BALL

20-6
3-0 Win

ton Trojans Saturday d the Bombers' first was cut to 28 points The Moncton-Red nswick team.

stony field and with all handling difficult. t was on, and almost inches to go. The s when the Moncton sh slump and slashed onvert.

opening plays of the started a drive from yard stripe. A 25-yard D. Brophy to Benson or a gain of 25 yards. play, Oatway streaked end for an 8-yard gain on the Moncton 8-yard NB fumble was picked Trojans' Wilson and ok the ball. On the UNB's Gundry nailed a to start the ball roll- the Trojan 16-yard line n play and a right side e the Bombers a first touchdown to go (3 oiron smashed over to following play and the at 5-0. Benson's con- was good, giving UNB

toff gave Trojans the e mid-field stripe in onstant Trojan inter- the run back. After ete pass and a 10-yard enalty UNB took the on their own 4-yard it back to the 14. Two passes later the inevit- knocked the Trojans l-field. At three minutes rter UNB shook loose intercepted a pass and the Trojan 40. A pass to Lolar put the Bom- e Moncton 28-yard line. ass to MacLaren put e Trojan 15.

opening of the second Trojan's Dion took the and ran it to the Bom- d line. A couple of und them on the UNB . Here they were met ong defensive and lost of the ball. First Wat- NB slashed through to 40, then Adderly on an ent to the Moncton 20. s took the ball on their line but Pollock got hole to tackle a Monc- in the scoring area for range. This made the for UNB. Late in the en Pollock picked up a n ball, UNB moved to 40. Brophy, Doiron and cked up yards to move Doiron whipped around r another 10-yard gain. owing play Oatway took and drove to the 10- Oatway again took a d this time went over hdown. Brophy kicked t and the score stood h less than a minute to third stanza.

quarter opened with a k from their own 45, later they were still in ty. From the 55-yard oller took a hand-off to the Trojan 37. Oatway piece of broken field t through to the Tro- line. A few penalties r ran a Trojan kick to Later a Brophy-Adderly UNB the ball with 23 for a TD. After being again UNB finally man- t to the 10-yard line. A Oatway nearly resulted down, but he was held rd line. A similar play was successful as Oatway gh for the third tally. convert was good and tched the gap to 20 ate in the game the up- when the Trojans fought towards the UNB scor- A 22-yard pass from Fer- Richardson was stopped B 10-yard line. A plunge pass gave the Moncton rds. As the minute flag he remaining two yards ged when Cotie banged TD. Trimble converted he score 20-6. The last n incomplete UNB pass.

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FFICERS

ssioner Service

30

our University fice and Civil

THE FEATURES SHEET

SIGMA LAMBDA BETA RHO

BY
DIOGENES

As the Greek philosopher once said: "I do a little writing on the side but mostly I do it sitting up". Another week of nefarious activities has passed in the residence. Residents have been bled, dunked, frozen, petitioned and otherwise made aware that they are living in a grand and glorious age.

Don Taylor is back after a farewell party for his appendix. He seems to miss playing footsie with several of the local nurses. He is getting ready to go back to work apparently and can be seen any time in room 101 practising integral signs. He says he will never be able to look a razor in the face again.

Scotty was minus his teeth the other morning. This was a very unusual turn of events and has caused much consternation on the part of many. The melodious hog calling which echoes around the second floor at eight a.m. had a curious tonal quality which could not be attributed to the fact that he was locked in the linen closet. Upon investigation, it was verified that the teeth were missing and that no amount of persuasion would make him tell us where they were.

It is rumoured in hushed whispers that the local missionary did not attend the lecture last Thursday on "How to be Good the Easy Way". This action cannot be brushed aside lightly. The least we can expect is downcast eyes and a blush while the dustbane is flying.

Tenders are invited for manufacturing rights on an attachment which when properly fitted and adjusted, causes a large red flag to descend over diverse photographic naughtiness whenever the door is opened. Plans and specifications may be seen at room 302.

★ ★ ★

U NAME IT

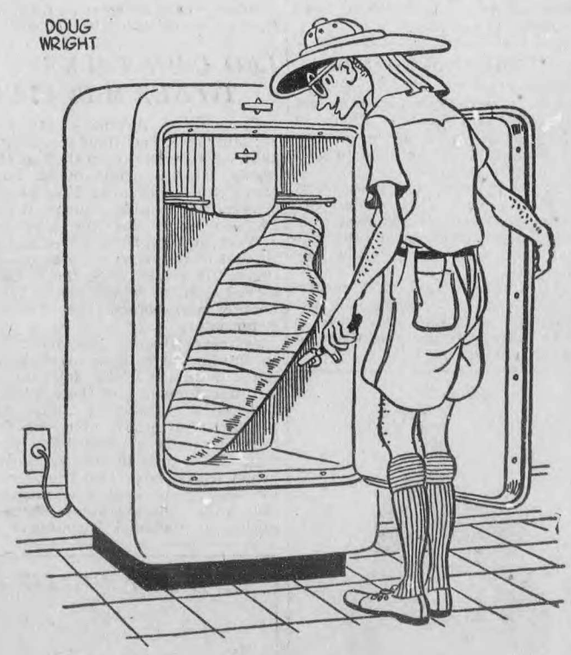
Hail comrades! Once again we bring you the brilliant "flow of literature" for which you have been so anxiously and breathlessly waiting. Just be patient and someday we'll print a masterpiece (if it's possible).

On Hallow'een when the witches were flying, five of the girls escaped for a few hours in an attempt to liven up this fair city of ours. With paper bags over their heads, to spare them any embarassment, these children, forgetting it was the night of the Hammerfest, wandered out alone. Never again! After having their headgear rudely ripped off by Doug Lyons and his merry men, the girls decided that it was time to leave the town to the foresters.

The females of 811 are both mentally and physically exhausted, as most of them gave quarts and quarts of blood last week. In fact 100 per cent of the undergrads were up at the clinic either giving their precious blood or holding the hands of those who did the noble deed. After donating a drop of blood one of our inmates went bowling and made the stupifying score of 45!

Many thanks to the authors of "Slobs and Dredgings" for their thoughtful suggestion, but we think the title a little too suggestive not that you meant it that way, you understand, but hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

In closing, we'd like to leave you with this thought: Eat, drink and be merry for the unexpected has happened. The gentlemen up the hill are allowed on the premises until 12:00 every Sunday night. Rejoice! We must be growing up.



AGAMEMNON M. McMUMMY (Archaeology '54)
says: *"The longer you can keep something, the more interest it gains."*
::: The same thing happens to your money
in "MY BANK"

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★ ★ ★

Writer's Workshop

Ted Atkin's legs ached with weariness. He had been hunting alone all day, and clutched grimly the two ruffed grouse which were his only spoils. Now with another mile to go in the dim twilight, he waded through the dry, dead ripe timothy left uncut on the broad expanse of level plain. His shoulders drooped slightly, for the shotgun seemed to increase in weight at each step.

Gradually he became aware of a barn. A weather-beaten structure standing directly in his path about five hundred yards away. It stood like a guardian, as if patiently waiting for the dying hay to be moved to the shelter of its roof. Craving the comfort of a cigarette, but dreading to light one lest his empty stomach and parched, dry throat should be irritated by its harshness, he approached the barn, hoping to find a water-pump, or, perhaps an apple tree.

The buildng was more decrepit than it had appeared from a distance. Wide cracks separated the old boards, and a doorless aperture opened to the semi-darkness of the interior. Weeds grew profusely through the rotting straw strewn round the yard, and a hornet's nest in the eave was partially destroyed. A sense of discomfort possessed the hunter, and he glanced behind furtively.

Reason won over his urge to move briskly away, telling him not to be silly, that it was just a barn, that there was nothing to fear. Nevertheless, his uneasiness persisted, but, driven by that sense of pride which demands strange things of its owners, and brings doubts to undermine self-respect when those demands are not fulfilled, Ted stepped into the barn. At once he felt stifled gripped by a feeling of foreboding, but there was nothing in the barn to cause alarm. There was nothing in the barn at all, except those beams and rafters which were a part of it, and the sickening aroma of old hay. The dim outdoor light sliced through the cracks and made a pattern on the floor. No sound invaded the ominous silence.

The air of oncoming night was cooler, but it was not altogether responsible for the chill which pierced his flesh as he moved slowly backward from the wooden shell.

George Fullarton '54

UNB ARTS BUILDING

The Oldest University Building In Canada

★ ★ ★

A HISTORY OF UNB

The college of New Brunswick was founded by a provincial charter, that was drawn up in 1785 and finally passed in 1800, the provincial university remained with this name until 1829 when it surrendered the charter thus allowing for the new King's College to be established under a royal charter. With New Brunswick's graduation from crown colony to province in 1859, so did King's College graduate to the University of New Brunswick.

Under the first UNB presidency of Dr. William Brydone—Jack, the curriculum was extended beyond its narrow limits of classics and science, to include navigation, law, medicine and engineering. This curriculum was evidence of the attempt to make the University serve the needs of the people.

However from the original curriculum; UNB now has, and has had for many years, instruction in law, pre-medicine and engineering on the campus. During its infancy the University of New Brunswick had such a keen intellectual life, that it acheived a standing second only to the University of Toronto. It became the nucleus of provincial culture, as is seen from the literary and scientific achievements of some of the graduates of those years, including such great men as Bliss Carman, E. G. D. Roberts and William Francis Ganong.

In 1889, the first woman student, Miss Mary K. Tibbitts, graduated from UNB. In that same year in an effort to keep up with an increasingly industrialized world, professors of physics and civil and electrical engineering were added to the faculty.

After the turn of the century the University, under the presidency of Dr. Cecil Charles Jones, from 1906-1940, and his successors Dr. Norman MacKenzie, 1940-1944 and Dr. Milton F. Gregg, VC, 1944-1947, moved ahead in even greater strides in producing a University to serve the needs of the people of New Brunswick. In 1907, a course in scientific forestry was introduced, which proved to be extremely popular in later years and subsequently UNB has become one of the best known forestry schools in Canada.

As the University curriculum was expanded from time to time, it became increasingly apparent that more money was necessary to maintain the ever growing number of courses. To comply with this great need, the provincial legislature has frequently increased the annual provincial grants.

The Arts Building, the oldest university building in Canada, was, along with the engineering building becoming inadequate to cope with the continuing expansion. In 1925 the Memorial Building was completed and was followed by the construction of the Forestry and Geology Building in 1929. One year later through the generosity of Lord Beaverbrook, who seventeen years later was to be made Chancellor of the University, the Lady Beaverbrook Residence for men was completed and ready for occupation.

In addition to the men's residence Lord Beaverbrook provided Beaverbrook scholarships for the entire province, and in 1939, he donated the most modern and the best equipped gymnasium in Eastern Canada. His latest gift to the University is the Bonar-Law-Bennett Library.

Thus progress has been made in both the Arts and Sciences, the two broad divisions of university education, each ultimately useless without the other. The University, now more than ever before, can supply social and educational leadership to the people of New Brunswick whom it serves.

(Excerpts from a history of UNB by Dr. A. G. Bailey)

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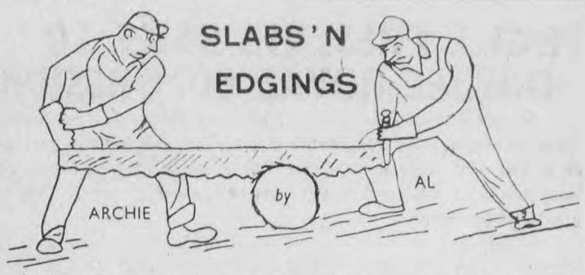

First of all, we want to apologize for **'that'** cartoon — somebody sabotaged it' Believe it or not, there were some readers who, even though attending Canada's most renowned forestry school, did not understand its significance. It referred to "Diameter Breast Height" which is the diameter of a tree at a height of 4½ feet above 'mean ground level'. D.B.H. is the most important single measurement taken in any forest inventory. Foresters first come into contact with this measurement as freshmen and from that time on, are never able to escape from it. Anything further to be explained?

We met a pretty darn shrewd woman the other night. She explained that gentlemen prefer blonds because blonds seem to know what gentlemen prefer.

★ ★ ★

JUST A THOUGHT FOR AN IDLE MOMENT

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when you're ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room,
Sometime when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow these simple instructions
And see how it humbles your soul:
Take a bucket and fill it with water;
Put your hand in it up to the wrist;
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining,
Is the measure of how you'll be missed.
You may splash all you please when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore.
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.
The moral of this quaint example,
Is do just the best that you can.
Be proud of yourself but remember,
There is no indispensible man.

Notice to all woodsmen! There are exactly 37 chopping days 'till Christmas.

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