GLEE CLUB TO TAKE MARITIME TOUR

Something new will be inaugurated this year when the combined Glee and Choral Clubs take a tour throughout the Maritimes. It was decided at the last meeting that after all the effort the members have spent they should be rewarded in some way. Ghern Wheeler, president of the Glee and Kay Lyons, president of the Choral both are heartily in favour of the idea.

Professor Toole will naturally be dragged along as well as Professor DeMerten and the mascot of the group will be one of the Goats. The group expect to be a complete success and if all goes well will present more concerts in conjunction with the Maritime Conncert Association.

All that remains to be done in conjunction with the tour is the granting of the money from the S. R. C. and the procuring of masks and body armour for the participants. However these it is thought will be procured with a maximum of trouble.

Joe: "Gals sure want a lot these days."

Moe: "Yeah—and they want a house on it, too."

Gazette

BUGS

He was floating along—in the forest. It was fall and he fell. The leaves had turned brown and he felt them rattle on the ground as he turned and faced the—What was she doing there? Ah—He ran to put his arms around her—and she pulled out her hat pin and jabbed him.

He was riding the clouds and climbing higher. The moon, which was very near, kissed him. Then he began to fa-l-l-l, and the arrow on the church weather-vane pricked him in.....

It was just what he had always wanted—that green suit from Murphys—with the red bow tie. It was his. It was his. It was his. It was—He pulled himself out of the groove and tried on the suit. Somone forgot to puil out the pins, and one of them punctured him.....

His dream ended—He awoke and the little bed-bugs scampered back into the mattress.

Well, I must open my maie," said the surgeon as he sharpened his knife.

PASSION CAMPS TO BE SET UP FOR FRUSTATED

The newest service project the U-Y Club is going to undertake was formulated at the annual Bush party held last term.

"PASSION CAMPS FOR THOSE WHO ARE FRUSTRATED" is the idea back of it all. The Foresters in the Club volunteered to find a lonely secluded spot in the wild woods where the Engineers will construct large and comfortable cabins. These cabins will have tin roofs and an outside sprinkler system so that the weary inmate will be lelled to slumber by the delicate tinkle of rain on a tin roof.

Every three hours busses will leave the Men's and Ladies' residences from 6 P. M. till 6 A. M. Females who desire some night life and males who are frustrated will comprise the cargoes of these transports.

Chaperones will be in attendance from 6 A. M. till 6 P. M. Their duty will be to make sure that everyone leaves in time for lectures. The lectures will consist of talks on "Passion for the frustrated, How to go about it and Relax and enjoy life." The lectures will include such professional men as the Sultan of Turkey, Brigham Young and King Solomon. All of these men have had the widest and best experience.

The organization of this project will be under the capable direction of Bill Donnachie, Bud Taylor and Gern Wheeler who appear to be those most enthused by the idea. The U-Y believes that this project cannot fail. Indeed the first practical test was given at their Bush Party and proved highly successful.

Recipe For Kisses

To one piece of dark plazza,
Add a little moonlight.
Take for granted two people,
Press in two strong ones
One little soft hand.
Sift lightly two ounces of attraction,
One ounce of romance and a large measure of folly,
Stir in a floating ruffle,
Add one or two whispers dissolved well in silence,
Dust in a small quantity of hesitation,
One ounce of resistance and two of yielding
Place the kiss on a flushed cheek or preferably on two lips,
Flavor with a slight scream or set aside to cool.
This will succeed under normal conditions if directions are carefully followed.

* * *

—Rhodes Rhodeo—

"What did the tonsil say to the other tonsil?'

"We must be in Capistrano—here comes another swallow."

* * *

Blessed is he who has nothing to say and can't be persuaded to say it.

Chemists Invent New Explosive

After four weeks of intensive research, the members of the chemical Society have perfected a master explosive. At a secret meeting held at 2:30 last Thursday morning in their special laboratory adjoining the furnace room in the basement of the Memorial Hall, this secret was divulged. After giving passwords and securing admission to the laboratory, the members locked and bolted the door, and the meeting was brought to order. All eyes in the room were riveted on the shining explosive, which, glowing like a rare jewel from the farthest corner of the Orient, rested in a plush lined box at the end of the laboratory, and guarded by two vicious looking members of the society in the persons of MacDiarmid and Baird.

After the usual formalities were dispensed with, the president, Isadore Gosenko Babb introduced the evening's guest speaker, the eminent sciontist in the bomb research, and head of the chemistry department at U. N. B.—Dr. Renegazoc Toole, noted "molecule" man. Dr. Toole, his voice trembling with emotion gave a short speech on the new explosive. "You are all aware," he said "that our bomb makes the atomic bomb seem like a fire cracker . . . . It is our duty to see that the formula does not fall into the hands of the enemy, it must reach the right party, even if our lives depend upon it . . . . As my renowned colleague, Dr. Killslime Wright, and I were appointed caretakers of the bomb, we have pondered at some length as to the disposal of the weapon until we come to a final agreement. We feel that it is our duty to our country to turn the entire bomb over to the Progressive Conservative Party who will find a use for it when the next election comes up . . . ."

Gym To Be Used For New Rink

The long discussed problem of the rink has at last been solved. Howie Ryan with a faculty committee has at last devolved a simple yet practical way out of the difficulty that the University has found itself in the past few years without a rink.

The new scheme will be to install refrigeration pipes under the Gymnasium floor in a manner similar to that in present use at the Maple Leaf Gardens. The floor will be able to be flooded with water and quickly transformed into a smooth sheet of ice. The committee plans to have U. N. B. Engineers employed on this project which is to commence in mid-June and should be completed by late October.

There will be a cry from some of the Basketball fans but hockey will soon make up for the curtailing of basketball. Of course this will necessitate a new Gymnasium building stated Mr. Ryan but at least it will solve the howl for indoor ice which has been raised every year.

WANTED
By the Library

The Old Drama and the New ..... Archer
Ten Modern Poets ..... Brenner, R.
Eternal Struggle ..... Harvey
No Compromise ..... Melvin
Rousseau ..... Morley
Collected Poems .... Santayana
Electronic Theory of Valency ..... Sidgwick

BOOKSTORE WEDDING

The Bookstore was the scene of a wedding of wide interest the other day when Muriel J. Sluts became the bride of Scoop McGoon. The blushing bride was attended by Miss Betty Brewster and the groom was held up by Eric Teed. There were about 500 guests present, all of the bride and groom's business and collegе associates attending. The ceremony was read by Donald Gammon, who delivered a sermon on "The Lost Weekend' he spent last Monday nite.

The bride was adorned in a parka of pink with purple dots. She wore on her feet a pair of handmade moccasins (it is rumored she made them herself) and carried a bouquet of red and black poison ivy. Her jewelry consisted of dried bones put together with library paste. All through the ceremony she kept chanting 'Quiet Please' which made an effective background to the music of the gramophone which gave out with "Hold Tight" (and we do mean tight).

The groom for this special occasion donned his green and pink plaid shirt and yellow bathing suit. His only comment was, "Don't play Bingo Tonight Darling, stay home with me instead".

After the ceremony which had to be carried out in shifts due to the limited space in the Bookstore and the large number attending the wedding, those present retired to the Normandie Basement (that new night club on the Ground Floor of the Arts Building) where a delightful midnight snack was served by Mrs. Mersereau and Mrs. Greer. The bride's table was centered by an igloo with harpoons coming out of the top of it. The refreshments consisted of Dlaquiri's made from some of the chicken's parson's special brew, but the liquor soon ran out, and Evangaline Fruit Punch was all that was left. The Crockettes (just arrived after spending twelve weeks on Broadway) and Professor Josephine Kaplan entertained the starving guests after the snack was served.

For travelling the brida wore a going away strong modelled on principline was far from sweetheart Neckline although that's what it was supposed to be. The bride wore a most attractive hat made of plaited seaweed and birdsnest on her long raven black tresses.

The bride and groom left on a short trip to the North Pole by way of Greenland and Hawaii in their newly purchased kayak (dog team relay at Hudson's Bay). The guests left by way of Teed's Tumble and the Library and on the way stopped for a yell in the Library door "There's absolutely too much noise in here."

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