

My Love

I looked around the College hall
To see if I could find at all
A boy on whom my soul might call
For inspiration;

And in my search did I persist,
Until I found the one I wished,
And here in brief I give the gist
Of my summation.

The senior boys are very sweet,
And very sedate and very discreet,
But still they don't quite seem to
meet

My expectation.

And so I turn perforce to view
The Junior class, alas, there too
Is none to share my love so true,
My adoration.

The Sophomores are the next in
turn.
I found some gay, found others stern,
But not a one could I discern
To cause elation.

And so it came about at last
I found him in the Freshman class,
My heart's desire on whom to cast
My admiration.

So, dear girls, if you're like me,
No stalwart male you chance to see,
With whom to go on social spree,
For consolation

I beg of you to turn your glance
Until it comes (as if by chance)
To Freshman Joe; then at a dance
You're the sensation.

A '48'er.

NEW LIFE

This year we used a slightly
different method to buy our books
at the college bookstore. The
system consisted of a combination
snake and turtle (if you want
to animalize it). Well, to elab-
orate, we started at the top of the
library stairway (inside), passed
the quirk in the stairs, smiled at
Bliss Carman a few minutes, round-
ed our walk so we could hang our
coats on the coat rack, kept a
straight line until we faced the
chief librarian, made a military left
half-turn (by this time we are well
on our way of course!), hugged the
library desk, heard a typical (or I
do mean typical) tattoo (just
Helen Baxter really), made the
anteroom, marked time beautifully,
and, remembering that the turtle
did win the race, we walked away
happily with our prize books.

—M. J. S. '48.

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Leng

There was many a dragging step,
many a smothered yawn, many an
"I'm so tired. Ekbert and I didn't
get home till (CENSORED) o'clock"
among the Reading Roomers on
Saturday morning after the Bruns-
wickan Dance. But all agreed on
one point, "We had a swell time."

Shades of pancakes and molasses!
Let's give credit where credit's due
and I do mean to the Freshettes,
for adding something new and
original to the traditional Freshette
Banquet. Ah, heavenly aroma of
baked beans and brown bread! We
certainly all agree with Mrs. Gregg
that "there are twenty or so good
wives waiting for some twenty or
so lucky men". And such artistry
in the place-cards; such a true-to-
life picture of the Seniors. (Ahem!)
President Blanche presided over
the head table and introduced the
speakers, Mrs. Gregg and Acting
President of the Freshette Class,
Marjorie Wright. Honour guests
were Mrs. Gregg, Miss E. McLeod,
Miss M. L. Whimster, Miss C.
Murray, and Miss R. Cumming.

Among the seniors, as a guest, was
Lucile Springer, ex-'46, soon to
become a blushing bride. The
banquet concluded with the custom-
ary singing highlighted by a vocal
solo, "I'll Be Seeing You", rendered
by Kay Lyons. In Lella's absence,
Pat Wright did the honours at the
piano and was by no means reluc-
tant to play "Bell Bottom Trousers"
when requested. How to go '48ers.
Glad to have you on the team!

Ladies' Varsity Basketball prac-
tices begin Thursday the 18th at
7 p. m. Coach Howie wants each
and every Co-Ed to come down to
the Gym and give it a try. If you
live through the initial exercises
you're practically "in" (or should
I say "on"). Seriously though, girls,
we wish you'd all "turn out" for
Basketball. We are at a great dis-
advantage compared with other
colleges which number their women
students in the hundreds; but if
you'd all "turn out", Howie would
have a chance to really see what
he could do towards molding a
championship team. If just twelve
or so turn out he is forced to make
do the best of those twelve, while
better material is lying sprawled
on its bed at home eating apples
and reading the newest editions of
"True Love." So come on and
"turn out" for practices. It takes
all kinds of people to make a team.

THE TUCK SHOP

We have an institution on the
campus. It is not mentioned in the
Calendar. It is not visited semi-
annually or even annually by
members of the Senate. It does
not receive any grant from the
Provincial government. Yet it re-
ceives the whole-hearted support of
the students, and it plays an impor-
tant part in the life "up the hill."
Yes, it is the Tuck Shop.

The '48'ers will remember the
Tuck Shop as it was in their Fresh-
man year. It was down in the Arts
Building basement under the man-
agement of Mrs. Walter Bailey, who
was later housekeeper of the Res-
idence for a short time. Many a
charge account was posted on the
wall that year, and many a Co-Ed
gathered there at 4.30 to watch the
procession of uniforms, khaki and
blue, as the boys bought polar bars
to sustain them during their train-
ing.

The next year the Tuck Shop was
in the same room, but it was re-
modelled and managed by Mrs.
Page. Remember, Juniors, the
home-made brownies, two for a
nickel or four for a dime, that you
used to eat in your Freshman Chem.
class? There was always a bridge
game being kibitzed in the main
room and weighty problems being
discussed on the bench outside!

Last year the Tuck Shop moved.
For the first time in a good many
years it wasn't in the Arts basement.
The '48'ers didn't seem to mind
shipping and sliding down the hill
to the gym, but then they weren't
used to just walking, cafe and dry,
down the stairs. But the other
classes soon found that a fall down
the hill just sharpened their
appetites and there was a steady
stream of students gym-wards. A
lot of "after-lab" dates were held
in the spacious converted kitchen,
and the wide ledge was always
filled with students munching a
bar or sipping a coke. That location
was good for all who had practices
in the gym, and it was good for all
who wanted to "forget" they had a
lecture. A favourite Reading Room
remark that year was "Let's go
down to the Tuck Shop." And
remember how some of the boys
risked their lives to save the Tuck
Shop during the fire.

When last September rolled
around, even before you had your
courses straightened out, the first
question asked was "Where is the
Tuck Shop?" and there were a lot
of disappointed and hungry hillmen
as the answer came back, "There
isn't any." The morale of U. N. B.
instantly lowered, and for the first
few weeks of college the time
between breakfast and dinner seem-
ed awfully long and labs. seemed
double their usual time.

Then came one morning when
the cry, "The Tuck Shop is open!"
echoed from the Civis Building to
the Memorial Hall, and sure enough,
there in the Arts basement again,
to the left and opposite the boiler
room, was the faithful friend, Ye
Tuck Shoppe. This year, as last
year, it is under the management
of Mrs. Mersereau and the hours
are from 10 to 2, from 4 to 6 and
from 8.30 to 10. Everyone wel-
comes it back and say, "how about
a coke?"

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



Neil Elgee

Here we are, presenting to you
this week a well-known Senior, Neil
Elgee.

Neil came to U. N. B. with the
Class of '46 from Fredericton High
School and in his Freshman, Sopho-
more and Junior years was chosen
Secretary-Treasurer of his class.

Keenly interested in Science, he
chose his course accordingly and
this year we see him assisting some
of the Sophs in one of their Biology
labs.

As Business Manager of the
"Brunswickian" this year, Neil is
especially busy keeping all the
books and bills straight. And he
did a grand job on the smooth-
dance last week. Neil is also an
officer in the C. O. T. C. contingent.

But he is especially well-known
on the Basketball Court. For the
last two years he has played on
Varsity and last year was a member
of the Dominion Championship
Team.

This year, too, Neil is filling the
important and responsible position
of the President of the Amateur
Athletic Association. With his
efficient management and his great
interest in sports, we know Neil
will capably fill this position. With
all his extra-curricular interests,
Neil has always maintained his
very high standard of scholastic
achievement.

COLLEGE SONGS

Here is an old U. N. B. song that
used to be sung with much vim and
vigor at pep rallies and football
games. The tune is "Mademoiselle
from Armentier."
Oh, here's a team from Sackville
town, U. N. B.
Oh, here's a team from Sackville
town, U. N. B.
Oh, here's a team from Sackville
town

And this is the day we'll haul them
down
Rinky Dinky, U. N. B.
U. N. B. will be hard to beat, U. N. B.
The garnet and gold will have re-
treat, U. N. B.

We're going to roll up a mighty score
The same as we did before the war
Rinky Dinky, U. N. B.
Old Mt. A. will be 'easy meat,
U. N. B.

We'll rush them jolly well off their
feet, U. N. B.
Old Mt. A. will leave in tears
She won't recover for forty years.
Rinky Dinky, U. N. B.

And here's another old one, to the
tune of "Where do we go from
Here".
Give us another score boys
Give us another score.
We know that you can do it,
As you've always done before,
It's up to you to draw first blood,
So down them in the gore,
Smash—Crash—Bing—Bash
Give us another score.

Ross-Drug-United

Two Stores

Queen and York Sts.
Queen and Regent Sts.

Rexall Stores

Our Canada

The other day I was reading an
article in the Library about U.N.R.
R.A. and the task of feeding the
liberated countries. Canada is
sending so much meat and other
food commodities overseas that
we are still rationed on some goods,
but in spite of this, Canada remains
one of the best-fed nations of the
world.

The article went on to speak of
the different foods in Canada, and
quoted statistics for different areas,
and I began to think of what type
of food could be called Canada's
national food. England has its
roast beef, Scotland its porridge,
Ireland its potatoes, United States
is proud of its hot dogs. When you
think of China and food, you think,
perhaps erroneously, of rice. But
what food could you associate in
the same way with Canada? Those
living in the St. John River Valley
would think at once of the fiddle-
head, but the rest of the country
certainly wouldn't know what a
fiddlehead was. Of course, salmon
is a good Canadian food and it is
caught on both the West and East
Coasts, but that would leave out
the Prairie Provinces, and I don't
think Ontario would appreciate it
very much, either. Ontario could
agitate for its peaches, but imme-
diately the fruit farmers of the
Annapolis and the Okenagan Valleys
would, with one voice, protest.
The Maritimes have their beans-
brown-bread regularly every Satur-
day night, but that custom originat-
ed in New England.

Venison might be chosen as
Canada's food, although it is still
an unusual treat and the season is
short. I have lived in New Bruns-
wick all my life and I ate deer-meat
for the first time this year. Corn-
on-the-Cob would probably be the
most nationally known and might
win national favour and approval.
But we really haven't what could
be called a "national dish".

Canada seems to have nothing
national but the Maple Leaf. You
hear and tell jokes beginning,
"Two Englishmen went into a
pub....." or "One Irishman met
another Irishman.....", but do you
ever hear a joke beginning, "Two
Canadians were walking down
street....."?

Canada hasn't even its own folk-
songs. It is true that Quebec will
sing its "A La Claire Fontaine" and
Alouette". But if you were in a
group of people from different
countries of the world and each
person was singing a song from
different countries of the world and
each person was singing a song
from his own country, what song
would you sing to represent Can-
ada? You might sing "Roll out the
Barrel" which was a favorite of the
Canadian Army; or you might sing
a cowboy song, but the cowboy
songs are the folk songs of the
United States, not of Canada. And
you would probably become des-
perate and break into "The Maple
Leaf Forever."

Our national broadcasting net-
work, the C. B. C., is becoming less
and less Americanized and more
and more Canadianized all the time.
There was one comedian of Canada
who had his own show, but he went
to the United States. Canada's
"Happy Gang" is gaining inter-
national publicity and prominence,
and the Canadian "Singing Stars
of Tomorrow" program is promoting
Canadian talent, but most of us
"tune in" to American variety shows
and concerts and plays, and then if
the reception is not too clear or if
there is too much static, we turn
back to our local station for the
C. B. C. presentation.

Lately there has been much
argument and interest in the subject
of a separate and national flag for
Canada. Our new Information
Board with its offices in London,
New York, Washington, Paris and
Canberra is a great step toward
further publicizing and promoting
Canadian policies. During the past
six years Canada has risen in power
to rank as one of the foremost
nations of the world. She has
established an enviable war record.
Her Navy, Army and Air Force have
(Continued on page five)

FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street

An Invitation to Ex-Service People

CANADA welcomes you home!
You stand on the threshold of the
peaceful future you have fought
for...

The Bank of Nova Scotia wants
to help you chart your course.
Why not come into one of our
Branches and talk it over with the
Manager? He is ready and anx-
ious to advise you regarding your
problems.

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Over a Century of Banking Service

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON

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a new government to
of fascist elements; to
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ademic freedom, speech,
and the press wherever
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