ber 6, 1944.



ity rmy

a at 2.30, this ll squad will a highly rated aining Centre the season. team has been t a week and ave had only

es. Although l some losses crack fifteen eld a strong ill come up to re the season Hillmen have

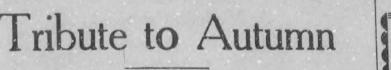
ed back the from all the the Army has this year and n that will be om their old e is nothing line-up, there 'oronto Argopposing back noon. If so. e how some tactics work

ugger. we might see s in the ranks ay Finnegan, is now at the he will prob his old team royal". Also re Jim Ross, Bob Watling. mber of new Black team ecamping proit is imposs.

ine-up at this

eyes.

THE BRUNSWICKAN



The autumn months are here again, | silence. They hesitate, borne up The maple leaf and fairy fen Are turning rainbow shades today, brecze, and then drop quietly, with a pendulum-like motion, until they For summer's faded fast away. settle ever so softly upon the car-

Friday, October 6, 1944.

September twenty-first is univer- peted earth. And here they lie, sally recognized as being the first until perhaps stirred by the heavy day of autumn. On this day the boot of the stalking hunter or the door closes on summer and opens dainty hoof of a startled fawn.

into a radiantly new season. It is On the hillside the farmer ploughs the season of death, but the dying and sows his next year's crop while is so beautiful, so peaceful, that nature can only rejoice in it. stands in the fields. Rich, brown The coming of autumn is usually earth rolls back from the plough heralded by fresh, strong winds, and lies in furrows under the golwhich hasten the passing of sum- den sun. Rusty stubble still glismer. It all happens so quietly, so tens through the green upshocts of magically, that one scarcely real valiant new grass. From the windizes the summer has gone. Then swept skies there drifts a deepafter the first frost, the leaves put toned honking, wild geese flying! on their rainbow raiment and aut- Evening, and the farmer gathers amn becomes a multi-coloured pag- his harvest from the fields. The eant so incomparable in beauty that noisy cart, trundles towards the it makes a stranger, viewing his barn, breaks the stillness of the first Canadian autumn, doubt his gathering dusk. Night, and the

In my opinion autumn is the most in the light of the harvest mocn. wonderful season of all. Spring, But another night not so peacethe birth of nature, is beautiful in-deed; but its death is so majestic beats down upon the hard dry Ted) and all 'Up the Hill' and we that its birth is brought to nought. ground to the accompaniment of a are looking forward to a very Oh to walk for miles along a country raging wind. For autumn it is the pleasant year with her as queen of road, to hear the autumn wind end! In the morning the trees the campus. rustling the dry leaves, to feel its stand bare and a moaning breaze Marion came to us from Fredersting, to smell its sharp, clean fragrance, all this is so exhilarating that it is life itself in the midst of can almost bear dying Nature in the tail of tai so much dving.

Each autumn needs must wane, am gone but for an hour. In the Vice-President in its Sophomore the piano and the banquet ended The leaves begin to fall; fluttering spring I shall be born again, and year. This year Marion was also with college songs. It was nice to to the ground in an atmosphere it has been so beautiful dying." M. L. '47 that is filled with both sound and

Fashion Fads

On your toes, girls, we're going no longer mere supplementary col-Time was when we lars underneath, but have distinct feminine! wouldn't think of scuffing up the fashion identity.

hill in anything higher than half Woollen dresses are to the fore inch heels, but occasionally now again and are predicted to be worn higher heels are being worn, and, mcre to classes. Dresses are softer. There's not to reason why there's The classic shirtwaist loses charbut to do or die," so teeter, tot! acter when compared with a dress Bare legs-but carefully groomed that is softened, yet clean cut and girls-have been the mode, but it uncluttered. Simplicity and adaptis getting a litle late, and a little ability are essential for the fall and colder-so, draw your own conclu- winter dress. But the colors, girls -behold a dominating vibrant gold, SHIRLEY TRACEY:

Perhaps it is because sweaters a real American Beauty red, inky are rather scarce, perhaps it is a blue-purples, kelly or moss greens, turn in the fashion, but light-weight suits and blouses (both tailored and black! Incidentally, with the fuel We're still looking more fancy) or dickies are being shortage, woollen dresses are worn JOAN ROSS: worn more than has been the cus- just about everywhere. Cren





MARION MORRISON

This week we take pride in featrusset-colored apples gleam silver uring our Commandant of the Coeds-the President of the Ladies' Society, Marion Morrison. Marion

say, "De not mourn for me; for I ability, her class elected her as the S.R.C. in her Junior year, and this year again finds her as repre- know. sentative of that body. The Dramatic Seciety has also profited from Marion's willing hand.

This year Marion is also Presi-(Continued on page five)

Now You Know

of the U.N.B. men?" DOT JOHNS (reflecting)

You'll have to wait three or four

weeks until their hair grows in. We're still looking them over.

If you had wandered up to the second floor of the Arts Building last Saturday you would have immediately noticed that the Brunswickans were out. They were scattered all over the Reading Room and behind each was a Soph-

Returning two hours later you would have been amazed to see that a miracle had taken place and that the Sophette banquet 1944 was ready. It reaily was a super banquet too, one that the Sophs can justly be proud of.

We were particularly honoured at this banquet in having Mrs. Gregg as guest of honour. She gracicusly consented to speak to the girls and the co-eds showed their appreciation for her sincere and well chosen words.

As is customary at a Sophette Banquet, the Freshettes (not without some persuasion) one by one got up and designated the lucky Freshmen with whom they would like to go to the Freshman reception After this enjoyable episode, the girls were entertained by Kay Lyons who sang for us and Leila Mac-Kenzie who played. It was evident

Babs Gorham then took over at

President of the Sophettes and Sec- see the Freshettes learning the retary-Treasurer of the Ladies' Soc- songs so quickly and joining in. iety. Continuing executive work. However we agree with Miss Mac-Marion represented her class on Leod that there are a great many more college songs the girls should

This column wouldn't be complete this week without mentioning at least "The Mellerdrammer". Living up to the high standards set in previous years the Ladies' Society once more presented a skit at the Freshman Reception. Highlights of the play(?) were Babs Gorham's and Charlotte VanDine's The reactions of the Freshettes portrayals of the beautiful heroine to the query: "What do you think and the poble hero. Marj Rowan's "Sun" and Mavis DeLong's "Shadows" were certainly effective to say If I say something general, he nothing of the "Hours" played by Frannie MacLean and Jean Smith.

This week something new took place. Our "free" day as the co-eds fondly call it rolled around. Act-ivities started off promptly at nine with an address by President Gregg whose well-chosen words were a



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

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