

THE WATCHDOG OF
SOME PEOPLE

TRUE BUREAUCRACY

Political Club Folds; One Party System at U. N. B.

With a crowded room of eager erstwhile politicians Pat Byrne called the first meeting of the Political Club to order. After having made plans and arrangements the whole of last term and this the efforts of the Political Club executive finally bore fruit last Thursday night, March 20 as the meeting held in the Geology lecture room progressed.

Introducing several prominent speakers from the Legislative Assembly, Byrne proved a capable the manner in which these persons were introduced. The speakers each tried to convince the assembly that the only thing wrong with the members of the other parties was that they didn't belong to their own respective party. Then a heated discussion arose as to the advisability of having political parties and the functions of such.

At this point Logan rose to his feet and proposed that the Political Club be the nucleus of a new party

which would sweep the polls at the next election. More argument took place and a compromise was finally reached. It was decided that U. N. B. should have a representative in the Provincial Government as the various Universities in England have. The man who would naturally represent U. N. B. would be the President of the Political Club. At this Mr. Byrne rose quickly to his feet and murmured words about exams and papers and marks.

At the mention of marks . . . Logan rose and said that if this Club was going to deal with any of the ideas of that Gentleman then he would have to hand in his resignation. Immediately an uproar ensued. The end result was that all the members resigned from the Club and Byrne was left with a name only. Realizing that he would now be unable to have his picture in the Yearbook he mournfully declared the meeting adjourned and the club dissolved.

.. Cookies And Beer ..

(By Limestone Peebles)

It was with some hesitancy that we agreed to write an article for the one-time capitalist press of this university. However we were assured that its reactionary staff had been liquidated, and the Family Compact dissolved — quietly, you understand, but effectively. Even so, it was not until we saw the endpapers of the editorial board thoroughly encased in concrete, in suitcases, neatly labelled, and addressed to various bourgeois editors across Canada who still remain unconverted, not until then would we agree to wield our bureaucratic pen in aid of the new regime.

It took us three hours to work our way through the several offices, crowded with lovely secretaries, typing out forms in triplicate. Finally we reached the big door which said CHIEF OF THE STUDENT BUREAU OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BUREAUCRATS. Stepping carefully over the bodies of the two armed guards, we banged on the steel panels. "Ouvrez la porte, tova-rich!" we shouted. A beautiful bureaucratic door-wench twirled the combination and let us in.

Seeing a large moustache behind one of the many oaken bureaus that lined the office, we explained to the owner the purpose of our visit.

"Our first aim," replied a deep bureaucratic voice, "is to eliminate the profit motive. To that end we are applying new methods of psycho-analysis to all freshmen. Why, only yesterday a young man from Saint John, with a horribly

bourgeois background, admitted — on the rack — that even as an infant he had hoarded safety pins and sold them at a profit. Before he hobbled back to the residence, he agreed that all examinations should be written on a co-operative basis."

"Some of the psychology staff, I fear, objected to the use of coercion, and consequently, they were exiled to the North Shore."

"How about the Biology Department teaching the survival of the fittest?" we asked. "And how about Forest Entomology, which is plainly a study of predatory exploitation?" we asked.

"Oh, all that has been changed," said the deep voice. "There is to be no more capitalistic instruction or even a suggestion of same at this university. All lectures must be submitted in triplicate to a special Bureau of Censors; and any lecturer guilty of deliberate and frequent heresy is given a small flask of hemlock with full instructions — an old Greek custom."

"Certain of the more intransigent among the professors have already been embalmed and placed in with the rare book collection, as examples of Homo Capitalensis for research students in Anthropology. We are very thorough," he concluded bureaucratically, "and will tolerate no waste."

We bade him good morning, and went away well-pleased, knowing the future of the university was in safe hands. En route through the maze of lovely secretaries, we picked up three useless typewriters, which are now bringing a large price in the black market.

Letters to the Editor S. R. C. Purges U. N. B. Rag of Reactionaries

Sirs:

I am a college student. Friday night I saw "Our Town". I noticed that notorious Liberal, D. K. Camp, wearing a vest. This proves to me that the Liberals represent the Vested Interests.

Enclosed please find \$1 for year's subscription to TRUE BUREAU. CRACY. I am

ANONYMOUS STUDENT.

Sirs:—

Gosh! I never read your paper before until I came across it in the . . . at Alex College. Boy, is it ever PEACHY! And even though I am busy writing essays and getting ready for exams, I just HAD to sit down and read your paper, word for word!!!

Also I had to write you and tell you my feelings. Please accept my enclosed cheque for \$3.06 for a free subscription to TRUE BUREAU. CRACY. One for me, and two for the other two . . .

Love,
A FRIEND OF U. N. B.

Sirs:—

My father is a true-blue Conservative. He says your newspaper is . . . He also says if you don't stop mailing copies to me and sending them to my home he will . . .

My Uncle is a Liberal, however. He says if you will please mail your paper to his address my old man won't get sore, and we'll both be very much obliged.

Enclosed is \$2.00 for your paper TRUE BUREAU. CRACY. Would you please send me a subscription to the U. N. B. Library. All they get there is the Brunswickan.

With all my love,
WINSTON BURCHILL.

Sirs:—

We co-eds at U. N. B. just LOVE your nice paper. Would you send us a autographed picture of Major Goldwell. If possible, we would like a picture of him in uniform.

Enclosed is \$.07 to cover cost of handling, etc.
Kindest personal regards,
TWO CO-EDS.

Sirs:—

As a member of the Liberal Party I would appreciate it if you would allow me space in your valuable paper. I should like to give the other side of the story regarding the article in your paper last month about the . . .

I should like to point out that . . . And furthermore . . . Thank you for your fairness in allowing me to state the facts about the . . . as I see them.
Yours truly,

Sirs:—

I think the editorials in the Brunswickan are Liberal propaganda, especially the one about that basketball player. He already has 1,000 points and he shouldn't be allowed to play anymore anyway. They should let somebody else play, so everyone can have 1,000 points.

I believe in Democracy, and I don't see why they let any guy make 1,000 points especially when some

Era of Enlightenment Near, Brain Trust Takes Over

The S. R. C. yesterday received from the national office of the Federated Bureau of Universities, Colleges and Secondary Schools in Canada, a directive outlining details of the recently passed bill for nationalization of student newspapers.

This is the bill which True Bureaucracy supported two years ago by circulating a petition throughout Fredericton and environs. It is reliably reported that it took 15 months to count, check, and file the five million signatures.

This revolutionary bill will drastically affect True Bureaucracy. In effect, it puts the U. N. B. paper on a financial and intellectual level with all the other student publications, from high school and college alike.

All members of the staff will now be obliged to join Local No. .001 of the Associated Pen-pushers of the Fourth Estate. An Inquiry Board will be established immediately to investigate the background of all staff members. Foras indicating nationality and cause of death of both paternal and maternal grandmothers will be filled out in triplicate and filed by a special department of the office.

This bill at last gives True Bureaucracy the official permission, which it has long sought, to purge its staff of all persons who maintain subversive and divisive ideologies. These persons, unless they

disappear and release their stories to the capitalist press, will be held incommunicado until they recant.

An official spokesman for True Bureaucracy stated today that he was not certain whether the printers of the paper would be forced to join the local union. If this was obligatory, he declared, difficulties would ensue which might even cause the Managing Board to give its printing to someone more sympathetic with bureaucratic thought.

All reporters will now be required to take advantage of their opportunity to attend, for two weeks each year, the National Training School for Student Scribes, which is affiliated with the APPE. Here they will take courses instructing them in the intricacies of filling out forms and numbering the pages of their manuscripts in the prescribed way. One point stressed is the importance of writing all articles in triplicate, using a different shade of red paper for each different file.

An added attraction of the school is its evening classes in orthodox bureaucratic policy.

A board of nine old men has been appointed by national office to write weekly editorials to be wired collect to the local newspapers. This is calculated to assist editors of lower-than-average mentality. It will also serve the laudable purpose of increasing the red tape used by at least 250.53 percent.

Annual Freshman Dance

The Annual Freshman Dance will be held Tuesday night, April first, in the Gym. Music will be supplied by the Merry Makers and dancing will last from 9:00 p. m. to 1: a. m. Come on, boys, give your lady chick a chance to display that new Easter outfit. This is your last opportunity to catch that Easter feeling and carry it away with you. Come to one of the last flings before the papers.

WANTED: Bright, personable young man interested in Union Organizing in Black's Harbor. Must be good organizer, quick, fleet of foot. Apply c/o Kamikaze Squadron Local 13.

other people haven't any.

I play on the team too, so this isn't just sour grapes. I have played for two years and I already have one point to my credit. I got a foul shot in the Mount A. game. But for a change everybody got a chance to make foul shots in the Mount A. game.

Also (don't you think they should make the baskets bigger in the Beaverbrook gym? Then more people could get more points, instead of just a few getting all of them.

Harold "Combined Cooperatives" Hardway, Jr.

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Irrationality in the Internal Equinox

On March twenty-first I walked out of the front door of Beaverbrook Residence, out into a cool whiskey nosed dawn. I lowered my head so that I might be soothed, watching the forward and backward motions of my feet. I concentrated. I climbed the noisy — noisy because they are so board — front steps of the Arts Building. I stood supported by the environment of stone columns when suddenly, I knew I was entirely and utterly alone. There was no bus disgorging clamoring and frightfully alert engineers at the foot of the hill. There was nothing, that is nothing except the trees and the buildings. There was no one, that is no one except me. I turned and raced through the door of the Arts Building inside my fears were thickened. There were no clues that would indicate the existence of another human being anywhere.

Gradually pangs came to my stomach. At first slight pangs, then tremendous pangs. The bells in the Tower gave out an announcement of the new hour. Suddenly came their sentence which shook me like one shakes a teaspoon. Like a psychoanalyst about to divulge the secret of a life, they said "It is really only eight o'clock old boy." I was cured. The pangs?—I was hungry. . . . The people?—I was still eating breakfast. . . .

I dashed back to the residence. I would prove conclusively that other people existed. I walked into the dining room. There were some eager beavers eating rice crispies. I might mention that they made known their surprise at my early appearance with epithets that after getting past their muzzles only spent their potency on my concrete exterior. I am certain I generated the impression of imperturbable dignity.

There they were, as they manched their rice crispies, keen as buck-saws, sharp as the edge of a broken beaker, bound by their faith in eco-

nomics or ecology or existentialism or biochemistry, bound to success with straps of knowledge.

I began to realize that I was just a great big failure, and I felt that I would like to say something in a very loud voice, something ridiculous. I would like for it to filter thru' the maze of square roots the beavers were gnawing, and then hear it come back to me just as ridiculous as it had been when I sent it out. I did not shout. They went on digesting their breakfast food.

Suddenly, at eight twenty I thought I saw another human-being enter the dining room. It seemed to smile, but what I thought was a grin was only part of the gymnastics performed in checking its teeth. I was dreadfully disappointed.

The night before there had been several real people abounding but that was yesterday, and perhaps thirty years had passed since then: I could not be sure at this hour of the morning. No one laughed. No one smiled. I was surrounded by human things which were similar to me physically, but in no other fashion—

I gazed into my coffee cup — perhaps if I ignored these creatures and withdrew into myself I would be able to gain an identity. Something that would be strong enough not to be shaken by the non-existence of outside humans. I concentrated on the whirling brown fluid. The hubble which formed in the centre slowly stopped turning, and abruptly broke. The cream began to curdle, and the coffee became blighted. Maybe, if I were to tell myself stories or reminisce on situations in which I had been involved with humans. . . . clearly I remembered my old friends, the things they'd done. . . . The time Joe said "Beware, beware, the arthropoda, they will inherit the earth. Man is going down to distinction". (He was a bug man). The time Pete said after being beaten in an argument, "Ah well,

forlorned is forearmed. I thrust but no touché." The time Fred became so interested in body building, and weight lifting, when every other phrase had to do with athletics, and one exasperated individual countered one day with:

"When you mention athletics, old man, it sounds like a disease." The time a person came into a room which had as part of its decoration a mounted boar's head, and the person said "What's that? A wild pig?" and we answered saying: "That is a wild boar. Where that is a wild boar, you are a domesticated one."

A blasé beaver with an expressionless face put his paws on the edge of my table and interrupted my raucous laughter. He said, "Are you sure you feel O. K.?" "O. K. O. K., of course I'm O. K." I said, de fiance in my voice.

I saw him signal his henchmen. One after another they came out from between the table legs. I was trapped. I wanted to jump to the top of a table and with a cereal spoon hanging out from between my ribs, shout "You fools, you fools, you must laugh to be saved". Then to appoint someone to: "Lead us in laughter". I said: "What time is it?"

One beaver said "It is now on nine hundred hours. You are too late". I expected them to point at me, and sing in chorus "Too late, too late, too late", but they did not.

They escorted me to the lounge, and sat round me. Two of their number, after checking their orders, proceeded out the door.

I set in silence for a few minutes, then I asked if I might see the morning paper. They brought me True Hypocrisy, or something like that. Anyway I couldn't solve the cross-words, and the rest of the issue was devoted to conditions in the Provincial Mental Hospital. I asked if I could smoke. They looked at one another, finally they said "All right". I asked if anyone had a match. They said that they didn't use them. Then a little fellow came forward, and holding a match by the tips of his fingers said "I saved this one from forestry camp, last year".

I blew the smoke upward since I could gain little from annoying them further. Gradually I noticed my hand begin trembling, I felt my collar sticking to my neck. Sweat rolled into the corners of my eyes. My vision dimmed.

Suddenly, a voice said: "Well!" I looked up thru' the film of water. There seemed to be a tall person in a black pencil-striped suit, staring down at me. From one hand a brief case dangled, and rested against a knee. The other hand was occupied with pointing its finger at me. I knew I should say something like, maybe "Britons never shall be slaves". I said: "I am sorry if. . ." He said "Obviously a paraholic". I said, "I really just meant to think. . ." "A schitzophrenic". "I'm sorry, I'm very sorry". "A manic depressive in a depressive. . ." He held up his hand with the fingers spread wide apart. He said, "How many fingers?" I said "Five, on that one". He turned to the beavers and showed his teeth. They all showed their teeth. He asked if I'd mind coming to his office. I said that I would not at all mind, and got a little mixed up on the inference. The bowing horde cleared a path for us, and we walked out into the sunshine.

The clock struck ten; he said, "You know, I think you are all crazy. . . . Was that ten o'clock, and I've a lecture at Alex, now. . . . What date is this. . ." I said "March twenty-first". I said: "There goes the bus". The clock rang ten o'clock over again. He said the clock was very irrational and probably run down. I said it was the first day of spring. He said, "They are all crazy, crazy, crazy".

SAINT JOHN

It is not known from whence this travel bureau gem was unearthed, or to whom we are indebted for it. It may be reasonably assumed, however, that it was written by some nature lover, some enamoured poet, some Saint Johner whose nostalgia became too much for him to bear. This, then is the product of great pain crystallized out for all to abhor. . . .

Saint John is a city of 57,000 (1931 census), located in the Bay of Fundy on a rocky peninsula, almost surrounded by water and completely submerged in fog. It was settled by Loyalists who backed the wrong horses in the American Revolution and followed it up with another error in judgment.

It has two harbors — an eastern one, and a western one. Four of the first or two of the second would make a fairly decent harbor. The eastern harbor is overlooked by the poorhouse and the western one is overlooked by a large and flourishing lunatic asylum. Both harbors are overlooked by the rest of Canada. The harbors are used by the shipping interests of Upper Canada when the St. Lawrence is blocked with ice and the American ports are blocked with traffic.

The Saint John River still flows past the city, in spite of the Dominion Government, and the selfish interests of Ontario. Saint John is the home of Maritime Rights, and continues agitation for something or anything it has not got. The inhabitants can be recognized by a peculiar stooping posture caused by climbing hills or else by a chip on the shoulder.

King Square is located on the top of a hill near the centre of the city. It contains a fine cross of Ontario granite erected to the memory of the Loyalists, a statue of Sir Leonard Tilley which no one can explain, and an expensive War Memorial which bears a family likeness to War Memorials in general. On the side of the Square there is a fine modern hotel erected and run at the expense of the shareholders for the benefit of American tourists.

The architecture of the city is mainly Victorian, but the later public buildings are in an entirely individual style of architecture sometimes known as the late Mett. There is an excellent dump at the south end of the city.

Saint John is chiefly noted for the number of former inhabitants who live somewhere else. It has populated Western Canada, and Massachusetts with a splendid type of citizen. The local inhabitants as soon as they can afford it, move to Rothesay or Westfield, while the more fortunate ones move as far as Hamp-ton. There is an excellent Vocational School where first class mechanics are developed for the Detroit automobile industry and the Pittsburg steel manufactory.

The best thing about Saint John is its excellent transportation facilities. One can leave the city by C. P. R. train for Fredericton or Montreal, or by C. N. R. for Moncton or Montreal. If one can wait until morning, there is a C. P. R. boat leaving every morning except Sunday for Digby. On Sunday, failing all other means, one can use the excellent paved roads (that did not win an election), and escape towards the border or to the north and east. One can bear in mind that there is a speed limit.

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The Brunswickian



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FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1947

Price Seven Cents

Council Considers Submitted Reports

A. A. A. Report Placed in Hands of Faculty Committee, Manager's Report Passed

An athletic report from the A. A. A. by Dave Stothart, Frank Dohaney and Art Demers was presented at this week's S. R. C. meeting for approval. The S. R. C. passed a motion to put the report in the hands of the Faculty Sport's Advisor for consideration by the Faculty committee. It is expected that a meeting for discussion of the report will take place between the S. R. C. and the Faculty Sport's Committee in the near future.

A manager's report (G. V.) listing proposed duties for future team managers was discussed point by point and passed. After hearing pro's and con's it was decided that a publicity manager was not necessary. This was the only point of the manager's report that was not accepted.

The council decided to study the Baxter report further on the matter of a permanent secretary-treasurer, and discuss it at the next S. R. C. meeting to be held on the first Wednesday after Easter.

New Set-up for Organized Dances.
Doa Fonger moved and the council passed an amendment to the rules concerning costs of dances. Organizations henceforth considering putting on dances costing \$200 or more apart from food, must present their plans to the S. R. C. for approval. If the S. R. C. approves, they will be allowed to charge \$1.00 admittance otherwise the maximum will be 75c as at present.

The basketball team was granted extra money to hold a two game series at U. N. B. (if possible) with St. Francis Xavier for the Maritime Intercollegiate Title. S. F. X. will get a \$360 guarantee, but almost all of this will be covered by having both the games here at Senior Varsity's budgeted trip to S. F. X. will be cancelled.

The Junior Varsity team put in a plea for money to go to Moncton to play a Nova Scotia Agricultural College team for an unofficial Maritime Intermediate title, but the council turned it down.

Eric Teed made a report from the S. R. C. Election Committee and the amended Newman Club constitution was passed. The expenses of the S. R. C. election were presented by Treasurer John Candy and they too were okayed by the council.

Two Visiting Teams Defeat U. N. B. Debaters

State Medicine was the topic of the resolution debated by the Delta Rho and a team from Mount Allison. This intercollegiate debate was held in the Physics lecture room on March 22. Representing Mount Allison were Dawn McLaughlin and Lorna Coffey, while Vesta Dunlop and Mary Jean Saunders did the work for U. N. B. With Vesta starting out on the affirmative of the resolution "Resolved a plan of complete socialized medicine would be of benefit to Canada" the debaters spoke in turn trying to convince the

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"Our Town" claimed Resounding Success by Reviewer

(Reviewed by Desmond Pacey)

"It's so natural!" said the elderly lady in the seat behind me, as Barbara Golding and Bob Cadman sipped imaginary sodas from a bare board stretched across to chair. She meant it; and it was the finest tribute she could have paid to the success of the U. N. B. Dramatic Society's production of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. For it was not Cadman and Miss Golding to whom we listened, it was to George and Emily; and the board was not a board, it was a soda fountain. The dramatic illusion, in other words, was created and sustained in the way that it should be: by the actors and not by the props or scenery.

What was true of the soda-fountain scene was true of the whole play. When Camp ambled on to the bare stage to set the play in motion, it was not Camp as I see him day after day in English lectures but a thoroughly Yankee stage-manager, with a new voice, a new accent, a new posture, a new personality. Everything depended on that opening scene, and Camp came through magnificently. Under his persuasive voice and hands a whole town sprang into life, more vivid than any sets could have made it, and when he bade the audience good-night it was difficult not to believe that we should find our beds in Grover's Corners.

Camp's performance was well supported by the rest of the cast. Professor and Mrs. Smethurst had done an excellent casting job and each member sustained his role to the satisfaction of the audience. It is impossible in a short review to mention them all. Some of the highlights were: the assurance of voice and pose with which Charlotte Vandine and Ann Gibson played their roles as matrons; the magnificent pantomime of Edward McGilley as the milkman; the convincing adolescent awkwardness and wistfulness of Barbara Golding, Betty Macdonald, and Bob Cadman; the illusion of comfortable small-town middle-class created by Linden Peebles and Cameron McMillan; and the whiskered magnificence of Cyril Buchanan as the professor. And I must not omit Donald Fonger's performance as Simon Stimson; he acted incontinent drunkenness so well in directing the choir that I, for one, and the elderly lady behind me, for another, really wondered if he were drunk!

It was a memorable evening, and a convincing demonstration of the point which I and others have been making for years: that an experimental or realistic play is far more suitable for amateur production than sophisticated drawing-room comedy of the Broadway variety. Put amateurs on a bare stage and they are forced to act; put them in

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Senior Class Life Executive

NEWS CORRESPONDENT PRESIDENT SECRETARY-TREASURER



JACKIE PICKARD



JOHN B. M. BAXTER



CHARLOTTE VANDINE

The Life Executive for the Class of '47 was elected Monday, March 24. John Baxter, Class President for three years is the newly elected Life President. Dalton Camp, was elected Valedictorian after winning from Peebles, McGowan and Price. Charlotte Vandine was honoured with the position of Secretary-Treasurer and the newly created position of Corresponding Secretary was filled by Jackie Pickard.

The new system of preferential voting was used with qualified success. A total of 98 voters exercised their rights and of these some 10 were declared invalid. The duties of the Life Executive

consist primarily in keeping the class members in contact with one another and in arranging for class reunions. The Class of '47 will be the first class to graduate with the services of the Field Secretary of the Alumni available to them.

CHEM. SOCIETY HEARS ADDRESS ON DAVY

"The man who showed the importance of Science to Society, who developed theories of electro-chemistry, discovered sodium and potassium — this was Sir Humphrey Davy," said Mary Lawson as she gave a talk on the life and work of Sir Humphrey Davy to a small gathering of Chemical Society members on March 20. Before the talk, it was announced that this was the last meeting of the Chemical Society this term, and that Mr. Johnson, representative of the Aluminum Company, will give an address next Thursday and show a film entitled "Unfinished Rainbows".

"Humphrey Davy was born in Cornwall, England, on December 17, 1778, Mary stated. His father was a wood carver and a small farmer. Davy went to Penryn Grammar School for nine years and later to Truro Grammar School. It was in 1798 when he was nineteen years old, that he first took an active interest in chemistry. He was a close friend of Gregory Watt, son of the famous James Watt."

"At the age of twenty," Mary continued, "Davy was made Superintendent of Research on Gases for the newly formed Pneumatic Institution. He worked particularly with oxides of nitrogen and discovered 'laughing gas' which was later shown to have anesthetic properties and was used in the extraction of teeth."

"Davy did much research to determine the cause and nature of electro-chemistry. He published papers about his experiments and in 1803 lectured to the Royal Society on the results of his work. In 1807 he discovered the elements sodium and potassium."

It was decided that a short meeting of the Chemical Society would be held at 5.00 p. m. next Thursday for the election of officers.

It was also decided that the Chemical Society Dance, scheduled for March 29 would be cancelled because of the uncertainty of there being a basketball game that night to draw a crowd.

Brief of Proposed Duties for Team Managers

(Brief of proposed duties of team managers presented to S. R. C. Wednesday night by present managers)

1. Managers should preferably be Juniors, and Associate and Assistant Managers should not be Seniors.

2. Managers will decide equipment needed and budget to S. R. C. for it. The equipment officer will be responsible to manager concerning to see that only his specified items are purchased.

3. Managers must keep a full record of times played and injuries of all members of his team, the report to be presented to the President of the A. A. A. at the end of the season.

4. The Manager is to draw up a tentative schedule of all games with the names, members, and classes of proposed opponents.

5. The tentative schedules with estimated maximum expenditures must be approved by the A. A. A. faculty athletic commission and the S. R. C. not later than the end of April for Basketball and Football, and the end of October for boxing, hockey, swimming, and track.

6. Managers are to have full authority to arrange games, or to make lesser expenditures than maximum approved by S. R. C. Larger expenditures must be approved by the Finance Committee or the S. R. C. All games outside M. I. A. U. are to be arranged under contract which will be valid only if signed by manager, faculty advisor and the S. R. C. treasurer.

7. Managers will present budgets to the S. R. C. for approval and he will be responsible for the manner in which the money is spent.

8. Associate Managers are to present separate budgets for their Junior teams.

9. Managers shall arrange for all games, accommodations, referees and other officials, guarantees, cancellations, transportation, meals, border crossing and communications.

10. Managers will be responsible for publicity, policing and relations of the team as a whole.

11. The Managers, Associate and Assistant Managers are to attend all A. A. A. meetings.

DRAMATS SPONSOR UNIQUE BROADCAST

On Thursday, March 20 we heard the twenty-fifth page of the U. N. B. Journal of the Air over CFNE sponsored by the Dramatic Society. The program was unique in the series, for it took the form of an original dramatization of the history of Fredericton. "This is our Fredericton".... The script was written by Bob Lawrence, and included information about the early history of the city with several amusing anecdotes about people and events, and a glimpse of Fredericton of the present. It is evident that there was quite a lot of reading behind the script.

A U. N. B. "Freshman" and a narrator, with the help of various voices, carried the history of the city along until, with a burst of harp music, the ghost of Sir Thomas Carleton drifted in. That was Linden Peebles incidentally, the Freshman was played by Hugh Whalen, with Vernon Copp as narrator. Sir Thomas brought the history up to date, enlivening it with stories about people, cows, and roosters. In the middle he brought in Lieut. LeCourteau (Leo Dionne) to tell about the March of the 104th. Carleton refused to tell about Fredericton of the future and with musical accompaniment went back to England. The Freshman moved the setting of the play downtown where he heard Jack and Eldon (who was visiting the home town) talk about Fredericton of today. These parts were played by Murray Young and Benjamin "The Voice" of Goldberg.

For an amateur production, the dramatization was well presented. One could tell that the performers felt themselves 'in' the script, and the acting was excellent. Cues were well taken and the play moved along smoothly. The well chosen musical bridges were skillfully handled by CFNE operator Bernice Heustis. Many roses also go to the producer, Wendall Waters for careful coaching to the actors, and to the writer who rounded up very presentable material. In connection with the material it was good to see that little attempt was made to 'gild the lily'. It was a very listenable program, and it is hoped that more Journals of this type will be presented.



FRAN... Halls from P... picked for his ball field... and Boxing t... honors in field track meet... "Up the Hill"... studies E... when he is r...



The "Gloom... Kins, Newcas... Basketball... minion inter... team... Vice-President... year, Manage... dies Civil En... chasing a br...

Sport High
IN THE EAR... CRUDE FOR... FROM THE S... (ALBANY) G... WINDOWS A...
!!!
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Take th... lecting... You w... smartly

We... Wal...

U. N. B. to send a team to 1948 Olympics

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FRANK DOHANEY
Hails from Plaster Rock . . . was picked for his ability on the Football field . . . Captain of the Rugby and Boxing teams . . . carried off honors in field events in annual track meet . . . chosen best athlete "Up the Hill" in his Sophomore year . . . studies Electrical Engineering when he is not participating in sports.



"BUD" STUART
"The Shiretown Kid", who ended four years of Varsity hockey this year . . . Captained the Red and Black sextet . . . won the VanDine trophy for the most valuable for 1946-47. Encaenia will leave a gap at center that will be hard to fill.



GLADYS HARQUAIL
Home town is Dalhousie, N. B. . . . 4 years Ladies' Basketball . . . Captain of 1947 Maritime Intercollegiate Champs . . . first time since 1940 U. N. B. held this crown . . . Extra-curricular: badminton, Newman Club, college dances. Curricular: a tough Science course.



DAVE STOTHART
"Stud", Dave, C. D., Deacon are all nick names of this versatile character. Track, Football, Hockey, Tennis, Basketball, Baseball, Softball, Badminton are top sports with Dave. At U. N. B. Dave is captain of the Basketball team, President of the A. A., S. R. C. member and one-half of the Stothart-Ritchie pair.



JOE KAPLAN
This Saint John scrapper has represented the 126 pounders on the Boxing team for three years. Joe is a pre-med and hopes to go on next year to study medicine. Extra-curricular: dramatic society, interclass basketball and manager of hockey (1945).



ART DEMERS
The "Glommer" comes out of Harkins, Newcastle . . . 4 years Varsity Basketball . . . member of 1945 Dominion Intermediate Championship team . . . Newman Club member, Vice-President of A. A. A. in Junior year, Manager of track 1946 . . . studies Civil Engineering when he isn't chasing a basketball or a woman.



JACKIE PICKARD
Jackie is a Senior Science student . . . part-time secretary to the Physical Department . . . regular guard with the Co-eds basketball team . . . Key Brunswickan executive . . . Alumni News Secretary for the class of '47 . . . taller half of the Pickard-MacLaggan duo.



SHIRLEY KINNIE
Shirl is the playmaker of the Maritime Intercollegiate Ladies' Basketball team. One of the best women athletes "Up the Hill". Shirley is a rugged member of the Co-ed hockey team, a strong tennis player and fine swimmer. Spends her summers in Belleville. Wow!



PAT RITCHIE
Home town is Fredericton. Pat makes up one-third of the Co-eds defence line. Her rugged defence tactics earned her a spot on the envied Olympic crew. Patsy joined the class of '47 in their Sophomore year. Illness kept her out of college for some time.



JOHN BAXTER
Life President of the Senior class after 4 years at the helm of the '47er's affairs . . . Secretary of the S. R. C. in his Sophomore year, Treasurer in his Junior year . . . guard with Senior Varsity basketball in his Freshman year . . . a good sport, fine competitor . . . a real character of U. N. B. !!! a true U. N. B.'er !!!

Sport Highlights

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF AMERICA A CRUDE FORM OF GOLF WAS BANDED FROM THE STREETS OF FORT ORANGE (ALBANY) BECAUSE OF DAMAGE TO WINDOWS AND DANGER TO CITIZENS.

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JOHN COVEY
This Fredericton boy is known as "Jake" to the boys. The scrappy little athlete plays picking quarter with the Red and Black rugby squad and forward with the hockey team. This quiet lad is studying geology . . . Extra-curricular: ?



ELLEN MACLAGGAN
The other half of the one-time scoring power of the girl's team. Noted for her deadly set shooting. Ellen's a Devon girl . . . playing her fourth year with Red and Black. Curricular: studies Entomology. Extra-curricular: musician — played with A's band in 1943-44.



ALEX BAPTISTE
The king of the Badminton players . . . the top man in the recent squash tournament . . . defenceman with the U. N. B. hockey team . . . "Gap" is a Civil Engineer . . . home town: Trois Riviers, Quebec. Home life: Betty.



JOE ATYCO
This versatile character plays football, basketball, squash, ping-pong, hockey as well as participating in swimming and diving. Joe was a winning ways with her. She came Captain, in the Signals during World War II. . . collected an Oak Leaf into her own as the scoring punch on Cluster . . . returned to U. N. B. to continue his studies in Electrical Engineering



MARDIE LONG
Vivacious Mardie came up from Saint John as a freshman in 1944 and brought her bright grin and winning ways with her. She came into her own as the scoring punch on the Co-eds' second line. Exchange student to U. S. last year . . . top mark kid . . . S. R. C. rep. . .



BOB LYNCH
This Civil Engineer earned one of the toughest spots on the 1947 Boxing team. Pat Clair beat Reid Scott, Dick Gorham beat Clair and Bob beat Gorham for the right to represent U. N. B. in the 160 pound class in the intercollegiate meet.

Sport Highlights

CROQUET WAS FIRST PLAYED IN FRANCE AND THEN IN ENGLAND AS "PALL-MALL" - DEVELOPED IN THE U.S. UNDER THE NAME OF "ROQUE"

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TREASURER

VANDINE

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BROADCAST

On keeping the contact with one class of '47 will be graduate with the old Secretary of le to them.

On 20 we heard of the U. N. B. over CPNE spon- tic Society. The in the series, m of an original the history of is our Frederic- was written by d included infor- early history of ai amusing anecd- and events, and iction of the pres- that there was ding behind the

men" and a nar- help of various history of the th a burst of harp Sir Thomas Car- That was Lindon ly, the Freshman gh Whalen, with s narrator. Sir the history up to with stories about roosters. In the in Lieut. LeCour- to tell about the t. Carleton refus- Fredericton of the nsical accomplish- to England. The the setting of the ere he heard Jack was visiting the about Fredericton parts were played g and Benjamin oldberg.

r production, the s well presented. at the performers n' the script, and excellent. Cues and the play moved The well chosen were skilfully operator Bernice roses also go to ndall Watters for to the actors, and rounded up very al. In connection it was good to mpt was made to was a very listen- d it is hoped that this type will be

—Or the policeman who told the idling passerby to keep moving, because if everyone should decide to stand still on the sidewalk nobody could get by.

—Or the old negro mammy who lamented the depression because it had to come in the midst of hard times.

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Social Committee Entertain Themselves

"On Sunday, March 30, an enjoyable meeting of the Fredericton Social Committee was held at the home of the chairman, Mrs. Donald Taylor. Mrs. Taylor conducted a short business meeting at which Mrs. David Stothart was elected to the head of a committee to plan smaller and worse dances for the City of Fredericton. Following the business meeting an enjoyable social evening was held. The hostess was assisted in serving by Miss Patsy Stothart and Miss Elsie Taylor."

Having seen this note in the Fredericton "Gleaner" and also having been present at the gathering, I thought you might be interested in savoring some of the conversation. As I entered the living room, (attractively decorated by Mrs. Taylor herself in white upholstery with black and white striped trimming). I heard Mrs. Taylor say she was very annoyed with her husband because she could not persuade him to take any interest in the work of her committee. He said that he did not see any reason why a lot of time should be spent on planning social events and that he for one, certainly did not intend to waste his time in such a way.

Mrs. Stothart complained of a similar lack of interest on the part of her husband in social events but she blamed it on the fact that his time was taken up with teaching their five sons, George, Bruce, Cecil, Arthur and David, how to play basketball. It had even come to the point, declared Mrs. Stothart in tears, that her husband was planning on having a whole team of Stotharts in the Dominion Inter-scholastic Championships. Then what would she and little Patsy do?

Mrs. Didington Cottingham complained of having had a small argument with her husband. He insisted,

even in the dead of winter on going swimming in the St. John River. He would chop a hole in the ice and dive in, swim merrily around under the ice for five minutes and then come up again. This alone was not too bad but he insisted also upon taking their young son Aubrey along and teaching him how to swim. This was too much indeed!

I was beginning to think that I had stumbled into a group of women who did nothing but complain about their husbands. Then I heard: "Well I really think Bill is doing a grand job with the paper. It's something that has been needed for a long time and I think everyone in the province should read 'The Woodchopper's Journal'. It was Mrs. William Martin who was speaking so proudly of her husband and she declared she kept the account books as she had had considerable experience at 'managing'."

Mrs. Cecil Garland rushed in for a moment just as we were drinking our tenth cup of tea. She and her husband were on their way to "another meeting". Breathlessly she apologized to Mrs. Taylor for not being able to stay longer and dashed out again. Mrs. Taylor afterwards explained that Mary and Cecil Garland both held executive positions in about ten societies so they were really kept very busy.

The function was breaking up and the ladies were gathering up their clothes when I heard a soft little voice murmur, "I must go home and see if Rod has finished Nancy's essay for her". It was Mrs. Rodman Logan who was speaking and I asked her what she meant. She explained that her husband was so fond of writing essays he always helped the children with theirs.

The guests eventually departed after singing the song of their old "Alma Mater"—"We go to College

U-Y Holds Annual Banquet

The U-Y Club held one of its unusual banquets in the Community Y on the twentieth of March. Toastmaster for the evening was Club President Vernon Copp. As special guest the Club welcomed Dr. Gregg who presented the boys with a short talk on the service that the club was accomplishing and wishing them greater success in the future.

One of the highlights of the evening was the proposed slate of officers recommended by the present executive: Wally MacAulay, President; Ralph Hay, Vice-President; Bob Howie, Secretary; John Blackmer, Treasurer. However officers will be elected at the next general meeting. A report from the A. A. A. showed that they were acting on the U-Y Club's suggestion of Cheer-leaders.

to get Knowledge (and husbands!)"

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Two Visiting Teams

(Continued From Page Four.)
judges of the merits and demerits of such a system.
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was found that there was a 2-1 decision in favour of Mount Allison. The judges for the co-ed debate were Rev. Mr. Forbes, Whitman Harris and Dr. Baird.

After a five minute intermission the second debate of the evening was held. This was between U. N. B. and St. Mary's College. Upholding the affirmative of the resolution "resolved the Federal Government should provide a system of complete medical care, available to all citizens at public expense" were Eric Toed and Norman Williams. For the negative were Ron Downey and Terry O'Toole.

Spirited argument was shown in this debate and the rebuttals especially were interesting. The judges once more decided for the negative by a 2-1 vote. George James, Rev. Mr. Jones and Alderman Brewer comprised the judges.

After the debates the debating society had a social in the Ladies Reading Room where the visiting teams were entertained.

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(Continued From Page Four.)

they think all they have to do is the midst of a decorative set and walk around and recite their lines. Cast them as New York sophisticates and one is acutely conscious of their Fredericton or Doaktown origin; cast them as inhabitants of Grover's Corners and they become just that. Let us hope that the success of this effort will spell the death of Broadway imitations on the campus, and that the Dramatic Society will become a genuine vehicle of dramatic experiment.

All those who plan to attend Engineering Camp must register with D. V. A. Monday afternoon, March 31, Alexander College Hut 10; or Tuesday, April 1, Arts Building Basement.

D. A. STEWART, Student Advisory Services.

HAVE YOU READ

Burt. Right thinking. 1946.
Conwell. The professional thief. 1937.

Faulkner. These 13. 1931.

Hicks. Only one storm. 1942.

Huxley. The art of seeing. 1943.

Huxley. Eyeless in Gaza. 1936.

Kotshnig. Slaves need no leaders. 1942.

Miner. G. A. Reid, Canadian artist. 1946.

Stein. Picasso. 1946.

Vanderwalker. Woodfinishing. 1944.

(These books are now available at the library.)

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Maurice Sauve, President of the Canadian N. F. C. U. S. will speak at 8 p. m. Monday in Math. Lecture Room, Geology Building.

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Well hello good people here we are back again! This week we are attempting a more "Genteel" type of column and are offering a quiz. Practically every good publication today includes a quiz, so to keep in good taste we ask you to try real hard on the following questions:— Each answer appears directly after it's respective question.

- (1) If someone handed you a LUMENT, you would—
(a) kiss it
(b) sleep on it
(c) read it
A. Hand it back. It's not in the dictionary, and you'd be a fool to keep it.
- (2) A REMON is placed on your head. You would—
(a) blow your top
(b) wear it
(c) consider it an insult
A. Take it off before you catch eczema.
- (3) You meet an AZUNE on the street. Should you—
(a) nab him
(b) neck him
(c) neglect him
A. See an eye specialist, quick, before you meet two of them.
- (4) In Persia an AEWSRET is—
(a) a pretzel-bender
(b) a pill-pusher
(c) a stuffed olive
A. It's a sweater, spelled inside out, and upside down.
- (5) To find the logarithm of JOLZ, you—
(a) add the diameter of the circles under your eyes
(b) count up to 5,000,000 by ones, and come down by twos
(c) refer to the "Plumbers Manual"
A. Upon your return from 5,000,000 it won't matter.

Count yourself one for every correct answer, within eight decimal places; subtract two hundred for an omission; and subtract five hundred for a wrong answer. Five right out of twenty is good, four right is a pass, three could mean only one thing—you didn't read the questions thoroughly.

The train halted a moment at the station and the traveler reached out, called a small boy, and said, "Son, here's fifty cents. Get me a twenty-five cent sandwich and get one for yourself. Hurry up!" Just as the train pulled out, the boy ran up to the window. "Here's your quarter, mister," he replied, "they only had one sandwich!"

OFFER RECEIVED FROM FLORIDA!

The most popular columnists on the back page admitted last night they had received a very generous offer from the Students' Newspaper Association of the United States to leave U. N. B. and attend the University of Florida. All tuition and expenses would be paid plus allowances of \$500.00 per term. In return their "Stewin Brew" column would be syndicated and distributed from the Florida Hdqts. for publication in every American University newspaper.

No indication of their decision was available today as both partners had not had an opportunity to discuss the offer. Following up rumors that "Brew" had disappeared and was the reason for a statement not being released to the faithful and patient readers of Stewin Brew, Stew was approached for further information. He was quite upset over his partner's disappearance because the American offer stressed that they

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Applications should be given to Murray Seely or Vernon
Copp by April 22.

wouldn't want Stew without Brew!

"Stew" readily admitted "Brew was lost, strayed, stolen or kidnapped and courageously proclaimed that if his beloved partner was still missing by next Thurs. that he would go the limit and insert a notice in the "Lost and Found" column of the Gleaner . . .



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