

A Lift Home

In the first place I know nothing about a car. Oh, my error, I know it has a body and four wheels. Soft seats and windows, but I repeat. I know nothing about that mysterious concoction of nuts and bolts and wheezes and grunts, that mysterious thing men call an engine and which, I understand, makes the whole contraption go. Well, I've had my first encounter with a refectory car and I'm convinced someone should found a behavioristic school for machines. It all started Friday. Everything starts on Friday, everything but a Chev, that is.

It was beastly walking across the Square, I don't mean that there were actually any animals about, but the wind was so cold it made me cross as a bear (That's a joke, son). The prospect of a long climb before I reached the Library didn't make me glow exactly. However, I tolled up the hill with a "sapere aude" expression on my face that must have delighted the faculty—if they saw me.

After taking off my coat, I set to work; if you can call it work to dash from the filling cabinet to the stacks and back in a frantic effort to locate required author, and then to find said author "out". I went through heaps of old Brunswickans for new ideas (secretly, of course) because I hate to see the editors get old before their time. But then, in this age of specialization—who said I slept in Economics?—One must expect that. So the afternoon passed, Wordsworth would have said on "silent wings" but have you been in the Library lately? Soon the muscular contractions in my stomach informed me I needed sustenance. I decided to go home and the gods laughed.

"Want a lift home?" A lift home? Every professor with a car knows the attraction he has to the students—while he owns the car, that is. But here was one of my own classmates with a beautiful gray car outside the Library and going to drive me home. I hitched another knot in my handkerchief, moniously piled "Hobbes", "Pavlov", "Charles II.", and "Trojan Women" on the "Inferno" and tore for the car. Having thrown Hobbes and his colleagues in the back seat I piled in the front. Then it happened. That big grey beast balked. We pulled every gadget on the dashboard. We stepped on everything on the floor, including each other's feet. All we got in return were a few gasps and consumptive coughs and a silence. My driver muttered something about something, and so we sat, two help-

less females and a car. And the wind blew and we shivered. We found one of those helpful pamphlets on how to take care of your car, we read it and followed the directions on how to make a car start. We still sat. So did the car. And then the sound of male feet came from the direction of the Geology building. We sat in prayer. But the feet went by with the bodies and no help came. We grew desperate. My stomach had become a concave surface. We threw away our maid-only reserve and yelled at two retreating backs—result, we were pushed to the top of the hill and rolled down the rest of the way, in the car that is.

We arrived on the right side of University Avenue. There we again sat, while I read Leacock aloud, my chauffeur muttered under her breath. "Try psychology", I suggested. "Reason with it. Maybe it's only a defense mechanism or a complex." She didn't applaud. "I'm going to phone the garage, you sit here." Well, I'd been doing that for some time, but I didn't mind, this was not the moment for orifinality.

I sat. Then two boys hove in sight and one with a Van Johnsonish smile stopped and offered his help. "Car stopped and won't go?" I nodded speechless at such deduction. He got in and also poked at the dashboard. "She's dead," he informed his friend. I tried not to appear insulted so I merely nodded and they went on.

By this time my chauffeur had returned and we waited for the garage mechanic. The wrecker appeared on the Avenue and we hoped fervently that we wouldn't be towed up "front street". After all we have our good name to preserve. The machine stopped and a grimy individual came over and threw up the hood of our car.

"Humm" he said looking owlish. "I thought so. Outta gas"—pouring something into something else—"There you go."

We went, looking straight ahead. Feeling sheepish? Oh, just a trifle. After all, we're Arts students. We drove to Shore street with that car purring like a cream fed cat. All the way up Brunswick I wondered if it would be possible to switch to engineering. Oh, I forgot, I arrived home in time for supper.

Man is man and master of his fate. (Tennyson).

Two principles in human nature reign:

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



KAY LYONS

This week we present to you Kay Lyons, whose different interests in college organizations have made her known to practically everyone "up the hill".

Kay entered U. N. B. as a Freshie-Soph from the Fredericton Normal School, where she received her First Class teacher's license.

In her Sophomore year Kay was a member of the Delta Rho and debated at Acadia and Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax.

Kay has a keen interest in music. For the last three years she has belonged to the Choral Club and last year proved herself a capable president. For the past two years she has also been a member of the University Concert Association.

This year Kay is vice-president of the Newman Club, in her Junior year she was the head of the social committee of that organization.

Kay plans to teach after she graduates and is taking honours in French and Education. Although her courses take up a lot of her time, she still has plenty left for her main interest at U. N. B. (HINT: It started at Alexander last year.)

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Dr. D. A. Stuart (Director) Hut 10 Alexander College. Tel. 1554-21. Mr. F. G. Cogswell (Chief Clerk) Hut 10 Alexander College.

Mr. M. R. Barnard (Interviews and liaison with Psych. service) Arts Building (basement).

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Office hours: Monday through Friday 2.30 to 5.30. Evening engagements may be made by appointment.

Did You Know?

That the idea for the founding of U. N. B. was the product of a woman's brain—"dux femina fact". She was Mrs. Paine, wife of Dr. Paine and she early began agitation for a college. Later when her husband was elected to the Legislature in 1786 he presented the petition asking for the grant. The first classes were held in a building near the old Cathedral.

An old custom of the Sophettes was the staging of a bonfire on college hill when a text book, usually a despised one, was committed to the flames.

That in the 90's, the co-eds had a favorite sport between lectures and it wasn't playing bridge. They would line up in the upper hall of the Arts Building and watch the Freshmen stage a fight with the Sophomores. Thus they had a chance to pick the best men in the fray, who probably would wear the colors of the pretty watchers in the next battle.

That Freshettes used to be fined a pack of apples for infringements during initiation.

That the first woman graduated from U. N. B. in 1889.

That the University of New Brunswick was established in 1860 by an order of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Council which confirmed an Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick passed in 1855 and dealing with the establishment of the university.

That the College Library was once on the third floor of the Arts Building and Encenia was held there.

That in the old days, students assembled for prayer at 8 a. m. Resident students had to be in their rooms at 10.30 p. m.

Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain. (Pope).

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

Here we are you happy people, (intense sarcasm). We're off.

The cheerleaders looked rather worn out after the game Saturday. You can't blame them though, they had to work like mad to get one stinky little "yea varsity" out of about nine hundred students. Mt. A's gang were behind their team one hundred percent, vocally that is. Mount A. gave out with some mighty cheers that could be heard in Sackville. As the score for our rivals kept rising, the Mounties emitted such yells that a man in East Cupcake B. C. reported an earthquake with a tidal wave as possible consequences. Not that we consider ourselves such balls of fire in the cheering line, but here's hoping that next week we put U. N. B. on the map, both on the field and on the bleachers, (under the leadership of Lyman the Great).

While we're on the subject of football, who let "Mumbiling MacGowan" loose with that microphone. It's rumored that's why Lord Beaverbrook left early.

All U. N. B. is afloat again... not down "Alcohol Canal", but "Down the Mississippi". The idea is to see if you can swim five miles in ten days. That is, if you can swim forty-four lengths of the Residence pool each day. If you can do it you will probably take over Johnny Weismuller's place as Tarzan (he's getting sort of flabby, anyhow). In any case, those completing the test are given an award and become members of the "Five Mile Club", an honour if you can do it. All those wishing to shorten their life's span are urged to compete.

Only a fair crowd at the Pep Rally Friday. Everyone seemed pretty apathetic about the whole thing. "Give 'em the ax" Michaud fell off the platform in her enthusiasm. Congratulations to Vernon Copp and his committee and to Johnny Baxter for his encephalic.

(Continued on Page Seven)

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