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The Wonderful Old Man

There was an old man
 Who lived on a common,
 And, if fame speaks true,
 He was born of a woman.
 Perhaps you will laugh,
 But for truth I've been told
 He once was an infant
 Tho' age made him old.
 When 'ere he was hungry
 He longed for some meat;
 And if he could get it
 Twas said he would eat.
 When thirsty he would drink
 If you gave him a pot,
 And what he drank mostly
 Ran down his throat.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US

On a blustery fall day in 1867 a small group of foresighted UNB students published a modest magazine entitled "The Literary Monthly of the University of New Brunswick". This publication has survived through the years in various forms and appears today as the Brunswickan, college newspaper of UNB. The format has changed — the content has changed — but we like to think that the original spirit of enterprise has continued until now.

Ninety years is a veritable age for a person, and on this young continent, striking for a newspaper. Canada has grown into an international power in 90 years, and we, who share with our country, date of birth, like to think that the Brunswickan, in its own way has grown and enriched itself throughout the years.

From 1867 to 1930, the UNB college publication was of a literary rather than news bent. In it, were poems, short-stories and creative contributions of student and faculty alike. Some of these contributors, like Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman are familiar names even today. Others have passed into obscurity. But all made a definite and tangible contribution to UNB and helped put the young paper on a firm foundation.

In 1931, The Literary Monthly became the Brunswickan and appeared once a week instead of monthly. The change of times had brought about changes in attitude and the more literary tone of the paper was dropped in favour of news.

Through the nineteen thirties and the war torn forties, the Brunswickan continued. Then, in 1956, a further policy change was introduced which caused the Brunswickan to appear twice a week.

With interested and helpful students, the relatively difficult task of bringing out a number twice a week has been accomplished. This is a great stride in the long history of the paper and the university, and one in which we can all be proud.

We do not usually indulge in tub-thumping, publicity and in print, at least. But we do think that students will be interested and proud to know that their paper is one of the oldest in America, and the oldest in Canada.

THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

Vol. 1.

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No. 1.

(Extract from a College Poem.)

THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT.

Warm envious Time, with unrelenting hand,
 Dissolves the union of some little band,
 A band connected by those hallowed ties
 That from the birth of lettered friendship rise,
 Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
 One moment waits to view the years gone by;
 Memory still loves to hover o'er the place,
 And all our pleasures and our pains retraces.
 The student is the subject of my song:
 Few are his pleasures, yet those few are strong;
 Not the gay, transient moment of delight,
 Not hurried transports felt but in their flight;
 Unlike all else, the student's joys endure,
 Intense, expansive, energetic, pure:
 Whether o'er classic plains he loves to roam,
 Or amidst bowers, or through the Mantuan grove;
 Whether, with scientific eye, to trace
 The various modes of number, time, and space;
 Whether on wings of heavenly truth to rise,
 And penetrate the secrets of the skies,
 Or downy arcs tending, with an humble eye,
 Through Nature's laws explore a Deity:
 His are the joys no stranger breast can feel;
 No wit define, no utterance reveal.
 Nor yet, alas! unshared the joys we boast,
 Our pleasures still proportioned labors cost.
 An anxious tear oft fills the student's eye,
 And his breast heaves with many a struggling sigh.
 His is the task, the long, long task of explore,
 Of every age the lumber and the lore.
 Need I describe his struggles and his strife,
 The thousand minor miseries of his life?
 How Application, never-living maid,
 Or mourns an aching, oft a dizzy, head?
 How the hard toil but slowly makes its way,
 One word explained, the labor of a day!
 Here forced to explore some labyrinth without end,
 And there some paradox to comprehend!
 Here ten hard words fraught with some meaning

'Tis friendship's self, — what cynic will refuse?
 O, I could tell how oft her joys we've shared,
 When mutual cares those mutual joys endured,
 How arms in arm we've lingered through the vale,
 Listening to many a time-beguiling tale,
 How oft, relaxing from one common toil,
 We've found repose amid one common smile.
 Yes, I could tell, but O, the task how vain!
 'T would but increase our fast approaching pain;
 The pain so thrilling to a student's heart,
 Crouched in that talisman of woe, we part.

(From the Rambler.)

THE HASTE AND EAGERNESS OF YOUTH.

It has been observed by long experience,
 That late springs produce the greatest plenty.
 The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure
 and breezes, is for the most part liberally
 recompensed by the exuberance and fecundity
 of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which
 lie concealed till the year is advanced and the
 sun is high, escape those chilling blasts and
 nocturnal frosts which are often fatal to early
 luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal
 beauty, destroy the feeble principles of vegeta-
 ble life, intercept the fruit in the germ, and
 beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.
 I am afraid there is little hope of persuading
 the young and sprightly part of my readers,
 upon whom the spring naturally force my
 attention, to learn from the great process of
 nature the difference between diligence and
 hurry, between speed and precipitation; to
 prosecute their designs with calmness, to
 watch the concurrence of opportunity, and
 endeavour to find the lucky moment which

age we must labor to recall the fire and
 impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn
 to expect, and in age to enjoy.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not
 easily to be borne at a time when every idea
 of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on
 the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every
 fresh form of delight, and has no rival engage-
 ments to withdraw it from the importunities
 of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing
 what we seek must always be proportionable
 to the happiness expected from possessing it,
 the passion, even in this tempestuous state,
 might be somewhat moderated by frequent
 inculcation of the mischief of temerity, and
 the hazard of losing that which we endeavor
 to seize before our time.

He that too early aspires to honors, must
 resolve to encounter not only the opposition
 of interest, but the malignity of envy. He
 that is too eager to be rich, generally
 endangers his fortune in wild adventures
 and uncertain projects; and he that ha-tens
 too speedily to reputation, often raises his
 character by artifices and flatteries, decks him-
 self in colors which quickly fade, or in plumes
 which accident may shake off, or competition
 pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been
 extended by some, even to the gift of nature;
 and an opinion has been long conceived, that
 quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment,
 or extent of knowledge appearing before the
 usual time, presage a short life. Even those
 who are less inclined to form general conclu-
 sions, from instances which by their own

THE FIRST NUMBER of "The Literary Monthly of the University of New Brunswick" published in September 1867. Marking the first issue in what is today the Brunswickan. "The Monthly" featured articles by such well known people as Bliss Carman and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts.

Bravo Senator! . . .

Senator Kennedy gave a most interesting address before Fall Convocation, Tuesday. True it contained the usual trite remarks about Canadian-American relationships, which have changed little since we last repulsed our southern neighbours somewhat bellicose advances. But more than that, Senator Kennedy made some most provocative statements about present (after June 10) Canadian policies.

It would be well that our new Conservative government remember Senator Kennedy's remarks about reciprocity. That they mark strongly the objections, and ranklings which we, as Canadians cause our Southern neighbours. Too often, in discussions of Canadian-American relationships, it is forgotten that we might be partially to blame for some of the "Bank of Canada policies for curbing inflation. We too are impres-

It is amusing to note that the American people applaud our policies (before June 10) concerning inflation. Senator Kennedy pointed out that, many of his fellow countrymen were most impressed with the results of the

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sed. The Conservative attack on these policies is just one of the many instances where that party let pre-election fever hamper normal thinking processes.

FOOTBALL MT. A. TOMORROW



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