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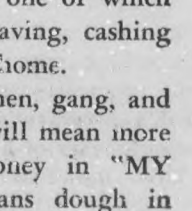
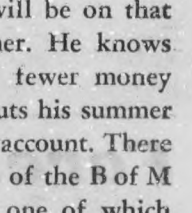
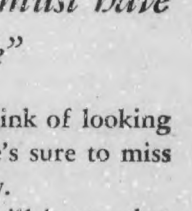
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Love's Fury in a Brewery

By B. V. DEES

"Treyvor, oh Treyvor," the girl's voice was a high-pitched scream which bounced off the vats and sung along the ammonia pipes leading to the condensers, "don't kill me. Put down that stein, it's Dresden and Momma gave it to me for my hope chest. Use that iron bar. Oh Treyvor, can't we again capture that happiness that once was ours," and with a pitiful moan she threw herself across a pile of hops. One hand trailed in a puddle of beer and she tearfully licked her fingers.

"Shut up, wench, and drink your beer," snarled Treyvor. "You know too much so you've got to go like the rest. You'll never squawk to the bulls on me," he snarled. Snarled he, "Seeing as how I'm going to kill you in a few minutes, you might as well know I didn't love you. I only pretended I did so I could get the Sacred Ruby of Poona which your father had hidden in the slot in his cribbage board." Then he snarled, "I had to kill the old goat to do it. I could have gotten it another way but when he double-skunked me, I said 'to hell with him.' If you must know, Gertrude, I'm a poor looser."

His young face twisted up in a scowl and he snarled, "Then there was your mother, your sister, your two brothers, the milkman and Churchill the dog. I killed them all. Hahahahahahaha."

The heavy beer stein rose and fell many times. "And, gentlemen of the jury and you too, Madame," the voice of J. Osbert Flit, keen inscrutable but cuddly young district attorney, defender of the people, etc., rose and fell in the crowded courtroom and every ear gave him breathless attendance, "it has been proved conclusively, indubitably and irrelevantly that this cur, this mad dog, this skunk you see before you, this scourge of the night, Treyvor Sprinklvatr did, on the night of September 31, kill dead the fairest flower of the South—God bless her—this innocent maid Gertrude Pi with a Dresden beer stein taken from her hope chest. Thanks to a two-way radio she had strapped to her ankle which picked up the dialogue that passed that fateful night and which I have had played back to you on the wire recorder, there is no doubt that Sprinklvatr is guilty as hell. Learned jurymen, the state asks a verdict of guilty. Thank you."

"Hold it, buster," snarled Treyvor as he slumped in the witness box. "What if I did kill her?"

"Ha! so you admit it." The voice of the D. A. was like a clarion call to justice. In the back of the crowded courtroom a woman fainted. The minutes ticked by like seconds and the seconds like hours as every eye was fastened, fascinated, upon the cruei, dissipated but proud face of the young man in the witness box.

Outside on the courthouse lawn the larks twittered. Then, like a doomed martyr, the young man straightened up in the box and with head held high and with a languid movement of his hand he said, "Kill schmill."

Bedlam broke loose. Treyvor silenced them with a glance. Then in a voice that took on a new tone—a vibrant, throbbing one which made more than one feminine spectator gurgle with joy, the doomed man thundered, "Drop dead."

Two months later, Treyvor did that very thing.

FINIS

—Manitoban

G. P. RUICKBIE WRITES OF:

A Service Career

Three and a half years have elapsed since the end of World War II, and we find all branches of the Canadian services back to a peacetime establishment, both in equipment and personnel. Many former servicemen have returned to their pre-war careers, many have taken up new careers, and a great many are preparing for new careers through the media of university and vocational training. Many men have returned to the services.

Let us turn our attention to this last group, particularly the university grads and undergrads who are contemplating a service career. Among the '49 graduates at U. N. B., there are six members of the class who are joining the Air Force, two who are going into the Army, and one for the Navy; others are interested to the point of investigating one or all of the three branches of the Services. What attractions are there to motivate these men to arrive at this decision?

If all the pros and cons of a service career were gone into, one would have many points to consider. Current comments at the end of the war led one to believe that the less to do with the service the better; many disliked the regimentation that is a part of military life. Many others disliked the overbearing manners of some of their superiors and were hasty in their assumptions before comparing the attitudes and behaviour of these men, or their counterparts, in civilian life. A great many were also dissatisfied with the branch of the particular

event amounts to nothing more than a civilian donning a tuxedo to attend a ball or some important civic function; it also acts as a gentle reminder of the privilege and honour of belonging to His Majesty's forces.

The question of an overbearing superior officer or NCO can almost be ignored. Very few professions, civil or military, exist, where such a condition is not found at some stage of the game; as a matter of fact, may be the Services have an advantage in this respect. If such a condition exists, and it does in places, due consideration is given to the technical and administrative qualifications of the individuals concerned, and where it is feasible to do so, transfers are possible as a solution to the matter. Thus it is not necessary to write finis to the start or progression of a career and to begin scouting about for a fresh start.

Let us now stop and consider the various tracts and professions that the Services have to offer. During the war, it was not possible nor practical, to give each and every one the choice of his selection of a trade; personnel had to be placed where they were required the most and where, in the opinion of the Service, they were best suited. Courses of instruction were of a necessity, short, and on completion of these courses personnel were appointed to tasks which called for higher qualifications than the majority were able to attain in such a short time. New personnel are now more or less at a liberty to choose the trade or profession they desire most; courses of instruction are longer and complete in every detail; what is more, they are kept up to date and are given throughout the individual's period of Service. In short there is a continual opportunity of advancement, both as regards technical knowledge and to promotion; as in any profession, it is up to the individual to apply himself and never cease in trying to improve his lot.

Many university graduates choose a Service career because they feel they will have more opportunity to apply the principles of their profession directly. How many graduates are there these days, particularly ex-servicemen with field experience, who receive their degrees and

still have to undergo a period of apprenticeship covering first principles which they covered years ago? How many are trained for a technical career and desire such, only to be placed as a technical salesman for some large firm? It is unfortunate perhaps that enough technical positions do not exist for those who wish to fill them, and whereas there is a certain amount of administrative work and extra duties to be performed in all occupations, it would appear that the Services seem to cover the technical aspect of a profession to a greater degree for most engineers, than do the majority of civilian firms.

Frequent moves and transfers during the war seemed to have a bearing on the opinion formed by many on Service life. It is now known that every effort is made to effect transfer as permanent for at least two years, and there is further mention of increasing this period to between three and five years. Any move made prior to this limit is in the majority of cases, beneficial to both the Service and the individual concerned. This, and other necessary inconveniences of a service life, are compensated for by such items as the provision of adequate housing, the storage of furniture at Service expense under certain circumstances, thirty days leave per year, with pay, and a great many other things too numerous to mention.

These, then, are some of the reasons why university graduates are choosing a Service career. Perhaps the general tone of this article might indicate that there is no reason why everyone shouldn't join a branch of the Service! That is not so. It is just an answer to some of the critics who are prone to criticize rather severely, and at times rather unjustly, the decision of a few who have decided to follow this course in fulfilling their ambitions. The Services require highly trained and technical men in order to form at least the nucleus of an effective striking power, and if an individual feels that in some small measure he is able to add to this striking power, then let us give him a green light and a great deal of encouragement if it means the prevention of further bloodshed and misunderstanding between the nations of the world today.

College Weekly Traces Evolution Of a Joke

(From Brandon College "Quill")
Origin: A brilliant freshman in the rear seat of a Psychology II class conceives a very funny original joke.

Age 30 minutes Freshman seated at rear of Chapel tells joke to senior.
Age 1 day senior contributes joke to the Quill—as his own product.
Age 1 day, 10 minutes Quill editor with practised aim deposits joke in wastepaper basket.

Age 3 days Editor uses contents of wastepaper basket to fill space in Quill.

Age 4 days joke appears on page 4 of the Quill.

Age one month Twenty-three college weeklies reprint joke.

Age one year College Life prints joke.

Age two years Six radio comedians use joke.

Age five years Reader's Digest prints joke.

Age ten years Professor tells joke in Psychology II class and the Freshman, still taking Psychology II, commits suicide.

Love conquers all.—Leonardo da Vinci.

Welcome
U. N. B.
Students

Drop in and
Browse Around

At
SCOVIL'S
MEN'S SHOP
Queen & Carleton



COLLEGE DANCES—

White tie or sports jacket, sweater or evening gown... a college hop is always a happy social interlude. Men who are light on their own feet win a girl's approval—and everyone goes for a fresh, cool Player's at time-out.

CORK TIP and PLAIN

REMEMBER—PLAYER'S "MILD" WITH "WETPROOF" PAPER DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LIPS.