

A True Story

Last Friday was the day I ran into old Timothy MacFarlane looking prosperous indeed. He had the countenance of a man well established in a refined and happy world, which, in itself, was a rather perplexing proposition, for I knew full well that Timothy was judged by the intelligentsia, the student least likely to succeed of that year 1935 (A. D.)

Being of a curious mind I stopped him and asked.

"Tim, what gives: Did you hit the jackpot or is this only a temporary endeavor to swindle some poor soul of his life's savings."

"No lad" replied Tim humorously. "Swindle is a word exempt from my vocabulary. I've just returned from the business world and have come to Fredericton to see my old friends. Haven't been here for twelve years."

"Well, well; and how have you accomplished so much?"

"I'll tell you son." Tim called most everybody son. "You may have heard that I was indeed, not a clever student, it was more a matter of having a little fun in life rather than trying to unbalance myself on a stack of books in some stuffy classroom. Learning was definitely not my trade, although through perseverance I did manage to learn how to play a fair game of badminton, which by the way, I think is indirectly the most important thing I ever did learn "Up the Hill."

"Yes, I can remember back in 35 when I went to Fairfax to work for a paltry stipend of eighty dollars monthly.

It was hard sledding for the first four months but I managed to save enough money to join the Fairfax Winter Club and was able to play badminton every week on my night off.

This little amount of exercise began to lift me from my lethargy and hopelessness and what interested me more than anything was the fact that everybody wanted me to join their games because I was a little better than the average player.

I met Jim Howard, the steel magnate, one night and trimmed him thoroughly in a game of singles. Two weeks later Jim would have nothing else but that I come and work for him; he needed a young man for his book keeping and I was the man.

From here I rose to be Howard's contact man, travelling from city to city obtaining steel contracts. Yes sir, I got more contracts signed at Badminton and golf clubs than you could shake a stick at. I then went into the investment business and again my club friends helped me along. By the way do you still have that scrawny little gym with one-half sized court in it "up there". I remember how we used to stand in line waiting for a turn to play."

"No Tim, things have changed since your time; we have one of the finest gymnasiums in Canada now, with four courts second to none. The thing is we don't get awfully good turnouts, especially as far as the co-eds are concerned. The four or five that have been turning out helped the U. N. B. team immensely last week in a friendly tournament against the Brunswick Street Church club but they all had to play three or four times apiece, which wasn't much fun for them. If people would only realize what a great deal of fun can be had at a large badminton club and what an aid this sport can be through life there would be quite large gatherings Wednesday and Friday nights, not to mention Saturday afternoons. Another thing which will surprise you is that the shuttlecocks are issued to the players at no extra cost than what comes from their levy.

"That is a surprise son. Live and learn, live and learn I always say."

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CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



G. L. ATYEO

Let us introduce to you this week our Number 1 man on the campus—Gerry Atyeo, the able President of the Students' Representative Council.

Gerry, better known perhaps, as Joe, started "up the hill" in 1939 as a Freshy-Soph from Belleville, Ontario. During his first two years at U. N. B. he took a very active interest in dramatics, not only as an actor in, but also as a director of the college plays.

Shortly after Christmas, 1940, Joe joined the army and spent four years in England and North-west Europe with the Royal Canadian Signals. Returning to U. N. B. in the fall of 1945, Joe entered his Junior year of the Electrical Engineering course. In sports Joe has also proven his ability for he has two years Varsity Basketball, three years Varsity Football as well as Interclass Hockey to his credit.

And, of course, Joe is well-known and will ever be remembered for his soul-stirring and heart-rending musical picture of "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" riding along "The Road to Mandalay."

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The College Chimes

Oh-h-h! the Jones' boys.
They built a mill on the side of a hill.
They worked all night,
They worked all day,
But they couldn't make the saw-mill pay.

This old N. B. North Shore lumberman's song controls all classroom activities during the day at U. N. B. The tune played by the chimes in the tower of the Lady Beaverbrook Residence as it announces the hours is adapted from this New Brunswick folk song.

When Lord Beaverbrook donated the men's residence complete with clock and chimes in 1930, he left instructions that the four bronze bells, which were cast in England, should play the tune of "The Jones' Boys," a catchy ditty which seemed to have caught itself in his mind. The whole residence is a memorial to Lady Beaverbrook, but the inscription to her memory is on the largest bell in the tower, "I give thy voice to speak, now hers is still."

A few years ago Dr. Toole and Dr. Bailey co-operated in producing a real U. N. B. anthem which has been sung at several Eucænia and Founders' Day programs. Dr. Toole composed a melody with the tune of the bells as its theme. Dr. Bailey wrote a poem adapted to this tune for singing.

The clock and the chimes are run by electricity. A master pendulum keeps the clock going in half-minute bursts. When the pendulum stops it closes the electrical circuit which allows the electricity to move the pendulum again, and so it swings for another thirty seconds . . . on and on.

The clock controls the bells announcing or closing classroom lectures. The period bells work from a relay system in each building directly connected with the clock. In non-technical language, a little wheel like a clockface ticking off the minutes in each relay connects the bell circuit at the proper times five minutes apart in each hour.

The chimes and the tune really preserve the memory of the time when U. N. B. was young and lumbering days were booming. Future U. N. B. alumni when thinking of their time on the hill, will remember the friendly song of the bells in the background—a tangible tie to their university days.

CAMPUS CO-EDS



MARY WHALEN

Mary arrived at U. N. B. after graduating from Fredericton High School in 1943, bringing with her that "willingness to assist" and "easy to get along with personality."

In her Freshman year Mary was awarded the Khaki Scholarship and also won a French prize.

Her Freshman, Sophomore and Senior years have found Mary lending her alto voice to the Choral Club, while in her Junior year she was chosen as a representative to the SRC by her class of '47.

Mary has long been an active member of the Newman Club and in their November Convention took part as a delegate.

Also we may find Mary widely swinging a badminton racket in the gym any of the nights set aside for the sport.

During the last two summers Mary has worked for the Family Allowance. What she will be attacking after graduation is doubtful but we can be sure of a successful career in whatever field she chooses.

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Hasti-Notes

Once upon a time there lived an old woman who kept a candy store. Now this woman had a very beautiful daughter who was deeply in love with a certain young man. These three were very poor and one day the man who owned the candy store house decided to throw the kindly old woman and her lovely daughter out into the street because they were not able to pay the required rent. All three became very very sad and the young man, driven to the point of despair decided to become a drunkard. His beloved pleaded and begged for him not to descend to such an evil life, but to no avail. He had made up his mind. So the young man started off on the downward path. When he reached the swinging doors of the neighborhood saloon, he began to think of his loved one. Torn between his desire to enter and his love for the lady, his conscience fought for the decisive step. But true love won—as it always does, and the young man turned his back on the saloon and walked with gallant step towards his lady's home. On his way, he found to his utter amazement and delight five thousand dollars!

The candy store woman bought the entire house from the hateful landlord. The beautiful daughter married the young hero that very afternoon—and the next day they had twins!

The moral of this story is "Virtue is its own reward."
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