the expenses expected next year, and the levy was raised accordingly, so that we now have the unique situation of the levy being collected to cover expenses replacing the former procedure of trying to squeeze all our expenses into an insufficient budget.

The decision to include the Year Book in the levy is also a wise one. It will simplify the matter of obtaining a Year Book, eliminate the necessity of an already overworked Year Book staff having to solicit subscriptions, and should do away with the money-losing method that has been followed in the past...

This move on the part of the S.R.C. is in keeping with the policy they seem to have adopted so far this year... Plan for things, and then get them done. They were originally faced with a major problem of the huge deficit accumulated by previous Year Books, and although the situation is far from settled, the Council has been taking steps that should see them through this crisis.

Letteritis--Again . . .

The bandwagon mentioned in last week's editorial is becoming quite crowded, so crowded in fact that we expect the wheels to fall off in the very near future. The latest addition to Critics Unlimited added a voice to the hue and cry in Monday's Gleaner, via the Letters to the Editor column.

This person, who we noted seemingly didn't have the courage of his (or her) convictions and declined to sign his (or her) name, directed an attack against An Inspector Calls. The fact that the adjudicator of the Drama Festival, an experienced critic did not remark on any unsuitability of the Drama Society's choice should, in itself, be significant.

Before any more would-be critics contract this contagious and chronic disease that is developing into an epidemic, namely "letteritis", we would suggest that they stop and consider a few things: First, if the Drama Society were to discard each suggested play that hinted at immorality, intemperance or sordidness it should be restricted to adaptations of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Just Mary" stories. Secondly, you cannot please everybody with one production...

The Drama Society is a well supported organization on the campus, and its primary obligation to its audiences is to bring them well written plays, recognized as good entertainment. A good play represents people as they are in real life, not the citizens of an idealist's Utopia.

So far the Drama Society has done an admirable job, and we trust it will continue to do so.

Advertisement for Quality Equipment for Every Sport. FINE WOOLLENS and SPORTSWEAR At Fair Prices. James S. Neill & Sons Ltd.

ABOUT 811

Since this is the last "811" I'll be doing, (Encaenia, you know), I think it is only fitting that I include the happenings of all three years that the old place has been the main abode for a lot of us.

It hardly seems possible that three years ago, "811" was a somber mysterious looking place on a deserted corner, surrounded by rumors that it might be a gal's residence. And the first day a couple of us were in it, (the furniture wasn't even all in, then) Dr. Trueman arrived and we took him on a conducted tour, getting lost somewhere between the second floor showers and the laundry.

All of us old timers remember that C. D. Cox attained the rare distinction of being the first gentleman caller at the MAGGIE JEAN. Guess who we got him the blind date with? I can still see us all sitting down in the front hall on trunks and packing cases because the living rooms were still completely bare.

Remember Freshman week that first year... especially how it rained the night of the street dance and we all sat out on the front steps with our dates until two policemen arrived. (No, they didn't want to chase the boys home; someone had crawled up the fire-escape and into the third floor bathroom, only to be discovered by a quavering Co-ed who was trying to get to bed early so she could get up for nine o'clock.)

The parties held at 811 that year were THE THING to go to. I can still see our old pal "Lover-boy" and his gal sitting in the two big chairs in the dining-room while the rest of us danced in our sock feet. He got to be quite a legend, didn't he, kids? Those gala evenings at home could scarcely even be considered a second to the Saturday night dances we loved to go to. None of us were very good bridge-players that year but Canasta was just coming in so we spent almost as much time at that as we do at bridge now.

"Now, girls, these late hours have to stop just as soon as the RED'N BLACK REVUE "is over" was our motto, but we had so much fun that until about a month before the exams we never quite got around to realizing that the REVUE was over.

The first year ended happily for the majority of us, then we swung into YEAR II with the Barn in full swing and a lot of cute new Freshettes. Summer school was an added attraction for some of us, and besides the lectures and the work, we all agreed that it was a wonderful way to spend six weeks. There was one party, which became known as the ISLAND EVENING which we are planning to resume after the exams this year. "A good time was had by all doesn't seem even adequate to describe the fun we had." Our

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

Advertisement for Ann's Dress Shop. 596 Queen St. Dial 8083

SLABS & E

By HATCH AND

"The time has come," said, "to speak things, of ceiling boards, taps, and Foresters. And from looking at lights of the University find that Foresters ruled the roost. Du that this paper runs to the issue, and we quest an extra 2 (or for our purpose, y pals, "Slabs & E Sawdust Twins, kn have compiled an a of the outstanding of that illustrious FORESTRY FACUL

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Advertisement for GREEN COR. KING. This conveni Electrical nee

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Of us old timers remember... D. Cox attained the rare distinction of being the first man caller at the MAGGIE... Guess who we got him the date with? I can still see us sitting down in the front hall... and packing cases between the living rooms were still... empty bare. Those were the old days when we used to meet on the third to see what we'd talk about on... (Now, the fellas complain they never get a word in...)

Member Freshman week that year... especially how it was the night of the street... and we all sat out on the steps with our dates until the policemen arrived. (No, they didn't want to chase the boys...; someone had crawled up... and into the third bathroom, only to be discovered by a quavering Co-ed who was crying to get to bed early so he could get up for nine o'clock.)

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Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

SLABS & EDGINGS

By HATCH AND MURPH

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things, of ceiling boards and water taps, and Foresters as Kings." And from looking over the highlights of the University year, we find that Foresters really have ruled the roost. Due to the fact that this paper runs only 6 pages to the issue, and we hate to request an extra 2 (or 3) pages just for our purpose, your little old pals, "Slabs & Edgings", (the Sawdust Twins, knots and bolts) have compiled an abbreviated list of the outstanding achievements of that illustrious body, the FORESTRY FACULTY.

The most noteworthy accomplishment was the organization, establishment and drive for funds, of the Hadley-Videto Memorial Reading Room. From beginning to end this project has been a huge success and the room will be opened before the end of the present school year.

The next event which comes to mind is the annual and loveable Hammerfest. Need anymore be said? (Hic—pass the bottle). Yes—such harmony and good spirits are as yet unknown or unheard of in any other faculty.

And who could think of a more appropriate place to hold a tug-of-war? What other group of students would have the audacity to show off their brawn on the lawn of the arts building. Artsmen were left with their particles dangling and their antecedents un-antecedented at such a brazen display of Forestry spirit.

Interest ran high and competition was keen at the annual Foresters Field Day, unique among inter-student competition at UNE. Sid Hyslop walked off with most of the honours, and prizes which were generously donated by local merchants.

And naturally a bigger and better Foresters Dance was held last fall at the Beaverboard. Seems like every year this dance is becoming more popular and is well on its way to becoming highlight of the year.

Also unique among campus faculties was the annual Social night held during Forestry Week. This goes to show that Foresters can also be perfect little gentlemen, among other things.

The personal welcome given to the Royal Visitors last fall by the Foresters is also worthy of mention. This sign helpfully drew attention away from the fact that the roads were only hastily and partially gravelled for the occasion.

Although the Foresters didn't come through with the anticipated victory, in the annual Forestry—Engineer hockey classic, it nevertheless shows the willingness of the Foresters to accept any challenge issued. It was also noted that the turnout was exceptionally high. No lack of spirit here for sure.

Due to excellent planning by "Aces" Shure, a very successful "Monte Carlo" night was held in the gym. Exhibiting their natural flair for this type of sport, the Foresters, (and others) gambled with utter abandonment, while "Moneybags" Monkhouse and "Mint" McLeod kept the currency flowing. "Hotlunch" Hughill revived flagging spirits with "coffee" (cold) and "cokes" (hot). All in all another successful forestry "first" and due for a repeat next year.

Under the able guidance of Prof. "Doc" Roberts, the Foresters formed a "Learn to Swim" class. This was another of the more constructive undertakings

of the year. Besides teaching foresters how to swim, the class concluded with a rather novel swim meet in which the contestants in bush clothes. The grand champ of the evening was dubbed with the title of "Bull of the Frog Pond", won by Art Lorimer this year, followed by "Tadpole", Kirby Johnson. Events and winners are as follows:

- 1) Sidestroke — K. Johnson, B. Anderson.
- 2) Breast (if you'll pardon the expression) stroke — A. Lorimer, B. Anderson.
- 3) Canoe race — Winning crew — Lorimer, Johnson, Stevens, Golding.
- 4) Pants-off race — W. Stevens A. Lorimer.
- 5) Floating on air-filled pants — I. Sewell, W. Perrin.
- 6) Diving — A. Lorimer, Sewell.
- 7) Medley Relay — Winning team — Lorimer, Johnson, Stevens.

Not only were Foresters active in their own field of endeavour, but also joined wholeheartedly in most other campus activities. About the only two societies lacking Foresters members as far as we know are the Engineering Society and the Ladies Society.

At the recent Blood clinic the Foresters ran true to form and gave the highest percentage of donations by faculty on the campus. Foresters also led the way in the campus elections by having far and away the greatest percent turnout of voters. 86% of the Foresters voted with Arts & Science having only 67% to place second. (Pardon us while we snicker).

The Senior Foresters came out on top in the Intra-mural hockey series, and, to add insult to injury, the consolation series was won by the Axemen, also an up and coming team of foresters.

The mixed bowling league also saw a Forestry team walk off with the championship honours. The Ins & Outs took both the fall and final wins. Bowling high single in Candlepins with 161, and W. C. Stevens took high single in 5 pins with a 277.

60% of the Canadian football team were Foresters.

Foresters also got behind the staging of the Red and Black Revue, and helped make it a huge success. If you cared to look, you would also find foresters profusely through the S.R.C., Class Executives and Brunswickan Staff. In fact, it has been rumoured that some foresters frequent the Art Centre upon occasion. In short, you will find foresters just about everywhere and doing just about everything whether in sports or otherwise.

As for minor accomplishments we might add that we now have running water, fixed ceiling, coat hangers, "trees", and a quiet bell. For a while we thought we were going to get the campus roads scraped down to bedrock, but it turned out that it was just a couple of "cats" struggling up the hill with "New Eyesore" in tow.

We read recently that dust on lightbulbs can cut their efficiency as much as 60%.

As a parting thought, we think it would be appropriate if someone managed to scrape off a few years accumulation of dust from the lights.

And so, as the Daschund said as he walked around a barrel "This is the end." Control yourselves, though, for as Gen. MacArthur once said, "We will return."

See you next year (we hope). "Slabs" Murphy "Edgings" Hatcher

(Continued from Page 2, Col 5) happy little club which gave us so many activities has recently taken over a new project, initialled S. F. A., and if we are successful, we'll let you know in plenty of time to get in on the fun after the papers are all in and MARK-ED.

Between the two cats who couldn't catch mice, and the five mice we caught, this year has been lively in more ways than one. Lately we've decided that money can be an asset, but if you haven't got any, it can be got along without. Ask us we've had lots of prac-

tice around here. Good thing we all deal "to the some Grocery store"! (Plug for Mr. Burt!)

P. A. will tell you that if you're ever eating a steak dinner at a hotel, and you get called to the phone to talk to your Aunt Hattie or even Aunt Matilda, don't let your \$2.75 (without dessert) steak get cold, because chances are the dear old auntie doesn't want anything anyway, and probably just paged you to talk about the weather. For further reference, ask Marion what her views of the subject are, with special attention to the movies. We feel

that P. A. has a great future as a long-distance telephone operator, too, (especially with her variety of accents).

Kind of makes us feel a little blue when we realize that we may never all be together in the front hall by the piano singing "My Hero" (with variations, of course... I like the verse about the trip to Boston, the best... again, but that reminds me that if I don't stop and get to work, I might!

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K

# CHEMISTS CHALLENGE ALUMNI

## U.N.B. STUDENT AND NOTED SCIENTIST COMPLETE SURVEY

"Why", inquire the naive in bewilderment, "does a chicken cross the road?"

Transfer that question to a thousand motorists and, after the fireworks are eliminated from the replies, the consensus of opinion will be that a chicken crosses the road for the purpose of adding another hazard to automobiling. They will prove it personally and illustrate it with snapshots of cars, trimmed with feathers, in various undignified and expensive postures against telephone poles and at the bottom of wayside ditches. As yet, it seems to me that the car has not been built which will not make at least one half-hearted attempt to dodge a chicken.

The motoristic theory is wrong. Science has cast upon it its luminous yet blighting radiance and quashed it: science in the person of myself and Dr. J. Adolphus Muddeluff, incumbent of the Chair of Negligible Proportions of Breynturm University. Although this is my first attempt at publication of my findings, the good doctor is famous for his epochal thesis on Protective Coloration and the Crypto-Complex in the Standardized Golf Ball.

Doctor Muddeluff and myself have made an exhaustive study of the motivative impulses of the various fowls, and to his analyses I am indebted for the basis of my own modest though painstaking observations, conducted from behind the wheel of my own be-feathered car.

All chickens are alike to the automobilist. How different they are to the eye of the scientist. Each species has its own peculiar motives and eccentricities. First in the numerical roster of motoricides, I have placed the White Leghorn species. Every motorist knows, to his cost, how these shining creatures lurk in ditches and then, with one despairing squawk, hurl themselves beneath the wheels of the oncoming car.

Some authorities believe this to be due to a deep-seated distaste for life. My theories, proven beyond a doubt by statistics, show a more specific reason. They show that the proportion of pullets to roosters destroyed by automobiles is 8% to 1.

Why should this be? Does it not clearly indicate suicide with love as the motive? The underlying cause is the notoriously Lothario-like propensities of the Leghorn rooster, producing despair in the lady. He loves her and leaves her; there is but one refuge, the fatal road. The automobile!

The high mortality rate among White Plymouth Rocks I attribute to a different cause. In every individual of this species, I find is born the unshakable belief that it can outrace anything on wheels. In the old days the locomotive was its pacemaker and the railroad brotherhoods had chicken pie three times a week. Now it is the motor car. The hen believes that she can outrace it. The bigger the car, the more unshakable is her belief. Unhappily, Mother Nature, who has given her so emulous an ambition, has not suited her figure for it. The spirit is that of Gen. MacArthur, but the shape is more on the Flo Ziegfeld order. The White Rock pullet is the chorus girl of chicken-dom, even to her passion for high powered cars, whence comes her destruction.

With another branch of the family, the Barred Plymouth Rock, I have found further advancement on the explanation. Here the suicide is neither due to vanity, nor frustrated love, but astigmatism. Setting the relative eye power of a normal chicken at 50-50, a thousand analyses of the Barred Rocks by Doctor Muddeluff show that the left eye averages only 37 against 46 for the right. This results in wrong timing, and how disastrous that can be every golfer knows.

I have noted the rooster of this breed on the approach of a car. He invariably saunters out in lordly fashion towards it, gives it a proud and careless look—as if he had a better one at home—and steps aside, one-sixteenth of a second too late. Chicken-a-la-road for the family!

Perhaps because of his Yankee-Bolshevistic name, the Rhode Island Red is a 100 percent trouble hunter. When he is not bullying the hens or singing his own praises from the back fence, he loves to go out and scare motor cars off the road, then strut away, saying: "Na-a-a-a-h!" in a nasal and conceited tone.

I used to have a Rhode Island Red cockerel named Alcibiades. He was so tough that we used to tell neighbours that he was hatched from a hard-boiled egg. He possessed a positive genius for estimating vehicular speed, and could wait until the last hairbreadth second before dodging any car that would not first dodge him.

But one day a tractor loomed in sight. It was a very deliberate tractor and had all day to get there. Alcibiades observed it approaching around the turn and took his favorite station. He waited. The tractor popped and panted laboriously along at a snail's pace. Alcibiades yawned. He was bored. He communed with himself in his rude local way.

"Applesauce!" said Alcibiades. "If that thing ever gets this far, I'll hand it a detour that'll learn it something."

He sat down, fluffed his feathers and closed his eyes. The tractor crawled, wheezed, arrived and passed, and when it had passed, so also had the scornful Alcibiades. Intellectually geared to high speed, he fatally failed when tested on low.

One of the highest mortality rates is exhibited by the rapidly decreasing Buff Orpington. This estimable creature is the victim of a biological error. It believes in the now exploded myth of the asphalt grub. Nothing can convince it that the beds of our highways do not harbor a particularly luscious and desirable form of worm, although the best authorities are now convinced of the contrary. I herewith wish to say that this change in belief was brought about by the monumental work of Prof. T. Lushton Buezeister in the vermiform appendix to his classic, "Crawlers I Have Known".

Early in the morning, the Buff Orpington, no matter how well it may have fared at home, goes forth to the public thoroughfare and sets to work with its claws in the fond belief that labor conquers all, industry is its own reward, and somewhere at the rainbow's end it will unearth the asphalt worm.

Once on the track of its imaginary prey, the feathered hunter is not to be diverted, and the only thing that keeps the mortality below 100 per cent is the fellow sportsmanship of the motorist, who prefers to turn out rather than to drive the game deeper into the earth.

The rarer species of poultry have been less studied, but I have worked out some significant figures on the combativeness of the bantam and the speed of the White Rock, in that, were the two qualities combined, that result would be that a highway species would be produced that would run away and live to fight another day. Before passing on to another subject, I might add that every gander is confident, and is frequently right, that he can hiss any vehicle off the road.

On the economic side there are important developments. Flocks of chickens trained to run across the road, en masse, at the sound

(Continued on Page 5, Cols. 2 & 3)

## As Seen From The Bleachers . . .

By THE SPECTATOR

Another athletic year on the Hilltop has drawn to a close. It is true that the track meet is still in the offing but the unfavourable dispute and misunderstanding which engulfed it last fall and the present time of year diminishes the enthusiasm and interest and presents it as simply an anticlimax to all that has gone before.

With the season over and the last squad having put away its gear it becomes time for a brief summary of the year's activity and a fleeting glance at U.N.B.'s position on the Maritime Inter-collegiate Athletic ladder.

Throughout the past year the wearers of the Red and Black came up with three Tri-Province crowns, two N.B.-P.E.I. titles, a pair of N.B. championships, while being completely white washed in two fields of competition. Comparing this to last year's seven Maritime winners we might at first get the impression that this past season was a good one to get out of our system, but in fact it was far better than the record indicates. To begin with there was no boxing or ski meets this year and that automatically cut off sources which had annually brought silverware to the local campus. Looking at the situation from the failure angle we see that the local squads cut down their complete losses from three to two, an achievement which points a better overall affect. Then again there is the coming track meet which might even add to this mark, or on the other hand it could easily reduce the year's success to a below par level.

When looking around for the top team of the year one must focus his sights on the Canadian Football squad. Entered in two leagues and champions of both, Red Bombers were the big team, not only from the winner's side but also in the ranks of enthusiasm and spectator following. Closely behind and by no means overshadowed were the soccer and swimming aggregations who successfully defended their Maritime crowns for the fourth consecutive year. Also worthy of mention is the girl's basketball team, which gave tradition a set back by copying the N.B. title, and the hockey team which regained its N.B.-P.E.I. crown after a year's absence. The Rugby and Men's Basketball teams managed to hold their own from the past season, with the Booters still unable to

get into contention and the male hoopsters having a narrow squeeze in holding on to their N.B.-P.E.I. cup. The Tennis and Badminton aggregations both dropped a step from their previous heights, with the former relinquishing their Tri-Province title and the latter being out of the money entirely.

Thus the Red and Black and St. F.X. go down to the wire with a trio of wins apiece, and the final decision as to who will be Mr. Big for the past athletic year rests solely on the door step of the coming, luster-lacking, track meet.

From the above we can see that although this was not the best of years it was never the less far from being a poor one, and as winning is a long way from being the sole object of any athletic team it probably is not all together fair to judge this year's success from the point of view of silverware only. With the exception of a few individuals, which inevitably crop up, all those wearing the Red and Black throughout the year put up a fine showing, gave their best, exhibited sportsmanship which was a credit to the University and deserved far more in the way of support than was shown during the past year. From this corner we extend congratulations to them all with the hope that in the years to come their efforts will be more appreciated by those whom they represent on the field of competition. U.N.B. has built up through the years a great athletic history and this season was no exception. Perhaps they lost a few titles here and there and perhaps some of the teams were not up to par with past clubs but from the standpoint of prestige and sportsmanship they lost nothing, and if the truth were known they may actually have gained, because as the old saying goes it takes more to be a good loser than to be a graceful winner.

So until next year we say good bye to the sporting world "Up the Hill" and in leaving we pass on the hope that next season will produce, not only teams who can carry on the athletic standards of U.N.B., but also a student body which shows some interest in the fact that these standards are being carried on. A good team deserves your support and without it the time may come when our athletes find themselves out of a job due to just such lack of support, and even worse from this corner is the fact that so would the SPECTATOR.

## Alumni Win Hoop Championship Series With 42 - 32 Win Over Foresters in Deciding Game

Last Wednesday night at the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, the "A" Section Alumni downed the "B" Foresters 42-32 to win their best of three game series for the Intramural Basketball Championship two games to one. The Foresters had taken the first game two weeks ago, but the Alumni won the thrilling second game.

Led by Doug Rogers and "Flip" Flewwelling, with 12 and 13 points respectively, the Alumni played a breaking game. The contest was close all the way, with the Alumni taking the lead to stay in the final quarter.

Bob McLaggan led the Foresters' attack with 10 points; teammate Rudy Hanusiak scored nine. Twenty-one fouls were called in the game, eleven against the Alumni.

### LINEUPS

Alumni: D. Baird, Duke, Rogers 12, Butland 2, Brooks, Baldwin 9, Flewwelling 13, Roberts, G. Baird 2, Sidwell 4.

Foresters: Elliott 3, Clouston 5, Hanusiak 9, Naismith, Oatway 3, Cayford, Green, McLaurin, McLaggan 10, Burley 2, Walsh.

## Chemists Trounce Residence 'A' 47 - 16 To Win Consolation Cage Crown

The Chemistry Society last Wednesday night whipped the Residence "A" squad, 47-16, in the deciding game of a best of three series for the Intramural Basketball Consolation Championship. The House team upset their rivals in the first tilt but the Chemists came back to win the last two.

The deciding game saw the Chemists show themselves as the better team. Displaying fine passing and good shooting, they slowed the game down to their own speed and trebled the score on their seemingly helpless opponents.

Burt Simpson again led the winners with 14 points. Teammate Jim Coster scored 13. High man for the Residence was Stu Vaudry with six.

Referees Mowat and Smith called 26 fouls, 14 against the Residence. The House players made good four of their 14 shots, while the Chemists sank five out of 20. Ronan of the Residence and Henderson of the Chemists were thrown out of the game in the last minute for fighting.

The Chemists have challenged the Alumni for the Intramural Championship. They will meet in a sudden death game.

### Lineups

Chemistry Society: Simpson 14, Ayer 8, Staples 6, Valenta 2, Coster 13, Manson 4, Fried, Henderson.

Residence "A": Scott, Boucher 2, Vaudry 6, Johnson, Cassidy 5, Walton 1, McPhail, Ronan.

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# RES

## INTRAMURAL DEADLOCK TERRIFIC

Those spectators afternoons was one of the best, water p Dutch national pla Holland at water p team which came c I, their first defeat beaten, untied Hous

The game thro the score suggests, more than a one g few seconds after p pable shot. Don F later Donald put th evened the score b

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But the House te beaten. Upon resu they not only tied went into the lead by Boucher. Scheu period scored for and the two teams quarter in a 5-5 d

For a while it Scheulte's goal, sco final period, wou game, but the spir refused to be beat closing seconds Dc med the ball hou game and save hi record.

All-Stars: Sch Donald 1.

Residence: Bouc

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# ALUMNI

## Alumni Win Hoop Championship Series With 42-32 Win Over Foresters in Deciding Game

Wednesday night at the Beaverbrook Gymnasium, the Section Alumni downed the Foresters 42-32 to win their third game series for the Intramural Basketball Championship. The Alumni won two games to one. The Foresters had taken the first game two weeks ago, but the Alumni won the thrilling second game.

led by Doug Rogers and "Flip" Swelling, with 12 and 13 points respectively, the Alumni led a breaking game. The contest was close all the way, with Alumni taking the lead to stay in the final quarter.

Bob McLaggan led the Foresters' attack with 10 points; teammate Harry Hanusiak scored nine points-one foul were called in the game, eleven against the Alumni.

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Foresters: Elliott 3, Clouston 5, Hanusiak 9, Naismith, Oatway 3, Ford, Green, McLaurin, McGan 10, Burley 2, Walsh.

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The deciding game saw the Chemists show themselves as the better team. Displaying fine passing and good shooting, they outscored the Residence 27-10 in the first half and trebled the score in their seemingly helpless opponents.

Burt Simpson again led the Chemists with 14 points. Teammate Jim Coster scored 13. High man of the Residence was Stu Vaudry with six.  
Referees Mowat and Smith called 26 fouls, 14 against the Residence. The House players made good four of their 14 shots, while the Chemists sank five out of 20.  
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**Lineups**  
Chemistry Society: Simpson 14, Mowat 8, Staples 6, Valenta 2, Coster 13, Manson 4, Fried, Henderson.  
Residence "A": Scott, Boucher, Vaudry 6, Johnson, Cassidy 5, Walton 1, McPhail, Ronan.

## INTRAMURAL CHAMPS DEADLOCK DREAM TEAM 6-6 IN TERRIFIC DISPLAY OF POLO

Those spectators gathered at the Residence pool on Saturday afternoon was one of the most closely contested and, perhaps, one of the best, water polo games ever staged at U.N.B. They also saw a Dutch national player in action. L. Scheulte, who has represented Holland at water polo, was a member of the Intramural All-Star team which came close to handing the U.N.B. champions, Residence I, their first defeat of the season. The All-Stars held the formerly unbeaten, untied House team to a 6-6 tie.

The game throughout was just as close and evenly contested as the score suggests. At no time during the game did either team have more than a one goal lead. The All-Stars drew first blood when, a few seconds after the opening whistle, Don Bell fired in an unstoppable shot. Don Fowler temporarily evened accounts but a minute later Donald put the All-Stars in the lead again. Boucher, however, evened the score before the end of the first period.

The All-Stars gained the upper hand in the second quarter, outscoring their opponents 2-1 to take a 4-3 lead at the half-way mark.

But the House team was not yet beaten. Upon resumption of play they not only tied the score but went into the lead on two goals by Boucher. Scheulte later in the period scored for the All-Stars and the two teams began the final quarter in a 5-5 deadlock.

For a while it seemed that Scheulte's goal, scored early in the final period, would decide the game, but the spirited House boys refused to be beaten and in the closing seconds Don Fowler rammed the ball home to tie the game and save his team's proud record.

**Scorers:**  
All-Stars: Scheulte 4, Bell, Donald 1.  
Residence: Boucher, 4, Fowler 2.

## Transits Win Candlepin Crown

On March 31, the Transits captured the year's Intramural Candlepin Bowling championship by defeating the Faculty. The Transits went into the last three strings with a 72 pin deficit. Fighting gamely, they won all three strings for a margin of 36 pins. But it wasn't enough. The Transits took the six string match 2624 to 2588.

**GAME TOTALS:**

| Transits   |    |    |     |
|------------|----|----|-----|
| Richards   | 73 | 88 | 90  |
| Risteen    | 72 | 85 | 97  |
| MacDormand | 91 | 80 | 74  |
| MacLeod    | 89 | 87 | 84  |
| Dawkins    | 81 | 90 | 102 |
| 2588       |    |    |     |

  

| Faculty  |    |     |     |
|----------|----|-----|-----|
| Meisner  | 81 | 97  | 80  |
| Bedard   | 78 | 82  | 94  |
| Scheult  | 73 | 82  | 82  |
| McIntyre | 91 | 86  | 90  |
| Edwards  | 98 | 101 | 104 |
| 2588     |    |     |     |

High Single: Edwards 104.  
High three: Edwards 303.

When the Senior Foresters won the Intramural Hockey Championship this year, it marked the third consecutive year that this group of players has been the I.H.L. champions.

At the per ounce rate a women's bathing suit sells, a man's overcoat would cost \$795.63.

## Ins & Outs Are Mixed Bowling Champions

The Ins & Outs and the Rockets—Fall and Spring champions respectively—played on Tuesday evening, April 1, for the year's championship with the Ins & Outs winning by a wide margin. Total pinfall was 4982 to 4659.

John MacTavish and R. Stevens led the Ins & Outs to victory with high triples of 555. Pete Murphy had a total of 506 followed by Lois Stevens with 470, Shirley Love with 410, and Flo Sears with 387.

Jack Ingram of the Rockets had the high single for the evening of 225. He had a total score of 510. Others on the team were Jane Burns and Lucy Connell, each with 491; Don Cruikshank with 475, John Belyea with 443, and Margot Roach with 305.

## COSTER RINK TAKES INTRAMURAL CURLING CROWN BY EDGING BRADSHAW

On Saturday night Jim Coster skipped his rink to a U.N.B. intramural curling championship. The match, hotly contested to the last stone, finished with a 10-9 win. The winners will receive intramural crests.

The scheduled play-offs were cancelled when it was found impossible to get sufficient ice time to carry them out. In their place a sudden-death match was arranged between the two top rinks in the league.

The match got under way at six-thirty and saw the Bradshaw rink take command chalking up four points in the first end. Coster came back strong in the second end scoring three points. However, the Bradshaw rink remained out in front until the ninth end when Coster tied it up 9-9. The tenth and final end saw the winners go out front for the first time in the game to win by a slim one-point margin.

**Coster Rink:** lead, Jack Pinder, Second George Kennedy, Mate Sterling MacNeish, Skip Jim Coster.  
**Bradshaw Rink:** Lead Bill Brittain, Second Wally MacDonald, Mate Norris Carroll, Skip Dave Bradshaw.

**FINAL STANDINGS**

| Team                | Won | Lost | Points |
|---------------------|-----|------|--------|
| Rovers              | 13  | 2    | 13     |
| Cipers              | 10  | 4    | 11     |
| Alumni              | 10  | 5    | 10     |
| Chain Gang          | 10  | 5    | 10     |
| Hockey              | 9   | 6    | 9      |
| Residence Freshmen  | 8   | 7    | 8      |
| Atoms               | 7   | 8    | 7      |
| Residence Foresters | 6   | 9    | 6      |
| Resiners            | 5   | 10   | 5      |
| Freshmen            | 5   | 10   | 5      |
| Faculty             | 5   | 10   | 5      |
| Comets              | 1   | 14   | 1      |

The top six teams will meet in a single round robin playoff, to decide the winner.

## U.N.B. STUDENT AND NOTED SCIENTIST COMPLETE SURVEY (Continued from Page 4)

of a car horn may be made to pay well above the market price. The sight of six or eight feathered innocents flopping in the gutter or inverted upon the roadway produces in the not-too-hardened motorist a psychological effect which may be turned to economic profit by a shrewd manifestation of rage and grief on the part of the owner.

With the aid of Doctor Muddlefuss, I have circulated a modest questionnaire, consisting of 417 items, and 65 footnotes among one hundred representative publications in an endeavour to learn the farmer's reaction to this mass slaughter. Replies have been received from 5 per cent of those queried. The sum and substance of expert opinion is that it's a damned shame. With regrettable passion and unanimous emphasis they blame it on the automobile.

In the interests of scientific accuracy, both sides should be heard. I am now circularizing the motor industry and hope to have the data ready for publication in July, 1967.

Harry Hicks.

## INTERNATIONAL ALL-STARS WIN WORLD BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Chicago Ill. April 1st 1952. (Special to the BRUNSWICKAN) — The International All-Stars this week defeated the powerful All-American Basketball team to take the World Basketball championship. It was a sudden death game. The game was kept in total secrecy as the world Basketball Association did not want to give the "Big Boys" a chance to bribe the two powerful teams.

The all-Stars reached the world finals by edging out the powerful "New Brunswick 'Noodles'". A strange thing about that series was that it was not decided on a basketball floor. No, they played a sudden death game in the gym but no matter how many overtime periods were played the score was I-I and neither team scored a basket. Each team got one for neatness. But now were they to decide the winner as one had to be declared within a couple of days. It was decided that a board of basketball authorities would have to be brought in. With much difficulty the two teams managed to bring together some of the most prominent men in the field of basketball in order to declare a winner. Among these distinguished gentlemen were a couple of graduates of U.N.B. They were the world's famous basketball announcers, Bob Scott, and Judge "Buck" Buchanan, the president on the South African Peewee Girls league. Their vote was unanimous for the All-Stars.

One night about twelve o'clock, a large black limousine (later identified as Keith Waddel's speed wagon) pulled up to the door of the residence. Without a sound six figures climbed into the car and in a minute it was out of sight. It proceeded to the Lincoln Airport where a large T.W.A. plane was waiting to take them to their destination.

The game was played in Madison Rectangular Gardens in New York before an estimated crowd of about two hundred and fifty thousand people. The game was sponsored by the Tessier Home Brew Co. Ltd.

The two teams took the floor and the lineups were as follows:

- International All-Stars:**
1. At right guard was none other than "Set Ehot" Sozanski the winner of the Lord Beaverdam Scholarship for the best poker player on the campus.
  2. Bernie Scott, a basketball player played left guard.
  3. At centre was that 5 foot 7 inch wonder from across the sea, "Lanky Bill" Barwick.
  4. "Pot Shot" Flower & 5, Half Shot Hassell played right forward & left forward.
  6. "Hot Seat" Harrowing kept the seats warm for the boys.

- All-American Basketball Team:**
1. Bill Migvy, 6-4 from Temple. Forward.
  2. Mark Workman 6-9 from West Virginia. Forward.
  3. Bill Spivey 7-0 from Kentucky. Centre.
  4. Fod Flecher 6-4 from Illinois. Guard.
  5. "Shorty" Jack McMahon from St. John's. Guard.

The referees were Paul Rouseburg and "No rule book, never heard of one" Sypher. So you see the teams were very evenly matched to begin with.

At the starting whistle the All-Stars showed power as "Lanky Bill" Barwick beat Spivey to the jump. The first quarter was very slow as each team was looking over the strategy used by each other. The crowd started to boo and Hassell was forced to put on one of his marvelous exhibitions of dribbling. You know his dribbling is only topped by that of Avery Stewart.

In the second quarter to press so the All-Stars started to shove. The first foul was called on "Lanky Bill" Barwick and it was called "on the shoulder". The game had to held up for a minute as Barwick was suffering from "Acrophobia". The game proceeded only after Spivey let him down off his back.

At half-time, "Big Av" Stewart came down from the stands to point out to the boys their weaknesses. Did he ever get an ovation from the crowd! I can still hear it. "Boo-ooo-ooo-ooo."

The third quarter went by and Spivey and Migvy each scored a basket. But "Set Shot" Sozanski left his card game on the side of the court long enough to make three simple shots from his own foul line to put the boys back in the game 6-4.

In the final quarter the game proceeded with the All-Stars scoring one basket and the All-Americans tying it up with two quick baskets. Don Fowler was playing his usually sympathetic game and helped them out by scoring a couple of baskets for them.

But as the final minutes were ticking away the All-Stars had to do something if they wanted to win. They worked the ball around but couldn't put it in. At last the ball came out to Barwick who was standing in front of Spivey. All of a sudden Spivey sneezed and was charged with cruelty by Sypher. They picked up Barwick over on Fifth avenue and brought him back to try and make the important shot. Swish went the ball through the net and the All-Stars were the winners of the World Championship Basketball Trophy. The final score was 9-8. So until next year this is Jack "Bad News" Riley saying "so long".

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Undergrads  
a good holiday season  
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# Writer's Workshop

By  
★  
D. S.  
McPHAIL  
★

Ouch! That's the second cigarette burn I've got today. I'm so nervous. This crowd is terrific. There goes my newspaper from under my arm again. I don't want to lose that racing form.

The cabbie was certainly slow enough. I almost missed the race. Oh, if I could only be certain I'm going to pick the winner. This is definitely it. If I don't pick this one right, it's the end. Let's see, who's running? Queen Belle is slow and has raced twice in the last ten days—only came in fourth and fifth—slow time in both those races too. Dark Victory hasn't done too much either. These next two are mudders and with that sun and wind this is no track for mudders. Archie's Pride in fifth position.

That's an ironic coincidence—Archie's Pride. Archie will be back today and unless I win I'm afraid that I won't be his wife much longer. Two years, two long years, he's been gone. To think that it was two years ago we parted. What plans we had! Here I persuaded him to stop drinking and gambling and made him want to be someone and do something. Now look at me. I can still hear him saying—"Sure Marg, we'll make a new start. I'm going to South America for two years. I've been offered a good job as a consulting engineer with an oil firm there. Look, I'll send you \$400, a month. You bank it and save what you can from your job too and when I come back we'll start right from scratch—home, family and everything. We'll do all the things we never got around to doing before and we'll manage. We can do it, I'm sure."

Yeh, we'd have been able to do it alright—if only I hadn't been so smart. I didn't believe him. I never thought he could do it. Every month now—\$400. That adds up to about 10,000 dollars now. The money from that last cheque is still in my purse, but where's the rest? My God! I've got to pick the winner. If only I had trusted him. I've never done anything like that before but I was lonely and I had to do something. My \$350 a month looked awful small beside what he was making. I was entitled to more. Gosh, I remember the first time I—ah—borrowed from that account of ours. I wanted that evening dress so much. Then I wanted that mink. I deserved that bigger apartment too, even if the rent was almost three times as much.

I suppose he wouldn't be too angry if I'd just spent our money but if he finds out that I've borrowed half as much again . . . I shudder to think of it. I guess it's his turn to do the moralizing now: I managed to make him straighten himself out before, but it's too late for me now. I didn't realize that the time had gone so fast, even though it seems like a long time since he left. His letters always mentioned coming home but never the day and date. But that telegram today—where is it? I had it in my purse. Yeah, here it is—Arriving tonight. Meet me at Municipal Field at eight if possible love, Archie.

What if we find out about a few of my friends? That's the trouble though. It's been so lonely. What could I do? I thought he was lying in those first few letters when he told me how he was working hard and behaving himself. But it has lasted. Now I'm the sucker.

Gosh, only eight minutes more to bet. I've got to pick the winner and put this last \$400 on him. These horses are all too much the same and the jockeys are all good. The chart isn't much help. The odds are pretty well split on those first two. Let's see the third one is about 7-1. Archie's Pride is about 4-1, right with the favorites. I suppose if I were superstitious I'd bet on him, but 4-1 odds won't do me any good.

I wish I could have got here earlier. Only one race to make or break my life on. To think, too, that three years ago, I condemned Archie and was ashamed of him because he used to bet \$20 a week. After the last two years I can't reproach him for anything—and what's more, I think he's actually been living a clean life. I wonder how much I've spent out here at this track every week in the last year or more?

This could have been my chance too. Look at the people around me. Most of them seem to be happy. I wonder if they are? Archie says he can get a good job up here now. We'd have managed to make a down-payment on a house in that new section out in the west-end. It certainly is a fashionable place. What better surroundings in which to start your family? It's funny too. I used to be almost a prude. Now I'm good for nothing absolutely. Look at that couple over there in the box seats. They're just about thirty, I imagine, no more—just Archie's and my ages. We could have been just as well off. I wonder what happened to all those ideas and dreams of comfort, respectability and prosperity that I had?

That dust is chocking me. The sun's going in behind the clouds, but it's still so darn hot. Everybody's trying to cool off. Here I am sweating for my life, and for all our plans of a happy life together. Everything is going to ride on this horse.

The odds are all coming down—except on Dark Victory. She's actually a good horse, pretty, well-built. That jockey riding her is good too. I wonder why people don't pick her? Let's see—Dark Victory, showed in one of the last four starts she made—won a small stakes last week carrying the same jockey. There are twelve others in this race though. Four or five at the end of the list seem to have pretty good records.

Only two minutes to go. I'd better bet this \$400 on Dark Victory's nose. That's if I can get through these people. This looks like the shortest line-up. The odds are at 20-1 now. That's good, I hope. Those last few horses are beginning to get a lot of backers.

Oh, stop pushing. These people are like animals. This place almost smells as if they might be too. What a horrid place. There are so many people. This is the last day of racing for this meet and this is the biggest race—I would have to pick it for my big one. Guess I'll call it the Life-or-Death Stakes. It pretty well is for me. Thank God I'm next in line. I was afraid that they'd start before I got my tickets.

"Two blocks of 10's on 5142—Dark Victory. \$400, right? Thank you."

They're going to the post now. It will soon be over but that mile around the track will seem like a trip around the world. The odds are better than ever, 25-1 now, and those are pretty near the closing ones. I hope they don't go down like long shots usually do when the betting closes. That horse looks good too.

I don't know whether I can stand to watch this race or not. It's no use moaning now, but what will I do? It's my only hope. If my mother and father and my old friends could only see me now and know my story, I wonder what they would say? It wouldn't be too bad to have a few of those friends around just now, either. I sort of lost track of them all after Archie went away.

Those loudspeakers blare so—I wish they would be quiet, this awful mob too. They get on my nerves. Oh, if only things were different. I know this is the big race of the meet. These people don't know how big. Two person's lives depend upon it. My God, why won't they keep quiet? I can still hear them when I put my hands

over my ears.

Look at my dress—what a mess from the dust from that track, and all the crowding. Somebody has spilled mustard on it too. What rotten luck. In only three hours I'm supposed to meet Archie.

That's the warning bell. They're getting into the gate. Let's see—Dark Victory, Number 2, jockey's colors—red and green on white. There he is.

They're off. Gosh, they're so muddled I can't tell who's who. This crowd is so noisy I can't hear the announcer either. I wish I could push my way through to the rail. There they go around the first turn. Red and White on Green or was it Green and Red on White? Oh Gosh! That's it, Red and Green on White. There she goes about fourth or fifth. Thirteen horses in that race and I had to pick one. Thirteen is unlucky, perhaps, and I wonder if I'll be unlucky. There goes someone up on the outside. I wonder who it is? I didn't even remember to bring the field-glasses . . . what a rush . . . got the telegram . . . then get the money from the bank . . . then grab a cab and . . . there goes another horse around the outside. That's it! Red and Green on White. I can see it quite clearly. Come on! Don't fail me now. Look, up into second place. That jockey is certainly riding well. Don't let that next horse pass you . . . try to keep him back . . . that's it . . . hold him off. Now they're coming. That's the three-quarter mark. Only a bit farther to come. Please, Please, you've got to win.

There they come. Now, pass that first horse—pass him. You've only got a short distance left. Come around him. There! You're gaining—you're past him. Don't cut in too fast, you'll hit that horse behind you—my God—look out—be careful—whew. Come on, hurray, don't let them catch you. You must win, you must—the final odds are still 25-1. Hold that lead. Please please.

This crowd is so noisy, I can hardly see either, they are pushing so. There! you've just about done it—Run! Run! You made it!

Oh, oh. How did it happen? First! and I have \$400 on her. If only I could have put more. This certainly is the big race of the meet.

Why don't they post the times and the prices? They always seem so slow when I win. Oh, Archie, I'll pay it all back now. You need never know about it. I'll manage to pay off the debt somehow. I'll put this in the bank for our house and we'll be alright. We'll start again. I've learned my lesson.

Let's see. 25-1 odds, that's just about \$10,000 I stand to win. I hope that the pay is actually more. I wish I could get started towards those windows so I can collect, but this crowd is too thick. Why don't they post the amount so I'll know? Then, I'll collect and rush home and get ready to meet you, Archie. Only three more hours and we'll be together. We'll make out O.K. you'll see.

Now they're getting ready to post the horses and the amounts. Oh, I hope the odds were greater. Now they're posting something.

What's that—"Inquiry"—why? What do they mean? Dark Victory won at least by a length. Why are they delaying? They can't do that. Perhaps they mean inquiry about the second and third horses. Two of them came in right together—but if they did mean that, they post the winner's number anyway.

What are they doing? The jockeys are going up to the stewards' balcony. Now they're arguing. That's my man in the Red and Green on White. Two others seem to be accusing him of something. They point at him and then seem to yell at the stewards—at least their mouths keep working open and close. I wish I could hear them. This is awful. Now they're pointing to the three quarter turn—that's where he took the lead and held it. What's wrong? Why don't they post Dark Victory's number as the winner? I can't stand this much longer. The heat is getting worse and the sun has disappeared completely. Those

clouds are so dark and I have no raincoat.

What are they doing up there? The stewards are pointing at my jockey now. What can the trouble be? He keeps shaking his head as if to say "No". Now they are all very angry. Gosh, the stewards are really arguing with him now. Finally he shakes his head "Yes", and turn around and disappears down stairs. The other two jockeys follow him. What can be going on? Dark Victory won, and I won \$10,000—the \$10,000 that will make it possible for me to continue living—or to start again. Please, don't wait any longer. The rain is starting and it's so uncomfortable. I don't feel very well any more. Please post the amount so I can collect and meet Archie. Please?

What is he saying over that loudspeaker? Oh no—Dark Victory disqualified for bumping. Archie's Pride is the winner.

On a set where a young actress was throwing her weight around. Marjory Main turned to the director and remarked in her raspy voice. "Whenever I see a youngster who is completely carried away

with herself, I'm reminded of the fly riding on a wagon who looked back and remarked; "My my look at the dust I'm picking up."

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