

What I Did This Summer

What did I do this summer? Something you would least expect—I reared Insects, Parasites to be exact. It was an education in itself besides proving of great interest. The Parasitic Laboratory is the only one of its kind in the Dominion. Its six air-conditioned wings were controlled at different temperatures—for the bugs' health, not ours—although we benefitted by it. Students from several Universities were working there: Toronto, Queen's, McMaster, and MacDonald and Ontario Agricultural Colleges. One got many ideas about other Colleges and their students, whose ambitions would put a U.N.B.'er to shame.

Rearing Parasites amounts to more than one might think. It is all very well if you stick to rearing them, but when you start losing them, that is where the trouble begins. Several species were being reared, and one particularly was rather valuable as it had been brought out from Czecho-Slovakia. Of course bugs get tired being cooped up in cages, particularly when there is a price on their heads. If you happened to hear the remark, "There goes 35c off your pay", you would know that someone was minus an "Exenterus". Sometimes your patient hunting would be rewarded by the reappearance of your pet and, alas, sometimes it would not. The patient hunting meant putting yourself in every conceivable position, from standing precariously tip-toed on the edge of a chair to crawling cautiously around the floor and under tables; always with a "sucker" (glass tube with rubber tubing on the end, used for catching the insects) in readiness. For a week or two I was to be found in one of these said positions every afternoon at approximately ten minutes to five when I should and would like to have been

finishing my day's work. However my bugs (or I) finally reformed and I was spared the aforementioned embarrassment.

A job must be rather fascinating to get a group of College students up and at work by eight o'clock every morning of the week including Sunday, without any or at least very little complaining at that. However we realized it was for the good of Science since the bugs must be fed as well as ourselves. We had Saturday and Sunday afternoons free and so considered ourselves lucky.

The Parasites we were rearing, by the way, were to rid the country of those harmful insects, the Saw-Flies, which destroy our Spruce and Pine Trees. We often sent out releases, which meant counting and packing, by means of pressure, hundred of Parasites which were sent to different parts of Canada to do their work. Hearing about a train wreck in New Brunswick, I thought I would pass the news on to Dr. West (yes, U.N.B.'s "Doc" West). He remarked, "I hope our shipment of bugs won't be held up by that. It may have gone through on an earlier train". So you see the bugs were the things that mattered, come what might.

The last half of the summer I worked in the Incubator. We were rearing a different species and in a different stage here. Eggs which had been laid on the Saw-Fly larvae were beginning to emerge in the Pupa form, having fed on the larvae. After a week or so of picking out the Puparia from hundreds of trays of small vials, one begins to see Puparia in one's sleep. These Puparia were put in boxes containing damp moss and in eight or ten days emerged as Adult "Sturmia", which were either released or used for rearing another generation. When

(Continued on page five)

It's Your Turn

It's always your turn to write to the men and women in the fighting forces.

Regular news from home is what they really appreciate. Write every week; tell them about the family and what the friends and neighbours are doing. Give them all the local news. Keep your letters cheerful.

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Little Red Riding Hood

Hello girls and boys, would you like to hear the story of Little Red Riding Hood? You would?—Well, here goes.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little girl (the long whistle kind). She wore a charming little red hat and a beautiful long red cape, so everyone called her Red Riding Hood.

One day her Mamma asked her if she would take a basket of things to her Grandma, who was ill.

"Yes", she said, for Red was a very good little girl.

So Mamma packed a basket full of nice things, such as ten pounds of sugar, a couple of pounds of coffee, a gallon of molasses, a side of beef (Grandma liked beef) and a spare tire. Then Little Red Riding Hood started off down the road to Grandma's with her basket, and before long a Big Bad Wolf (Frederickton variety) drove up in a big Cadillac. He stopped (of course) and said, "Hi ya, babe, going my way?"

"Sure", she innocently replied and hopped in. Within a couple of miles the Cadillac ran out of gas (so he said)—then, in about three minutes Red screamed. Fortunately a U.N.B. Forester was chasing bugs nearby, so he dashed to rescue her. Just as he reached the car, the Wolf drove off in a cloud of dust.

Shortly after, the Wolf let the lassie out at the end of the long lane leading to Grandma's house, and as she walked away, he called out, "See you later, Cutie!"

Then he drove around the corner and took a short-cut to the house, rushed in without knocking, pulled Grandma out of bed and ate her whole. After that he camouflaged himself in a pair of her pyjamas and waited for his little victim.

Soon Little Red Riding Hood knocked on the door, and Grandma yelled "Come in."

So Red walked in and innocently remarked, "My, what a big voice you have, Grandma!"

"The better to talk to you with, my dear."

"My, what big eyes you have, Grandma!"

"He-heh, heh, heh, the better to see you with, my dear."

"My, what big lips you have, Grandma!"

"He-heh, heh, heh, haw," (he used to listen to Gildersleeve, Sunday 7.30 p.m. N.B.C.) said the ba-a-ad Wolf, "the better to kiss you with, my dear!" and jumping out of bed, he suited action to words.

It completely surprised her, as she demanded, "Hey! what are you doing here?"

"Well, who'd you expect, Santa Claus?"

Then in about three minutes Red screamed again, and it just so happened that there was another U.N.B. Forester sleeping on the back porch. He rushed in, drew his trusty B-B gun, fired at the wolf and missed him altogether. Then he fired again and this time shot him dead. The hero took Little Red Riding Hood in his arms and—but Little Red didn't scream as before (funny, they usually do when the Foresters go to work.)

When she got a chance, Red murmured, "What about Grandma?"

"Yeah", said the Forester.

About ten minutes later he repeated, "Yeah, what about Grandma?"

"Oh," Little Red sobbed, "the Wolf ate her."

So the brave Forester drew his faithful machette, ripped open the Big Bad Wolf and out hopped Grandma as big as life.

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BEHIND the SCENES

As the title indicates, this column is designed for the express purpose of taking you, from time to time, "behind the scenes" of the feminine world of U.N.B. as found in the Ladies' Reading Room. Here new ideas, opinions, campus events, boys, girls, are discussed, and, when anything occurs worthy of comment, this column shall reveal the Reading Room's view-point.

We read an editorial in last week's Brunswickan entitled, "Our College Spirit", and although we quite thoroughly agree with the author that there is a tremendous lack of this so-called college spirit, we pray, we beg, we plead that never again will anyone try to revive it through the medium of the printed page. We all know that this minus of enthusiasm has been on a long slide for the last two or three years, and that this year it has definitely reached the bottom and landed in the mud. But, if the students would not display any interest or real enthusiasm after last year's many heroic efforts to get them to do so, can we possibly conceive of any one, two or a hundred articles rousing them this year. We say, let's forget the whole business of college spirit, we are all quite tired of hearing about it. And, as to turnouts for not only games but for all college functions, let those come who will and to hell with the rest.

Are bridge players going to be rationed too? In the Reading Room there is an ever increasing shortage of card players, a vital necessity to our room. The number of girls who ever really enjoy "a little hand" are relatively few in comparison to the number of girls actually at U.N.B. About two of the Sophettes play, and as yet, I believed one lone Freshette has thrilled to reckless bidding. We dread to think what dreadful conditions will reign in the Reading Room when the Juniors and Seniors have gone taking with them the secret of what may become a lost art—bridge. While there is yet time, girls, rally round the nearest table, deal at those fifty-two cards, and let's play bridge. (P.S. In case you can't play, now is the time to learn.)

Just because Snoop was asleep at the switch last week don't for a minute imagine there was any sudden dirth on dirt. To see if you are abreast of the times, supply the correct answers to the following:

What Juniorette has been stepping out with a new man every time our back is turned?

Will the two Freshman vying for Miss Freshette's favor ever come to blows?

Who lost the keys down the manhole and then proceeded to retrieve them?

What co-ed (Freshette, too) was the only co-ed to be invited to last Saturday's football game?

What Freshman found himself in difficulties at the Freshman Reception when the Sophomores handed him out a girl to match the one he had brought?

"Hello, children", she said "you simply must stay to dinner."

So they did and next day they were married and lived scrappily ever after.

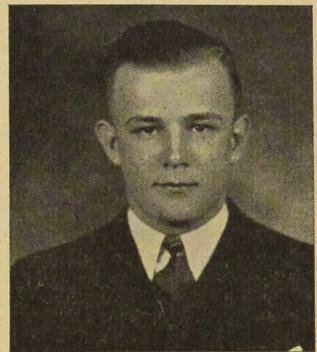
R. L. '46

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Let's Get Acquainted



MALCOLM MACKAY

Again, this week let's get acquainted with still another president, this time the president of the senior class, Malcom Mackay—less formally, Mickey.

Mickey came to U.N.B. from Rothesay, N. B., as a graduate of Rothesay Collegiate School. During his college life he has enjoyed the distinction of being elected to the presidency of his class for four consecutive years. But his main interest has been in the athletic field. He managed the boxing team last year and arranged a very successful meet in the spring; for at least three years he has been out on the football field proving a very valuable man especially in the "scrum"; in his Freshman and Sophomore years he displayed his keenness for track and this year he is the sports editor of The Brunswickan and doing a first-class job.

We shall always associate red mackinaws and high sloppy boots with Mickey and we shall miss them and him when he becomes "just another grad".

COMPANIONS

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

—George Washington

Character is what you are in the dark.

—Dwight L. Moody

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