

For D.L.

"... For it was always that way," I said, "And always will be." But he was unconvinced. His huge head bent to one side, his black hair leaping at the light, his arms swinging back and forth like lances searching for the heart of the matter; but most of all, his eyes bright with fury pleaded to be heard with oh! so splendid words. To hear his blast was worth a peck of snobs. This old-young Frenchman struggling to be heard among the torquing mass of planning people; lost in his own maze of brilliant secrets, his dark hurt pride. Walking through this chill October night, I remember him, hoping my friend is well.

— E. C. Thompson

LADIES SOCIETY

The UNB Ladies' Society is sponsoring a bus to Mt. Allison for the football game Saturday. Posters have been up in the Student Centre for about a week asking for volunteers. This is the first time the project has been undertaken by the society, indicative of the growing enthusiasm in the organization.

The Ladies' Society is the only such organization in Canada to sponsor a scholarship, a society spokesman said. It is awarded annually to a co-ed with high academic standing and requiring financial assistance, and entering her second year. This year's winner was Kate Lewis.

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Interviewing for 1965 graduates

Monday, November 2

and

Tuesday, November 3

Complete description of positions at the Placement Office.

Our Representative: GORDON HATFIELD.

A Fine Story

by D. Hamilton

The day that I first drove my own car on this Campus was a proud one: no longer was I a slave to the taxi drivers, and nevermore would I and my date have to slog two miles through snow and rain to see "Bat Man Meets Superswine" at the Laugh and Scratch. In short, I was in a state of almost complete bliss.

My troubles started off innocently enough: a little red ticket on my windshield wiper to admonish me for having parked carelessly, outside Carleton Hall. I made the usual perfunctory gestures of dismay, put the little document in my glove-compartment, and went cheerily on my way, parking this time in the Gym Lot, firm in the resolve that I should never be an offender again.

When I returned from classes, however, I found another ticket on my windshield. Another two dollars. My eyes narrowed to slits, and beads of perspiration broke out upon my crafty brow. Quickly, I leaped into my car and sped up the hill behind the Nursing building and breathed heavily as I locked the doors, and fled to my next class. When I came back, my windshield was covered with red tickets, each with a fine larger than the last: two dollars, four dollars, sixteen dollars, a geometric progression of figures which would ultimately spell my total moral and physical demise.

I ran hysterically to the Administration office to grovel before the Vice-President, but even as I did so, a horde of little old men were gathering about my automobile, fixing tickets upon the door-handles, the licence-plates, the bumpers, chanting all the while "Kill the Student! Get his car!"

I was reduced to a whimpering, slobbering mass: I begged and pleaded: I offered bribes; I appealed to their sense of human dignity, but to no avail. When they finished their orgy of ticket-writing, my car groaned under the weight of thousands upon thousands of ticket, some half-torn, some completely illegible, but all with the same, grotesque message: FINE. FINE, FINE.

My life is Hell. I hid my car, I disguised it, I even tried to burn it, but still they come. Rank upon rank of Commissionaires, sneering, laughing, armed with huge piles of little red cards designed to destroy me. As I write this article, a shadow crosses the floor, casting a deathly chill in its wake. It stops at my few meagre possessions, my watch, my ring, my gold cuff-links, and then passes out the door. I hear a shriek of uncontrollable laughter.

Take warning. Sell your car: give it away if you can't sell it, but for God's sake, Get Rid Of It, or your life will be turned into a long midnight of little gnomes dressed in blue, writing endless reams of tickets designed to take over your mind.

LIBRARY

(From Page 7)

— As for other distract motor scooters, because of noise, should not be allowed on the College Hill road — going past the Engineering Building and the Library, well as the Forestry Building.

— There are other factors for studying already available but not used on campus. These are Carleton Hall, the building, the Biology and logy libraries, McCord McConnell Hall which should be left open for studying at midnight at least. The two have tables and which could be put to good use for study purposes but are Carleton Hall should be open after 9:30 p.m. for studying, as well, Room C140 should be made an honours student reading room.

— Make the indexes in the reference desk more easily acceptable by removing desks there. For more space, in turn, take out counter between the card catalogues and replace it by and chairs.

— Take out the fat inducing couches in the Eerbrook Reading Room — these are certainly not conducive to study — and replace them with tables and chairs.

These reforms are impractical for two years, but two years are vital to many of us whom the new library not serve. These are simple ministrative reforms. They don't require bigger buildings but would help us get the most out of what we already have. The time to act is now — The time to act is now.

YEARBOOK ANNOUNCES

Deadline for Graduate Photos and Graphics (75 words or less) for 1966 Yearbook is

NOVEMBER 1

Make your appointment with a local Photographer

Mail them to:
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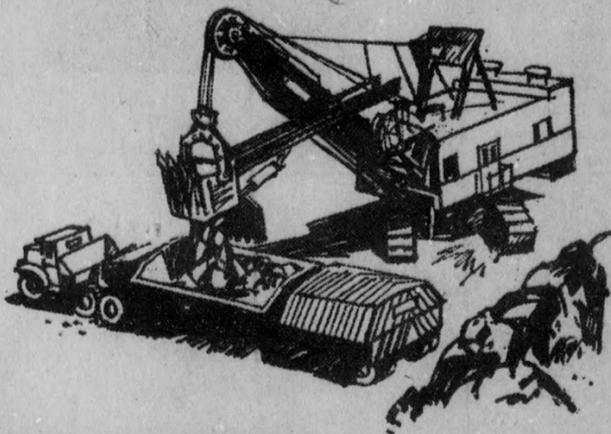


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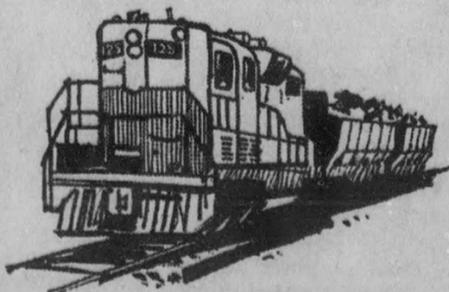
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October 25, 26