

Collich Fun

A sentimental lady on a tour of the campus stopped before a gigantic tree. "Oh wonderful elm," she said, "if you could only speak, what would you say to me?"

The bright young forester accompanying her suggested, "It would probably say, 'Pardon me, but I'm a maple.'"

Teacher: What do elephants have that no other animal have? Willie: Little elephants.

Adam: The only wolf who couldn't see the opening gambit, "Excuse me, but haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Monologue: One female talking. Catalogue: Two females talking.

Oratory: The art of making a loud noise seem like a deep thought.

Sense of Humor: The quality that makes you roar with laughter at something which would infuriate you if it happened to yourself.

Professor: A man whose job it is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

Quiz Kid

- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE? It's O. K. when you can get in. —BETTY MONTEITH I've never heard of it. —DOT LAUGHLIN I think it's a good idea. —CYRIL BELLINGHAM Can I ask somebody? —PAT RITCHIE I like the clerk. —DAVE STOTHART (Pat asked him) Who makes all the money? —JIM McMILLAN I like the women. —ROY McNERNEY They never have anything. —DOUG RICE A good energy conserver. —S. A. H. DAVIS A bit messed up at first, but now it is all right. —PAT WHALEN It's swell. —RALPH PRIME It stinks. —RON GIBSON

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

Last Friday was definitely a "social" day for many of our Reading Roomers. At a delightful noon luncheon at Mrs. Gregg's home, Blanche, Charlotte, Nancy and Marjorie, respective presidents of the Co-Ed classes, had the pleasure of meeting Miss Helen Alford who is an authority on housing difficulties in England. Also present were Miss E. McLeod, Dr. L. Thompson and Miss M. L. Whimster. Discussion and an exchange of ideas on rationing and housing conditions in England and in Canada were greatly enjoyed throughout the luncheon.

Then, later Friday afternoon, Miss Whimster entertained the new women students at an informal tea held in the Ladies' Reading Room. Raisin bread and cakes were served. Mrs. Gregg did the honors at the table. Other guests were Miss E. McLeod, Mrs. M. J. Thompson, Miss R. Cumming and Miss B. Law. Piano selections rendered by "Bobbie" Styran and Leila MacKenzie were very well received. Those assisting in the preparations and serving were Mary-Jean Saunders, Nancy McNair, Dorothy Johns, Audrey Gillies, Marion McLean and Ann Gibson—all members of the Sophomore French class.

We're sorry to hear that Mardie Scott is ill and may be absent from the Reading Room for quite some time. It may help some for her to know that we all wish her a speedy recovery and we will be looking forward to her return to the "Hill."

The Co-Ed Choral Club met again Sunday in the Reading Room—with an increase of five members. For your information: five and three make eight; eight from seventy leaves sixty-two; say half of the remainder can't sing—that still leaves about thirty people who can. O. K.! Now say fifteen of these are too lazy—that still leaves fifteen; and that's a pretty good number for a chorus. So how about it, Reading Roomers? Let's get in there and "pitch."

And don't forget hoop practices you hopeful Basketballers. There's a game with City this weekend and it isn't going to be any "piece of cake."

Oh girls isn't the Sadie Hawkins Dance going to be fun? Be seeing you....

There was a young lady who was so stupid she thought goblet was a sailor's child.

Remembrance

(Continued from Last Week)

The inevitable days fluttered slowly to ground. Now it was about you that Aunt Anna repeated her old formula, "Leads all her classes and never opens a book." War was declared, but you did not notice it. Week-ends when you were home you heard Uncle Robert grumbling over the Daily Star about mismanagement and graft, but his grumbling reached your ears only, and not your mind. The farmhouse was swallowed up in peace, and in town everything was the same as before, except that people seemed busier, more prosperous. When Peter came home for Christmas, Uncle Robert pointed out to him complacently that the heavy kerosene lamp in the kitchen was replaced by electric lights. "Couldn't get them in the district until that old cuss, Jim Christopher, died. Wouldn't sign for them himself and wouldn't let young Harry sign, either. Say, did your mother tell you that Agnes had twins? 'Twas! You should've seen Harry's chest. Well, as I was saying, we've got the lights, and we traded in the old battery radio for an electric. Isn't she a beaut now?"

"We-el," grinned Peter. "She crackles just like the old one, doesn't she?"

"Hmph. Well, I don't know, but in my opinion this is just as convenient a place to live as Toronto, eh, Anna?"

That night Aunt Anna said to Uncle Robert, lifting her head from her knitting, "Peter thinks he ought to join up in the spring."

"So he ought," nodded Uncle Robert, tapping his pipe decisively. "I hate to see him go," frowned Aunt Anna. "Suppose he never comes back?"

"Oh, he'll be all right. I came back from the last one didn't I?" "Did you?" asked Aunt Anna, staring at him thoughtfully and then looked down at her knitting, turning it around in her hands.

All at once it was May, and you would graduate next month. Peter came home for a few days, looking queer and awkward in uniform. It was your turn to wash the Sunday breakfast dishes, and Peter dried them for you. An unfamiliar shyness settled over you, and you stared fixedly at the calendar above the sink, a fly-specked picture of an unbelievably fluffy-haired young woman, sitting on a moonlit beach ecstatically sniffing a red rose. A breeze from the orchard, sweet with apple-blossoms, blew through the open window. Looking into each other's eyes, each of you recognized the other's thoughts, as you had when you were children. Peter flung the screen door open, and then you were sitting on the back step, hand in hand, with the wind blowing through your hair.

"Cathy," he said, "Oh, Cathy, if only your eyes weren't so clear, like spilled rain-water—so clear, so still and clear." His voice was harsh, hurting your ears, and his fingers clung to yours, tight, tight. You remembered the time when you were lost in the woods across from the little school and he had come and found you. You had sobbed and his hand had been warm and kind pressing over yours. Sudden-

(Continued on page five)

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



Marye Forbes

Here we are again, and this week we are presenting to you one of our Senior Co-eds, Marye Forbes.

Marye, hailing from Fredericton, chose Science as her course and the third floor of the Arts Building as her location.

For the last three years, as well as this year, Marye has been elected Vice-President of the Class of '46 and has proved her worth in that capacity.

Marye has been a member of the Dramatic Society and was on the Reading Committee in her Freshman year. Also we must not forget her scoring ability as a member of the starry Co-Ed Hockey Team! And, in her Senior year, Marye has fallen for the charms of Culbertson and learned how to finesse.

THE STACKS

Try to study in the stacks!

The learned sage lets out his class— And in they pour into the stacks To browse and babble boisterously And seek the facts their knowledge lacks.

The Engineers run up and down Tire their limbs and soon or later Push and pull at creaky doors, And up-down goes the elevator.

Whispering co-eds haunt the corners, Flop on chairs and gape at books, Discuss trigonometry And wonder how their paint-job looks.

Third floor draws the worldly wise, Full of wit, and full of noise. They study books on gals' complaints And paw the pictures-naughty boys.

Try to study in the stacks!! LONGEVITY The horse and mule live thirty years And nothing know of wine or beers; The goat and sheep at twenty die And never taste of Scotch or rye; The cow drinks water by the ton And at eighteen is mostly done; The dog at fifteen cashes in Without the aid of rum or gin; The cat in milk and water soaks And then in twelve short years it croaks;

The modest, sober, lone-dry hen Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten. All animals are strictly dry; They sinless live and swiftly die But sinful, gintful, rum-soaked men Survive for three-score years and ten.

Ress-Drug-United Two Stores Queen and York Sts. Queen and Regent Sts. Rexall Stores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SENATE 1945-46. Lists names and titles of various officials and faculty members across various departments like Biology, Chemistry, Physics, etc.

I think that I shall never see A co-ed lovely as a tree, A tree whose limbs are brown and bare, And has no dandruff in her hair A tree whose head is never pressed Against someone else's manly breast; A tree who never wants a meal, And never tries to make you feel As if you were a lowly heel. Co-eds are inside like fools, you see, But it makes little difference. —The Mantaban.

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