

CHEMISTS CHALLENGE ALUMNI

U.N.B. STUDENT AND NOTED SCIENTIST COMPLETE SURVEY

"Why", inquire the naive in bewilderment, "does a chicken cross the road?"

Transfer that question to a thousand motorists and, after the fireworks are eliminated from the replies, the consensus of opinion will be that a chicken crosses the road for the purpose of adding another hazard to automobiling. They will prove it personally and illustrate it with snapshots of cars, trimmed with feathers, in various undignified and expensive postures against telephone poles and at the bottom of wayside ditches. As yet, it seems to me that the car has not been built which will not make at least one half-hearted attempt to dodge a chicken.

The motoristic theory is wrong. Science has cast upon it its luminous yet blighting radiance and quashed it: science in the person of myself and Dr. J. Adolphus Muddeluff, incumbent of the Chair of Negligible Proportions of Breynturm University. Although this is my first attempt at publication of my findings, the good doctor is famous for his epochal thesis on Protective Coloration and the Crypto-Complex in the Standardized Golf Ball.

Doctor Muddeluff and myself have made an exhaustive study of the motivative impulses of the various fowls, and to his analyses I am indebted for the basis of my own modest though painstaking observations, conducted from behind the wheel of my own be-feathered car.

All chickens are alike to the automobilist. How different they are to the eye of the scientist. Each species has its own peculiar motives and eccentricities. First in the numerical roster of motoricides, I have placed the White Leghorn species. Every motorist knows, to his cost, how these shining creatures lurk in ditches and then, with one despairing squawk, hurl themselves beneath the wheels of the oncoming car.

Some authorities believe this to be due to a deep-seated distaste for life. My theories, proven beyond a doubt by statistics, show a more specific reason. They show that the proportion of pullets to roosters destroyed by automobiles is 8% to 1.

Why should this be? Does it not clearly indicate suicide with love as the motive? The underlying cause is the notoriously Lothario-like propensities of the Leghorn rooster, producing despair in the lady. He loves her and leaves her; there is but one refuge, the fatal road. The automobile!

The high mortality rate among White Plymouth Rocks I attribute to a different cause. In every individual of this species, I find is born the unshakable belief that it can outrace anything on wheels. In the old days the locomotive was its pacemaker and the railroad brotherhoods had chicken pie three times a week. Now it is the motor car. The hen believes that she can outrace it. The bigger the car, the more unshakable is her belief. Unhappily, Mother Nature, who has given her so emulous an ambition, has not suited her figure for it. The spirit is that of Gen. MacArthur, but the shape is more on the Flo Ziegfeld order. The White Rock pullet is the chorus girl of chicken-dom, even to her passion for high powered cars, whence comes her destruction.

With another branch of the family, the Barred Plymouth Rock, I have found further advancement on the explanation. Here the suicide is neither due to vanity, nor frustrated love, but astigmatism. Setting the relative eye power of a normal chicken at 50-50, a thousand analyses of the Barred Rocks by Doctor Muddeluff show that the left eye averages only 37 against 46 for the right. This results in wrong timing, and how disastrous that can be every golfer knows.

I have noted the rooster of this breed on the approach of a car. He invariably saunters out in lordly fashion towards it, gives it a proud and careless look—as if he had a better one at home—and steps aside, one-sixteenth of a second too late. Chicken-a-la-road for the family!

Perhaps because of his Yankee-Bolshevistic name, the Rhode Island Red is a 100 percent trouble hunter. When he is not bullying the hens or singing his own praises from the back fence, he loves to go out and scare motor cars off the road, then strut away, saying: "Na-a-a-a-h!" in a nasal and conceited tone.

I used to have a Rhode Island Red cockerel named Alcibiades. He was so tough that we used to tell neighbours that he was hatched from a hard-boiled egg. He possessed a positive genius for estimating vehicular speed, and could wait until the last hairbreadth second before dodging any car that would not first dodge him.

But one day a tractor loomed in sight. It was a very deliberate tractor and had all day to get there. Alcibiades observed it approaching around the turn and took his favorite station. He waited. The tractor popped and panted laboriously along at a snail's pace. Alcibiades yawned. He was bored. He communed with himself in his rude local way.

"Applesauce!" said Alcibiades. "If that thing ever gets this far, I'll hand it a detour that'll learn it something."

He sat down, fluffed his feathers and closed his eyes. The tractor crawled, wheezed, arrived and passed, and when it had passed, so also had the scornful Alcibiades. Intellectually geared to high speed, he fatally failed when tested on low.

One of the highest mortality rates is exhibited by the rapidly decreasing Buff Orpington. This estimable creature is the victim of a biological error. It believes in the now exploded myth of the asphalt grub. Nothing can convince it that the beds of our highways do not harbor a particularly luscious and desirable form of worm, although the best authorities are now convinced of the contrary. I herewith wish to say that this change in belief was brought about by the monumental work of Prof. T. Lushton Buezeister in the vermiform appendix to his classic, "Crawlers I Have Known".

Early in the morning, the Buff Orpington, no matter how well it may have fared at home, goes forth to the public thoroughfare and sets to work with its claws in the fond belief that labor conquers all, industry is its own reward, and somewhere at the rainbow's end it will unearth the asphalt worm.

Once on the track of its imaginary prey, the feathered hunter is not to be diverted, and the only thing that keeps the mortality below 100 per cent is the fellow sportsmanship of the motorist, who prefers to turn out rather than to drive the game deeper into the earth.

The rarer species of poultry have been less studied, but I have worked out some significant figures on the combativeness of the bantam and the speed of the White Rock, in that, were the two qualities combined, that result would be that a highway species would be produced that would run away and live to fight another day. Before passing on to another subject, I might add that every gander is confident, and is frequently right, that he can hiss any vehicle off the road.

On the economic side there are important developments. Flocks of chickens trained to run across the road, en masse, at the sound

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As Seen From The Bleachers . . .

By THE SPECTATOR

Another athletic year on the Hilltop has drawn to a close. It is true that the track meet is still in the offing but the unfavourable dispute and misunderstanding which engulfed it last fall and the present time of year diminishes the enthusiasm and interest and presents it as simply an anticlimax to all that has gone before.

With the season over and the last squad having put away its gear it becomes time for a brief summary of the year's activity and a fleeting glance at U.N.B.'s position on the Maritime Inter-collegiate Athletic ladder.

Throughout the past year the wearers of the Red and Black came up with three Tri-Province crowns, two N.B.-P.E.I. titles, a pair of N.B. championships, while being completely white washed in two fields of competition. Comparing this to last year's seven Maritime winners we might at first get the impression that this past season was a good one to get out of our system, but in fact it was far better than the record indicates. To begin with there was no boxing or ski meets this year and that automatically cut off sources which had annually brought silverware to the local campus. Looking at the situation from the failure angle we see that the local squads cut down their complete losses from three to two, an achievement which points a better overall affect. Then again there is the coming track meet which might even add to this mark, or on the other hand it could easily reduce the year's success to a below par level.

When looking around for the top team of the year one must focus his sights on the Canadian Football squad. Entered in two leagues and champions of both, Red Bombers were the big team, not only from the winner's side but also in the ranks of enthusiasm and spectator following. Closely behind and by no means overshadowed were the soccer and swimming aggregations who successfully defended their Maritime crowns for the fourth consecutive year. Also worthy of mention is the girl's basketball team, which gave tradition a set back by copying the N.B. title, and the hockey team which regained its N.B.-P.E.I. crown after a year's absence. The Rugby and Men's Basketball teams managed to hold their own from the past season, with the Booters still unable to

get into contention and the male hoopsters having a narrow squeeze in holding on to their N.B.-P.E.I. cup. The Tennis and Badminton aggregations both dropped a step from their previous heights, with the former relinquishing their Tri-Province title and the latter being out of the money entirely.

Thus the Red and Black and St. F.X. go down to the wire with a trio of wins apiece, and the final decision as to who will be Mr. Big for the past athletic year rests solely on the door step of the coming, luster-lacking, track meet.

From the above we can see that although this was not the best of years it was never the less far from being a poor one, and as winning is a long way from being the sole object of any athletic team it probably is not all together fair to judge this year's success from the point of view of silverware only. With the exception of a few individuals, which inevitably crop up, all those wearing the Red and Black throughout the year put up a fine showing, gave their best, exhibited sportsmanship which was a credit to the University and deserved far more in the way of support than was shown during the past year. From this corner we extend congratulations to them all with the hope that in the years to come their efforts will be more appreciated by those whom they represent on the field of competition. U.N.B. has built up through the years a great athletic history and this season was no exception. Perhaps they lost a few titles here and there and perhaps some of the teams were not up to par with past clubs but from the standpoint of prestige and sportsmanship they lost nothing, and if the truth were known they may actually have gained, because as the old saying goes it takes more to be a good loser than to be a graceful winner.

So until next year we say good bye to the sporting world "Up the Hill" and in leaving we pass on the hope that next season will produce, not only teams who can carry on the athletic standards of U.N.B., but also a student body which shows some interest in the fact that these standards are being carried on. A good team deserves your support and without it the time may come when our athletes find themselves out of a job due to just such lack of support, and even worse from this corner is the fact that so would the SPECTATOR.

Alumni Win Hoop Championship Series With 42 - 32 Win Over Foresters in Deciding Game

Last Wednesday night at the Lady Beaverbrook Gymnasium, the "A" Section Alumni downed the "B" Foresters 42-32 to win their best of three game series for the Intramural Basketball Championship two games to one. The Foresters had taken the first game two weeks ago, but the Alumni won the thrilling second game.

Led by Doug Rogers and "Flip" Flewelling, with 12 and 13 points respectively, the Alumni played a breaking game. The contest was close all the way, with the Alumni taking the lead to stay in the final quarter.

Bob McLagan led the Foresters' attack with 10 points; teammate Rudy Hanusiak scored nine. Twenty-one fouls were called in the game, eleven against the Alumni.

LINEUPS

Alumni: D. Baird, Duke, Rogers 12, Butland 2, Brooks, Baldwin 9, Flewelling 13, Roberts, G. Baird 2, Sidwell 4.

Foresters: Elliott 3, Clouston 5, Hanusiak 9, Naismith, Oatway 3, Cayford, Green, McLaurin, McLaggan 10, Burley 2, Walsh.

Chemists Trounce Residence 'A' 47 - 16 To Win Consolation Cage Crown

The Chemistry Society last Wednesday night whipped the Residence "A" squad, 47-16, in the deciding game of a best of three series for the Intramural Basketball Consolation Championship. The House team upset their rivals in the first tilt but the Chemists came back to win the last two.

The deciding game saw the Chemists show themselves as the better team. Displaying fine passing and good shooting, they slowed the game down to their own speed and trebled the score on their seemingly helpless opponents.

Burt Simpson again led the winners with 14 points. Teammate Jim Coster scored 13. High man for the Residence was Stu Vaudry with six.

Referees Mowat and Smith called 26 fouls, 14 against the Residence. The House players made good four of their 14 shots, while the Chemists sank five out of 20. Ronan of the Residence and Henderson of the Chemists were thrown out of the game in the last minute for fighting.

The Chemists have challenged the Alumni for the Intramural Championship. They will meet in a sudden death game.

Lineups

Chemistry Society: Simpson 14, Ayer 8, Staples 6, Valenta 2, Coster 13, Manson 4, Fried, Henderson.

Residence "A": Scott, Boucher 2, Vaudry 6, Johnson, Cassidy 5, Walton 1, McPhail, Ronan.

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RES

INTRAMURAL DEADLOCK TERRIFIC

Those spectators afternoons was one of the best, water p Dutch national pla Holland at water p team which came o I, their first defeat beaten, untied Hou

The game thro the score suggests, more than a one g few seconds after p pable shot. Don F later Donald put th evened the score b

The All-Stars ga hand in the second scoring their oppon a 4-3 lead at the l

But the House te beaten. Upon resu they not only tied went into the lead by Boucher. Scheu period scored for and the two teams quarter in a 5-5 d

For a while it Scheulte's goal, sco final period, wou game, but the spir refused to be beat closing seconds Dc med the ball hou game and save hi record.

All-Stars: Sch Donald 1.

Residence: Bouc

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