

Defeat Score

MacNichol (Stuart), B. R. Bliss (Lori), U. N. B., Kenney, (Luboun), 16.24; 8, Stuart (Miller, Shar-nalty, T. Bliss, d: 9, St. Andrew's, A. MacNichol), 0.47; tch (R. Bliss), 9.27; 's, N. MacFarlane, 14.25; 12, St. An- (H. MacNichol), s, H. MacNichol, T.

13, U. N. B., Ken- 7; 14, St. Andrew's, (P. MacFarlane), Andrew's, A. Mac- ny), 14.16. Penalties,

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from Page One) been trying to oper- 2000 years. We do e going anywhere. ears confused. We times but I have not n my lifetime. With has some people na- out Christian ideol- the challenging prob- lef Missioner Crag- iates will attempt to

g the programme for ve decided to have a the Student's Think o relate what you did Mission. However the short poll was that on't think. Of the 25 nly 4 had definite the theme and what eam had to offer U. majority of those inter- sed the opinion that ouldn't be interested ps I am an ideolist of see why they t to attend these lec-

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CRUMBS FROM THE KITCHEN



Entertainment at \$15.00

Do you feel that your life is dull? Do you yearn for adventure and thrilling experience? You do—then take a day in any or all of the labs at U. N. B. where anything can and does happen.

Take Biology for instance. Here you can inhale the invigorating fumes of formalin—they are grand for colds I'm told. Think of all the interesting creatures, big and small, you can dismember and see what makes them tick. They supply microscopes with or without free slides for your entertainment. There are even pretty co-eds there down whose necks you are privileged (if no one is looking) to throw fish eyes, frogs legs and/or pickled grasshoppers.

Chemistry too has its bright spots. If you throw a lighted cigarette into a sink up there it could burst right into flame provided someone has just previously poured some ether down the same sink which has happened. If you pick up a dirty beaker with a bit of trash in it be careful when you wash it or you will have free fireworks because that is the beaker in which all the waste sodium is thrown.

Naturally no one tells you these things but wouldn't it be dull if they had. Of course all you have to do is back into a lighted Bunsen burner to cause lab-wide excitement and command all available fire-fighting equipment to use.

If you would like a further choice try engineering. Bowling with kilogram weights can be quite exciting especially if your aiming at live pins. And just think of all the interesting things you could see through those transit things that all the engineers carry around in the fall supposedly to survey the buildings. I suppose it wouldn't

be so nice if someone spilled ink on your drafting diagrams but it might be amusing if you did it to someone else especially if he's not as big as you.

If you're angry go into the Geology lab and vent out your anger on those racks. Pound them to a pulp if you like. And oh, the field trips—they are most inspiring and amusing.

You can help all the pretty girls over the rough spots on the mountain passes you explore. You may even find a priceless fossil, or discover oil and make yourself rich—others have done it.

If you still haven't done all the damage you'd like, try Physics. Just think of all the little gadgets with the big names that you can hook up together. You push a button and stand back to wait for the wires to burn (incidentally they make lovely ornaments, if you're a creative soul), needles to move, lights to flash or the fuses to blow.

Anything can happen but what will—that is the question asked not only by your own fiendish curiosity but also by the worried prof.

Of course, if you think \$15 is a bit steep, invest in a can of soup and spend your noon hour in the co-ed kitchen. There is a multitude of spots on the ceiling which can be traced back to a day when some French fry enthusiast was engaged in preparing this delicacy and the fat exploded. The co-eds are also minus a tea kettle now—guess why? Someone, a scientist at heart no doubt, experimented with the idea that it might not need to be filled before heating. Perhaps the heat energy required was calculated to be less but anyhow, the bottom fell out, apparently because of two vigorous con-

A. M. and D.

by ANNE SANSON

In the Art Center this week, there is a treat waiting for anyone who wishes to see it—"The Royal Academy Travelling Exhibition" for 1951. When I walked in the door for the first time, and saw the paintings, one in particular gripped me by its stark tragedy. "The Dispossessed" of George Pepper, A. R. C. A. will probably impress everyone; whether the emotion is horror, fear or profound admiration for the artist; it is a picture that will not soon be forgotten.

If its laughter you are seeking, take a look at the three angels "Heads, Peace on Earth" by Grant MacDonald. The painting is a lovely joke, and it would be even better if you could guess who the three angels are. I would not like to hazard a guess myself—but see what you think.

Among the other pictures I liked were "The New Road", by Jack Bush, A. R. C. A., "Buggy" by Leslie Coppold, "Angela of Diamond Cross Ranch" by Kathleen Daly, A. R. C. A., "Winter on to Ottawa", Wm. Winter, A. R. C. A. and "Season's Final Hour" by Adrian Dingle, A. R. C. A. (You may remember a certain comic strip character for which Mr. Dingle was responsible in a now defunct Canadian comic.)

A painting that I did NOT like is "Three Swimmers" by Charles Playfair. It reminds me of a sketch of Raphael or Da Vinci that some color blind child might have attacked with crayons. However I will say that the swimmers ARE well done, but as for their swimming medium...

The only real criticism of the exhibition as a whole is that it is not truly representative of Canadian Art—Where are the eastern and western painters? After all, Ontario is not ALL of Canada, it may be a large percentage say 88... but it is not ALL. We in the Maritimes are Canadians too, and are very proud of our painters. We also like to be noticed by the rest of Canada once in a while.

Since this is Co-ed week, not many people will be taking the Brunswickan seriously. Ergo... I must add some of my own brand of blurb to the ever increasing heap. The topic for consideration is Co-eds.

Co-eds are... well... Co-eds. There is no other way to describe them. They look like other girls, they act like other girls... BUT there is a difference—some of them actually are bold enough to THINK. Now this of course is a deep dark secret which is completely hidden from the men on the campus. For example, how startled one of the Engineers or Foresters would be if the sweet young thing sitting in his lap were to query—"What is your opinion of Toynbee's reaction to the Thesis Antithesis Theory of Hazel?" He would of course, be flabbergasted. Therefore the women on the campus have a tendency to hide their intelligence—what would happen to the male ego if they didn't?

Science tells us that the male is the weaker of the two sexes. How true! We are also told that the male life expectancy is ten years less than of the female—why not let him have his heyday then, and save the gloating for the funeral. ONE WEEK in the year the Co-eds and the rest of womankind preach about their greatness; the men of course object; but after all, who does the listening for the other fifty-one?

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The seven ages of woman—the right one and six guesses.

ditions and not only was the experiment a failure, but worse than that, there wasn't any tea that day. There is always an aroma of onions and burned potatoes, and a shortage of pots and seating accommodations but I guess there is never a dull moment.

So you see, there is fun, adventure and entertainment all around you—just reach out and take it—it's yours you know.

SHALL WE....? LET'S NOT



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Star Gazing

February people are nothing but pests. They are restless, vain, self-centred boers, always worrying themselves and other people about their health, talking rubbish, joining societies and yapping about politics and religion without the vaguest knowledge of either.

You can't tell them anything. They know. They think they have advanced ideas and believe themselves to be "modern", whereas they are more conventional than most people and usually have no ideas at all unless they have acquired them from somebody else.

February women, particularly, are obsessed with this idea of being modern, always forgetting that Eve, in her time, was modern—more modern and daring than the majority of her descendants.

Although Feb. people believe they will succeed at anything, they usually succeed at nothing, unless somebody kicks them from behind.

In fact, this is the best thing to do with them. When you know them better, it will give you a great deal of satisfaction.

Co-ed—How did the bridge party go last night?

Engineer—It was fine until the Campus police looked under the bridge.

MEN-

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