

OUR TRIP TO U. S. A.

At last the fateful day was at hand, upon which the U. N. B. delegation was to depart for Smith. This was our main reason for going of course, and our only desire for wishing to go to the States.

We were to get away no later than the crack of dawn, which meant, as you can imagine, that we finally got off by half past eight. Strange enough, the day was cold, however, our enthusiasm plus Hudson Bay blankets kept us content and warm. As we sped along, we discussed world affairs, munched apples and looked at one or two snow-capped mountains. It was all too sadly interrupted by a flat tire. It was put to rights again in no time. We piled in the car once again, but due to the confusion of cars wizzing by us, we left two of our party forlornly by the road side. We didn't leave them there I can assure you—they got in P. D. Q.

We were soon safe across the border but we found Vanceboro just as cold as Fredericton. Funny eh? The necessity of eating proved a great excuse for stopping at the various towns. We had lunch in Bangor and after being sufficiently sufficed we parted with our first portion of American money. We didn't get lost here, exactly, just separated but after setting our watches back an hour we found that we didn't lose much time.

Concord was our next stop where we had a belated supper or better called a midnight feast. No our day was not over yet. On and on through the night we drove until we reached Northampton, our objective. We spent what was left of the night at the main hotel. The next morning the girls were awakened by boys calling from without. "Hey you guys, aren't you going to get up? Can't you hear me in there?"

One of the girls answered still half asleep "Yes and I've been hearing you for the past hour," only to find out later that she was conversing with a football coach.

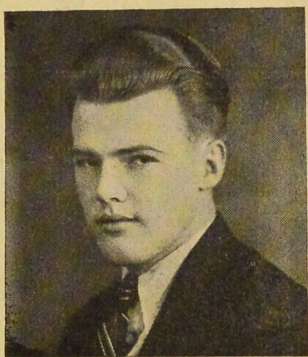
The eventful day continued. We hurried up to Smith College without having time for breakfast. It took us quite awhile to get our

bearings on the spacious 120 acre campus for we were looking at the many buildings and dodging the numerous coed cyclists. There were hundreds of bicycles all alike. The 2,000 beautiful co-eds looked alike too, but then the bicycles were numbered.

Upon securing information at the Registrar's office they looked at us and said: "Are you sure the Conference is being held at this College?" Our main office, we decided, could have given us more information than that. Don't you agree?

We were soon put at ease when we reached the right Registrar in the Students' Building where there were crowds of delegates like ourselves. Our very first American acquaintance said that his father was from Milltown, fancy that. A meeting was held and various people spoke including the Macham Chairman Peg Thomsen with whom our Manager had corresponded. He, nor the rest of us were not disillusioned. The Round Table Discussions were held in the Alumnae House. Such a beautiful building provided much scope for intellectual inspiration. We all enjoyed the luncheon which followed. Those present were the delegates, Smith College members of their S. R. C. Oh, and there were many more coeds assisting at the tables. We soon saw that the boys were joyfully outnumbered. After further discussions afternoon tea, which consisted of coffee only, was served in the Jordan House—one of the many Ladies' Residences. All the boys attended and balanced their tea cups with surprising skill. Various group pictures of the Delegates were taken during this time. They took ours last but not least. The next event we were rushed off to, was a banquet held at the same Hotel from which we had just checked out. We are quite used to attending banquets but somehow this was a bit different, more people. A choice of meat or fish, but then it was Friday. We had had peppermint ice cream for lunch and here we were having it again. We concluded

May We Present



H. B. SAUNDERS

This "before breakfast photo" (or so I was told) brings you this week Harry Saunders. Harry came to U. N. B. as a Freshman Forester from Calgary. Harry has held an office in the Foresters Association since his Sophomore year when he started out as Secretary-Treasurer. In his Junior year he was Vice-President and this year he is President. When Harry first came to college he came in "Josephine" his campus jalopy. However "Josephine" has been followed by "Lucy" who does her job well in bringing up strays to early classes. Harry is a 2nd Lieutenant in the C. O. T. C. and is on the S. R. C. this year. In sports he has played interclass hockey and some badminton. He is also a very good shot with a rifle. Harry has saved many pennies for the students of this college for it is he who started the idea of a Campus Book Club. Harry's dramatic career has not been neglected. Four years ago the Alumnae Society put on a play. They needed some Foresters in working clothes for atmosphere. And if you can remember as I do, it was Harry who said the one line that the script demanded. Harry is one of the few Foresters who does not "indulge" at the Hammerfest. We feel it shirley must be due to an important date afterwards.

that it must be the Northampton Specialty. We were cordially invited to a dance afterwards. It was held at their Crew House situated on a Lake which was really a boat-house and dance pavilion combined. We found out that they were very interested in square dancing. We joined in wholeheartedly, not letting on we'd ever seen it done before.

That night our faculty adviser stayed with the Dean of Women, the boys at another Hotel, and Jo and I at a Tourist Home where the College had reserved us space. We say space, because it was a matter of first come first served, well we were the last girls to get there so we took up our abode on the third storey. The next day after more meetings we attended the farewell luncheon. Our delegation ended the Conference in a grand finale. Jo, as usual did U. N. B. justice by one of her swell speeches. On behalf of us all, she thanked Smith College for all their kindness shown towards us. Everybody was just swell to us. Really we hated to leave.

We left for Boston immediately afterwards and didn't get their till supper time. In passing through Worcester we had to keep to a speed limit of 20 miles per hour and we found the town about 9 miles long. We toured Boston that night. The girls stayed at the Y. W. C. A. and got lost on the way back from a movie.

The weather was perfect on Sunday when we sea out on our way homewards. We were going at a pretty good clip when alas, we got a blowout.

We were in Portland for dinner. That night, we had a memorable snack of cherry cider and chocolate doughnuts in the Maine Woods.

We crossed the Border at Calais baggage and all, except that one of our party listed a rubber missing. We arrived home safe and sound, as you know but were you told what time we drove down front street?

The trip was all too short. So much fun crammed into so little time but we did have a grand time. F. MacLean

D. D. C.

"How often have I told you," said Miss Bibli the librarian to her assistant Lily Usquebaugh, "that things are seldom what they seem. A book is a book—only until you open it. After that it may become any one of 999 different things—according to Dewey. Of course you know what Dewey is?"

"He sunk a ship, didn't he?" guessed Lily. Lily was taking History.

"The Dewey to which I refer," said Miss Bibli frigidly, "is the Dewey Decimal Classification, familiarly referred to throughout the library world as the 'D. D. C.'"

"Imagine being familiar with the Dewey Decimal Classification," thought Lily dully.

"This system classifies all books in our library," went on Miss Bibli, blinking through her glasses. "For instance, here is a book that has arrived in today's mail. It is called 'TREES.' A very plain title. We will hope that the classification proves as plain. Now Lily, how would you classify 'TREES'?"

There was a prolonged and painful silence.

"Now, think, Lily, Classification is only a matter of common sense. What comes into your mind when you hear the word 'Trees'?"

"The crest on my boy friend's sweater," blurted Lily.

"Why—uh, that's—that's very good, Lily," Miss Bibli swallowed her adam's apple. "I suppose you are referring to the—uh—Foresters. And consequently—Forestry? Now, that's just the conclusion I would have come to myself—tho perhaps not by quite the same route." And so our first thought on seeing the title Trees is Forestry, or as D. D. C. has it, the number 631.614. Simple, isn't it?"

Lily beamed. "But now let us examine the book itself. As I said before, things are seldom what they seem and unfortunately tho an author may call his book TREES he may be anything but a simple Forester."

"Simple?" thought Lily. "Well, some are—and again, some aren't."

"So let us examine the title page."

Lily gazed at the title page. "TREES, or, Descensus facilis Averno," "It's all Greek to me" she muttered.

"Latin, Lily, Latin," reproved Miss Bibli.

"I mean I don't get it."

Miss Bibli racked her brains. "I believe the translation is somewhat as follows: 'Easy is the descent to the lower world! And Vergil goes on to say 'But to ascend again, ah! that is the trouble.'"

"Especially after lunch," murmured Lily.

"I'm afraid we aren't learning much from the title," said Miss Bibli. "Now if it were a simple title such as the Microtomists Vademecum to Schizomycetes, we would know right where we were."

Lily looked blank.

"But perhaps the author himself will give us some indication."

"The introduction," said Lily,



For Throat Easy
Mildness—Smoke

**Buckingham
Cigarettes**

CYCLE OF A JOKE

Birth—A freshman thinks it up and laughs aloud waking up two juniors in the back row.

Age Five Minutes—Freshman tells it to a senior who answers, "It's funny but I've heard it before."

Age One Day—Senior turns it in to College paper as his own.

Age Two Days—Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age Ten Days—Editor has to fill paper so joke is printed.

Age One Month—Thirteen college papers reprint it.

Age Three Years—Non-college paper prints the joke in "Lighter Vein."

Age Ten Years—Seventy-six radio comedians discover it simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boy in the orchestra (\$5 a howl).

Age 100 Years—Professors start telling it in class.

Dear old lady—"Why aren't you in school little boy?"

Little boy—"Hell, lady I ain't but three years old."

"begins this way, 'Men are so foolish that they take care to avoid what mischiefs may be done them by polecats or foxes, but are content, nay, think it safety, to be devoured by lions,' Sounds like Zoology."

"Zoology? I don't think so," said Miss Bibli kindly.

But now they had come to the meat of the book.

Lily and Miss Bibli bent their heads over page 1.

Poco a Poco.

two decomposed cans floated on the oil scum

putrid the insecticidal

largo el factotum.

"Italian?" said Lily.

"Modern poetry," said Miss Bibli.

—Anon

"PUT IT ON ICE"



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