

De Merten To Erect Residence For Co-eds

POPULAR PROF. TO BE DEAN

In a recent startling interview with M. deMerten, connoisseur of fine arts and figures, he made known his intentions to finance the construction of a residence for all female students of U.N.B. As yet the site has not definitely been decided upon but it will be in Lincoln. Prof. deMerten is at present undergoing expensive bargaining with the owner of that delightful stretch of land known as Bunkers Bone Yard, wherein one may find any type of car in various stages of disrepair.

On being asked if it were wise to build so far from the college M. deMerten stated that the girls could render him valuable assistance on his farm by feeding his hens, milking his goats, keeping the stables clean, etc. during the college term. He added in all probability many would stay on for the summer months when the farm labor shortage should become acute.

He said that in regard to transportation, he had just purchased a new giant size bus which would easily accommodate 150 co-eds. He himself proposes to be driver and for this office he has bought a smart new uniform. This is a brilliant paddy green with a cherry red stripe down the side of the pants, and the jacket is cleverly embroidered with shamrocks in a deep violet shade. The cap is quite original being cut on the stylish "dutch cap" pattern. It is cherry red with a huge paddy green ostrich plume fastened to the back and curling round the neck. "It serves very well as a scarf, and I recommend them to all troubled with scarfs that won't stay on," stated Dr. deMerten.

The bus will leave Mert's Morgue, as the residence will be named,

sharply at 8.15 in the morning to return at 5.00 in the afternoon. Rules concerning missing the bus are being worked out, and should prove satisfactory to all.

In answer to the question of who would be the new dean, M. deMerten replied: "I expect to elect myself to that position since the girls need someone who would be devotedly interested in their welfares." The dean further added that he would publish a list of suitable college boys with whom the girls might have dates. Such a list would be hung in each and every room and any infringement would meet with serious punishment. On the occasion of a dance the girls must all go before the dean and tell him with whom they propose to go, receive approval for their date, costume and appearance. On the following day, they must present themselves again to the dean and give a detailed description of how the evening was enjoyed. "My girls will have full confidence in me, I shall be as their mother," said Dr. deMerten.

"The Choral Club will in all probability meet more often and consist of many more members," said the dean-elect. The club will really become outstanding and various solo and duet numbers will be looked for in all their future public appearances. He hopes that the girls' voices may attain a gently soothing quality and from time to time, to test this quality the club will perform before the dean's hens. If these fowls close their eyes and begin rocking back and forth on their pole with feeble "crowkes", progress is being made.

The building of the new residence is to commence as soon as the site has been purchased. We eagerly await its completion.

Mrs. Gerald Lockhart Entertains Alumnae

The home of Mrs. Gerald Lockhart (nee Eileen Crotty) was the scene of an enjoyable bridge party on Friday evening, when many members of the U.N.B. Alumnae were present. Although the party assembled for bridge, interest will be found more in the conversations of the evening rather than in a discussion of the game, which seemed to suffer from the distractions of the ladies' domestic affairs.

Louise Fairley reported that young Buddie was beginning to walk at eleven months. This solicited sighs of admiration from those present until Blanche Evans related that Bobbie had not only said, "Pop", but, "How about a cut for the War Effort Committee", at two months. Mrs. Whittingham expressed the wish that little Dave wouldn't be so restless and would settle down more. Ellen Garland told how she had seen baby Ellen playing. "He loves me, he loves me not," with a daisy last week. However Marion Owens capped the prize, for telling feats of the U.N.B. '66ers by remarking that Teddie could shoot a basket before he could walk.

Mary Ramsey related how trying a doctor's life was and how inconsiderate it was of some people to take sick at the worst times. She said it was very difficult to keep the dinner just right, not knowing when she could serve it. However she had found the most gorgeous recipe for chocolate cake, and she had it right there in her purse. The game stopped while all the girls jotted down how many eggs, etc. Dot Walter said she knew Ed would be simply crazy about it. Ruth MacNair told how she had burnt her first cake, but that John had told her it was the most delicious he had ever tasted, although she could see a peculiar expression come over his face while eating it—but that's the way these hubbies are.

There followed a discussion of the good old days "Up the Hill" when all were young and carefree. Marie Bell remarked, "Remember how surprised we all were at the marriage of Mickey Mackay and Miss (Ha! Ha! Wouldn't you like to know?) the day after graduation?"

High scorer for the evening was Mrs. Jimmy Fettes, and little Eileen Lockhart presented the prize.

After the playing was finished, a most delightful lunch was served, with Eleanor Cameron pouring. A good time was had by all, but as the clock struck ten the ladies were forced to leave, for hubbies are strict about the curfew.

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.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS.

For Sale: A cow by an old man with a crooked horn giving four quarts of milk a day.

Wanted: 20 yards of firing line. Will pay a good price.

For Sale: An automobile by a young woman with all eight cylinders working.

For Sale: New line of spring styles in Ladies Rimless Hats with no crowns.

Wanted to Swap: A cold in the nose for the hares on your chest.

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FLASH!

In an interview with Major W. G. Jones it was learned that he is seriously considering abolishing the math exams for this year. Said Major Jones, "Both freshman and junior mathematic classes are doing so well that I do not see the advisability of their writing a paper. The freshmen in particular are excellent students of math and are at present some seven or eight weeks ahead of previous classes at this time of year. I think examinations a waste of time!"

A workman came upon a moron reclining in a large, newly installed refrigerator.

Workman: "What are you doing in here?"

Moron: "It's a Westinghouse isn't it?"

Workman: "Yes."

Moron: "Well, I'm westing."

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IN THE SHACKS

By THOMAS TERMITE

I can never quite decide whether the Arts Centre is an observatory in which painting is done, or an artist's studio from which one looks at the stars. It is such a divine little building, bursting with personality. Have you ever been in to see the telescope? It is truly intriguing, perched up there under the dome of a revolving roof. It is so blissful to explore the wonders of the heavens on a dark, starry night. Each little twinkle in the sky causes a great spell to come over me. I feel lost in the magnitude of the universe. Then I return to earthly things, and find scattered about me weird paintings, in charcoal, in crayon, in oil. Here is one of a devout nun, and there is one of a timid fawn. Really, some of them are very beautiful indeed. A shame it is that they are not exhibited to all the students. But then, blundering comments of ignorant professors would destroy any chance of student appreciation; so perhaps it is better that the paintings remain hidden.

Now I am in Memorial Hall. The Memorial Hall which is so often the scene of much revelry by night and much confusion by day. There is something touching and inspiring about it all. In memory! I am sure every boy who enters the building has in his heart a note of sorrow for the dead, and in his mind a thought of respect for the war heroes.

The Arts Building is enchanting. How stately it bears itself in its grand old age. Consider all that goes on in the building. While Prof. deMerten leads his class in unpatriotic songs in the old chapel, just across the hall Miss Warren is discussing how perception is objectively as well as subjectively conditioned. Prof. Smethurst delivers a Greek oration while Prof. McCourt discusses the colourful life of Byron. Upstairs there is a confusing mixture of Blood, biology, biology, and biology. I mustn't forget to mention the dark, unfriendly basement in which boys must gather for want of a better meeting place. And constantly, all through the building run noisy, very noisy children. I'm sure a fire in the building would be delightful. The sprinkling system would send up little rainbows of water in an honest attempt to snuff the flame.

I have never been in the Forestry building but I'm certain it's very interesting. They tell me that stones, and bugs, and stumps, and math. profs. are kept there. And then I have heard the rumour that last year there was in the basement an animal laboratory in which were pigeons, white rats, cats that couldn't meow and constipated pigs.

Come take a peek into the library with me. But no! All that is there are books. And the library reading room is terribly, terribly noisy. The library is a distressing building indeed.

I started into the Engineering building one day, but unpleasant odors greeted me as I opened the door. So I closed the door, turned back, and have never been in since.

Now I find myself in the Residence. Heavens!!!

The stag at eve had drunk his fill and now he's under the table.

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