

Once Upon A Path

There was once a king who had three stalwart sons. Like every other king of history who had three sons, he wanted to put them to a test, so calling them together he said, "My sons, I am going to send you on a journey. I want you to cross the tracks and climb yonder hill. You will arrive at a great Residence. From there you are each to choose a different route and climb yet another hill, and all meet at the Hall of Memory."

Accordingly, the three sons, armed with many books of learning, set out. Together they climbed the cow-trail, stumbling over the half-concealed boulders, and soon reached the top. Spread before them they saw the great Hill with three routes and in the distance they saw their destination.

The eldest son, whose name was Yue, was given first choice. Said he, "I have powerful arms and am a strong swimmer. I shall choose this canal as my route." And so saying he plunged into the MacKenzie-Sears Canal. It was a long hard swim and when he reached the Terrace Falls he almost gave up in despair. But he bravely kept on, and reached the top where he fell to the ground, exhausted.

The second son, whose name was Enn, said, "I have powerful legs and am a good wader. I shall choose this path." And he set out along the boggy Slippery Slide. The mud and mire were very dangerous and many times Enn sank into the bog up to his knees. But he determinedly continued and finally reached the top, greatly weakened.

Bee, the third son, was left to walk up the dreaded Terror Climb. Twice he fell, but he picked himself up and kept on. As he toiled up he thought of King Bruce and the Spider, because he slid back two steps for every one he took forward. After a long time, weary and spent, he reached the top.

In the meantime, the King had ridden in his chariot over the bumpy roads and was waiting for his sons. Wishing them to meet as he had instructed, he rang a large bell. The sons, Yue, Enn and Bee, tired as they were, immediately hurried to their father's side. But alas, so exhausted were they that they went too near the edge of the precipice and tumbled headlong down Suicide Slope to the Hall of Athletics.

The King, alarmed at this disaster, immediately sent for his Chief Minister of the Treasury and demanded why such conditions existed in the Kingdom. The Lord High Treasurer, bowing, answered, "Sire, I have been hunting the falcon and I did not realize such conditions existed."

"Go, said the King, and repair them at once and do not wait for a decade. They not only mar the beauty of the kingdom, but they are a menace. The paths must be fixed!"

Now the ending of this story should go like this: The paths were fixed, the kingdom improved in beauty, there were fewer accidents, and everyone lived happily ever after.

That the Athletic Association was formed in 1880.

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON



And it came to pass that again from the land of the Lodge didst the scribe pass long hours recording the tidings of the past week upon the walls, for were not the furry ones eager and full of life like unto their patron.

Didst not a delegation go with much bounty to the patron, EAGER BEAVER, deep in the inner sanctum of the cave to seek advice fitting unto the beaverites? Was not the Great One, with much gnashing of gums on the bark, fain to give forth the utterings of the wise? But verily didst the warriors quote, "On Toothless One, is it not fitting that we shouldst adopt into the tribe the son of the Buri, and the daughter of Fred, for they are great men." For reply, the Immortal One, peering over the Book started with unseeing eyes, like unto the great Arnold after eve of pastebord shuffling, and the wise words rumbled forth from his throat. "Oh hear ye, worthless ones—

is it not written in the Book that ye shall adopt into your tribe the offspring of these great men and look over them like unto a brother and sister; for has not the Lodge long been without the touch of woman or child; and has not the lowly Bucky failed us in his promise to add many sons and daughters to the Tribe Verily, I have spoken!" With these sayings didst not the Great One close the inner doors of the sanctum, and the delegation returned to the tribe bearing his words.

Didst not Ethyl of talking wire solve mystery of the disappearance of George—the one and Jack—of wood who didst spend night in Ye Olde Copp Shoppes by calling forth the warriors in the cold grey dawn to post rent of room, which was proportional to the square of the length of arm of law, and verily was it a long arm! When questioned upon this act, the great Beanscy was heard to exclaim, "Fie, fie on you sir, from a great height", and thus it was written on the wall for the coming generation.

It did seem that the land of the Lodge shouldst become house of cat, for did the feline ones not number many in the Lodge. Some maintain that the Banthees of the Hill didst send fourscore and more to invade the Lodge and bring reports of the furry ones as said banthees were few in number, who were able to enter the realms of the Lodge.

With a verily doct scribe report on the progress of feud for affections of the immortal Effie. By the giving of great gifts didst the enamoured suitors both seek position next rail. Did not Aldaddie, Duke of Dork, offer romantic utterings on paper to combat the Ham of Bellings, who with high hopes dost offer implement for task of legshoe.

For many moons did the Banthees of the Hill on bended knee, beg to be let into the inner sanctums of the Lodge. On the Eve of Sat the lockouts called the alarm for verily were there vast hordes of Banthees with fire of eye, screaming to be let in. A hasty council was called and verily it was decided that the Billmades should be allowed to enter in limited quantities.

The clanking of the drawbridge was drowned out by the angry murmurs of the beaverites at the intrusion. But soon the furry ones were made more docile as they were pounded into submission by the mighty mades of the Hill. Verily were the mades like the true beer of George—the one and it was seen that the Great "Lover" didst daz with much show of affection and was seen to leave late for did bag not have late leave to the joy of all. As the sands of time ran out the scribe must leave with a teary adieu for the old wolf of office who did not have late leave to the relief of all.

I'd like to be a little gnat,
With gnot a thing to do,
I'd gnaw and gnibble here and there
And grever stop till through.
Then when my head began to gnot,
I would gnot care a rap,
I'd put my little gnotie on
And lie down for a gnaw.

INITIATION

This was the last step of his initiation. All that remained for him was the thorough exploration of the deserted mansion which now loomed dark and forbidding against the wind-churned sky. He was following the light, wrought-iron fence in search of a gate, when he saw he. She was standing with her hand upon the rusty trellis of the gate—medium height and delicately slender in a dark brown topcoat, with an abundance of dark hair partially controlled by a kerchief—She looked pathetically helpless against the glowing background of the house.

Even as he saw her, she was pushing the gate to enter. He ran forward and called. Stiffing a scream she turned as if to flee, then, gaining control, she turned and faced him. Surprised, he learned that she, too, was undergoing initiation for one of the university clubs. It was with a feeling of mingled anger and pleasure that he proceeded up the overgrown walk with her. Anger that anyone should be so heartless as to ask such a lovely creature to brave the terror of a haunted house at night; admittedly, all the terrors would be purely imaginary, but even so, to an active mind they would all be too real. Pleasure, because company of any sort was welcome on a night like this, and such company as this was well unbelievable.

Once in the building he switched on his flashlight and she instinctively drew near to him. He thought it strange that she had not brought a flash of her own. Their fingers touched, then intertwined. She gave his hand a tiny squeeze and he knew that she was depending upon him. Hand in hand they explored the house, from the attic to the cellar, then the broad beam of his flashlight picked out a door they had missed.

It opened with difficulty into a long, gently sloping corridor, which they followed hesitantly. He noticed that the light was weakening and thought idly that he should have put in new batteries before coming. Suddenly they were halted by a massive, iron-bound door, set in what appeared to be solid rock. Together, they pushed it and it swung back on grinding hinges.

A rush of foul air met them as they entered a large, dank, stone vault. He stood in the middle and threw the fast-fading beam around. There was no other exit. The squeal of hinges made him swing around, just as the door shuddered closed. She had let go his hand and was standing by the entry. He rushed to the door, then paused, horrified. There was no handle on the inside.

"You have locked us both in," he cried, turning to her.

"Oh, no, not both of us—just one of us," and she walked slowly out of the room, straight through the closed door.

His light went out.

QUEEN'S JOURNAL

Why is the Brunswickan like a woman?
Because they are thinner than they used to be.
Because they are easy to read.
Because occasionally they are well worth looking over.
Because they are not afraid to speak their minds.
Because if they know anything they usually tell it.

But the correct answer is this: Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his room-mate's.

FOX'S
BARBER SHOP
Queen Street

Ross-Drug-United
Two Stores
Queen and York Sts.
Queen and Regent Sts.

Rexall Stores

READING RUMORS

by "Mardie" Long

At 1:00 P. M. on Thursday the 15th, a meeting of the Ladies Society was held in the Reading Room, with Blanche presiding. Attendance was poor due to the inconvenience of the hour. Nevertheless, the business at hand was quickly and efficiently dispensed with. It was decided that the Reading Roomers send some fiction to Mardie Scott, who is ill. There was some discussion about letting veteran's wives have the Reading Room one night a week for bridge, Thursday night was chosen. And not to be outdone by the rest of this suddenly pinto-crazy university, the co-eds have decided to have the lounges redone (and refurnished—we hope). Dark green was suggested for the Reading Room and please, please, I beg of you—let's have the Blue Room done in blue. Right now it's the greenest blue room I have ever seen.

Co-Ed Intermural Basketball is continuing with a slight drop in attendance. This necessitated some "borrowing" among the four teams on Friday night, with several of the girls playing in both fixtures. The Giantettes and Cubettes were the successful teams; the Giantettes have yet to lose a game. "Lightnin'" Harquail, making miles-a-minute circles under the basket, was the scrappiest player on the floor.

Congrats to Fran Graham, newly elected Freshette prexy; and thanks to Marj. Wright for so efficiently fulfilling the duties of said position until an organized election could take place.

The Co-Ed Choral Club met with the Glee Club again last Sunday. However, the female attendance is dropping off again. Come on, gals, or we'll start another campaign. Where else can you find so many handsome men on a Sunday afternoon. Sigh

And here the co-eds wish to state that they are firmly behind any movement to improve the campus paths. More than a few of us have floated in rainy weather, and flown in icy weather down the celebratory MacKenzie-Sears Canal. And not only that! The starkest, deepest, worst (est—tch! tch!) tragedy that could happen to a poor wartime co-ed occurred more than once, last year, on Antelope Slope, (now called Cameron's Broadway). I refer, of course, to the complete and irreparable ruin of a pair of silk hose as the result of a four-point landing. So come on, Reformers, we're with you all the way.

And so it goes

The "600"

Are you one of U. N. B.'s 606? Quite likely you are and don't realize it. According to the eminent Bovinologist, Acme J. Clark, there are 734 students on our campus and only a mere 134 are not in the 600 group. In algebraic terms: Nearly 6 out of 7 are within the circle of the 600! So—Joe and Josephine College, You are probably a couple of the 600.

Now you are probably wondering who are the 600 Are they the group that wear embroidered unders? Are they the select free-thinkers who firmly believe that half an hour after the dance is worth the three hours during the dance? Or perhaps the abstainer type? Well in a sense they are But definitely not teetotalers in that sense of the word. The 600 are Abstainers when it comes to college spirit and doin's in general.

U. N. B.'s 600 often turn up at Varsity field but their vocal support (and that's what counts) is confined to a few very feeble cheers. They never have time for class meetings and such, but have plenty of time to beef about a motion that was passed. They don't—but why say "they"? It's probably you, Jees and Josephines, who are reading this article. You are members of the 600 Zemble Class.

So smarten up your campus frozen assets. Thaw out and make yourself useful around U. N. B. Get into college activities, it's Your college, write an occasional habit for your paper, and start turning up for something other than classes. It Can Be Done ! ! ! I did it. I was once one of U. N. B.'s useless critter. Then I wrote this and the club membership dropped to 599 ! ! ! —G. R. '48

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SENATE 1945-46

Visitor on behalf of His Majesty: The Honourable William George Clarke, LL.D., D. C. L., Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick

President of the University and the Senate:

Milton F. Gregg, V. C., M. C., M. A.

Members of the Senate:

The Honourable Chief Justice J. H. Barry, LL.D.

The Honourable C. H. Blakeney, B. A., LL.D., Minister of Education (ex officio)

G. Percy Burchill, Esq., B. Sc., LL.D.

Arthur N. Carter, Esq., M. C., B. A., B. C. L., K. C.

The Honourable Mr. Justice J. H. A. Fairweather, M. C., B. A., LL.D.

Emerson C. Rice, Esq., B. A., B. C. L.

The Honourable Mr. Justice W. H. Harrison, D. S. O., B. A., LL.D.

Peter J. Hughes, Esq., B. A., LL.D., K. C.

The Honourable Fred Magee

Mrs. Ralph H. Daughney, B. A.

Wm. McEl Barker, M. A., LL.D.

Fletcher Peacock

The Honourable John E. McNair, D. A., B. C. L., LL.D., K. C.

The Honourable Mr. Justice Charles D. Richards, B. A., LL.D.

Maggie Jean Chestnut, M. A.

E. C. Atkinson, B. A.

L. S. Webb, M. Sc.

W. W. White, Esq., M. A., M. D., LL.D.

Secretary:

Joseph W. Sears, Esq., B. A., B. C. L.

ACADEMIC FACULTY

Chairman of the Faculty:

Milton F. Gregg, V. C., M. C. and Bar.

M. A., D. C. L., LL.D.

Biology

Charles W. Argue, B. A., M. E., D. Sc.

George F. M. Smith, B. A., M. A., Ph.D.

James C. Hall, B. A., M. A.

Marjorie A. Barberie, B. Sc.

Chemistry

Francis J. Toole, M. Sc., Ph. D.

Robert H. Wright, B. A., M. Sc., Ph. D.

David L. Gamble, M. A., Ph. D.

Norah V. Toole, B. Sc.

Civil Engineering

Earle O. Turner, B. B., D. Sc.

J. Henry Moore, B. Sc., S. M.

Ira M. Beattie, B. Sc.

Classics

S. Eric Smeethurst, M. A.

Economics

* J. Richards Feltre, B. A., M. A., Ph. D.

J. C. D. Blaine, B. Comm., M. S., Ph. D.

Education

Louise M. Thompson, B. A., B. Ed., Ph. D.

Electrical Engineering

A. Foster Blair, M. Sc., B. Sc.

James O. Dineen, B. Sc.

Gilbert H. Vail, B. Sc., B. Eng.

English

W. C. D. Pacey, B. A., Ph. D.

John D. Grant, M. A.

Forestry

J. Miles Gibson, B. Sc., D. Sc.

Byron W. Flisner, B. Sc.

Allen S. West, Jr., B. Sc., Ph. D.

Harris E. D. Videto, B. Sc.

Geology

William J. Wright, B. Sc., M. A., Ph. D., F. R. S. C.

Graham S. MacKenzie, B. Sc., M. A., Ph. D.

History

Alfred G. Bailey, B. A., M. A., Ph. D.

Frances A. Firth, B. A., M. A.

Mathematics

Carman E. Miller, Ph. D.

W. Gordon Jones, B. Sc.

Walter Fleming, B. A., M. A.

Mechanical Engineering

Eric E. Wheatley, B. Sc.

Edward W. Hagerman, B. Sc.

Modern Languages

Marcel de Morton, Ph. D., LL.E.

Mary-Louise Whitman, B. A.

Philosophy and Politics

David A. Stewart, Jr., B. A., M. A., Ph. D.

Physiology

Allan E. Boone, B. Sc., M. A.

John E. Kennedy, B. A., M. Sc.

Dean of Residence:

W. Gordon Jones, B. Sc.

Secretary of Faculty:

Francis J. Toole, M. Sc., Ph. D.

Registrar

Edith G. McLeod, B. A.

Bursar:

Joseph W. Sears, B. A., B. C. L.

Librarian:

Mrs. Marjorie J. Thompson

Mrs. G. Shirley Saunders, B. A.

Muriel J. Lutes

Athletic Director:

Howard R. Ryan, B. A., B. P. E.

Director of Forestry Extension:

Kenneth B. Brown, B. Sc.

Director of Forest Ranger School:

Duncan A. MacPhail

* On leave of absence

Library Low Down

The Bookstore is a "BUSY" place

I hear its chat ascending.

But upstairs in the Reading Room—

Surveillance never ending

There's gloom, gloom, gloom.

My gossip's getting out of date !!!

Should I but whisper low

She fixes me with glittering eye,

I'm sent out in the snow

Oh fie, fie, fie.

I used to hear who danced with whom

What Bobby said to Bet;

I'd darn near die to run and tell

The gossip I could get.

I'd tell Mary, she'd tell Jim

And Jim would tell his buddy

But NOW within the Library

We study, study, study!

Wanted—1 Common Room.