

LOOKING AHEAD

A conversation between two U. N. B. grads in 1965 might go something like this:

She: How would you like to go back to the old Alma Mater?

He: We'd be lost—haven't you heard what it's like now? I was back there about a month ago and went up for a visit.

She: No, I haven't thought about U. N. B. for ages. Tell me about it.

He: For one thing, I didn't walk up the hill, I rode.

She: But I often got a ride up the hill.

He: No, I mean I rode up the path behind the Old Residence. You remember when they got the lighting on the path, well now they've got an escalator. It makes a circuit of all the buildings.

She: Wonderful! But I suppose they still fall up the terrace?

He: No, they've got the steps on the terrace at last.

She: Oh, well, how about the Square? Is that still as muddy as ever?

He: Not since they have had it paved.

She: Paved?

He: Yes, when they built the rink they paved the Square.

She: The rink? But the rink is in College Field.

He: Not any more. They have a new rink now. A covered rink has been put up, complete with bowling lanes, roller-skating rink and a lot more things. I didn't have time to go all through it, but it certainly is a beautiful building.

She: Where do they have their dances?

He: They have them in the New Memorial Building.

She: What place is that?

He: It was built as a World War II Memorial up on the hill. They hold their plays there, too. It has a big stage and dressing-rooms, prop rooms and library and everything. And they can hold all kinds of entertainments there as well as all their dances.

She: That must be quite an asset to the place. So the gym is really a gym now, is it?

He: Yes, they don't even have anyone living there now.

She: How about the classes? Have they been changed?

He: You should see them. You walk into a lecture and the students are sitting there half asleep.

She: Well that's nothing new.

He: But it is the professor who puts them asleep.

She: Well, that's still nothing—

He: No, no, no. He does it on purpose.

She: Oh, so he won't be interrupted.

He: No, now wait a minute. They are trying out this new subconscious psychology. The prof. puts them half asleep at the beginning of the lecture instead of half way through. He lectures to them and when they come to they remember better what has been said.

She: And they don't take notes?

He: No, that was just a waste of time anyway. But it must be fun to ride up the hill, go to Math, and climb into bed.

She: But if you were asleep, how would you get to know anyone? By the way, how is the Reading Room?

He: I guess that's the one place, outside of the Arts Building, that hasn't changed much. I mean, the atmosphere hasn't changed. There still aren't enough ashtrays or packs of cards for the Co-Eds. But the Men's Common Room was enlarged about five years ago.

She: Enlarged? I didn't even know they had one.

He: Sure. They've had one for the last fifteen years. It's a nice place, too. Good furniture and lots of tables.

She: Well the men certainly needed it. Tell me, is the Arts Building still the same?

He: Just about. The Modern Languages Department has a Grand Piano and a set of cymbals now.

She: Cymbals? What for?

He: So the Freshman Foresters will know when to laugh.

She: How is the Library holding out?

He: Well, they've enlarged it to accommodate a regular tea-room for the faculty and their dishes are all stamped and indexed. But apart from that it hasn't changed. Oh, yes, the Library has finally got a noiseless typewriter. I heard that the noise got so bad that it kept the Senate awake during meetings and they donated the machine.

She: It must have been interesting going back there.

He: It certainly was. I forgot to tell you about their band.

She: You don't mean to say they have a real band?

He: They have a wonderful band. It plays at all games and pep rallies. And U. N. B. has its own orchestra, too, for dances and entertainments.

She: That is a good idea. We should have had one when we were going there. There certainly have been a lot of changes made.

He: Yes, a lot of changes, but all to the good. I think U. N. B. will still hustle along.

- Eager Beaver -

And it came to pass that again from the swamplands of Jim and the land of the Lodge didst the scribe lift up the hammer and chisel with trembling hands to record, on the walls of the cave of Beaver, the tidings of the past week.

Many thanks, and much bounty was placed at the foot of the great one, Eager Beaver, our protector and the advisor in all our deeds, for the luck in choice of dragbag; now in the distant past, for verily a good time was hadst by all. For was it not so, that the Stannis—one didst set aside blonde and make merry to the envy of all, and thus it was announced that her likeness shouldst be placed on the left side of the gallery of famed ones. Alas later reports caused a hasty meeting of the famed council and her likeness was shrouded in black.—For verily he hadst had it! Even the great Toscarini didst arrive as usual and cavort with much leering and gleam of eye among the fair maids! Loud were the laments when the danz didst end, and from many streets didst the Hillmaides and their men converge on local taverns and ye old grub shoppes before they didst bid adieu ere the coming dawn.

Whence came the early morn of Thurs, and beset upon by hordes of gremlins riding pink elephants and brandishing green bottles, didst not George-the-one call forth the warriors in the dark dawn to save him and protect the honour of the furry ones. With much clamour and filing of teeth didst not the warriors sally forth to wage battle with the warriors of Fred who disappeared when confronted by the beary-eyed inhabitants. After the fray didst not Aladdie, Duke of Dork, with gown of night torn asunder, stand up and with much pounding on his hairy chest roar forth, "wa-fie". These indeterminate mumbblings were interpreted by some as "Where's Effie?" and they maintain that, verily he was effected by the late hour, recent dreams and the rude awakening. However the truth shall go down in the Great Book for the generations to come. Moreover at the crow of the cock all was calm and verily didst the warriors trudge off to classes dragging that which was meant to be sat upon, whilst casting slander on the happenings of the eve.

Was it not the famed Jackie that didst put on show on floor of Jim in style of Montez, whilst the beaver-boys didst howl and scream for more; for verily was it not said that the Devonites from across the dirty verily doth the men of the tribe agree.

For many moons didst the great ham of Belling strive to oust the Duke from the favour of the immortal One. However the Duke was not to be done and like unto a burr didst remain, protecting the made from dire peril, until the last dog was hung. That eve many maintain that the great Belling, amid the cheers of the furry ones was seen to cry in the beer of

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



OTTIS LOGUE
That well-known Senior Civil, Ottis Logue, is our campus personality of this week.

Ottis came up the hill from Saint John and entered the Engineering course. He has carried off many Engineering Scholarships, including the Purvis Loggie Scholarship in his Sophomore year, and the E. I. C. Scholarship in his Junior year. Besides keeping up his high standard of work, Ottis has been active in the Engineering Society and a staunch supporter of the Wassail. Last year he managed their bookstore, and this year Ottis is President of the Gineers, a position he capably fills.

This year Ottis is the efficient Vice-President of the S. R. C.—an important job indeed. But even without these positions, Ottis would always be remembered on two accounts: for his partnership in the Logue-Weyman duo, and for his hearty laugh.

Quiz Kid

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU BECAME PRESIDENT OF U. N. B.?
I'd pave the roads and lay sidewalks. I think it could easily be done by using student labour (the engineers)

—A. A. BOYLE.
I would build another men's residence; maybe one for the girl's too, because I think residences foster college spirit. I would also erect a Statue of Liberty on the public wharf.

—MILT ZIDES.
I'd be square with everybody.

—MONA ROY.
I should attempt to eliminate permanently C. O. T. C. training. I suppose the next I could do would be voice my opinion against it.

—J. M. WHEATLEY.
George-the-one, and verily was it much more diluted, and there was almost enough for all. To compensate the loss of strength verily didst the warriors throw in last weeks sox and — yea, no longer was it diluted.

Verily were Murray and the Tobacco Rhoda absent from the weekly danz and at midnight many soft tears were spilled for them into the brew so as not to disturb the Armle-ones known to the densians as "Virgie" for reasons known only unto said beaverites. And as the sands run out like unto the stamps of the L. C. B. (Little chubby boys), with a verily, scribc must off.



I've taken to pipe smoking like a prof to knowledge since I've discovered sweet, cool, mild Picobac.

Picobac THE PICK OF TOBACCO

READING RUMORS by "Mardie" Long

On the afternoon of Nov. 7th, those of the Reading Roomers interested in social service work had the pleasure of meeting and talking with Miss MacCrae, Y. W. C. A. Secretary from the Toronto Headquarters, in Dr. Thompson's office. Later the group adjourned to Mrs. Gregg's home where they partook of tea, sandwiches and cakes. Mrs. Rouse poured, and Blanche Law and Dorothy Johns assisted in serving. A very pleasant afternoon!

Thursday evening Ladies' Varsity met City in an exhibition basketball game and absorbed a 20-13 licking. But hold on there! That score is just circumstantial evidence hiding some pretty encouraging facts. There was plenty of fight and lots of scattered skill among the co-ed hoopsters. Now to get that skill together with a bit of spit and polish and I'd like to see City do it again—in January. Congrats to Jackie, Ellen and Betty for their dazzling teamwork and thanks to "Stash" for his work and advice on the bench. In the absence of coach, uniforms, balls, organized line-ups and time clocks, we think we did pretty well.

On Saturday, Nov. 10th, the Alumnae Society of U. N. B. was at home to the co-eds at the residence of Mrs. W. G. Clark, 82 Waterloo St. from 4 to 6 p. m. The Freshettes and Seniors were present during the first hour and the Sophettes and Juniors, the second hour. The guests were received by Mrs. W. G. Clark, Mrs. Dohaney and Blanche Law. For the first hour, Mrs. C. C. Jones and Mrs. W. C. Kierstead did the honours at the tea-table, being succeeded by Mrs. Gregg and Miss Hunter for the second hour. Refreshments were served by members of the Alumnae. Pleasant conversation was enjoyed throughout the course of the tea.

Well, Pat and Pat and Bet and Mary actually got to Sackville in time for the game Saturday; all of which proves that gale can use the old bean and thumb as well as (if not better than) men. And many the blessings—

A wet canteen, bear parlor, or whatever you may call it, although not a necessity would certainly be a convenience. I would try to make arrangements to supply the campus with this luxury.

—W. N. ZWICKER.

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