

The Superstar

(Continued from Page Two)
to three rousing British cheers (Do I hear any boos?)

"We hit 'em hard and low, and when we hit 'em they stay hit—that's the way we do it in Moncton High," said Pretty Puss last fall. He plowed through the opposing team so many times it wasn't even funny. "Can I play badminton? Of course I can. Stop asking foolish questions. I can do anything in sports." Big Mouth proceeded to lambaste Colin Ramsey into next month one of afternoon on the Gym floor.

"You should have seen me and Jimmy Keefe bounce 'em around the fence, why I remember the time Moose LeBlanc was out for a week after I hipped him." We didn't believe this statement but lo and behold "Fluffy" simply slew them on defence this year. Dale Wade looked awfully sick alongside the Moncton ace.

Now for the manly art of self defence. Bob McLaughlin won his fight the other night—all credit goes to coach and sparring partner MacDonald.

"Don Norton? Oh he was fair. I and Glen used to run with him quite a bit, once in a while we'd put on the steam and leave Don far behind. What am I going to do this year? Why break Mt. A's track records

Barrymore

(Continued from Page Three)

among other interesting spots. Come now, students, let us fling ourselves into the preparations for this great day, so that our visitor will not have a moment's rest, or rather, a dull minute. We are all in this together. Let us show Barrymore our spirit, our friendly feeling of comradeship, and above all our willingness to sacrifice lectures and war work so that our guest will go away, not with derogatory feelings of U.N.B. but rather with the hilarious feeling of having shot his last, with fallen arches and with housemaid's knee.

made by Norton of course." And so on into the night.

So gang we are all looking forward to modest Pretty Puss' feats on the track this year. These and many others are the reasons for his being awarded the highly valuable trophy without any dissent on the part of the A.A.A. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Pretty Boy who is now opening the new "Build You Up Quick So You Can Get the Girls Like I Do Club". In the course of studies he will instruct his students how to say to visiting Acadians "Didn't I meet you at a Frat Dance at Dal?" Then stand back and wait for results.

Mike Succeeds Miek

(Continued from Page Two)

against me. Why, I even dated a coed, once". In a more nuttier mood he is to be found tearing the buttons of his new plaid shirts one by one all the time muttering, "Halifax will come, Charlottetown won't, Sussex will, Halifax won't, Pennfield will or won't, Moncton—" and so on and on through six hours and ten shirts. Back in Fredericton is found but confusion among the higher ups, so we axed Coach Lass-ski to clarify the situation. Said he, "I have communed with Mike Jacobs in Noo Yawk through my wiji board re. desperate condition of fight game at the Universitas Novi Brunsvici stop what will we do stop what will Mick do stop what the Junior Class do? The answers to all these questions and others will the Foresters do stop what will be supplied by Professors Poloni at the Big Varsity Show tonight and tomorrow (Adv.). Mike, the successor of Mick, was interviewed today at the corner of Cauliflower Row and Tin Pan Alley re. his new appointment. Said he, "I am a modest, unassuming man, but I believe myself just the jerk needed in that backwoods district. Furthermore, I am the bashful type, not unlike my predecessor and good friend Malky. Also, I will be kind to all dumb coeds, which should give me a slight edge over the above mentioned.

Flash!! We take you back to the nut house and listen in on padded cell No. 209, "Sussex won't, Halifax will, I will, she won't. Ohhhhhhh—my f@c%ing nerves!"

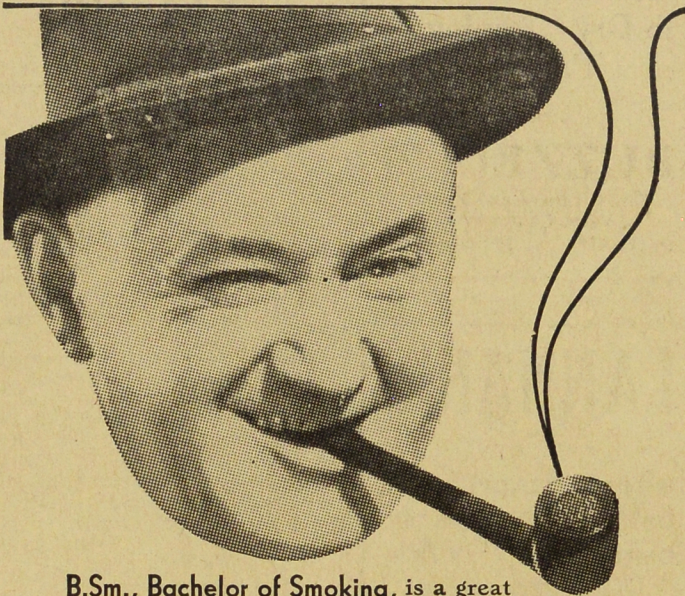
Dramatic Soc.

(Continued from Page One)

This unexpected denouement proved particularly popular with the Faculty, who were present in various stages of intoxication.

But the height of the evening's incidental entertainment was provided during the second intermission by a group of charming co-eds headed by Miss Joyce Mavor, who performed a Grecian scarf dance without the scarf. Stunningly costumed in wet paint, the co-eds pushed an old inner tube about the stage in several directions, while the massed members of the University Glee Club, under the direction of Bridgette O'Toole, sang the Negro

"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"



B.Sm., Bachelor of Smoking, is a great degree. It entitles a man to hours of Blissful Satisfaction in all the days of his life. Graduate under Prof. Picobac—always mild, cool, sweet.

Picobac
GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Dr. G. R. LISTER

DENTIST

606 Queen Phone 531-11

FOX'S

BARBER SHOP

Queen Street

Dr. J. C. McMullen

DENTIST

Phone 504 123 York St.

MARITIME

BILLIARD ACADEMY

The Finest Recreation Center in Eastern Canada
135 Carleton St. Phone 1467

FOSTER'S

BARBER SHOP

REGENT STREET

E. DAISY SMITH

LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

95 Regent St., Fredericton

"Mac's Tobacco Store"

Smoker's Supplies
Magazines and Papers,
Confectionery
61 Regent St.

W. W. Maxwell & Son

OPTOMETRISTS

70 York St. Phone 230

GAIETY

THEATRE
FREDERICTON, N. B.

MON.—TUES.

EYES IN THE NIGHT

WED.—THURS.

SHIP WITH WINGS

FRI.—SAT.

Stand by for Action

CAPITOL

THEATRE
FREDERICTON, N. B.

MON.—TUES.—WED.

Heart Belongs to Daddy

Underground Agent

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

Riding Through Nevada

U.N.B. JEWELLERY

Call and see our assortment of Arts, Foresters, Electrical and Civil Engineers' Pins, Rings and Crests.

A.B. BEARDSLEY

510 Queen Street Fredericton, N. B.

We specialize in all types of Life Insurance for both Graduates and Undergraduates

—Consult—

A. H. PORTER

H. J. BEAIRSTO

The Standard Life Assurance Company

Canadian Bank of Commerce Building

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Phone 380

Established 1825

WE SEND

anything anywhere. Just telephone

The Ross Drug United

Dibbles Drug Store
Loaf at our big new soda fountain, Ryan Bldg.
Cor. Queen and Carleton Sts.

When you're down town drop in at the

The Princess Grill

Newer and Better than ever

Let us do your
Photographic Work

If you are anxious to have the best

The
HARVEY STUDIO

spiritual, "Waitin' for Dem Belles to Peel." As a grand finale, the co-eds lined up at the front of the stage and blew raspberries to the audience, while Mr. Jim Fettes hung from the curtain-rod by his toes and sang sweetly, "Joyce A-Wearyin' For You." Dr. Marcel de Merten was in charge of production and wardrobe.

Throughout the evening, Miss Eileen Wright and Miss Beulah Bateman carried out their duties as bouncers-in-chief with persuasive old-world charm. They were last observed applying headlocks to Big Norm MacKenzie who was trying to slip in through the window without a ticket.

After the curtain had descended (the curtain-rod broke half-way through the third act) Miss Lemont held a press conference in the Ladies' Powder Room of the Opera House. The Flatbush Lily (now on loan to U.N.B. from the Dodgers) was simply attired in aigrettes and jodhpurs. ("I thought the audience might take me for a ride," she explained demurely. "Never mind the noise, folks—just my bangs.")

Co-author Jacobson, dark, saturnine, taciturn, graciously refused to let Miss Lemont do the talking. "Our purpose," he explained, lifting himself by the ears out of a demijohn of apple-jack, "was to be stark-stark and fundamental. Above all, stark. We wanted to get down to primordial reality. Shakespeare was on the right track, but he didn't go far enough. He didn't have any

scenery. We didn't have anything!" "It was colossal," quipped Miss Lemont.

"As for plot," continued Jacobson, "there has been only one plot since the beginning of the world. It was enacted in the garden of Eden. All other plots are but variations on the original theme. So we did away with plot. Naturally there could be no directing. Direction stifles individuality—it's anti-democratic—it's totalitarian—and so—"

"And so?" we enquired breathlessly. "And so," said Mr. Jacobson, opening his diamond-studded cigarette case and offering us a Life-Saver, "we simply turned the cast loose, in the dark, front stage and back, and let them act as they damn well pleased. It was stark—primordial—"

"And fun," said Miss Lemont wholesomely. The Bayley Cup, for the best performance of the year, was, by vote of his fellow-trouper, awarded to Professor Flieger. Professor Flieger was not a member of the original cast, but was discovered back-stage when the lights went up. The decision was unanimous.

Finnegan: I couldn't sleep at all last night.

Gerrish: What, insomnia?

Finnegan: No, the shade was up.

Gerrish: Why didn't you pull it down?

Finnegan: I couldn't reach across the street.

Avenue Conservatories

834 Charlotte St.

Creative Florists

Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

Special Attention Given Funeral Emblems, Bridal Bouquets, Corsages, etc.

FUR COATS

Mackinaws, Robes Luggage

House Appliances, Farm Equipment

J. Clark & Son, Ltd.

Fredericton, N. B. and Branches

Notes, Essays, Theses

Neatly & Accurately

Typed

Phone 951-51 evenings

D. W. Olts & Son

INSURANCE AGENTS AND BROKERS

This office handles the Student's Medical Reimbursement Policy for the students of the University of New Brunswick.

Phone 689

604 Queen St. Fredericton