

ACHED



all. L. to R. in the picture, speaker.

on Wednesday, February 8, total of 224 pledges had two hundred dollars and to be tabled. Last year proceeds used for entrance in the University.

TTERS
To the Editor

R DIGNIFIED

ified Artists, pursuing your letter to the Feb. 6th Brunswickan, but wonder why you our name. Should a man of revealing his identity? opinion the Co-ed Brunswickan didn't measure up to its standard. Perhaps you have that the co-eds are in a minority at this. But I consider, and I speak for a good majority, Brunswickan criticized was by the best issues presented his college year. A columnist should contain a variety of as well as the amusement certain amount of cam- to sustain individual in- Co-ed issue made a attempt.

keep criticizing? Who th a bit of encourage- help we might even get better Brunswickans.

Sincerely
JOAN GOLDING

Buzzer and Drumhead his was a Brunswickan ough to draw comment ion whereas some form- vere so colorless and un- e, that after reading the students used the paper up salt-herring;—assum- se, that they had the in- efferontry to convey it respective abodes."

L. U. N.
AWAY

veral meetings a group representatives of cam- es has finally made up he formation of a model ing that this is the first uch a venture has been on this campus a more al has been aimed at, formation of a model and social council. Any- is campus who is inter- participating please see e and discuss the mat- em. Stig Harvor, (Pres- S.C.M. Representative), ette (Newman Club), ark (U.Y.) Richard V. d Murray Jones (Politi- and Derek C. Wiggs of Debating Society).

MAN, STAND BACK!

By Dave Bradshaw

I come from Nova Scotia. In this statement there is, admittedly nothing particularly startling or enthralling, nor is there meant to be. It is merely a fact, and as such I accept it without undue rejoicing or loud proclamation of same to the world around me. Mind you I'm not trying to run down Nova Scotia, but only attempting to point out to you the fact that I'd probably be just as content if I was a resident of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, or even one of the more backward provinces such as Ontario or Quebec.

Thus you see I am primarily a Canadian and secondly a Nova Scotian, which is perhaps as it should be.

But now to get down to the actual question to be discussed. Why am I, a resident of the western end of the province, merely a Canadian and Nova Scotian whereas the fellow living at the other extremity it may be, is in the beginning of the same province, island though it may be, is in the beginning, the end, and eternally a "Cape Bretoner"? Is not the earth he treads on essentially the same as the earth anywhere? Is not the air he breathes, and is not the food he eats of the same type as that of his fellow man? His features, are they not primarily the same as mine? Why

then, although we come from the same province, is he a "Cape Bretoner" and I a Nova Scotian? With what strange and awe-inspiring power is he endowed to hold his head in the air and proudly announce to the world: "I am a Cape Bretoner." Is it because his name is MacDonald, MacIntyre, or perhaps McKenzie? If there is a street fight, why does the best man standing always have to be a "Cape Bretoner"?

After much thought I came to the conclusion that there might be something from the past which would throw some light on this, to say the least, fascinating state of affairs. So, armed with pencil and paper I proceeded to thumb my way through Cape Breton history. Finally I found the answer to my many questions. It was the story of Angus MacAskill. After reading of his career I feel that any "Cape Bretoner" is justified in his remarkable prestige and fearless manner.

I will now attempt to sketch for you a few of the highlights of the colorful life of Angus MacAskill.

Angus MacAskill was born in Scotland in the year 1825. He was very sickly at birth and was not expected to survive. When he was six years of age his family, numbering fifteen in all, left Scotland

and sailed for St. Ann's in Cape Breton. It was here, as we shall see, that our hero was to rise to fame and spend the major part of his life. Not much is known concerning his boyhood, except perhaps, that he preferred to pass his spare time with young men older than himself.

We find that it is not until Angus reaches maturity that he creates a real impression. At this particular time in his real life he may be pictured as follows: height, 7 ft. 9 in.; breadth of shoulders, 3 ft. 8 in.; width and length of hand, 6 and 12 in. respectively; length of boots, 18 in. MacAskill was known to have weighed five hundred pounds, and could have possibly gone as high as a thousand pounds. Which is quite a weight when one considers he was never a fat man. Just as a matter of interest, his vest could be buttoned around two good sized men.

As you have probably deducted from the above description, Angus was no boy to mess with! However, despite his giant size, he possessed a gentle manner and was well known for his courtesy and friendly disposition. Nevertheless just imagine the beating the furniture must have taken!

Now that we have firmly grasped in our minds a mental picture of our hero's towering figure, let us proceed with some of his amazing feats of strength.

One of the earlier incidents recorded finds Angus and his father out plowing one afternoon, a neighbor happened along and in the course of the conversation he bet Angus that the field would not be completed by evening. The wager was accepted. It was not long, however, before one of the horses became sick and could not carry on. To win the bet MacAskill took the horse's place, grasped the traces, and worked thus for two hours, proving more than a match for the remaining horse.

Next, we find our hero being compelled against his will (a matter of honour) to fight a renowned pugilist. But, as he was a gentleman to the end, Angus insisted on shaking hands before the match. That was that. The fighter left for parts unknown with the blood still dripping from his finger-tips, his hand crushed by the mighty grasp of the giant, and in his mind convinced that MacAskill was not a man to be thought of lightly.

At the age of twenty-four Angus began to tour America and Europe, displaying many amazing feats of strength too numerous to mention here. Two incidents in the tour especially interesting were: the contracting of fever in Spain, which supposedly weakened his strength twenty per cent; and the anchor mishap. One evening while strolling along a New York pier Angus was taunted into picking up an anchor which weighed between twenty-two hundred and twenty-seven hundred pounds (estimated). After he had carried it a short distance, he tossed it aside, but in so doing one of the flukes caught in his shoulder crippling him severely, and ending his strong man career. MacAskill then returned to Cape Breton where he died some years later at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight.

In summing up it might be suitable to quote a bit from "The Story of Angus MacAskill, the Cape Breton Giant."—"Cape Bretonians, one and all remember that Angus MacAskill was our countryman. . . ."

Now I know why I am only a Nova Scotian and "he" is a "Cape Bretoner." All that remains to be said is: "If a Cape Bretoner pictures himself as a second Angus MacAskill,—Men, stand back!—"

CONTEST ENTRY FORMS MAILED

The U.N.B. Camera Club announces that our university will be playing host this year to the Canadian Inter-University Salon of Photography. This will be the third showing of the annual salon, which has been held previously at U.B.C. and the University of Toronto.

Entry forms have been mailed out to the major Universities and colleges from coast to coast, and a large number of prints are expected. March 1, is the closing date for entries, and judging will take place between March 5-10.

The prints will be on display, so that all those interested will have ample opportunity to see them.

By Jim McAdam

You all remember the dreams we had for a student rink? It seems to me it might be a good idea to bring them up-to-date.

Away back when Fredericton needed a rink as a fish needs water our benefactor, Lord Beaverbrook proposed the following plan to the citizens—He would donate \$100,000 towards a community rink, if the Exhibition Company (who had similar purpose) would put up \$150,000. The city council was to furnish the remaining \$100,000. U.N.B. was to receive a proportionate share of the ice time and the rink was for the exclusive use of the young people of the university and the city. The city council, however, refused to join the triumvirate owing to financial deficiencies and a conflict arose as to the proposed site and seating capacity. The upshot was that the negotiations fell through.

The next chapter of our story begins with our liberal philanthropist offering \$250,000 for either a rink or a library. If the rink was chosen he was to supplement his previous gift with another \$100,000. He appointed a board of trustees in Montreal to investigate and decide which the university needed the more. They decided in favour of the library, which is now on its way to completion.

THE NEED

The problem now arises—do we need a rink? A student rink would be desirable on many counts. Foremost among these is the fact that the juvenile-junior hockey age group is being neglected—in fact almost forgotten. The four teams in the local junior loop receive 2 hours a week in which to play their games. If we had a student rink coach Pete Kelly could bring his players along from the juvenile age to junior and finally to intercollegiate ranks. As it is, eleven of the varsity players are of junior age. With this gradual-development system a higher quality of hockey would be produced and few injuries sustained. The other need which impressed me was intra-mural hockey. The importance of this programme cannot be overemphasized. It gives the 250 students who have not the ability to play varsity hockey a chance to participate in the national sport and have a whale of a time in the bargain. Yet the past winter has been so cruel to the sport that the outdoor rink is at a great disadvantage. A university rink would eliminate this pressing need.

There are many more advantages which a building of this type could satisfy. In the years to come there will be more of the "mighty minority" registering "Up the Hill". What better activity is there for co-eds than figure skating? Barbara Ann certainly did all right by it. A regular referee's school could be conducted by the physical staff; speed-skating races, ice-carnivals could be featured. We might even put the Red and Black Revue on the frozen surface. Students could operate the canteen and obtain a substantial revenue from it.

MAPLE LEAF GARDENS . . .

What type of building do we need? It would be difficult to improve on the type of building which Lord Beaverbrook suggested. It was to be situated next to the gym and connected to it by an underground tunnel. It was to be constructed as a small scale Maple Leaf Gardens—with standard ice surface and brick exterior. The rink was to be equipped with a varsity room with lockers, a visitor's dressing room, a co-ed room and a room for male students, plus coach's office and referee's office. The seating capacity proposed was approximately 2,000 with ample standing for more spectators. This is a dream building indeed!

THE COST

Could this student rink pay for itself? Personally, I think it would, because of two major factors. The first is that public skating could be held two nights a week. The favourable position of our rink would make it readily available to our local public. This is also an important consideration in relation to our second factor. Canadians will pay good money to see good hockey—and not necessarily professional hockey. A good brand of junior and intercollegiate hockey will draw fans to witness our national sport because it would be clean and fast. I feel a city of 15,000 can support a rink if the citizens know they will get their money's worth. And I, for one, am certain they would. Given a student rink such as we have considered Pete Kelly could produce teams that would provide a fast, thrilling, superior calibre of hockey that should please even the most critical fan.

All things considered I think a university rink would be an asset to the campus.



Egbert says

"Now I have to make sure my kid brother passes, too!"



With that kid brother of his in tow, Egbert finds things are tough all over. But — at the risk of being repetitious — there is one problem he learned to solve long ago. That's the problem of how to make sure he always has money for every emergency. He operates a "fatality fund" at "MY BANK", never runs out of cash any more, since he started dropping his spare cash into his B of M account. Now he's got the saving habit.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Fredericton Branch—Queen and Carleton Streets:
JOSEPH E. RIGGS, Manager.

**U. N. B.
Coat Sweaters**

Pure Wool and Good Wearing
\$14.50

U. N. B. Jackets (Two-Tone)
\$12.95

GAITY MEN'S SHOP, LIMITED

554 Queen St. (Next to theatre)
"FOR THOSE WHO PREFER QUALITY"