

THE ALEXITE

AT IT AGAIN

The Freshmen again showed their ability to compete with the Class of '48 as far as college spirit is concerned. Any doubting this, should have been at the skating and dancing party which the class sponsored at Alex last Friday. During the day there was some argument whether there would be skating or skiffing. The dance was enjoyable and fun was had by all, though there were a couple of flares of temper when the long arm of mischief came creeping into a certain room and put the light on, causing a momentary interruption. One brave Arts student said that he was having a quiet smoke. . . .

The party on the whole was a roaring success, some of the males are still looking for the bootlegger who wasn't there. The bar-tender reports that there was only one bottle of home-brew, nevertheless nobody went home dry and hungry. The Co-Eds, God bless them, supplied the eats. Bill Aubin must be thanked for controlling the music, and for his jokes. We feel that he would do well as a disc-jockey, any way he did a great job.

The radio raffle caused quite a stir, Walt Fleet, a Freshman got it, it wasn't fixed fellows, I had three tickets myself. Every member of the class did a good job even to one of the freshettes. She made sure the men would come back again next time. I wish I had been a guest instead of a worker, maybe I'd have had the same treatment, O.K. O.K. fellers she only said: "Good night"

An Apple for the Teacher.

One morning recently one of the math. classes was gathering as usual in Bldg. 3 at Alexander College. No one even suspected the thing that was about to happen.

While everyone was settling down for the hour's nap, a hush fell over the classroom because "there, in plain view on the table of Mr. Jones was something juicy, delicious, and well curved! Somebody had brought an apple for the teacher! For a minute or so Mr. Jones said nothing, and the tension mounted. Then he rose, looked all around, and, with a wide smile, said: "Thank you, boys." Everybody relaxed and enjoyed a laugh.

(We wonder if that was a blush on Mr. Jones' face, or was it simply the bright spring sun?)

THE GUN POWDER PLOT

You know, there has been a lot of talk flying around lately about the Class of '51 and '52—it seems as if the Freshmen are causing a stir on the "hillside campus." But as for a really "bang-up" affair, Monday's Chem. Lab. was Number One. Things started to hum down in the lecture room when the Chemistry "quintet"—(a group of gentlemen who are chiefly from Devon) that always sit in the back row was delivered, having for a background, the husky strains of "Sunset Adelaide" and "Down By the Old Mill Stream."

The lecture over, a mad dash was made for the stairs, and the thundering herd rolled on. (Due to the excitement it caused among Seniors, Juniors and Post-Grads, the Freshmen may find it necessary to practice "Fire Drill"!).

There was the usual buzz of a Monday Chem. Lab.; the rush for note books, apparatus, and the occasional gossipers blocking the aisles. Then everyone settled down, working like mad,—mad I say—for suddenly some mad genius almost commits suicide. A dull rumble, and a cloud of black smoke rises to the ceiling; the laughing, excited Frosh have their first lab. explosion—but oh my, look—it seemed to have amused the older, more experienced upperclassmen, too, who came tearing down the hall!

Well, everyone settled down once more, and peace and order reigned supreme, when a MADDER genius tries to celebrate "Founders Day" by creating a second "Guy Hawkins Day!" "Crash! Bang! Whoo!"—a scream, a tinkling of shattered glass, smashing heaters, shouts, and smoke filled the air, as everyone got a good strong whiff of what smelled like—gunpowder.

Anxious instructors were dashing around (the Co-Eds) asking "are you hurt?" or "Did any of that glass cut you," but happily none were seriously injured, a few received minor cuts and showers of fine glass.—What had been "the cause of it all"—Oh—a Freshman had just used the wrong samples!

In the United States there are 1,030 "career" women who have taken up law. There are several million other women who lay it down.



We compliment the Engineers for putting out an excellent Brunswickan. A lot of hard work and extra money was put into this issue and it certainly did justice to Engineering Week.

JUST JOTTINGS:

Centsless Talk: The SRC Budget tells us what we cannot afford but it doesn't keep us from buying it. Green students will enter the coming hammerfest very optimistically but for the most part will come out very misty optically. . . . Misled or lost by Wassailers one glorious week-end. . . . A UNB Librarian's salary: weekday recognition of services by the same public that puts a dime in the collection plate on Sunday. . . . A lot of UNB boys' letters to dad sound like an heir raid. . . . Co-edz mudders. An mudder who wishes her datter were wedded is off called "da mater". . . . There's a sophette on the campus—a cute number, too—who says she can't remember the first man she kissed. That's nothing. Most of the Co-Eds can't even remember the last one. . . . Directors: Fellows who are at Red'n Black Revue rehearsals early when the talent's late, and late when the talent's early. . . . To the Yearbook Staff. We understand that among your labour-saving devices the waste basket ranks very high. . . . As the new look has reached the campus skirts are appearing much longer. Now we may expect shorter whistles.

AFTER THOUGHTS

Occasionally we entertain the awful suspicion that we bore some people as painfully as certain people bore us. . . . There are many gluttons when it comes to devouring food for thought. . . . Wrinkles should only indicate where smiles have been.

The Week's Weak Joke

Math Student (at Wassail): Will you pass the nuts, professor? UNB Professor (forgetful, as usual): Yes, I suppose so but I really should flunk them.

An Enquiry.

A Royal Commission with powers to investigate should be established to discover if the 1946-47 Yearbook is going to come out. If so, when? The last we heard was that the book was coming out the middle of January. Which year?

How Times Change Sixty Five Years Ago At U.N.B.

The "Civilization" of our college building by means of electric lights is taking place. Afternoon lectures do not have to stop at dark. The Engineers are not subject to the nuisance of oil lamps. But the residents have not succeeded in getting the improved lights in their chambers and dining room.

Any student lacking college spirit apply at once to Mr. A-n-d who will be happy to supply it in methylated form.

COLLEGE PATH

It has been said that there is "no royal road to learning." Certainly the path to our college would never be mistaken for the "royal road." Icy in winter and always rocky to the extreme, winding and wearisome, it may be found interesting many times as the scene of strenuous "gallantry" but certainly is no credit to our institution. With trivial expense the approach through the grove may be remedied, and steps of some kind be taken to render the terrace accessible.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The SRC should either remove the terrace or install escalators).

U-Y Elects Officers

At a banquet of the U-Y Club held Thursday night last in the Community Y DON COOKE was elected president of the Club. Eleanor Wylie was elected secretary-treasurer. Officers of the MacKenzie Chapter, the original club, are: President, Wally Macaulay; Vice-President, Don Cooke; Secretary, Don Cox; Treasurer, John Blackmer. Councilors of the chapter are Dick Snow, Don Cooke and "Mush" Mersereau. Officers of the newly organized Gregg Chapter are: President, Ralph Hay; Vice-President, Dick Armstrong; Secretary, Jackie Haines; Treasurer, Aulder Gerow. Freshman executive member: Peggy Hawkins. Councilors for the Gregg Chapter are: Len Wade, Dick Armstrong, and Eleanor Wylie.

Marriage ties! Don't make me grin. They're never ties. Wives always win.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT.

New lists of vacancies for both summer and permanent employment have just been received from the National Employment Service. These lists cover all Canada.

Students in pure and applied Science should consult their own faculty employment officer. The names of this faculty committee have already been posted on the bulletin boards. Arts students should apply to the Advisory Bureau in the Arts Building.

K. C. BISHOP,
Advisory Bureau.

AN EPITAPH

From Progress Dec. 30, 1899, Saint John:

A Puzzling Epitaph.

In Chilvers Coton Churchyard is a highly complicated epitaph, which goes beyond anything ever carved on the gravestones of most countries. It reads as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of

Ann
wife of WILLIAM HILL
who died Feb. 1, 1857
aged 37 years

also
ANN
wife of the above
who died June 2, 1857
aged 67 years

also
ANN
mother of the above
who died March 7, 1857
aged 77 years

also
HARRIET
daughter of the above
who died Dec. 14, 1849
aged 18 years

"Take ye heed, Watch and pray,
for ye know not when the time is."

—Mark xiii, 33.

A cynic is a person who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him.

At no time is freedom of speech more precious than when a man hits his thumb with a hammer.

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