



THOUGHTS BY A RANDOM PROFESSOR

I have given this lecture now for something like a dozen years . . . after I start with the appropriate introduction, it just flows naturally . . . with little or no effort or thought on my part . . . while I stand here before the class, performing more or less automatically, my mind assumes a curious detachment from what I am actually saying. I wonder if these young faces before me are actually concentrating on what is being said . . . or if they are instead being lulled into daydreams by what seems like a monotonous drone of fact and theory. Those who are actually taking notes . . . not the ones who are just pretending to . . . are just writing a transcript of what I say . . . I could have the lecture notes mimeographed and spare them the bother of lectures in October.

I wonder if that girl in the red dress knows she is sitting with her knees apart . . . I suspect that she does . . . when she does look up, she has a half-seductive, half-silly smirk . . . she probably classes me as being young enough to look but too old to care anyway. Was I ever that damned young? If I was, then too much has happened for me to remember. Look at that donkey in the back row, sitting there looking disinterested and scratching his stomach . . . never know, he might be a brilliant student . . . I remember one who looked like Rocky Graziano . . . turned out he had three international Masters' Points in bridge. I must remember to open the windows before Monday's class . . . I'm sure students smelled better when I was an undergrad.

I'm sure a lot of these kids would rather be taking the course from young Two . . . that creative, suavely accented, muscle-bound hero out of Horatio Alger . . . witty, entertaining lectures he gives . . . off my old notes, probably, but updated to show that he's still young at heart . . . and carried in that infernal patent leather brief case . . . to distinguish himself from the students I suppose. If anyone asked him a question outside the course, even his Old Spice or whatever it is would turn pale and quiver . . . ah well, I guess bitterness is a sign of academic age.

I wonder how Three would give this course . . . the material's much too dry to be off colour . . . I think he does that not to keep attention, like some, but to try to be popular with these wretched dolts so anxious to put a couple of initials after their name. Probably figures that popularity is another weapon to buck academic seniority and get himself appointed dean . . . when the administration is around, he acts so seriously interested and overworked that you would think he carried the burden of all higher education all on those emaciated shoulders. When he's not shadowing the President at cocktail parties though, he's not so overworked . . . I think he thinks that manual labour was a Spanish nobleman . . . hey! that's pretty good . . . must use it in that speech for the Canadian club.

Look at those leaves come down . . . maybe I can get hunting again this afternoon . . . if wifey dear remembers that she kept the car this morning and comes to pick me up. Say, I'd better slow down . . . these are next days' notes I'm into. Why doesn't that blasted bell ring? . . . my foot's asleep. . .

**First Ever:
Open
Meeting**

For the first time, the University committee of the Canadian Union of Students will hold an open meeting. Local chairman Clyde McElman announced last weekend that it will take place in the Tartan Room of the Student Centre on October 19 at 7:30. The purpose of the meeting, said McElman, will be to discuss "many of the subversive programs" to be proposed this year.

Included in his list are the national student day, a program of high school visits, and a number of four-page supplements to the *Brunswickan* which will be sent to all high schools.

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Jumping the Gun?

The 'Gentlemen of Jones' staged a surprise move the night before Convocation. They turned a sod at the site of the Student Centre. Why is that fellow dressed like that? Why they carrying torches? We think they got a little mixed up. NO, Gentlemen of Jones, this is a SOD TURNING ceremony, not that other kind. The Gentlemen of Jones are thinking in the wrong century. Ceremonies are held in the daytime now.

— photo by Bill

Whatever became of:

Cleo Patra,
CLASS OF '49?



Voted by her year "The Girl We'd Most Like To Barge Down The Nile With", Miss Patra majored in Herpetology and was a leading light in our Drama Group. On graduation, Cleo first did a brother-sister act with her younger brother Ptolemy. For Ptolemy the bell tolled shortly thereafter. She then played the Capitol with Julius Caesar in The Pharaoh Queen but that production did not survive bad notices and the Ides of March. She next undertook a spectacular with Marc Antony and a cast of thousands of other fellahs, but the rigours of the big battle scene at Actium was too much for Antony. Cleo then, turning to her first love — Herpetology — discovered the asp — and vice versa.

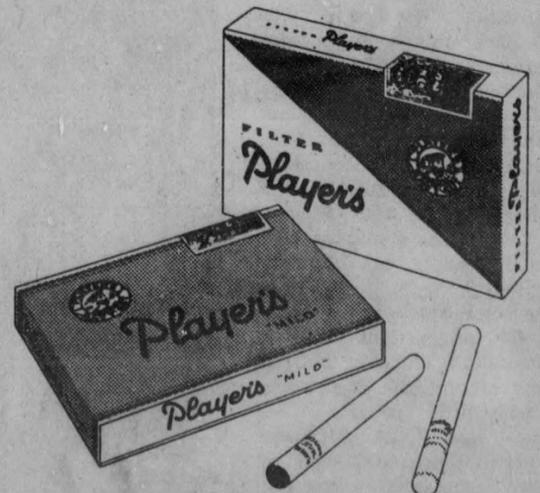
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