

The BRUNSWICKIAN



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FREDERICTON, N. B., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1951

No. 12

CO-EDS SENSATIONAL AGAINST FACULTY 65-64 ¹/₂

Co-Eds Act As Ladies

The hockey game got off to a flying start. Due to many complaints from the faculty in past hockey games, the co-eds, this year kept passing them the puck and allowing them to count goals scored off-side.

Despite all efforts the co-eds still came out ahead. Perhaps if the faculty had a few more chappies looking for the "ball" they might have pulled from behind. Better luck next year. Try shovels!

More Sporting

Co-ed sports are lagging at U. N. B. Few girls ever go near the gym except as spectators. Bowling, basketball and badminton need more participants. Moreover, are the girls of U. N. B. in the best of physical condition? Are they as slim and trim as they ought to be? The obvious solution to these problems would be to include athletic participation as a necessary part of the first year curriculum (a nice way of saying compulsory sports for freshmen). We don't wish to develop a group of muscle bound females but feel that athletics would provide a more rounded education. Most co-eds don't dislike sports but are too lazy to bother with them. If two hours a week participation were required they would make the effort and find that they really enjoyed it. You would learn the fundamentals of such games as basketball, volleyball and hockey and the interest aroused would last into further years. Some would want to keep it up on a voluntary basis. The social graces of the co-eds would improve. No longer would there be a danger of them making clueless remarks about certain sports if they

had taken part in them. No doubt you noticed the increased enthusiasm for soccer this year. This was undoubtedly a result of the girls having a team and finally learning about the game. All the familiar slogans of the value of physical fitness, comradeship of the game and good sportsmanship can be invoked to support the stand of compulsory sports. It would be too bad if our coeds missed out on these benefits. Finally

(Continued on Page Eight)

JUST A SAMPLE



Sex and Cheesecake

TORONTO—(CUP).—The Varsity has a national reputation for sex and cheesecake, Toronto delegates to the Canadian University Press Conference for 1950 discovered. They also heard their paper called "sordid," "sensational" and "deplorable."

At the conference, during a discussion on Sex and the university paper (suggested by The Varsity), the Toronto paper came under attack. Although many of the editors present expressed only envy for The Varsity, since they neither could print such pictures or else did not have the necessary raw materials, other editors were bitter in their recondemnation of such use of female pulchritude.

"I do not understand how girls at a co-educational university can allow their beauty to be used this way to sell papers."

"representative of the Falcrum, University of Ottawa, stated. One of the girls present replied, "They love it!"

Harold Buchwald, editor of The Manitobian, stated his paper's policy by saying, "In our opinion the only thing nicer than one woman's legs is two of them."

In the face of bitter criticism, The Varsity is in a quandary as to its future policy. What do Toronto students want?

On the Run Again

This is not Sadie Hawkins' Week but the males had better start running anyway.

Is Christianity Out of Date

By Jim McAdam
(he forced his way into the office, twisted our arm—so here it is...)

This is the theme of the University Christian Mission. I do not think anyone will disagree that it is a most provocative and interesting question. It is as modern as jet aeroplanes and is the subject of many current books. With the many conflicting ideologies that are powerful in the world today it is well that we examine the system. (continued on page four)

?

Is it true that the co-eds as a group are not interested in the University Christian Mission? A statement to that effect has been made several times since the U. C. M. first began to be talked about among students and faculty. Are co-eds not interested in religion and its projects in today's world? Well — is anybody? A reason, for some people, at any rate, for sponsoring the U. C. M. was a queer desire to find out if the Mission could stir up any interest on the campus. Were people interested in religion or were they just too bored to bother one way or another? Are those who wish to learn this just a curious minority? Is religion a dead issue that we would wish to scrap as out-of-date or do we need to get excited and do something to give it a chance. Are the co-eds really disinterested? The Ladies Reading Room is to be reserved at stated periods for discussion between the lady Missioner and co-eds during U. C. M. week. I wonder if there will be enough discussion to interrupt the bridge games? We shall see.

Review Gen

The Red 'N Black Revue, especially the girls' chorus line, has rounded into shape. The main body of the show has been developed and with the addition of smaller skits and pantomimes the show will be ready for that last stage drive of practice and of rehearsals to ready the show for good performances. The directors have called forth the services of some of the best talent on the campus, writers as well as actors, to help them in the preparation. The cooperation which they have been receiving has been excellent and the spirit and enthusiasm concerning the show is as high as ever. Under the capable hand of Emcee Dan, the Red 'N Black should turn out to be quite a success.

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Go-Ed Week

Well here it is again! The Co-ed week on the Campus. This annual affair came into existence back in 1935 and has been going strong ever since and probably will continue to do so.

I do not know the original idea behind Co-ed week but one fact it does bring to light is that the women of today are playing a very dominant part in world affairs.

Although greatly outnumbered by the males on this campus, the co-eds play a dominant role in all college activities. You see them on the basketball floor (ahem), in the bowling alleys, on the soccer field, in the pool, on the debating team and even on the ice in that he-man game, hockey.

To get back to Co-ed Week. This is one week that the girls go all out to make every undertaking a huge success and when this week is finished the co-eds will again have shown that they can take over for the males once in awhile (goodbye last thin dime).

Publishing the Brunswickan is also taken over by Co-eds for the week and this brings to our notice just how much hard work goes into this weekly publication.

Deadly Peril of Co-Eds

Meditate upon the small population of women at U. N. B. and consider the hazards of going "Up the Hill". The co-ed is in grave danger of becoming extinct.

So

We have heard through the Reading Room keyhole that certain male elements about the campus say U. N. B. ruins girls. They come demure and innocent, but leave bold and experienced.

But what is behind these accusations? We have it! These mere males feel superior to us when we leave our sheltered homes and our mother's apron-strings.

We will be charitable and allow the narrow, mean, petty

isolated male elements their thoughts but the fact that girls do not ruin U. N. B. over-powers their argument completely.

This is more like the general feeling: Co-ed, co-ed I've been thinking and I mean all this I say. How we would miss your many graces If you left for old Mt. A.

Growing

The sixty-four dollar question this year is invariably, "When may we use the New Wing?" Some of you catch brief tantalizing glimpses of its lovely interior when the door opens to allow the seemingly endless supply of new books to enter.

But the books going into this Bonar Law-Bennett wing are the very things that may bring some of you back for a M. A. This is what, in part, the Toronto Saturday Night of November 14, 1950, says of the new wing: "The new library structure... contains special rooms set aside for each biographical collection.

STOP PRESS!

S. R. C. President trapped on fourth floor of stacks

—by a Co-ed.

We who have grown old at the game find it hard to remember that what to us has become commonplace concerning the library may be still fresh and interesting to you.

In 1941 many of the pamphlets and periodicals were on the floor of a basement room, in a horrible heap called by some the Kitchen Midden, by others The Porridge.

To make confusion worse confounded this dusty and impossible head was surmounted by the stuffed carcasses of many animals — moose, deer, bear, a spread of caribou antlers, and various other museum specimens.

The engineers at one time abstracted one of these creatures — the albino deer, if I remember correctly—for a certain engineering do, and were greatly chagrined to find, on returning the wanderer with utmost stealth, that it never had been missed.

Later, space was found for two glass cases and an experiment in raising saw flies undertaken not by the librarian but by a white coated forester. That was in the 40's. But — the sawflies succumbed to stomach trouble, the animals went to the Normal School, and the pamphlets, books and periodicals were arranged, listed, and shelved elsewhere.

Ten years ago it would have been impossible to find your way about in the Government Documents, the periodicals. Now these are available and used to great advantage in essay writing, the key to them being found in the several periodical indexes to which we subscribe.

This is only one small sample of the way in which we have changed.

Eisenhower, in a letter to a prospective student, advised him to choose his University carefully, and to choose one that was growing. To find that record of progress, said Eisenhower, the student should study the progress of the University library.

Opportunity Knocks

To each individual the term "Co-ed" may have a different meaning. To many of us it means one of our associates or even ourselves. To others it may bring to mind the group of individuals who have gradually joined the ranks of this university, to the chagrin of some of the more stoic of the male students.

The co-ed has now established herself in just about all the different courses. In previous years many of these were taken up only by men.

It is with no surprise that we see now a co-ed hustling to classes carrying a T-square and drafting implements, or proceeding towards the more advanced chemistry labs, donned in a lab coat bearing the many battle scars of the Chem. lab.

We are no more surprised now to hear a co-ed discussing problems of complicated mathematics than talking about an English course. Even the "sacred" course of Forestry which many of the male students probably thought would never be invaded by women, has been conquered by a lowly co-ed.

According to studies of human anatomy women do not possess the amount of brains in pounds and ounces that men usually do. However, the boys must be ready to admit by this time that some of the co-eds must put their lesser amount of brains to better use, having equal or excelling intellectual abilities.

Co-ed Dictionary

Flagrant—perfume
Equine—quinine for a horse
Buttress—a female butler
Rampart—going up a ramp
Ulcer—a county in Ireland
Average—what a hen lays on
Rebate—put another worm on the hook.
Yoke—a funny story.

One way to get your troubles off your mind is to go horseback riding—especially if you aren't used to it.

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For this purpos... will be at the... (Hut R Room 6) M... Wednesday and... noons between th... and four. Any st... be interviewed du... periods should c... ory Bureau immed

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Will Interview D.V.A. Students

Mr. George Andrews, D.V.A. representative for this area, has advised us that he has been directed to interview all D.V.A. students during the week January 29th-February 3rd. This will include those students who are repeating a year at their own expense but are eligible for future reinstatement to D.V.A. benefits.

For this purpose Mr. Andrews will be at the Advisory Bureau (Hut R Room 6) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons between the hours of two and four. Any student unable to be interviewed during the above periods should contact the advisory Bureau immediately.

Applications May Now Be Made

The Hudson's Bay Company today announced that applications may now be made for two scholarships for study in the United Kingdom. The scholarships are tenable for one year and are for post graduate study in Advanced Business Administration, including such subjects as merchandising, personnel administration and labour relations. The scholarships were created in 1945 on the occasion of the 275th Anniversary of the founding of the Company.

Applicants may secure details through the offices of the Principals of all Canadian Universities, at the Company's head office in Winnipeg and through the Company's department stores in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria.

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Purr Verse . .

Feeling feline? or distraught? or sage? The following space has been set aside for the practice of poetic license, so that contributors, having bethought themselves to poetry, may see printed their own cryptic, caustic or just plain clever comment for all to look at. If you have contrived a cute, curt lyric, or have a favourite zesty couplet, you should contribute.

Little co-ed tell me why
You have come to college
Is it for some handsome guy
Or for a little knowledge.

Although your questions be of two
And both go on forever
A handsome guy and knowledge too
Both go well together. —Hopeful.

Loony Limericks

By Lulu

There was a young co-ed named Kay
Who yodded a tune night and day,
Serenaded her love
With the moon up above
Till a flying shoe ended her lay!

A co-ed from olde U. N. B.,
Was working toward some degree.
And soon the whole nation
Knew her reputation —
A famed and well-earned B. E. D.

Fred wandered into a tennis tournament
The other day and sat down on the bench.
"Whose game?" he asked.
"A shy young freshette sitting
next to him looked up hopefully.
"I am" she replied.

\$1000 Damage To Quarters

Ottawa — (CUP)—Damage estimated at \$1,000 was caused to the Carleton College Student Union during the Christmas vacation, when radiators froze and burst.

Student Council members discovered on Dec. 26 that the furnace had run out of oil. The water inside the radiators and pipes was frozen and eight radiators burst, causing \$60 damage to the plaster and woodwork.

The Union had been officially closed for three days, and the janitor was not on duty. Plumbers and furnace repairmen were called immediately. By working all night and part of the next day, the building was repaired.

Taken from a test paper in English literature:
"A morality play is one in which the character are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural characters."

Did you see the stork that brought me, Daddy?
Only his bill, son only his bill.

With Apologies . .

A bunch of the boys will be whooping it up, at the Beaverbrook Hotel.

And Sierra Slim with his mandolin will be along as well:

And back of them all with their backs to the wall will be the Orca-troo,

And watching them play, and the lone wolfs bay will be the co-ed known as Lou.

When out of the night and the Queen street roar and into the din and the glare,

There will stumble some students fresh from their books a ripplin' and roarin' for fair;

Each will look like a man with a woman in hand, and scarcely the strength of a louse,

Yet each will pay as he enters the door and call for drinks on the house.

There'll be some who know some others faces, and some know their own faces too,

And they'll drink their health and the last to drink—the co-ed known as Lou.

There's men that somehow just grip your eyes and hold them hard like a spell,

But these men will grip their women tight and dance like they was in hell;

With a face shaved bare and the happy stare of a dog whose havin' fun,

As they water the "boom-boom-boom" in the glass, the drops will fall one by one.

Then they'll get to wondering who they are and what are they going to do,

And turning their heads—there watching them will be the co-ed known as Lou.

Their eyes will go rubbering round the room, and they'll seem in a kind of a daze,

Till at last that dance floor will fall in the way, of their loosely wandering gaze:

And Sierra Slim will be playing a tune—you can bet he's nobody's fool,

So they throw their voices up in the air and bray like a bloody mule.

In a buckskin shirt that is free from dirt, he'll stand and they'll watch him sway,

When he pulls them strings with his talon hands—my God! but that man will play.

Will you be down at the Beavers brook, when the moon is shining clear—

And the mob that's there hems you in, with a silence you most can hear.

With only a buck for couple, why stay outside and be cold.

Have the time of your life in the sweat and strife, that's going on inside the fold.

Join in the fun, you son of a gun, it's a bot of old Paree,

And before you're through they'll welcome you, at the Junior Jamboree.

It's the fun not of the "Extravaganza" kind, that's banned by presidents

But the good clean fun of the Junior class 'cause they've let us have a dance!

There will be no beer but just champagne, with barmaids clothed in cellophane.

But oh! so cramful of cosy joy and you with your best loved dame:

A woman dearer than all the world and true till to-morrow night;

That co-ed Lou! — How ghastly she looks — 'tis enough to give you a fright.

Then on a sudden the music will start, so soft that you scarce can hear,

And you'll feel that your life has been looted clean of all the misery and fear.

That someone has taken the woman you had — and gone with her for a dance,

And you feel relieved as it's time for you to strike another romance;

It's the crowning glory of the dreary days and it'll thrill you through and through.

The Junior Jump at the Beaverbrook and the co-ed known as Lou,

The music will almost die away — then it bursts like a pent up flood,

It seems to say "God Save the

Last Call—Going

At the SRC Budget Meeting, Wednesday, January 24th, the budget for the Debating Society was suspended until such time as sufficient interest in debating is shown by the student body to warrant reinstatement.

Interest in debating at UNB has fallen off badly during the past two years. In 1949 the UNB Debating Society won the M.I.D.L. title and were only defeated by a split decision in the Dominion finals.

For many years the Society has fulfilled a valuable function at U. N. B. Many universities in recognition of the importance of public speaking have included it in the regular curriculum as a credit course. Whereas the University of Maine has nine separate courses in public speaking U. N. B. has only one and that is designed for forestry students.

The executive of the society was perfectly in accord with the action of the SRC in suspending our budget. It is absolutely futile to try and carry on when a debate on a contentious campus issue (English Rugby) draws only the four debaters (in this case not members of the society) plus the executive.

Appeals during the last term failed completely to arouse any interest. We can only hope that the action of the SRC will impress upon the student body the position that the society is in.

There must be a large number of students who realize the importance of public speaking. The society represents the only opportunity at U. N. B. to gain experience and confidence in the use of this medium of expression.

We are now making a last appeal. On Monday evening, February 5th, a debate will be held in Room 201 of the Arts Building. The subject will be posted within the next few days. At a meeting to be held immediately following the debate the decision will be made as to whether the society will continue or fold and lose the three scheduled M.I.D.L. debates by default. Let's not have this happen. The decision will depend entirely upon the attendance at the above mentioned debate.

The Tulane Urchin took a poll recently to determine the main reasons why men got up in the middle of the night. They brought forth the following vital statistics

- 10% to raid the icebox.
- 15% to visit the blue room.
- 75% to go home.

King" and your eyes go blind with blood,

The thought comes now, the dance is done, and it stings like a frozen lash,

And the lust awakes "Go on, some more"—then the music stops with a crash.

And the people turn and their eyes they burn in a most peculiar way,

In the lights' dull glare they stand and stare, and then they begin to sway—

Then their lips go into a kind of grin and they speak with voices free.

And "Boys," say they, "What a spread! What a lay! at this Junior Jamboree.

Now we want to state, and our words are straight, and we'll bet our textbooks they're true,

That none of you who came to this dance, can say that the thing fell through."

Then they'll duck their heads in a silent prayer, that more dances like this will come,

Then a woman will scream and the heads will go up, and the crowd moves on one by one.

And all they can talk of and all they can say, for many a day—and night too—

Is the Junior Hop at the Beaverbrook, and that co-ed known as Lou.

These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess I ought to know,

They say the dance will be loaded with "hooch", and I'm not denying it's so,

I'm not so wise as the lawyer guys but strictly between us two—

The Junior Jump is the place for you—and that co-ed known as Lou.

R. Stevens.

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mine for a horse
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U.N.B. Lose 6-4 to Saint John

Behind the four goals by Dave Kiley, the Saint John Vics scored a 6-4 victory over U. N. B. Varsity last Tuesday night in a regularly scheduled game of the Southern N. B. League. The game was clean with the exception of Saint John's Laval Rinfret, who tried to take on the whole U. N. B. squad as he drew five minor penalties.

U. N. B. took the lead at the five minute mark of the first period when Jack Thompson combined with Tim Bliss and Don Louis to execute a beautiful passing play. Louis passed, blue line to blue line, to Thompson who gave the puck to Bliss. Tim skated in an Lynch, faked him out and passed the rubber to Thompson who flipped it into the open net. However, Saint John came back late in the period and Dav Kiley sank two goals in less than three minutes to put Vics ahead, 2-1 at the end of the first period.

Varsity never regained the lead as Saint John outscored them 2-1 in the second stanza and matched their goal output in the third. Vics outshot U. N. B., 30-20.

Lineups: Saint John: Goal, Lynch; defence, MacDonald, Price, Larabee; forwards, Colwell, Rinfret, Kiley, Garey, Legere, Oldfield.

U. N. B.: Goal, MacLellan; defence, Wagar, Ouellette, Louis, Colquhoun; forwards, Lorimer, Bedard, R. Bliss, Thompson, T. Bliss, Kenney, Kennedy, Elliott, Wilson.

Referees: Bishop and Smith.

Summary:

Scoring: First period: 1, U. N. B., Thompson (T. Bliss, Louis), 5:07; 2, Saint John, Kiley (Price), 14:51; 3, Saint John, Kiley (MacDonald) 17:34. Penalties, Rinfret, Colquhoun.

Second period: 4, Saint John, Garey (Larabee, Oldfield) 5:07; 5, U. N. B., Badard (Lorimer, R. Bliss) 12:22; 6, Saint John, Kiley (Colwell), Penalties, Rinfret (2), Oldfield, Wilson.

Third period: 7, Saint John, Legere (Larabee) 2:16; 8, Saint John, Kiley (Garey) 4:59; 9, U. N. B., R. Bliss (Lorimer, Bedard) 10:36; 10, U. N. B., T. Bliss (Thompson, Kenney) 19:52. Penalties, Wagar, Rinfret (2), Oldfield.

Co-eds vs. Mt. A. Tonight At 8.30



It seems the chorus line is having trouble with the Charleston. Any enthusiastic biologist's fortune will be made by simply acquiring (stealing or borrowing) a Charleston Bug. (Clue - Stainless Steel has one).

Co-Ed Hoopsters

The U. N. B. co-eds were again out-shot and out-played by the Fredericton High team last Friday evening. This was the second game with the city team. In the first game, F. H. S. won by a slim 6-point margin. This time, however, the high school walked away with an 18 point lead.

The first basket was made early in the game by Betty Brown, of U. N. B. The High School hoopsters followed soon after, however, with a free shot made by Iris Bliss and from then until the end of the game, F. H. S. out-shot the co-eds by a wide margin. At the end of the first half the score stood at 20-11 in favor of the high school. The second half was even worse for the co-eds. They clocked up 6 points while Fredericton came through with 15, and the game ended with the score at 35-17.

High scorer for U. N. B. was, as usual, Peggy Stewart, and Iris Bliss held that honour for the city team. Fredericton played a good fast game and showed some excellent training, both in making baskets and in snappy passing. There was also a marked and commendable improvement in their sportsmanship and appreciation of the game.

The first of the co-ed inter-varsity basketball games between Mt. Allison and U. N. B. will take place here on Friday, February 2nd. The return game of this home and home series will be held on the following Friday.

Here's luck to the U.N.B. co-eds!

Bowling

The Mixed Bowling League struggled off to an inauspicious beginning last week. The six formerly enthusiastic teams have apparently lost their enthusiasm. Perhaps it is only the post-Christmas slump. Whatever the cause, one of the teams, the Foresters, have won two games because (1) the Arts team which was scheduled to make its new year's debut on the 6th, failed to show up and the Foresters won by a default. (2) They played the following week against the Science team who boasted 5 men but no girls. And so they won by a technicality which states that there must be at least two women on a mixed bowling team.

As things stand now, the Foresters are ahead with 8 points, followed closely by the Gutterknives with 7. The results of the Bed-Combine game are not yet known and the Arts and Science are at the bottom with 0 points.

This league must be played with six teams and each team must have at least six people, and each team must show up when it is scheduled to play. So let's have more co-operation about this and make this term's mixed bowling league a real battle—it's really fun.

Schedule for the coming weeks:

- January 30, 9.00—Combines vs Arts.
- January 31, 7.00—Foresters vs Gutterknives.
- January 31, 9.00—Science vs Beds
- February 6, 9.00—Beds vs Arts.
- February 7, 7.00—Science vs Gutterknives.
- February 7, 9.00—Foresters vs Combines.
- February 13, 9.00—Gutterknives vs Combines.
- February 14, 7.00—Science vs Arts.
- February 14, 9.00—Beds vs Foresters.

Saint Andrews Senators Defeat U.N.B. Pucksters by 9-6 Score

In a fast and rough game played at York Arena last Thursday night, St. Andrew's Senators outscored U. N. B. Varsity by the score of 9-6. After the first period which ended 4-4, U. N. B. could not keep up with the more experienced sea-side squad and the best they could do was score one goal in each of the second and third periods. Conspicuous by his absence was ace goaltender Clyde MacLellan, who was out with a bruised ankle. He was replaced by Jack Pindar, who made a creditable performance in spite of the score.

A near riot broke out at the end of the first period. Barrie Wilson had tangled with Rod MacMillan of Senators and as the bell sounded to end the period, all players of both sides poured onto the ice. The pair were separated and nothing further developed. Apparently, they had been shoved by some railbirds and Wilson lost his balance and his stick hit MacMillan on the head. Only four penalties were called in the game, two each to Tim Bliss of Varsity and Harry MacNichol of St. Andrew's.

High scorer in the game was Bud Stuart with four goals. Allison "Pickles" MacNichol, the league's leading scorer, picked up two goals and one assist. Tim Kenney led U. N. B.'s attack with two goals.

Line-ups:

St. Andrew's: Goal, K. Ross; defence, H. MacNichol, Worwich, Sharkey, R. Ross, Thomas; forwards, A. MacNichol, Stuart, Miller, I. MacFarlane, A. MacMillan, R. MacMillan, P. MacFarlane, N. MacFarlane.

U. N. B.: Goal, Pindar; defence, Wagar, Louis, Snow, Colquhoun; forwards, Lorimer, Ketch, R. Bliss, Thompson, T. Bliss, Kenney, Donkin, Elliott, Wilson.

Referees: Clark and Bishop.

Summary:

Scoring: First period: 1, St. Andrew's, Stuart (H. MacNichol), 0:47; 2, U. N. B., Snow (Lorimer), 8:40; 3, St. Andrew's, Stuart, 10:37; 4, U. N. B., T. Bliss, 10:55; 5, St.

Andrew's, A. MacNichol (Stuart), 11:56; 6, U. N. B., R. Bliss (Lorimer), 13:54; 7, U. N. B., Kenney (Thompson, Colquhoun), 16:24; 8, St. Andrew's, Stuart (Miller, Sharkey), 17:07. Penalty, T. Bliss.

Second period: 9, St. Andrew's, Stuart (Miller, A. MacNichol), 0:47; 10, U. N. B., Ketch (R. Bliss), 9:27; 11, St. Andrew's, N. MacFarlane (R. MacMillan), 14:25; 12, St. Andrew's, Miller (H. MacNichol), 19:32. Penalties, H. MacNichol, T. Bliss.

Third period: 13, U. N. B., Kenney (Snow), 2:37; 14, St. Andrew's, N. MacFarlane (P. MacFarlane), 7:55; 15, St. Andrew's, A. MacNichol (Sharkey), 14:16. Penalties, H. MacNichol.

Is Christianity

(Continued from Page One)

tem we have been trying to operate for the last 2000 years. We do not seem to be going anywhere. Everybody appears confused. We talk of normal times but I have not known them in my lifetime. With this reign of chaos some people naturally blame out Christian ideology. This is the challenging problem which Chief Missioner Cragg and his associates will attempt to answer.

In arranging the programme for the U. C. M. we decided to have a page entitled the Student's Think . . . and then to relate what you did think of the Mission. However the upshot of our short poll was that the students don't think. Of the 25 interviewed only 4 had definite opinions on the theme and what the Mission Team had to offer U. N. B. The majority of those interviewed expressed the opinion that the campus wouldn't be interested at all. Perhaps I am an idealist but I cannot see why they shouldn't want to attend these lectures.

Sorry Jim!
No more space.
But after all, you're a mere male!

Women of the World Unite

1. Overcome male suppression and restriction.
2. Only a united, world-wide, Revolution can overthrow male domination.
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 - (a) Recognition and appreciation.
 - (b) Higher allowances.
 - (c) Six afternoon bridge parties per week.
 - (d) Free cigarettes.
 - (e) Free beer
 - (f) Bar established in Reading Rooms.
 - (g) Co-ed hockey team budget for trip to U. B. C.
 - (h) Banishment of un-cooperative males to Labrador.
 - (i) Free car service up the hill.

Signed—

Karol Parks
Chief Agitator,
Headquarters,
Reading Room.



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CRUMBS



Entert

Do you feel that you do you yearn for a thrilling experience then take a day in the labs at U. N. B. can and does happen

Take Biology for you can inhale the fumes of formalin— for colds I'm told, the interesting cream, you can dism what makes them tply microscopes with free slides for your There are even pret down whose necks leged (if no one is throw fish eyes, for pickled grasshopper

Chemistry too has spots. If you throw ette into a sink up burst right into fl someone has just ped some ether down which has happened up a dirty beaker trash in it be car wash it or you will works because that in which all the w throw.

Naturally no one things but wouldn't they had. Of course to do is back into a Burner to cause la ment and command fire-fighting equipm If you would like try engineering. Bo gram weights can b especially if your pins. And just th interesting things y through those tran all the engineers s the fall supposedly buildings. I supp

73 York St.

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J. D.

Queen Street

Defeat Score

MacNichol (Stuart), B. R. Bliss (Lori), U. N. B., Kenney, (Liquor), 16.24; 8, Stuart (Miller, Shar-nalty, T. Bliss), 9, St. Andrew's, A. MacNichol, 0.47; 10, St. Andrew's, (R. Bliss), 9.27; 11, N. MacFarlane, 14.25; 12, St. An-drew's, (H. MacNichol), 14.16. Penalties,

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from Page One)
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CRUMBS FROM THE KITCHEN



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Do you feel that your life is dull? Do you yearn for adventure and thrilling experience? You do — then take a day in any or all of the labs at U. N. B. where anything can and does happen.

Take Biology for instance. Here you can inhale the invigorating fumes of formalin — they are grand for colds I'm told. Think of all the interesting creatures, big and small, you can dismember and see what makes them tick. They supply microscopes with or without free slides for your entertainment. There are even pretty co-eds there down whose necks you are privileged (if no one is looking) to throw fish eyes, frogs legs and/or pickled grasshoppers.

Chemistry too has its bright spots. If you throw a lighted cigarette into a sink up there it could burst right into flame provided someone has just previously poured some ether down the same sink which has happened. If you pick up a dirty beaker with a bit of trash in it be careful when you wash it or you will have free fireworks because that is the beaker in which all the waste sodium is thrown.

Naturally no one tells you these things but wouldn't it be dull if they had. Of course all you have to do is back into a lighted Bunsen Burner to cause lab-wide excitement and command all available fire-fighting equipment to use.

If you would like a further choice try engineering. Bowling with kilogram weights can be quite exciting especially if your aiming at live pins. And just think of all the interesting things you could see through those transit things that all the engineers carry around in the fall supposedly to survey the buildings. I suppose it wouldn't

A. M. and D.

by ANNE SANSON

In the Art Center this week, there is a treat waiting for anyone who wishes to see it—"The Royal Academy Travelling Exhibition" for 1951. When I walked in the door for the first time, and saw the paintings, one in particular gripped me by its stark tragedy. "The Dispossessed" of George Pepper, A. R. C. A. will probably impress everyone; whether the emotion is horror, fear or profound admiration for the artist; it is a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

If its laughter you are seeking, take a look at the three angels "Heads, Peace on Earth" by Grant MacDonald. The painting is a lovely joke, and it would be even better if you could guess who the three angels are. I would not like to hazard a guess myself — but see what you think.

Among the other pictures I liked were "The New Road", by Jack Bush, A. R. C. A., "Buggy" by Leslie Coppold, "Angela of Diamond Cross Ranch" by Kathleen Daly, A. R. C. A., "Winter on to Ottawa", Wm. Winter, A. R. C. A. and "Season's Final Hour" by Adrian Dingle, A. R. C. A. (You may remember a certain comic strip character for which Mr. Dingle was responsible in a now defunct Canadian comic.)

A painting that I did NOT like is "Three Swimmers" by Charles Playfair. It reminds me of a sketch of Raphael or Da Vinci that some color blind child might have attacked with crayons. However I will say that the swimmers ARE well done, but as for their swimming medium . . .

The only real criticism of the exhibition as a whole is that it is not truly representative of Canadian Art — Where are the eastern and western painters? After all, Ontario is not ALL of Canada, it may be a large percentage say 88 . . . but it is not ALL. We in the Maritimes are Canadians too, and are very proud of our painters. We also like to be noticed by the rest of Canada once in a while.

Since this is Co-ed week, not many people will be taking the Brunswickan seriously. Ergo . . . I must add some of my own brand of blurb to the ever increasing heap. The topic for consideration is Co-eds.

Co-eds are . . . well . . . Co-eds. There is no other way to describe them. They look like other girls, they act like other girls . . . BUT there is a difference — some of them actually are bold enough to THINK. Now this of course is a deep dark secret which is completely hidden from the men on the campus. For example, how startled one of the Engineers or Foresters would be if the sweet young thing sitting in his lap were to query — "What is your opinion of Toynbee's reaction to the Thesis Antithesis Theory of Hazel?" He would of course, be flabbergasted. Therefore the women on the campus have a tendency to hide their intelligence — what would happen to the male ego if they didn't?

Science tells us that the male is the weaker of the two sexes. How true! We are also told that the male life expectancy is ten years less than of the female — why not let him have his heyday then, and save the gloating for the funeral. ONE WEEK in the year the Co-eds and the rest of womankind preach about their greatness; the men of course object; but after all, who does the listening for the other fifty-one—?

Patronize our Advertisers

The seven ages of woman — the right one and six guesses.

ditions and not only was the experiment a failure, but worse than that, there wasn't any tea that day. There is always an aroma of onions and burned potatoes, and a shortage of pots and seating accommodations but I guess there is never a dull moment.

So you see, there is fun, adventure and entertainment all around you — just reach out and take it — it's yours you know.

SHALL WE . . . ? LET'S NOT



Mademoiselle's Prizes :

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Eligibility. Women undergraduates only. Stories which have appeared in undergraduate college publications are acceptable but only if they have not been published elsewhere.

Length: 3,000 to 5,000 words.

Format: Typewritten, double-spaced, one side of paper only, accompanied by contestant's clearly marked name, home address, college address, college year.

MLLE assumes no responsibility for manuscripts, will return only those accompanied by stamped, self-addressed, legal-sized envelopes.

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DEADLINE:

Entries must be postmarked by midnight April 15, 1951.

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College Fiction Contest
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Star Gazing

February people are nothing but pests. They are restless, vain, self-centred boers, always worrying themselves and other people about their health, talking rubbish, joining societies and yapping about politics and religion without the vaguest knowledge of either.

You can't tell them anything. They know. They think they have advanced ideas and believe themselves to be "modern", whereas they are more conventional than most people and usually have no ideas at all unless they have acquired them from somebody else.

February women, particularly, are obsessed with this idea of being modern, always forgetting that Eve, in her time, was modern — more modern and daring than the majority of her descendants.

Although Feb. people believe they will succeed at anything, they usually succeed at nothing, unless somebody kicks them from behind.

In fact, this is the best thing to do with them. When you know them better, it will give you a great deal of satisfaction.

Co-ed—How did the bridge party go last night?

Engineer—It was fine until the Campus police looked under the bridge.

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Writers Workshop

In this column are printed selected samples of the best from among the short essays produced by the students of Dr. Pacey's "Creative Writing" Class. They are selected on basis of their quality and genuine representation of the students' work. It is hoped that they at once give notice to the creative talent at work on the campus, and add to the feature material that is carried in The Brunswickan.

(Kay MacCallum)

The long mournful whistle of the midnight train drifted through the open window and awoke Margaret MacDonald. For the past four nights she had been awakened by the same sound: a sound that had become a symbol of liberation to her ever since Jim had received the government job in Port Cristie. After fourteen years, the MacDonalds were leaving the Northwest Territories.

Fourteen long, uncertain years, thought Margaret as she shivered in the quiet chill of the night. Jim had taken her to Ramsay as a bride. Somehow the thoughts of leaving the northern wilderness made up for their hard times, everything was behind them now; they were leaving in ten days. There was a twenty-five hundred dollar award awaiting Jim for his valuable research, plus a grant equivalent to six months' salary to establish them in Port Cristie.

Winter had already set in when they arrived on the first of December. They had sold most of their furniture so the immediate task was to furnish their five room apartment. Margaret was sewing drapes on her new electric machine when Jim arrived at the apartment waving his award check. She examined it almost reverently and said, "We'll save it for building our home, won't we, Jim?"

Jim smiled mysteriously. "Put on your old 'coon coat, dear," he said, "it's cold out and we're taking a ride on the street car. I've got something to show you."

After fourteen years away from heavy traffic, Margaret felt confused and dizzy when Jim hurried her off the car and towards a large store. She scarcely noticed the rich display of fur coats in the window. But Jim stopped directly in front of a glassed-in platinum blonde mannikin wearing a magnificent Canadian beaver coat. "That'd look good on you, Marg," he said.

"Well, maybe someday, dear, we

"Today," interrupted Jim. Come on in and we'll look at skins."

"Jim MacDonald! Have you taken leave of your senses? Of all the things we can't afford right now!"

"I got a new top coat, didn't I? And you've been wearing that old 'coon ever since our first winter up north."

"It still keeps me warm. Besides, you've got an important job and I... well, I don't need a new coat... at least, not a fur one."

Jim took her hand. "I want the best for you, Marg, I always have. Up to now I've been pretty poor and you haven't said a word. We're taking this check and getting you a fur coat. If you won't choose the skins, I will."

There were tears in Margaret's eyes as she followed Jim into the fur shop.

Two weeks later, on a snowy Saturday morning, Boulter Furriers delivered Margaret's new Canadian beaver coat to her. She was standing in front of the living room mirror with it on when Jim came home to find no lunch ready.

"Keep it on," he told her. "I'm taking you down to the Cambrian Room for lunch."

Sunday morning, the sun shone brightly, making tiny dazzling diamonds on the surface of the newly fallen snow. Jim glowed with pride as Margaret put on her shimmering new coat for church. The minister of Central United Church, Dr. Bill Crayton, had been Jim's room-mate during their senior year at college.

After the service, Bill introduced Margaret and Jim to a good many of the congregation. After they had gone, the three friends lingered in the vestibule talking to two of the leading women of the church; Agatha Downe, an influential widow and her best friend, Millicent Adams, the wife of a prosperous banker. Agatha was tall and slender, and very regal in her bearing. She had fair skin en-

hanced by flawless make-up. Her black hair, greying at the temples, was waved becomingly off her face, accentuating her straight nose and arched brows.

Her black eyes bespoke shrewdness but they were overpowered by the warmth of her smile. She was wearing a silver mink coat which seemed perfect for her beauty.

Mrs. Adams was not so tall as Agatha and inclined to be stout. She was stylishly dressed and rather pretty but did not have the gracious manner of her friend. Margaret felt uncomfortably that she was appraising her critically and she was relieved when Mrs. Adams ended their talk of the Northwest Territories abruptly, telling Agatha that they should be on their way.

The following Wednesday morning, about ten-thirty, Margaret's house work was interrupted by a phone call.

"This is Agatha Downe calling," she heard. "I'm having a dozen of my friends over for tea this afternoon. I'd like you to meet them, Margaret. Could I pick you up about three? They won't be coming till four or after and we can chat awhile. I'll drive you home again."

Margaret was overwhelmed, she had certainly never expected Agatha Downe to go out of her way to be friendly to her! On week days when Jim worked in the afternoon he didn't come home to lunch, so she left him a note on the kitchen table. Agatha arrived just before three o'clock. She looked even more stunning than Margaret had remembered her.

Her home was large and tastefully furnished. She showed Margaret through before the other ladies arrived. She told her she had designed everything herself from the patterns in the heavy window drapes to the furniture in the Chinese style bedroom which her eighteen-year-old daughter Betty occupied.

Throughout the tea, Margaret could not help but marvel at Agatha. It was plain to be seen that she was a natural leader among her friends. She was charming from her neat hair-do to her stylish bronze kidskin pumps. She told Margaret to tell them all about her life in the Northwest Territories as if she were a heroine.

Among the ladies at tea that afternoon were the nucleus of Port Cristie society. There was Eileen Davis, the short attractive blonde who burst into the gathering with a glowing account of the recent two weeks she and her husband had spent in Bermuda. She seemed annoyed when Agatha told her she could tell them all about it after they'd discussed the Northwest Territories with Margaret.

Then there was Barbara Collings the aloof wife of Port Cristie's leading doctor. She seemed bored by the whole affair.

"Really, Agatha," she said, "you couldn't have picked a worse day for a tea-party. I had to cancel two appointments."

Agatha, gracious as always, said, "But I thought today would be the best day when you're leaving for the South the first of the week. And I knew you'd want to meet Margaret."

"The trip's all off," said Mrs. Collings. "Reg says he can't leave for a couple of weeks and I want to be home for Christmas, so I decided we wouldn't go. We'll have to be content with a report of the Davises' trip to Bermuda."

"Bermuda has it all over Florida," said Eileen. "Honestly, Barbara, you've never lived till you've been there. And the styles! I picked up a beaver jacket that goes beautifully with my new rust suit."

"Oh, is that the magnificent matched beaver up there on Agatha's bed?" asked one of the ladies.

"Why that's Margaret's," said Agatha enthusiastically.

"Anything bulky would never go in Bermuda," continued Eileen. "Bob tried to talk me into getting mink. He says it's so much richer but I already have my squirrel and when I could get a jacket for next to nothing and beaver does look good..."

"I would certainly never buy furs in Bermuda," announced Millicent Adams who arrived at that moment.

"How do you think my sun-tan looks?" asked Eileen of no one in particular.

"Oh, is that what's different about you," replied Millicent dryly, "I thought you'd bleached your hair again."

Eileen glared at Margaret as Millicent sat down beside her. Millicent talked to Margaret as if they were old friends; told her she intended to have her and Jim over to dinner very soon. "Agatha needn't think she is going to monopolize you," she laughed. Somehow Margaret felt that Millicent was scrutinizing every detail of her clothing and make up just as she had on Sunday morning.

Next to Agatha, Margaret liked Constance Stuart best. She was the wife of the editor of the "Port Cristie Daily Star" and was herself the editor of the women's page. After tea, she told Margaret that she would like to do an article on some of her experiences in the North.

Barbara Collings interjected that she thought a report of Eileen's trip to Bermuda would make more attractive reading in the winter.

"I'll leave that to the fashion columnist," smiled Constance.

Eileen laughed harshly.

Katharine Small, a tall, pale woman who scarcely spoke a word throughout the tea was the first lady to leave. She said she had to give two music lessons right after dinner. Agatha told Margaret afterwards that Mr. Small had died two years before and Katharine had returned to teaching music in order to put her son through Med school.

By five o'clock the ladies had nearly all left. Millicent Adams was the last to leave, telling Margaret she'd be giving her a call soon. Agatha asked Margaret if she would stay and mark the hem in her new cocktail dress. Margaret found herself completely bewitched by her hostess and at a quarter to six she reluctantly announced that she would have to return home to get dinner for Jim.

There were soft rose coloured lights burning in Agatha's room. She went to the bed to get her coat and for a moment she felt her eyes had deceived her. There was nothing on the bed except a rather moth eaten old beaver coat. "Agatha," she called downstairs, "I can't find my coat."

They looked everywhere and then Agatha phoned every lady who had been there that afternoon but everyone said she had her own coat. The two maids and the cook

were questioned but they seemed to know absolutely nothing about it. Agatha's daughter was the only person outside of the guests for tea who had come to the house all afternoon.

Margaret told Agatha she would have to get home or Jim would be terribly worried. She was afraid she was going to cry.

"I am going to hire a good private detective," Agatha told her. "I'm sure we can find your coat. I can't understand it, nothing like this has ever happened to me before. That beautiful coat!" She, too, was close to tears.

Jim had dinner all ready when Margaret reached home. He seemed comparatively unperturbed but she was unable to eat. "Oh Jim," she sobbed over her untouched dinner, "the most beautiful thing I've ever had and you worked so hard to get it for me. It was your whole award!"

"You'll get it back," he reassured her.

But Margaret didn't get it back. Agatha's efforts were all to no avail. The coat had disappeared and even the city's leading detective agency could not find it.

By spring time, Margaret had got over the idea of ever finding her coat. Jim rarely talked of the beautiful matched skins she had worn only three times but she knew he was as sad over the loss as she.

The people of Port Cristie could not seem to do enough for the MacDonalds. All that summer they spent almost every week-end at the cottages of their friends. They were no longer strangers in town; Margaret and Jim were living the kind of life they had dreamed about back in Ramsay.

Slowly the memory of the beaver coat ceased to trouble them and it became almost a myth. She wouldn't let him even think of buying her another fur coat the next winter, so she bought a becoming tailor made English coat which Millicent Adams told her was exactly right for her.

The next summer, for her birthday, Jim told her that he intended to take her to an out of town furrier to choose skins for another fur coat. They went to a small shop in Riviere Verte where Jim was attending a convention. Margaret stated quite emphatically that she did not want another beaver coat but when the little French proprietor brought out some matched beaver skins, she weakened. Jim looked the pelts over while Margaret held a soft piece to her and stared into the mirror. "Just like my other one," she murmured.

ed. Suddenly she screamed. There, on the underside of the pelt was a Forestry crest and inside were the initials M. R. M. . . . the very mark Boulter's had stamped on each pelt she had chosen almost two years ago in Port Cristie. There were twelve matched beaver skins all bearing Jim's forestry crest with her initials stamped across the logs in the centre. The little Frenchman was aghast.

Jim's colleagues at the convention recommended a lawyer by the name of Hutchinson; they said he was renowned as a criminal investigator. Within two days, the furs were declared to be the ones sold to the MacDonalds by the expert at Boulter's. The little Riviere Verte Frenchman who was thoroughly scared at the thoughts of becoming involved in a legal entanglement cooperated in every way; he volunteered the names and whereabouts of his agents.

The lawyer accompanied Jim and Margaret back home. Agatha Downe was the first to be told of the good news. She was overjoyed. The day after their return she invited them and Lawyer Hutchinson to dinner. She showed him through the house, where the coat had been and told him all she knew about the ladies who had been at the fateful tea. She told him the same three servants were still with her.

"Sophie, the cook," she said, "has been with me for twelve years. I've had Maxine and Amy for nearly five. They're sisters and marvellous workers. They've certainly never given me any reason to believe they are dishonest."

The lawyer visited the detective agency that Agatha had hired to find the coat. They had an accurate record of the interviews with each lady who had been at tea on the day the coat was stolen. The facts they had concerning the women coincided with what Agatha had told him. Each lady held a respected place in the community.

Through the police files and various other sources, he obtained a record of every fur coat that had been reported stolen for the past ten years in Port Cristie and within a radius of thirty miles. Every stolen coat that had been bought at Boulter's had been worth at least a thousand dollars. There were records of coats that had been stolen from the lockers of nurses and university students; a sixty-five hundred dollar mink had been stolen from the check room at the Blue Heron Club; a sable stole had disappeared while the

(Continued on Page Seven)

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Writers Workshop

(Continued from Page Six)

owner attended a debut of her daughter. furs, like Margaret's, before the insurance could send their agent the first premium.

It was Rev. Bill Crayton indirectly responsible for the lawyer the mission was having dinner with Hutchinson who wished to talk to her about the insurance. They talked of every detail involved in the plan and when dinner was over, Hutchinson had a definite plan had begun to form in the mind of the

One afternoon, a week later, Margaret had just returned from a bridge party at Stuart's when Jim arrived. "I've got a coat," he panted, "wants us to come to once. I guess he has pretty well settled."

The lawyer looked strangely at Margaret when they arrived. For a moment he puffed furiously on a pipe. "I realize the one to do this. I believe myself, Mrs. MacDonald. Margaret was pale when she told me she knew who stole the coat."

"Yes and it seems like my friend, Mrs. Downe, 'Agatha!' Jim was 'Dr. Crayton told me today that no one here knew anything at all so I decided to find things. It seems she with a certain Keith now sells pelts to B

YOU CAN RELAX



-with-



PLAIN ENDS - W CORK TIP

she screamed. There, side of the pelt was a t and inside were the M... the very mark stamped on each pelt men almost two years ago. There were beaver skins all a forestry crest with stamped across the centre. The little was aghast.

agates at the conven- d a lawyer by he d as a criminal invest- in two days, the furs d to be the ones sold onalds by the expert

The little Rivie's man who was thord at the thoughts of volved in a legal on-cooperated in every unteered the names out of his agents, accompanied Jim and ack home. Agatha the first to be told of s. She was overjoyed. er their return she in- and Lawyer Hutchin- er. She showed him house, where the coat d told him all she knew dies who had been at ea. She told him the servants were still

the cook," she said, "has me for twelve years. ine and Amy for near- ey're sisters and mar- ers. They're certain- me any reason to be- re dishonest."

er visited the detective Agatha had hired to at. They had an ac- rd of the interviews dy who had been at tea the coat was stolen. hey had concerning the inced with what told him. Each lady ected place in the com-

the police files and var- ources, he obtained a very fur coat that had ed stolen for the past a Port Christie and with- of thirty miles. Every that had been bought s had been worth at ousand dollars. There is of coats that had from the lockers of university students; a undred dollar mink had from the check room e Heron Club; a sable disappeared while the ed on Page Seven)

Writers Workshop

(Continued from Page Six)

owner attended a deb ball in hon- our of her daughter. Most of the furs, like Margaret's, were taken before the insurance companies could send their agents to collect the first premium.

It was Rev. Bill Crayton who was indirectly responsible for giving the lawyer the missing clue. He was having dinner with Lawyer Hutchinson who wished to question him about the MacDonalds. They talked of everyone who had been involved in the coat case at all and when dinner was over, a definite plan had begun to formulate in the mind of the lawyer.

One afternoon, a week later, Margaret had just returned home from a bridge party at Constance Stuart's when Jim arrived at the apartment breathless. "Get on your coat," he panted, "Hutchinson wants us to come to his hotel at once. I guess he has the coat case pretty well settled."

The lawyer looked rather strangely at Marg and Jim when they arrived. For a moment he puffed furiously on his pipe and then he said, "I really hate to be the one to do this. I still can't believe myself, Mrs. MacDonald."

Margaret was pale. "Do you know who stole the coat?" she interrupted.

"Yes and it seems it was uh, your uh friend, Mrs. Downe."

"Agatha!" Jim was incredulous.

"Dr. Crayton told me on Thurs- day that no one here in Port Christie knew anything at all about her, so I decided to find out a few things. It seems she got in league with a certain Keith Jennings, who now sells pelts to Boulter's, quite

a few years ago. She was a col- lege grad and the life her farmer husband offered her was too slow, so she left him and took their daughter with her. That was seventeen years ago. For fifteen years, she has been living here, the model church member and so- ciety lady, while she and Jennings with the help of her cook Sophie have been stealing thousands of dollars worth of furs."

"I don't see how they could do it," said Jim.

"Simple, when you know how. Jennings kept tabs on every coat sold by Boulter's and stole many of his own skins back. He sold his stolen skins in the States but a few, like yours, ended up in out of the way places with unsuspecting dealers. Sophie, the cook, was afraid Jennings would try to pin everything on her, so she told us a few of the incidental details which we were unable to find out."

There was one court session. Margaret never spoke to Agatha again. She and Jennings pleaded guilty in a very docile manner and each received a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary. There was a kindly note in the judge's voice as he told Agatha's eighteen year old daughter, Betty, that she was being sent to her father of whom she had no recol- lection. He advised her to forget the horrible events of the past few days an rebuild her life with her father. "Ie concluded by saying tha the stolen coats for the most part could not be returned but the owners an dthe insurance compan- ies who had suffered from the loss would be fully reimbursed from the money obtained from the sale of Agatha Downe's estate as well as the savings Mrs. Downe and Keith Jennings had accumulated.

One Cup of Coffee

All over Canada people are send- ing and giving money to the Cana- dian March of Dimes. We hear that this money is used to fight Polio, but what does this word mean? In Fredericton there is a grey frame building set off from the road by the hospital which very few people would note unless it was pointed out. This is the polio clinic for the province and there the victims of polio are treated and helped back into a normal life again. Here patients are treated free and receive periodic check-ups so that they may recover as com- pletely as possible.

The building may be unimpre- sive, but the patients greet all callers with a friendly smile and eyes eager for fun. They may be in bed, as one girl has been for nine years, in wheel chairs, on crutches or braces or walking around with a slight limp, but they are not downcast. There is more sunshine in this one spot than anywhere else in the city. Each person appears to be well fed and well cared for. The nurses even are not of the same category as those who are to be found by the casual observer in any hospital. There is an air here that is not to be found elsewhere. EVERYONE IS HAPPY. The girl in bed re- mains smiling working crossword puzzles as through another per- son's fingers. Hers will not hold a pencil. Another girl hobbles around playing with a friend who is not so disabled, both laughing not thinking about their inabilities. A young boy with almost useless legs pushes a kiddy car with all the energy his spindly limbs can muster, his eyes shedding enough light to read by. The same can be said of all the club members, for this is not a group of people who are merely inmates in a hos- pital. The feeling of oneness is present everywhere, giving strength to those who have just recently arrived, and keeping those who have been there a while going with no thought of problems which they have come to think of as only other things to overcome.

It is quite possible that while a person is visiting, the nurses will be seen preparing to give a patient a hot-pack treatment, placing steaming cloths on the effected limbs to make them relax. An- other nurse may be giving some- one his exercises, getting him to think of a certain muscle and to try to use it. Slow work, all of it, but slowly, cheerfully the patient learns to use his weakened body, learns again to grasp things if his arms are harmed or to stand and walk if his legs are bad. Week after week they work, the patient slowly recovering his lost ability.

The patients do not have to go through their "reconditioning" alone. Various organizations keep trying to help them and make their stay in the clinic more enjoyable. Women's groups have parties for them, Y groups and men's clubs give them chairs, radios and trips out into the open air, and the Red Cross and Salvation Army keep them stocked with books and magazines. All this goes on with- out the citizens of Fredericton knowing much about it, but the pa- tients know and are thankful. And let everyone know that they are thankful. Would not every person like to have such cheerful and brave souls thanking them?

A chance has come up for every person in Canada to help the polio patients, a chance which should not be let go to waste. The March of Dimes. Every person can help his neighbour recover from a dis- ease which could strike anyone without warning and leave him crippled for life. We can be a part of a great group which wants to see the best given to these suffer- ers. We can give the money which is so badly needed in polio work.

At the university there is already something being done to help them, but it is only a start. At almost every basket-ball game one can see a small group of patients earnestly watching the game from reserved

seats in one corner of the gym, down near the front. They will not appear to be anything out of the ordinary, but some will be seen being carried up the stairs to their seats because they cannot walk.

Here is one tiny particle of work that the students are doing without even knowing it. More can be done by each student giving what the name of the campaign implies: one thin dime. Who would not for- sake one cup of coffee so that an-

Your Dollars Mean Help and Hope



GIVE TODAY to the CANADIAN MARCH OF DIMES

other may learn to walk and make his way in life?

There will be a collection made around all the buildings of the uni- versity on Wednesday. On Wed- nesday one of the patients, a typical patient, will be in the Arts building asking for the help of the student body. This boy has legs which may or may not be able to support his body so that he may work in this world of ours. He is still happy and trying to grow as well as possible. Who would not stop and give him the price of one drink of coffee or pop and the chance of walking? All day Wed- nesday students of the U-Y will be asking for money for this drive. U. N. B. has not been canvassed thoroughly before. Will the first canvass help the patients of New Brunswick or will it fail miser- ably?

One cup of coffee!

Murmurs From The Barn...

Flash!—The Barn has lost its Puddy-tat! Bubbles is deserted as Cuddles takes over. A Bell is ring- ing — (joyfully?)

Red Union Suit Fad Sweeps Campus. Most recent member to joint party headed by notorious Midge Myers is Malcolm Babin who was presented with his mem- bership card last Monday in the Canteen. (Dr. Kirconnell take note.)

After an exciting trip to New- castle with our charming red-head, Bob McGowan surprisingly announ- ced "I'm not a bachelor."

Speaking of type casting — we have heard that Gwen Dimock is the shrew and Kay MacCallum is the lusty widow who makes pas- sionate love to Jim Horner — and all in eleven lines. Ted Cleland stars as the "Great Lover". Is that why Judy Waterson's best lines are "You fool, you."?

After coming to N. B., Ruth Nich- olson set out on a tangent first to P. E. I., then to Boston. Didn't P. E. I. satisfy her? After all, we heard that she was going back per- manently!

We have often noticed a dim light in Burt's store. It may be Nancy White helping Jerry balance the accounts — in the wee hours of the morning?

In despair a poor co-ed did moan And called up her prof on the phone.

She required inspiration For her education But was met with a heart of hard stone.

BURP BULLETIN
The Barn has discovered a new remedy for colds. Unfortunately it leaves hangovers.

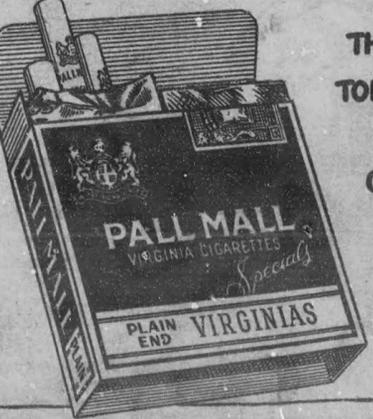
NOTE TO DAVE FAIR
A grave mistake was made — the paint was meant for another P. B. cycle. Our sincerest apolo- gies — with turpentine.

Janette—Don't you know there are germs in kissing?
Archie—Say, girly, when I kiss, I kiss hard enough to kill the germs.

YOU CAN'T HELP RELAXING...



with famous PALL MALL



THE BEST TOBACCOS OF ALL GO INTO PALL MALL

PLAIN ENDS—With "Wetproof" paper which does not stick to your lips.
CORK TIPS—With Satin-Smooth Genuine Imported Cork.

Margaret decided not to have the beaver skins made up. Jim under- stood. Agathe Downe had given them their start in Port Christie and they still couldn't quite accept the fact that one of their best friends had been a criminal.

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CAVATWILL PANTS

One of Canada's Best wearing Pants
Pleats and Zippers **\$15.95**
* Sand
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find the fragrance of
as pleasing to others
ild and cool for you.

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Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarships

Memorandum for Applicants

Through the generosity of the Right Honourable Lord Beaverbrook, a series of overseas postgraduate scholarships has been established. These scholarships will enable graduates or former students of the University of New Brunswick to enter postgraduate work in the University of London in 1951.

1. Courses of Study.

For the year 1951-52 the scholarships will be tenable at the various colleges and educational institutions under the University of London. The tentative list of postgraduate courses available at the University of London is as follows:

Economics	Medicine	Civil Engineering
Politics	Theology	Electrical Engineering
Philosophy	Physics	Mechanical Engineering
English Literature	Chemistry	Highway Engineering
History	Botany	Aeronautical Engineering
Law	Zoology	Mining Engineering
	Biology	

This list, however, does not include all courses which are available.

2. Eligibility.

(a) For the scholarships to be awarded in the year 1951 applications may be considered from:

(i) Any candidate who graduated from U. N. B. in the year 1947, 1948, 1949 or 1950, or who is now attending at U. N. B. in a course leading to a degree in 1951.

(ii) Any candidate who obtained a degree from U. N. B. prior to 1947 and has obtained a postgraduate degree at U. N. B. or any other recognized university during the years 1947, 1948, 1949, or 1950, or is attending at a university in a course leading to a degree in 1951.

(iii) Any candidate who, having successfully completed two years at U. N. B., has obtained a degree at another University in the year 1947, 1948, 1949, or 1950, in a course not provided at U. N. B., or who is attending another university in such course leading to a degree in 1951.

N. B. The selection committee may exercise the right to give preference to the more recent students and graduates in the above categories.

(b) Applications may be considered from men (married or single) or women. No provision will be made for the families of married men.

(c) Scholars will be selected with due regard to educational attainments, character, motivation and qualities of leadership.

3. General Information.

(a) The scholarships will provide for one year's study in Great Britain.

(b) The amount of the scholarships will provide for travelling expenses to Britain and return, university tuition fees, normal living expenses during the academic year, and travel within the United Kingdom during vacation periods.

(c) The academic year at the University of London consists of three terms: Michaelmas term (October 1 to December 15), Lent term (January 15 to March 31), Summer term (May 1 to July 7). Dates given here are approximate only, but students will be in attendance at the university for a total period of at least thirty weeks during the year.

(d) It is emphasized by the University of London authorities that no general academic status can be accorded automatically to any scholars. Each scholar will be accorded such status as the authorities consider is warranted on the basis of qualifications submitted and considered on enrolment.

(e) Applications must be completed on official forms, which may be obtained from the secretary.

(f) All completed application forms should be mailed to the secretary and should be in his hands by March 31, 1951.

MR. J. C. MURRAY,
SECRETARY, SELECTION COMMITTEE,
BEAVERBROOK OVERSEAS SCHOLARSHIPS,
UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
FREDERICTON, N. B.,
CANADA.

(g) The selection committee may require personal interviews of eligible candidates.
Fredericton, New Brunswick,
Thirtieth of January, 1951.

More smokers
are
Calling for
**PHILIP
MORRIS**
than ever before

MILD • SMOOTH • SATISFYING

U. R. P. HOW DID THIS GET IN HERE ?



The Fall of the City

This week's presentation of the University of New Brunswick radio series, "University Radio Productions", was "The Fall of the City", a radio verse play by American poet and author Archibald MacLeish. The program, heard Wednesday evening at ten minutes to eight, was the major production of the U. N. B. organization this year, with a cast of 17 students and faculty members and three weeks of rehearsal contributing to the final performance.

"The Fall of the City" was produced by Prof. Albert Tunis, and starred Alvin Shaw in the role of the announcer who sees and describes the conquest of a great city by the forces of fascism. Other major roles were played by Dr. David Baird, who is the studio director; Anne Sansom, the dead woman; Prof. David Galloway, the orator; Dr. C. P. Wright, the high priest; David Vine and Bob Whalen, the messengers; and Prof. Michael Oliver, the general.

The noise of a roaring crowd filled much of the background of the play, and crowd effects were produced by Bob McGowan, of the U. N. B. public relations office. Those contributing to crowd noises include Joan Goodfellow, Kay Campbell, Freda McKinney, Mary Shackleton, Derek Wiggs, Danny Elman, and George Shaw. Other sound effects were done by Bob Sansom. Technical operation was under the direction of Bernice Heustice and Dor. Weks.

"The Fall of the City" was the seventh Wednesday night program of this year's University Radio Productions series.

Sunday Evening Concert

February 4th, 8.30 p.m.
Don Giovanni Mozart
(Second half)

Established 1889
FLEMING'S
Of Course
Hatters
and
Haberdashers

More Sporting

(Continued from Page One)

the college teams would be improved if there were a larger body of trained players to draw from. All in all it should be clear that incorporating athletics in the curriculum for the first year would be a worthwhile measure. After all a few hours a week in the gym won't hurt anyone. It may be a reminder that you have muscles but soon svelte curves will result, you'll get to know some good games and college teams will improve.

Junior
Cabaret
Friday

Corrupt—one who wears a truss.
Orgy—jazz on an organ.
Electron—electric train.
Decadent—dent in a deck.

FOR A
Quick Lunch
Visit our
Luncheonette
Fountain

Kenneth Staples
Drug Company

**BEST I'VE
EVER TRIED!**

New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic
It's got everything, men! Gives your hair natural lustre, keeps it in place with that "just-combed" look all day long. The only hair tonic containing Viratol*. Try it and you'll agree it's "the cream of all the creams".

*Gives your hair lustre — keeps it in place without stiffness.

NEW Vaseline Cream Hair Tonic

Hockey
Mt. A.
Friday N

VOL. 70
S.R.C. Quor
Straggles O
McAdam, C

The Students' Council found a ne of a financial pligh day evening, after Spring Budget surp mer. A bare quor present to pass tw budgets. Discussio a \$276 item present the Ski Club. Sudd ing was rendered i tion on the questi and Coster left th stroying the quorum

The Ski Club had the Council buy a ial type skills neco petition in the MI held here on the w man for the group try would be imp the special equipm ed that the reaso had not been ente vious (Budget) m to an oversight. on the item had on the Council was r to foot the bill at the meeting was b turely.

More business was scrapped also the move. There gation on hand Finance Committee Christian Mission, ed to bid for fun quest could not l cause of the lack Prior to the "the Council had significant busine ed with a motion "in future, the Y be paid to the bus required and the manager shall ex money, such as b bills be paid." seconded by Mr. Following some motion was defe

Budgets Those budgets meeting included incidentals, and erees, bot: intro A.A.A. for Ladie Critics of the incident, and som cussion held at t dicative of a hap and much adver aired in the loo took place after been unconvencio Suggestions a which could be t tendance at the forth.

U.N.T.D.
Rates Cad
Six Succes
On Wednesday K but, six U. N. rolled in the Training Divisio selected and pr Cadets in the Navy's Univ Scheme. They Peter Collis, G Smith, Robert Cleland and Jam They were se Board which ar on Wednesday force officers, Hennessey, D. (Engineer) F. D. M. MacDon T. F. Crane, sp Dr. A. F. Bal (Continued