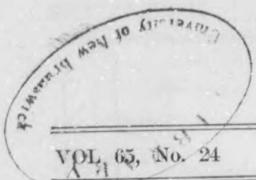


President

St. Bentley



The Brunswickan For Academics

ALEXANDER EDITION

VOL. 65, No. 24

FREDERICTON, N. B., JUNE 14, 1946

Price Three Cents

Smoker Friday - Dance Saturday

LOOKING BACKWARD

In the short time it has been functioning Alexander College has built up an enviable reputation. We have had to work under trying conditions, instructors and students alike. You can remember the January day you suddenly remembered you weren't going to Halifax this time and got dumped off the train in the Fredericton snow. There were a lot of good-natured wisecracks, but, confidentially, everything looked pretty rough and the future none too bright. Things brightened up, however, as soon as electric light bulbs were installed. We got cracking on making our rooms more comfortable. We cleaned the shavings and pieces of two-by-four out of the lockers and found that Buzzell's could not remove green paint from our civilian uniforms. Lamps, shelves, book-cases and towel-racks were made out of lumber carelessly left around in carefully hidden places by the non-union workmen. It was easy to hang pictures. All we had to do was put water on them and stick them on the wall where they froze solidly. (One came down in my room with an awful crash the last sunny day we had. It was a priceless thing, too—a copy of an old Rembrandt done by a frightfully clever chap called Varga.)

Fires were lit and went out, firemen were hired and fired, and we kept on assimilating learning by blowing on our fingers so that we could hold our pencils. We certainly looked like a keen bunch, rushing like mad to classes — just to get seats by the stoves! Dr. Tigges used warm water to wipe off the blackboard because, being a chemist, he knew that warm water, when it freezes, makes a smoother surface than cold. Things were indeed very grim. Why, we were even prevented from hearing les racontes de M. de Merten (oo! la! la!) because one of our coeds was so unco-operative as to take French instead of German. Some people would say that all of this drove some of our boys to drink. In fact, some of the solid, puritanical citizens of Fredericton thought that wild, bacchanalian revels were quite common down here. What they didn't realize was that the boys drank the horrid stuff only because anything else would have frozen before it could have reached the lips. That sort of thing is all past now.

And that wasn't the only way in which glass was heard to tinkle around here. Do you remember the snow-ball fights? Some clueless clots decided that, if spring ever came, the huts would be too warm, and proceeded to do some air conditioning.

Shortly after that some of our fellows found that they could share a room down-town with some lumber-jacks for eight dollars a night, bed and breakfast, that is, if they could persuade them to unchain the bed from the wall! Please don't point your fingers at them, dear ladies of the congregation, they just fell in the street because it was slippery.

(continued on col. 3)

DANCE AT MEMORIAL HALL

SMOKER, WOODBRIDGE CABINS

Bi-weekly dance is at the Memorial Hall up the Hill this time. Saturday night at 8.30 pm

The smoker is being held at the same place as the Hammerfes, 8.00 p. m. Friday. Let's have a good turnout.

\$5 PRIZE \$5

Here's good news, you literary folks! We are offering five dollars (cash) for the best contribution for the Alexander Brunswickan during this term. All contributions will be judged by the Editor and Staff and prize awarded the day the last issue goes to press.

Come one, come all. Stories, articles, verse, drawings, photographs, all welcome. Lets prove that Alexander College can really turn out a BRUNSWICKAN!!

\$5 PRIZE \$5

SIX PAGE ISSUE

We are endeavouring, gentle Alexandrians, to try and put out a six page issue next time (28th June) and so you see our feeble effort to gather more contributions from the literary giants of the college.

Do you want a six page issue? Then help us with any little thing you can. If it is bad enough we will print it!

Suggestions and criticisms are always welcome so just drop them in the "S" mail box in the lounge addressed to "Editor, Brunswickan."

THE GAY WHIRL

Alexander's initial effort in way of entertainment, the Aula dance on the first of the month, was very successful and well attended. The music, a four piece orchestra, was composed of Jimmy Foster, Al Brown, Byron Gunter and Clem McGinn who did a swell job, and there was no sign of any reluctance to start dancing. Everybody had partners and the brilliance of their happy grins lit up the floor, putting the lights to shame.

The refreshments, served about eleven, were fine and rapidly disappeared. They were free (as expected) and breakages were small and quickly made good.

A little bit of unexpected excitement was provided by the Local Toughs who seemed a little too interested in our fun, but these were quickly and adequately suppressed by Andy Flemming, and assistants, in his role of President of the Social Committee. Congratulations to Mr Flemming on his fine efforts.

The success of this first dance is a good omen for future entertainments, and we are all sure that further efforts of the Social Committee will be as well attended, with fun for all.

LOOKING BACKWARD (continued from col. 1)

Meanwhile, most of the plains Indians kept to themselves in their snowbound little huts. They didn't have much to do with the people who lived on the hill except to envy them. Oftentimes, an unshaven individual, majoring in English, could be heard muttering something about "them hill-tribes living in them stone castles on the hill". Others could be heard chanting:

"We are the boys from Alexander
We don't give a damn for them up yander"
around a primitive iron stove when the moon was full, not that they could see the moon, but they had to believe the calender.

Then suddenly, as if by magic, water came racing down the hill tearing great ruts in the roads, and Major Parr wore rubber boots, and everybody wore rubber boots, and the Corporation fixed the roads as they have done for years, and it was Spring! With the spring came the hardest lot of examinations ever set for Alexander students. We wrote them, and I guess that just about brings us up to date.

It would be very foolish to look backwards without, at the same time, taking a glance at the future. We have built up a fine record, but what lies ahead of us should be even better. We have recaptured, in a measure, the ability to study, and from now on we should be able to enter into the full swing of University activity. Let us work together to make the record of Alexander College a really fine one. We have already set up what may be a milestone in Canadian education by the incorporation of a course in Citizenship in the curriculum. We can do many good things if we keep the same spirit which has permeated this college from the first.

The Brunswickan

Alexander Edition

Editor-in-Chief.....Laurence Solomon
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 Proof Editor.....Donald Fonger

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FROM BEHIND THE DESK

Permit the Editor to introduce, with a courtly bow, this second issue of the Alexander Brunswickan. He had to be away all week and so missed the chemistry mid-term examination, but according to most people, it was a hard one and the general average was very low. So far the only subject in which the class average is over fifty percent is drafting, and one hates to think of Alexander College not being fairly represented in the coming sophomore year.

This is mid-term, with only six more weeks before final examinations; in all, thirty three more days to study, or, another way, two hundred and forty nine hours of college, less the odd spare period or two per week. There are many who will stand or fall by the result of these hours' work and every student should realize that to make the grade he must make every hour count. An accelerated course to men who have been away from academic study for an average of six years means only one thing — WORK!

It means less shows, less dances, less listening to radio programmes, less private parties. There is lots of time for fun — the months in between terms, the years after graduation, the rest of your life: the way time is spent now is what counts in this race to absorb a year's work in three short months: every minute ticked away on your watch is one that you cannot recall, one more that has gone to join the many already scored for or against you. Every minute of the day is precious! Fight! Fight to make them count!

FIGHT the hypnosis of the monotonous drone, on a dry subject, in a dimly lighted hall, for a steady stream of gold is pouring from the speakers. Mental gold that YOU, and YOU only, can put to your credit at examination time.

OUR EPIC POEM

"(H) INDIAN INK"

He signed up at Alex for science (applied),
 Had to take drafting, which he'd never tried
 Bought instruments, T-square: went ahead green,
 Into a field he had never seen.

First came sheets to be lettered in neatly,
 Some were in pencil and some messed completely.
 But his hand seemed to steady and confidence rose,
 Only to be shattered — as the following shows.

The next type of problem was one of projection,
 (To complete the views that lacked perfection).
 With dividers and pencil he was finally able
 To copy the one on his neighbour's table!

And then came the plain sheet with nothing to guide him,
 Four little sketches they thought sure defied him.
 He spaced them, erased them, with interest profound,
 'Til after six hours work no mistake could be found.

Now out came the drawing set, all new and neat—
 For two of the drawings were not quite complete.
 The lines needed ink, so with nerves of steel
 He took out the pen and adjusted the wheel.

Up till this time the room was quite still,
 Each working away with a determined will.
 Then students suddenly, here and there,
 Began to violently tear at their hair!

Some lines had gone over, and some had gone wild,
 And the guy that I mentioned (who is usually mild)
 Broke his T-square rather sharply across his knee—
 And viciously flung his ink at me!

At first he thought drafting was going to be fun,
 Till the ink in his ruling pen started to run
 Under his T-square and over his paper—
 Giving the border a peculiar taper!

A broader outlook, a blade from a razor,
 Each hand holding an ink eraser,
 Now he's at it again and determined to do,
 Whatever he has to, for HE MUST GET THROUGH!

FIGHT the little voice that says:
 "That is too hard, I cannot do it, I
 have been away too long." That creeping
 sense of defeat that you are falling
 behind, that the subject is too far a-
 bove you.

FIGHT that feeling that a couple of
 weeks' of cramming will put you
 through, that inner excuse for laziness.
 This is your future, your very life!...
 ALEXANDRIANS!! WAKE UP!!

Isobel: "Let's cut chemistry class today."
 Don: "Can't. I need the sleep."

Egotist: A man who tells you those things
 about himself, which you intended to tell him
 about yourself.

Wedding: A funeral where you smell your
 own flowers.

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B2's SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row - Morrison, Hunt, May, In
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 Front Row - McMillan, Robinson, Fanjoy

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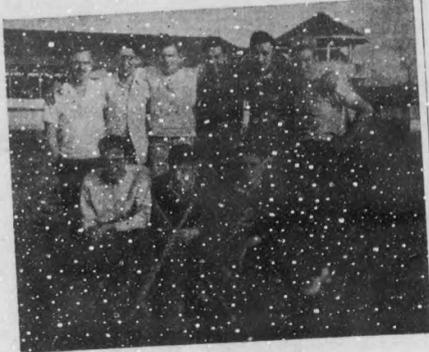
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ATHLETICS



B2's SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row - Morrison, Hunt, May, Inch,
Spears, Stairs
Front Row - McMillan, Robinson, Fanjoy

SINGLE BY GOSS WINS OPENER

The South Devon Baseball diamond was the scene of Alexander College's debut in the York County Baseball League one night last week, and before darkness settled over the field Alex had battled its way to a 5-4 win over the South Devon nine.

The teams were very evenly matched, but by taking advantage of a few first inning jitters on our part Devon obtained a lead which they seemed determined to protect. Several times Alexander had the tying run on base, but in each case the side was retired without bringing the runner across the plate.

In the first half of the eighth inning, however, the big chance came and was not allowed to slip by. With the tying and winning runs on base, Jake Goss was sent in as pinch hitter. Towering above the plate, Jake must have been an awesome sight to the Devon pitcher as he went into his wind-up. Calmly allowing the first ball to cross the plate for a called strike, Jake advanced the runners and, won the ball game. Devon could not score in the last



B1's SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row - Leighton, Laird Irving, Butler, Atkinson, Steeves
Front Row, Kelly, Matheson, Downing

half of the inning, and so Alexander emerged from the field with a perfect record of one game played, one game won.

Although the team made a few errors the standard of play was quite high, and if it can be maintained we should be well represented in the league. Hillman has now had a chance to see how his men perform in action, and will be able to make any changes he considers necessary to ensure that the right man is playing in each spot. The pitching staff should cause no worries, as Leach pitched a good game, going the full eight innings without ever being in great difficulty, and Goss is also ready to show his stuff to the opposing batters. The infield gave no cause for complaint, and the outfield too missed few chances. Robinson in left field was in splendid form, although he insisted on making the easy ones look hard, causing Howie Ryan to tear his hair.

WANTED - A BALL TEAM

What's wrong with the Alexander College Softball team? In the five games it has played to date, it has won one and lost four. And in the process has played just about the worst kind of ball that can be imagined. The second game, which by some miracle was won by Alexander, interrupted an otherwise steady "decline and fall", but since that game the quality of ball played by our side has been so bad that not even a miracle could save us from defeat.

The Sports Committee apparently shares the concern felt by our reporter and on Saturday it announced that Ted Dupuis had been appointed to manage the team and attempt to pull it out of the rut into which it has dug itself. On Monday night, however, when Alexander was making such a horrible showing against the K. of C., Mr. Dupuis was nowhere to be seen. Seems he didn't know there was a game scheduled.

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