

## Hillmen Depict Ideal Man

Must know social skills and a few "others" say the boys. Neatness and politeness are "musts." Herculean figure not needed.

What is the ideal man? Last fall we brought you the answer to this question, from the female standpoint. Now we are letting the men air their views on the subject. Candidate No. 1 picks a man with his feet on the ground. He is no wild dreamer. He is a man we would all like to know—and most of us do.

The question that has puzzled man and woman (even more so) since the beginning of time is—What is the ideal man? Many men have attempted to be classed as, such a man, but as the song goes they were either too young or too old. Was the ideal man Romeo, Caesar or Hitler? To me the ideal man is not a public hero, but rather the man on the street.

The man on the street is not a muscle bound character with a superman figure. He's just a fellow of medium height who wants to mind his own business. He's no financial wizard or inventive genius; he's just a guy who sweats a little when the alarm clock goes off at six o'clock in the morning. He owns no great business enterprise but perhaps he owns a small grocery. At night he may take in a show at the Bijou theatre downtown or play a rubber of bridge with some friends. My ideal man is not a walking gold mine. True, he has a converted Chev., but he's happy. On Sunday he and the wife walk to church. Perhaps the kids are in the Junior Choir—all the better. At dinner he carves the roast and serves it. Then with a nice white owl cigar and the Sunday papers he relaxes. But soon we see the papers slip from his hands and a pleasant snoring greets our ears.

So you see he's no rich executive, no man of muscle, no swank diplomat. My ideal man is like your dad and mine—the man on the street. The spirit of our Canadian Way of Life.

Our second candidate is not too hard to please. He thinks a man's a man for a' that. (Besides, they're darn scarce these days.) Hercules, Samson, Atlas, Einstein, Rousseau, Plato and a few others all combined together wouldn't give a picture of my ideal man. He is rather hard to describe in simple everyday language, but here goes. His height can vary from 5' to 6'5" so that isn't a problem. His weight can vary from 150 to 350 so that isn't a problem. His I. Q. from 0 to 200 more or less. Now to get down to the hard part. He must have big feet. A man isn't a man unless he has big feet, not just large feet but big feet. He must have big ears, in close to his head not sticking out like an elephant's. Hair? Well some would help. His facial contours should be the delight of a sculptor (not necessarily a good one). His general appearance should be that of a member of the male sex (i. e. pants and pipe). Now to athletics—he doesn't have to be a super athlete but he should take an interest in all sports of various kinds. As for social activities, he should be versatile to the nth degree. Cards, chess, crap, billiards, dancing—these are fundamentals. He must make friends easily (both sexes) and he should be frank in stating his opinions. In other words he is a person whom the boys like, the girls like and I like. Seeing as how I haven't found him I'll have to content myself with looking in a mirror every time I need inspiration.

Next we have the true scientist's point of view. He even goes in for "typing." When a fellow is asked what his idea of an ideal man is he usually thinks of two types. I won't go into detail in stating the differences between these types but for the time being let's call them type A and type B. Type A is the "indoor" man. He would not appeal to women but to other men he is an ideal companion. He is of medium height, has slick black hair and has those eyes that can pierce a smoke-filled room or even a Saint John fog. He has that ideal complexion called pool-room pallor, coming from light which has nothing to do with the sun whatever. This man has athletic distinctions in poker, snooker, the science of dice and shcock. This type, of which women I am sure do not

approve, is fast disappearing but is still evident in certain regions.

Type B is the sort of man a fellow takes one look at and immediately writes away to Charles Atlas. This ideal man is a cross between Victor Mature and Sonny Tufts. This guy (and I do mean guy!) can ski, swim, skate, play tennis and even dance. About the only thing he can't do is fly, but give him time. When it comes to clothes he wears only those which will display his suspension-bridge shoulders.

Which of these types is my ideal? Well, I would like to tell you but this is all the space I have been allotted. I should have mentioned Type C. That type is my ideal!

And here is a fine "ADDI"tion to the previous opinions.

The ideal gentleman keeps his hair well groomed at all times with "Brylcreem," "Vaseline" or "Vitalis." He brushes his teeth after every meal and before dates with "Colgate," "Pepsodent," or "Ipana." He uses nothing but "Lifebuoy" for bathing. His razors and blades are Gillette and he uses "Palmolive" for the smooth shave. His shirts and ties are styled by Arrow. (The occasional bow tie is "right on.") He wears suits styled by Tip-Top. To do justice to those diamond socks he shines his brown shoes with "Nugget." He follows etiquette rules of Emily Post—never stands up his date—is always on time—puts up with the girl's gab—never blows smoke in her face. He goes to U. N. B. This is the ideal gentleman.

Well, folks, there you are. Surely with these fine "examples" to follow the men around the campus will begin to perk up and take notice and the women will be able at last to find a man after their own heart.

## SEEING STARS OF TOMORROW

Local espionage activities came to a head last week when the notorious Professor Alois Kameronoski (him with the long hair, of "S.M.T." and Aberdeen Street fame) was detected in the act of acquiring illicit information presumably for the enemy. He was seen by me, your moronic reporter, in the deepening twilight to stealthily sneak up the hill to Luscious Lucy's Ark where he proceeded with his demonic activities with diabolical glee. He ascended to the North Tower (Room 105) with heely me on his faithful steels. I mean with faithful me on his stealthy heels, and there from my secluded position behind the eight-ball, I watched him depress the eighty-inch protruding telescope to a practically horizontal level, then climb up on a barrel and proceed to investigate the possibilities of the environs of Fredericton, Devon—North and South, and Barker's Point. In a rather elusive, I mean exclusive interview Professor K. once told me that the disgusting anatomical I mean astronomical instruments were brought from England on the "Max-Flower" and at that time given to U. N. B. The students had no practical use for the stuff so the Obs. was turned into a still, kept in use till its removal to Dr. Wright's apartments in the Memorial Hall.

To return to the specimen under observation, I watched him swing the spy-glass from side to side, stopping every so often when he saw stars or something downtown and making odd facial contortions. He would tremble, his feeble knees would shake, and he would utter low moans and such powerful exclamations as—"Well now... Look here... What do you think." At last after an hour and a half, my curiosity aroused, I approached the Professor for an interview. He seemed reticent and modest but exclaimed that he was helping the Dept. of Police, better known as the Police Dept. to round up lawless dogs with his telescope. But when I expressed incredulity and lashed

## CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



JOHN HOUGH

With the Chess Club making the news these days, we would like to present this week it's President—Johnnie Hough. Johnnie's home town is Fredericton, and he is one of the brains of the Electrical Engineers. A Beaverbrook scholar, he consistently pulls down top marks.

Johnnie was one of the instigators of the Chess Club, when it began last year. This first year he served on the executive as Secretary.

Last week John made his 12th donation at the Blood Bank—a notable record. Congrats, John, on such fine spirit!

John has mixed his career 'up the hill' with, amongst other things, a spot of writing for the Engineers in their publications of "The Brunswickan" and shooting. A marksman for several years, he has made the Class Shooting Team each year. He has also been President of a local Young Peoples—to which several college kids belong—for the last couple of years.

Spending the summer after his Sophomore year working for Rogers Majestic in Toronto, John charged to Northern Electric in Montreal the next couple of summers. Last summer he and one of the other boys purchased motor-cycles, took out insurance, and made rather an exciting trip home. (Perfectly rainy weather.)

Johnnie would like to contradict Doug's statement in the Engineering issue that he is a woman-hater, although not seen around a great deal.

We wish you the best in your career with the Signal Corps after Graduation, Johnnie. U. N. B. is losing a good man.

my Dick Tracy badge and politely asked for a squirt he had the effrontery to charge me a nickel, but when he couldn't change a twenty, I kicked him downstairs and took a peep and saw! Oh, brother! (long whistle.)

Finally a Blue Coat arrived (and sure enough when we looked under the blue coat we found a local policeman, the how-legged one), and having published in the Gaily Cleaner a notice to certain persons to keep the shades down, we languished Professor Kameronoski in the

## COME ONE! COME ALL! POETRY CONTEST

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## IN DAYS OF YORE

To a certain extent every college is rule-ridden and tradition-bound. The rules are laid down in the Statutes of the University; the traditions are written in the hearts of those who attend. We have our own traditions to-day: the hazing of newcomers, the torch parade, "successful" co-ed hockey teams, long and hard struggle with Freshman Math. But other years bred other traditions and many of the former statutes have been revised, so here is bird's eye view of laws and traditions in days of yore.

The most interesting (yet to the students of those days, probably the most painful) law was one which required the students to attend public worship twice on each Sabbath. The purpose was lofty but the success doubtful. Even church-going lads from good Christian homes when confronted with this MUST, felt the stir of rebellion and looked at religion in quite a different light. There was a clause in the statute which read "unless prevented by unavoidable circumstances." It was surprising indeed, how often these occurred.

The most interesting of the old traditions evolved from the compulsion of second year students to study analytical geometry, which was regarded as a horrid subject. At the end of each year the Sophomore class went through the ceremony of burning the analytical geometry text of the brightest student. They took great pains to prepare a fitting funeral pyre.

In those days coaches were still the mode of travel. On the Tuesday before Encaenia one of the coaches mysteriously disappeared from a livery stable. This was to become "Ana's" hearse. The boys hauled it up the hill to the back of the Art's building where it was covered with tar and oil and Ana placed on the top. Then a very uncomplimentary speech was made to Ana by an orator standing on the dome of the Arts building, after which she was hauled down to where the Gym stands today, and burned. The fire lasted sometimes 24 hours and the students celebrated most of the night. The orator remained on the Art's building dome and knelted the death toll with a great bell placed there for that purpose. Needless to say, the police and livery stable owners were not appreciative of the ceremony in the least and as soon as analytical geometry was removed from the "required" list, the custom ceased.

And now you Freshmen who thought the Court of Honor so harsh way back there at initiation time see how it was done in former days. A Freshman when cheeky had to appear at midnight before the High Court of the Pan Jan Jurandum. This was held in a student's room and walls, ceiling and floor were draped in black. The judge, a Senior, wore a scarlet black and purple robe and a silk hat. Sometimes, to show their mettle, the Freshmen would try to rescue their comrade and a grand fight ensued. If the prisoner was guilty but was recommended mercy he had to buy a barrel of apples for the upperclassmen or was given some other such sentence.

A severe penalty consisted of "tossing" the prisoner a specific number of times in the air from a thick carpet. If the "tossers" were husky oftentimes the prisoner's feet would strike the ceiling, sending showers of plaster in all directions. The witnesses were sworn in in the name of one of the professors.

These and several others were the traditions of U. N. B. in days of yore.

local dungeon whence he issued the following statement—"Well now, look here, let me tell you, this stuff above is all d— nonsense because I regretfully can't get the d— telescope down that far and besides I can't see anything through the d— thing within twenty million miles." —Anonymous.

Al. education does today in develop the memory at the expense of the imagination.—Owen Johnson.

## CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

The year is rolling around and once again the Spring elections are looming up. Interest seems to be running high this year and their possible outcome is the favorite topic of conversation. We all certainly can't predict the results of the elections but we can all vote and express our opinions. Lets try for a record vote this year. Everyone turn out Tuesday, March 27.

Congratulations to Betty Dougherty on winning the Cattle Cup. The cup was presented Saturday night at the Dramatic Society Banquet. The cup is given to the person who has done the most for the Dramatic Society during the year. Everyone will agree that Betty has worked hard to promote the Dramatic Society this year and that the award is well deserved.

We pause a moment to thank the Freshman Dance Committee on behalf of the Co-Eds. According to the Reading Room consensus of opinion it was a wonderful dance. The class of '48 certainly looks like an up and coming one.

Dr. and Mrs. deMerten entertained the Honour French Class at dinner Monday, March 19. The class members had a particularly good time even experiencing a ride on the now improved Lincoln busses. Thank you Dr. and Mrs. deMerten for your hospitality.

## Quips...

Frannie—You've got twenty minutes, girls; just twenty minutes.

Kay—O-h-h-h! He's wonderful.

Mavis—I want to go back to Wolfville.

Jackie—I'm lonesome.

Ellen—I was scared to death of him, kids.

Shirley—if there's anything I like better than one sailor it's three sailors.

Patsy—May we borrow your bath tub, please?

Gladys—Did you get his address, girls?

Betty—Oh, I love it—the beard, I mean.

Audrey—Take 'em out there, kids. How to go!

Phyllis—I just HAVE to send a postcard.

Margy Vince—Joy, joy, joy—etc. (compliments of Shelley).

Mardie—Here we are, you lucky people.

THEME SONG—All for Nothing at All (dedicated to the S. R. C.).

Called the greatest single project of its kind ever attempted, a monster fire break 800 miles long has been constructed on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. When completed, it will check forest fires that start in the valleys and foothills from sweeping eastward up the mountains and laying waste huge areas of standing timber.

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