# AFTER DARK

with

Jon Syd

The weather being colder than us as the laundry is to your best somewhat, we duck into Lanson's for a short coffee, it being early. Soon we is joined by a citizen what employs his skill jockeying a Jack. Over a short sharp cup he informs us as to the possibilities of a nice take hustling duckets at an Engineering Dance which takes at the Sports Emporium of the local Knoviewe Factory.

This appeals to our higher nature, so we proceed with the jockey to this dance. Here let us state that college kids is very nice people on the whole and quite willing to spend their papa's dough. Well, as we enters the Emporium and are giving the joint the once when we see that things is lookin' up. The place is swimming with smal fry which is witnessing the High School Basketball gamer and which is good pickin's.

Well everything is o.k. excepting th absence of duckets. While ambling through a locker room we stumbles over a pair of legs projecting under a swinging door. Now ordinarily we are not interested in legs, especially as these legs is encased in trousers, but we nevertheless stop to investigate. From the colour of his face it is obvious that he is a forester what had too much spruce mash. We decide to look for identification so as to return the body to his everlovin' folks when we find a neat stack of fifty duckets. In our excitement we drop the joe on his kisser, but by pulling the chain all evidence is washed away.

Immediately we begins to circulate, and finding that duckets are scarce and much in demand we do a rustling bizness, having to resort to retreat only when a young intellectual notices that the price is printed on the ducket, but mostly they play fair and don't even peek.

But now, the dance being started and the doors being opened to one and also all, our hustling is over and we find we have four duckets left which is all right considering the original fee. Well we amble along till we hit a little counter doing a brisk trade in pop which is good enuf, but does not contain sufficient heat-building calories for us. It seems the co-eds are running this and making quite a few bobs a that, but naturally we leave well enough alone as the door is locked.

Then we saunters to the gallery and look down at the tender sight of six hundred hunks of youth putting an Indian dance to shame. Nobody notices us but we see two tasty-looking dolls sitting by themselves and looking kind of sadder than somewhat. Naturally we feel sorry and mosey by, handicapping them all the time, and we agree that their scores add up very nicely indeed. Nevertheless we find a quiet corner, and over a few drams of old and rare agree that we might be able to promote a little dance or two here. So we sidle over and begin to make a play at handying words, letting out that we is Senior ditch-diggers and are indeed lonely on this festive occasion, but all we get is looks blacker than a yard of chimney. We arise and mention that whereas we got no dolls, our tickets are about as much good to

She was a luscious blonde, and when the tire went flat she hailed a passing motorist. He stopped.

"Wonder if you would help a girl in trouble?" she inquired.

"Sure, sister," he said. "What kind of trouble do you want to get in?"

He: "Wait a minute, I thought I heard something break."

She: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

Beautiful Girl. "I have a beautiful face, beautiful shoulders, perfect bust, and perfect waist — say are you following me?"

Scienceman: "I'm ahead of you."

Customer: "Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Ah, M'sieur ees mistaxe; zat in ze scup is not a fly; it ees a vitamin bee."

It's really marvelous what a college degree will do for people these days. We just heard of a Mt. A's graduate who was given a beautiful job by a local department store to work in their lingerie department. He's pulling down 200 a month.

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path, when the lady broke the spell:

"John, dear," she asked softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in the ecstasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely one, "you'd better wipe your nose, it's running."

The Parent: "Jean, were you entertaining a boy in the parlor last night?"

The Child: "That's for him to say, Mom. I did my best."

# WANT ADS

Will Swap: Sufficient information to enable you to achieve a delightful personality like mine for an introduction to that cute Mt. A. debater.

D. C. MacDONALD

FOR SALE at any price, one completely dilapidated Forestry School, plus an assortment of badly bushed individuals. Big Norm.

Will Swap: Date with two coeds for Friday night for one bottle of Johnny Walker.

"TANK" FLETCHER

Will Trade: One case of slightly used athlete's foot for a case of Vat 69, not used! No facsimiles accepted.

JOHN CALLAGHAN

REQUIRE name of quiet institution that college boy can afford to pay for, offering positive treatment. Stumped.

Will Swap: One roomate, slightly battered, but in good working condition, for a nice juicy coed. (Blond, brunette or red-head preferred).

J. K. A. L. '45

WANTED someone to occupy my time and fill a vacancy after ten o'clock at night. Preferably pretty, petite and at least sixteen. Paul L.

Will Trade: My reputation as "Muscles" for a date that will use his.

M. M.

WILL EXCHANGE one virgin in good condition for a babe with considerable practical experience. Call the jat.

Will Sacrifice: Hair raising medicines for a little less of the law of Gravity—down pull.

"BALDY" O'BRIEN

I have for trade $0.25 in exchange for two kisses with any girl.

Phone 1407

I. M. (Mickey) HARDUP

Wanted: Beautiful coed to share apartment on Primrose Avenue. Phone 12345.

To Give: One broken-down Arts student, name "Doc", tries to be a sage, critic, idealist, lover and adviser. Is very nibby but motherlike.

THE FACULTY

I desire to organize a class on the fundamentals of wolfing. Will trade instructions for old beer bottles, used tooth picks or old bags (paper).

S. E. ACKER

Wanted: Brunette to hold head Sunday morning.

"ERROL" BELL

FREE for hauling away, the useless characters who bother me with this crazy rag. The Printer.

Will Swap: My khaki for a 2 wks. rest.

WILL SWAP: Faded rag down newspaper for a punctual periodical.

RALPH C.

WILL SWAP: My seat in Math class for one grain of Potassium Cyanide.

ANT JUNIOR

WILL SWAP: One week's washing for a young lady who wants washing and cleaning daily.

BOB COFFIN

1407 Prospect St.

Wanted: Someone to wake my roommate for his 8.30 so that the alarm won't wake me for mine.

WILL PAY 3c lb. for the stuff usually stung in the "Gorbie" column. Fink's Fertilizer Factory and Candyworks.

Wanted: Woman to go with my neck tie collection.

DON BOYANER

WILL SWAP: Three brunettes and one red head who ever looked me for one blond who will look me over.

"WOLF" SKOVMAND

172 Charlotte St.

WILL SWAP: Bottle of 90 proof for a case of beer.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

WILL TRADE: Two lewd books for a date with a red head.

ALTON COREY

WILL SWAP: One copy of "To Have and to Hold" for a carbon copy of "The Real Thing."

WILL TRADE: My self control for ten minutes alone with Hedy Lamarr.

ONLY HUMAN

REWARD for information leading to apprehension of certain individuals implicating in certain activities on a certain occasion. Scrapper.

# SIXTIETH CHRONICLES

1. As the forty third year of the Twentieth Century drew to a third quarter, there came to the village of Fredericton a band of wandering Engineers.
2. And they did take up residence in the school of cogs and transits in the house of Beaver.
3. Among those who came were men from the North, and lo it was so, and men from the south, and lo a woman; and men from the east and west and behold a woman, and all were of strange manner and custom.
4. On the first day it came to pass that the rites of initiation and registration were held at the rear of the temple known as Ernts.
5. Yea, and gladdened were the eyes of the priests and elders to behold a score of young and innocent maidens amongst this greed throng.
6. And later the chief priest came to preside and he spake many wise words unto them saying;
7. Verily, verily, I say unto you, you are as dirt on the ground and I shall walk upon you.
8. And it was so.
9. And at eventide hearts were made glad and lightened by seeking the cup of forty beers.
10. There were those who sought the raiders of the "Shoppe" and they welcomed them and enticed them with strange music. But there were those amongst them who strayed into the tempting lanu of the "Rat Race" and they didst stagger nearly homeward.
11. And it came to pass that after the first week had come to a close, they had not one piece of gold, yea not even one small piece of gold with which to buy one short beer.
12. And great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth.
13. Each day laden with strife rules and scales they betook themselves to the place of the high priests, betimes after the appointed hour. And as the multitude gathered and ever as those who held authority began to talk unto them, there arose a noise like that of many people snoring in their sleep, and great was the displeasure of those who held authority.
14. And it came to pass that after one lunar period as the multitude gathered in the inner temple, they were laden with papers that were invisible to the priests, for the time of testing was at hand.
15. But the priests kept a watchful eye, so they could not drink of the knowledge thereon.
16. So, great was their disgust, and they didst thumb their noses at those in authority, and took themselves into the world and great was the merriment of all.
17. Thereafter all imbibed from the fountain of learning with great gusto, for soon another period of testing was at hand and great was the concern thereof.
18. And it came to pass that after this period of testing, the priests did sneer and great was their merriment at the destruction they had caused.
19. Now the women of the temple of learning didst feel saddened and "Coed" week was proclaimed, and the fair damsels didst betake the young men into their arms and great was the enjoyment of all.
20. Then, as if drawn by loadstone, they all betook themselves with ration books to the place of sale of bottled merriment for verily the time of "Wassail" was nigh at hand.
21. Into the "Castle" they brought much of that which makest the heart of man glad from the place appointed by the King to vendor such things.
22. There being much feasting and drinking, all caroused until the cock crowed.
23. But after the crowing of the cock many strange visions appeared unto them, it seemed like toads, lizards and elephants or a pinkish hue did chare them.
24. And great was the wailing and the holding of heads and the gnashing of teeth.
25. And that day parseth with much Bromo-Seltzer and all repented that which they had done.
26. And it came to pass that some of the Engineers did not come to pass and those who held authority came and spake unto them saying;
27. Verily, verily, take unto thyself arms and learn the art of warfare for truly thou flunkest.
28. And they rejoiced and were cheered by those who stayed.
29. And herein all distinguished themselves.
30. And surely as the days pass into months and the months into years they shall go forth and meet their enemies, and great shall be the lamentations of their enemies.
31. And thus endeth the first book of the Sixtieth Chronicles of the gospel according to the Engineers.

—GATEWAY

# golden bantam

And always remember, Son, that the difference between a model man and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

He: "Let's get married or something."

She: "We'll get married — or nothing."

A drunk stopped a street car on St. Catherine street the other day and when the conductor opened the door he yelled, "Going west?"

"Out monsieur," replied the conductor.

"Then give my regards to the Lone Ranger!"

"Do you know my daughter May?" No, I didn't. Thanks for the tip."

She (sarcastically, to stranger at same restaurant table: "I hope you won't mind my eating while you smoke."

College Joe: "Certainly not lady, so long as I can hear the orchestra."

A city and a chorus girl are much alike
'Tis true,
A city is built with outskirts,
A chorus girl is too.

1st She: "You've certainly got to hand it to Alfred."

2nd She: "Why?"

1st She: "He's so shy and bashful."

What is the future of "He drinks"? "He is drunk." (for Engineers)

Arts, the very name sounds hollow,
Arts, with nothing much to follow,
Arts the poor misguided fools
Man the pulpits, teach the schools
Take your choice of these careers
Or do odd jobs for Engineers.

"What did your woman wear to the brawl?"

"She wore a paper dress."

"What d'ya do afterwards?"

"Oh, we went out on a tear."

She was peeved and called him "Mr."

Not because he went and hit,
But just before
As she opened the door,
This same Mr. kissed.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin both old and medieval.
An Engineer espied her,
And plied her with cider.
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

Coed: "I'll stand or my head or bust!"

Gym Instructor: "Never mind, just stand on your head."

Two (slightly oiled) Meds were walking home the other night and passed a window where the curtains had not been drawn.

1st Med: "That girl isn't exactly modest, is she?"

2nd Med: "No, but she certainly is relining."

"Would you give 10 cents to the Old Ladies' Home?"

"What! Are they out again?"

She, being coy, "Shall I dim the lights, dear?"

He: "No turn the dim things out."

THE MONKEY

When threatened by foes
He can hang from his toes
If other means fail
He can swing by his tail
But he don't live in clover
He's got dandruff all over.

A comely colored lass had just been baptized in the river. As she came to the surface she cried: "Bless me Lawd, I'se saved. Last night I was in the ahms of de Debbil, but t'night I'm in de ahms of de Lawd."

"Sistah," came a baritone voice from the shore, "How is you all fixed up for tomorra evening?"

He: "I knowest thou how to bringge upon thye childe?"

She: "Certainly suggard."

He: "Then snippe to, for thye chilce is at the bottome of ye cisterne."

To conclude—the story of the two couples who got married and went on their honeymoon in a group.

Upon arriving at their destination the two new husbands promptly visited the beverage rooms and became inebriated—their wives were a little disgusted and decided to go to bed.

Later the two rather high husbands said good night and went to their in. One of them got into his pajamas, got down and said his prayers and as he went to get into bed noticed he was in the other man's room—he immediately ran to the next room—only to find that the other man was an atheist.

# ADVICE TO LOVE WORN

by Dorothy Fix

Dear Miss Fix,

Against the advice of my best friends, I have purchased two tickets for the Con. My problem is that I haven't a date and I want to get hold of a girl—in the worst way. What method do you suggest?

Bashfully,

GEORGE

Dear George,

I don't see why you want to get hold of a girl—in the worst way—when there are lots of nice girls around. However that is beside the point. Standard practice is to advance (unobserved), until close proximity is attained, extend arm wrist high in direction of desired one, and then follow through as in golf, only with more gusto.

Dorothy Fix

* * * * *

Dear Miss Fix,

I have been a bachelor for the last 20 years, and have led a happy and carefree life. Now, however, the girl whom I have been going around with for the last four years, wants to get married. How can I avoid this horrible fate?

Mertimer

P.S. Her father has a shotgun.

Dear Mert,

This is a very touching problem. You could see a lawyer about it, but my advice to you is to go to Timuskato for the duration.

D. F.

P.S. If you are caught on the wrong end of the gun—Don't argue.

D. F.

* * * * *

Dear Miss Fix,

My boy friend is a confirmed drunkard. He will drink anything and everything that he can get his hands on. Mind you—I'm not complaining, but my problem is that since rationing, I have not been able to get even a drop. (He uses my ration card). How can I overcome this desperate plight?

Yours for a good drink,

S. Sadie

Dear S. Sadie,

You could try to reason with your boy friend, but there are better ways. See if you can't contact a reliable bootlegger. If you fail in this line, try mixing some shoe polish and water.

D. F.

* * * * *

Dear Miss Fix,

I am a budding young co-ed attending University. I have fallen desperately in love with one of those handsome hunks of an Engineer and I think that he loves me too. We go out together regularly. Some times we walk along the river and get romantic. We spoon and then we do other things. My problem is one of disturbing little noises. Every time he holds me close and is about to kiss me, I make an embarrassing little sound—especially after eating beans and sauerkraut, and I think that this annoys my handsome hunk. Do you think that this will come between us?

Gladys Happybottom

Dear Gladys,

There is a chance that if this habit lingers on, it might spoil your romance. My advice to you is to see Doc Wright and get some of his "super BSslime Tablets".

D. F.

* * * * *

Dear Miss Fix,

My husband and I had a very serious argument. It's all about Indians. We want to know, if you had 16 little babies, would you call it Papooses or Papeeze?

(Signed) Desperate Wife.

Dear Desperate Wife,

If I had 16 little babies I'd call it quits.

Dorothy Fix

* * * * *

Dear Miss Fix,

I am a young Engineer in my second year at college. I have fallen desperately in love with a glamorous young thing, and I don't know whether to get married now, or wait till I have finished my course. What do you advise?

Expectantly,

Harry

Dear Harry,

I hardly know the answer to this question. However, Fraser McK. might be able to help you.

L. F.

Dear Miss Fix,

Before I ask my question, I shall describe myself, so that you may be better able to answer.

I am tall and good looking with long, flowing red hair. I always dress in dark clothes to add dignity to my personage.

I have done a great deal of acting, and many people have told me that I am the best of my type. I sing for the Glee Club, Choir and Bath Tub listeners, and most people say that I have a distinctive voice. I frequently go to dances, and I have heard it said that I am an individualistic dancer. I also write poetry.

Why is it, with all these advantages, no girl will say those few words that could make my life (and hers) happy?

Arts '45

Dear '45,

All signs point to the following facts:—

Some people have it and others want it. Some had it and others have it now. Others have it and can keep it.

Evidently, you just haven't got it.

Dot Fix

And the little paper doll cried and cried and cried when she learned that her mother was just an old bag.

# HOW TO MILK A COW

The extraction of milk from a cow is a highly specialized work which calls for an agile body, steady nerves, a psychological mind and warm hands.

First, tie a rope around the cow's neck and fasten it securely to a stakes in the ground taking care post. Then tie each foot to four that the legs are well spread apart so that she won't fall over when you walk away. This step may be considered a preliminary protective step. It is always wise to be cautious.

Next, you look around for a stool—this is for you to sit on not the cow. Place this stool to the left of the cow, and just opposite the differential. Now you're ready to start.

Sit down on the stool and grab the fingers hanging down from the thing between the legs, with both hands, taking care that they don't grab you first. If the cow collapses in a dead faint, it might be wise to warm the hands over a match before trying again.

After reviving the cow, you start again, and grasp the fingers with a little more confidence. Now following the instructions given to you on a can of condensed milk, you proceed to pull alternately with the left and then the right hands. After doing this for a time, you will discover that if you pull them down far enough, they spring up again like elastic bands, and proceeding to amuse yourself in this manner, you will be struck violently on the ear. You immediately look around and see nothing. Turning back to your work and continuing to milk the cow, (because prouder and prouder of your ability) you will the first week had come to a close, remember you forget to place a pail under the cow. Hastily obtaining this pail and putting it under the cow, you will be ready to continue when you receive another belt on the ear and glance up just in time to see a hairy thing disappear around the rear of the cow. You immediately dash around in full flight and receive another slap in the teeth from a handle in the rear of the cow. Something you forgot to tie down. You obtain a piece of rope and secure this thing down in the rear. By now the cow is beginning to look like a tent, and no doubt beginning to feel like one. However that's no affairs of yours, you've got your own worries, chiefly getting the pail filled.

Back again to the little stool you go, and back again to the pumping. After several attempts, you find that nothing is coming out. Don't shout. Just shake the fingers rapidly. This failing to produce results, tap them gently on the edge of the pail. No result?

Then try connecting the water pump to the cow by means of a rubber hose, and turn on the power. Looking around you may be just in time to see the cow's tail disappear into the rear with a terrific swish. Should this get you worried, rush back and shut off the pump.

By this time the cow is beginning to wonder what its all about and looks at you suspiciously.

If you are at all interested in how to complete the milking of a cow, be sure to read the next in the series of articles on How To Milk A Cow in one easy lesson. Refer to lesson 63 and you will see how to get out of this predicament with Elsie.

Any questions on the subject should be submitted to E. J. Garfengeek c/o the MILK 'EM SNAPPY MAKE 'EM HAPPY milk society of your home town. If there is no branch of this society in your town, figure it out for yourself or sel lthe cow.

J. A. T. '44

Definition: Coincide — what I don't know enough to do when it rains.

In a little cottage by the wood
An Engineer a maiden wooed.
So far.
So good.
In the cottage by the wood
Where the Engineer the maiden wooed
A woman weeps,
A baby sleeps,
So far,
No farther.

And then there was the freshman, on seeing a nude woman dancing down the halls, exclaimed, "Gee wouldn't she look nice in a sweater!"

"Why do so many fellows date you, Honey?"

"I give up."

Two buck deer were standing on a mountainside. One said to the other, "Come on, Buck, let's you and I go out and make a little dough. So they started off, and pretty soon they came to a little doe. She sidled up to one of the deer and said, "Where are you going, big boys?" They told her they were going out to try to make a little dough. With that she replied, "How about taking me along?" "I wouldn't mind making a couple of bucks myself."

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on!" came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire car of passengers turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

## HYPOTHESIS 23

My course is Engineering, I shall not pass
It maketh me to work long problems involving moments of inertia and rapid gyration.
It leadeth me into the deep mysteries of Geology,
It trieth my soul.
It leadeth me into the vile smelling Chem labs for my professor's sake.
Yea, though I walk in the shadow of the examinations, I expect no enlightenment, but they are with me, my Handbook and my Sliderule.
They comfort me.
I prepareth a complex table for the benefit of mine instructors, but they anointeth my head with curses, their wrath runneth over
(For they discovereth that the table he crooked).
But surely knowledge will come to me one of the days of my life,
Or I will remain in the second Year of Applied Science forever.

—UBYSSEY


PROGRAMS FOR WEEK MARCH 13th.

GAIETY
MON.—TUES.
MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE in
"FIRST COMES COURAGE"
WED.—THURS.
ANN SOTHERN in
"SWING SHIFT MAISIE"
FRI.—SAT.
MARY MARTIN
FRANCHOT TONE in
"TRUE TO LIFE"

CAPITOL
MON.—TUES.—WED.
"ADVENTURES OF TARTU"
with ROBERT DONAT
"POISON PEN" with
FLORA ROBSON
THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
"WAGON TRACKS WEST" with
WILD BILL ELLIOTT
THE EASY SIDE KIDS in
"CLANCY STREET BOYS"

It Does taste good in a pipe
Picobac
The Pick of Tobacco

FOSTER'S
BARBER SHOP
REGENT STREET

"Mac's Tobacco Store"
Smoker's Supplies
Magazines and Papers
Confectionery
61 Regent St.

Gifts that Last
FROM
SHUTE & CO. LTD.
YOUR JEWELLER SINCE 1861


TOBACCO, PAPERS, CONFECTIONERY, PIPES
CROWLEY'S

Pasteurized Dairy Products
Milk Cream
Butter Ice Cream
General Dairies Limited

Members of the Faculty,
Alumni and Students
Are all Cordially Invited
to make
This Century-Old Institution
Their Banking Home
The Bank of Nova Scotia
Established 1832