

STEAMED CLAMS

Do you like steamed clams? I do. Especially with plenty of butter. This summer I was visiting by the sea and I was assured by the inhabitants of the community that I could dig lots of clams, all I wanted. So I decided I would dig a pall of clams. The best place to get them was on a beach five miles away, and the best way to go was by horse and cart along the beach. I knew a man who lived there, and he promised me his horse any time I wanted it.

So one bright morning I drove over to his home. It was a French community, but the father and son of the house could speak English and I kept my fingers crossed that one of them would be there. But it was Madame who came to the door in answer to my knock. I knew she couldn't understand, let alone speak, a word of English, so hopefully I asked, "Ou est Francois?" in my best Freshman French. The old lady just beamed, and out flowed such a torrent of French words that I was left breathless. The only words I recognized were "Francois" and "peche". I didn't know whether Francois had gone fishing or climbing peach trees, so I asked brightly, "mackerel?" and she nodded, "oui, oui." So far so good. Then I asked, "Ou est Monsieur?" but I still don't know where the father was.

We stood and looked at each other for a few moments. Then, with the customary French hospitality, Madame started again. Recognizing "entrez" I accepted the invitation and went in. I tried to

tell her what it was I wanted, and haltingly said, in French, "I would like—please—your horse to go—pause—for clams." (In case you're wondering, I didn't know the word for dig). Madame became voluble again. She nodded, she shook her head, she waved her arms, and she talked, until I began to wonder if I had said the right thing! When she finished she looked at me expectantly, but I shook my head and retreated to my corner, defeated. I sat and thought of all the French words I knew. Once I got up to go, but the thought of those steamed clams sat me down again.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. There on the wall was the product of Alexander Graham Bell's inventive mind. Silently thanking Heaven that a telephone is a telephone in French, and pointing to that precious instrument, I got the idea across to Madame to phone my friend who lived five miles away. Julianne bless her, could speak both languages. When Julianne came to the phone, I told her to please ask Madame for the horse. Then I let Madame talk, and talk she did. When she had finished, I asked Julianne what had been said. And after all my trouble, I found out that all the horses were being used that morning and I couldn't have one anyway.

Dejectedly I hung up, thanked Madame by saying "Merci" several times, and left. I am thinking of taking French this year. And I am still thinking of a hot dish of steamed clams.

POEM

(With apologies to Masfield)

I must return to the hill again, to the college on its crest,
And all I ask is a friendly car to give my feet a rest;
A Tuck Shop (and a charge account), a room with an easy chair,
And an alibi for skipping when I haven't a spare.
I must return to the hill again, for the chime of the tower clock
Is a warning to the laggards that the prof. awaits his flock.
And all I ask is a back seat, some scandal to tell a friend,
And a sweet sleep to engulf me, till the lecture's at an end.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE?



Electrical Engineer?

You can't afford to be careless with a live wire. Nor can you afford to be careless about money matters when you enter the world of business. A sensible plan is to practice careful money management while you are still at college. Open a savings account of your own, even though deposits at first may be small. Thrift is a good habit now and for the future and can be an important factor in your success.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

Hello, Reading Roomers! Here we are back again after a bee-oostful vacation, full of energy and good resolutions and ready to put our noses to the bridge table and go to work. Let's go—

On Monday afternoon, the 24th of September, a meeting of the Ladies' Society was held in the Reading Room with President Blanche on the table—pardon me—in the chair. (It was somebody else on the table). The purpose of this meeting was to welcome the new women students into our midst and this welcome was carried out in true traditional manner. However, the former students received a slight shock and those of us who have studied "higher" mathematics are still trying to figure out how twelve first year students and four second-year students make twenty-six. And then some—

Here let us pause and wish Mr. and Mrs. Bob Forbes oceans of happiness and all the luck in the world. We really miss you in the Reading Room, Anne.

And then there's Helen Gilson who's gone into the banking business. We can still (in our mind's eye) see Helen perched on one of the window seats looking down toward the Residence (to see the time). We miss you too, Joan and Sylvia.

It's grand to have "young Mooers" back with us again. We thought she might decide to stay and take over the bank but we're so glad she didn't.

A bouquet of red roses—they'd be gardenias if we could afford them—to the Sophettes for their highly successful banquet Saturday evening. The food was really extra-special and I'm sure everyone will want to keep their attractive place-cards as a souvenir of a wonderful evening. We were honoured to have Mrs. Gregg as our guest speaker and let us again assure her that she will never become an "institution" at our little gatherings. It is, and always will be, a pleasure as well as an honour, to have her with us. Other honour guests were: Miss E. McLeod, Dr. L. Thompson, Miss M. L. Whimster and Miss R. Cumming. Nancy McNair represented the Sophettes at the head table and her sincere little speech was very well received by the new students and by all. On behalf of those present Blanche Law expressed thanks for a most enjoyable evening. The banquet concluded with the customary singing and the college yell. Thanks lots girls!

We're awfully glad to see Ruth Cumming around the corridors even if she isn't taking classes with us this year. Ruth is helping President Gregg in the office.

Feature Fans

In past years we have heard this page and this paper called almost everything. But did you ever stop to think that this is your paper and consequently it is just what you make it.

To be sure, we've heard a lot of griping, but we never seem to see those same critics do anything about it. It is not much good just to criticise if you don't try to improve it in any way.

You have all heard the oft-quoted phrase "You get out of anything just what you put in it" (we're leaving poker out of this discussion) and that is true for this page too. So all you pen-pushers who would like to see some of your own work in print get busy, write something and hand it in to the Feature Editor, and, as Dr. de Merten would say, "All contributions will be gratefully received". So come on, kids, let's make this year's Brunswickan the best yet.

Girl: I've broken my glasses. Will I have to be examined all over again?
Optician: No, just your eyes.
—Queen's Journal.

FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



Ted Owens

Here we are, beginning a new year, and for the first issue of this new series let us introduce to you the head man of the campus, Ted Owens.

Ted came up the hill from Saint John in the fall of '42, and his popularity with the '48ers is evidenced in his being elected President of that class in his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years.

A member of that faculty that takes to the woods, Ted haunts the halls of the Forestry Building, and in his Sophomore year kept the notes of the Forestry Association. That same year Ted kept the bills of the "Brunswickan" straight as he was the paper's Business Manager.

In his Junior year Ted once more showed his executive ability by being the able Treasurer of the S. R. C. This year he is again at the helm, holding the important and responsible position of President of our Student's Representative Council.

But it is the basketball court which is Ted's own stamping ground, or we should say "galloping" ground, and here he needs no introduction. For the past three years he has been a member of the Varsity Basketball Team, and last year was one of the Dominion Basketball Champions. This year Ted captained the team.

Yet in spite of all his activities, Ted has not lowered his scholastic standard. He is an all-round student.

William M. Evarts, the distinguished lawyer and statesman, was once riding on a Pullman car with a friend. When bedtime came the latter, who had always found it difficult sleeping on trains, remarked:

"Mr. Evarts, to sleep well, do you think it is best to lie on the right or the left side?"

"If you are on the right side, my friend," said the brilliant lawyer, "it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."

"Aren't those chimneys beautiful? And I love that cute tune."
"You'll have to speak louder. Those damn bells are making so much noise I can't hear you."

**COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON**

The Engineer

Who is the man designs our pumps with judgment, skill and care?
Who is the man that builds 'em and who keeps them in repair?
Who has to shut them down because the valve seats disappear?
The hearing-wearing, gearing-tearing Mechanical Engineer.

Who buys his juice for half a cent and wants to charge a dime?
Who when we've signed the contract can't deliver half the time?
Who thinks a loss of twenty-six per cent is nothing queer?
The volt-inducing, load-reducing Electrical Engineer.

Who is it takes a transit out to find a sewer to tap?
Who then with care extreme locates the junction on the map?
Who is it goes to dig it up and finds it no way near?
The mud-bespattered, torn and tattered Civil Engineer.

Who thinks without his products we would all be in the lurch?
Who has a heathen idol which he designates Research?
Who stinks the creeks, perfumes the air, and makes the landscape clearer?
The stink-evolving, grass-dissolving Chemical Engineer.

Who is the man who'll draw a plan for everything you desire?
From a trans-Atlantic liner to a hairpin made of wire?
With "ifs" and "ands", "Howe'ers" and "buts" who make his meaning clear?
The work-disdaining, fee-retaining Consulting Engineer.

Who builds a road for fifty years that disappears in two?
Then changes his identity, so no one's left to sue?
Who covers all the traveled roads with filthy oil smear?
The bump-providing, rough-on-riding Highway Engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?
Who'll fire a real good-looking one because she cannot spell?
Who substitutes a dictaphone for coral-tinted ear?
The penny-chasing, dollar-wasting Efficiency Engineer.

Who asks for information that he knows cannot be had?
And/or gives long opinions with deductions mostly bad,
And he tries to spell-bind juries, but can never make them hear.
The thought-elusive, non-conclusive Legal Engineer.

DID YOU KNOW?

King's College (name of the University before 1860) was opened for the reception of students in October, 1829. The resident students at that time took their breakfasts separately in their own rooms. The Steward was required to furnish them with a supply of bread, butter, milk and hot water. Dinner was served in the Refectory and the Steward was to provide "good and sufficient Board and Beer."

The Senate passed the following resolution in 1871, "that hereafter when the upperclassmen injure a Freshman during initiation the guilty parties shall be punished just as if they had injured a human being."

The Literary and Debating Society was organized on September 16, 1862.

The first Hockey Team was formed in 1897 and practices were held in the George Street Rink.

In the old days students assembled for prayer at 8 a. m. Resident students had to be in their rooms at 10.30 p. m.

The Dramatic Society grew out of the Glee Club which was founded by Prof. Stockley, of the English Department in the early 90's. And in the early plays the men took women's parts. The present Mr. Justice W. R. Harrison once played the part of the leading lady and was dressed in red.