

Brunswickan



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A GAG

"But Carole is going with Johnnie. He can't be going with you! Anyway, are you going to wear the blue one or the pink one?"

"You can't be serious . . ."

Meanwhile, three tables forward . . .

"What about that girl over there in the yellow sweater? You know her. Let's take *Boswell's London Journal* over and read page seventy-six to her."

The girl in the yellow sweater at this time is watching two freshmen at the back who are telling their neighbours that the mathematics professor has his progressions all wrong.

The remainder of the people in the Library are trying either to study or to hear the nearest conversation. Many have given up and have left. The irresponsible who believe the Library a place, not for study, but for social gatherings seem to have won.

There is a move underway, however, to return the Library to its original use. What the group plans to do is to have someone standing by the glass door at the entrance of the reading room. Upon a signal from another member inside, the disturbers are pointed out. The door-watcher leaves his position, runs upstairs, gets immediately above the noisy group, and jumps, with all his might upon the floor.

To those who have spent anytime in the Library, the result is obvious. The acoustic boards on the ceiling are jarred loose and fall upon the heads of the culprits. After this has happened two or three times, talking will undoubtedly cease.

Another solution to the problem has been suggested. By this method, a number of cloth bands will be placed near the door of the reading room. When the talking starts, a member of the tranquilizing group takes one of the cloths and ties it around the head, over the face of the offenders.

C.M.W.

Expelled Journalist To U. of M.

OTTAWA—André L'Heureux, Executive Secretary of NFCUS, reports that Normand Lacharité, previously expelled from the University of Ottawa and Laval University, has had his application for registration at the University of Montreal endorsed by the University Administrative Council.

Mr. Lacharité is a third year Science student, honouring in Physics.

Mr. Lacharité informed NFCUS that no restrictions or conditions have been placed on his activities and that he is free to take part in all student affairs, including the *Quartier Latin*, the campus newspaper.

In February, 1958, Mr. Lacharité, as co-editor of *La Rotonde*, the French language newspaper at the University of Ottawa, criticized the University administration in editorial comments in the newspaper's twenty-fifth anniversary edition.

Mr. Lacharité was refused readmission to the University in the fall.

Consequently, he entered Laval University. From Laval he defended his stand and wrote a report for the University of Ottawa Student Federation.

The report was printed in *La Rotonde* and, as a result, the new editors of that paper were dismissed.

Mr. Lacharité also wrote an article in *Le Carabin*, the Laval student publication. The Laval authorities, taking offense, thereupon dismissed him from that university.

I Thought I Saw a Pussycat

or
Pass me my Elephant Gun
by

J. C. Stockdale

In order that I have no trouble with the SPCA. I wish it understood at the outset that I do not hate cats. When I dispatch them I do it mercifully, and take no joy in my work. It is just that cats have kittens and the supply always seems to exceed the demand, which is at best only moderate. Someone has to keep nature in balance. I am only a person who faces problems realistically.

I once liked a cat. It was not my cat. Perhaps that's why I liked him. He wasn't beautiful or stuck up. He was yellow, had no tail, and his legs were bowed. I spent a long time in the house where he lived. In the off season, he would lie sleeping on a chair, only waking to eat now and again. He grew fat and very contented. He was storing up energy for the warm, amorous spring nights. I identified with him. Often when I came home at dawn, there would be a bow-legged cat waiting to get in. He was usually bleeding at the ears and limping but he always looked unutterably pleased and he purred in an alarmingly asthmatic manner as he rubbed his scarred head against my leg. Before going into the house we would both drop down on the front step and talk over the night's adventures, while rosy, red Mr. Sun peeped over the horizon, dispelling the chill from our tired bones. Now there was a cat!

But according to several children I am a cat murderer. I shot Figaro. The provocation was extreme. There are some nice cats. This one was not. It was half-grown, thin, mangy, with ears like sonar receivers, enormous white whiskers and runny eyes. It had four faults; three in common with other cats and one that was really unforgivable.

I expect a cat to be an incurable snoop and a thief. That is perfectly normal. I don't shoot cats for that—often. It was also haughty and aloof. This is another universal feline fault. Have you ever tried to out-stare one of those fat, contented, owl-eyed monsters, who, secure in their owner's approbation, plop their hairy posteriors on your coat the instant you put it down? Such a look of complete egotism is almost unbearable. I know better now than to make any outward retaliation in the owner's presence. Time was when I would swoop down on the offender with intent to maim. This lost me several friends. Now I wait my chance and when my host disappears momentarily, I take my revenge. A cat hates to have its ears touched, so usually I administer several sharp flicks of the forefinger. If there is time and the cat does not object vocally, I follow this with a whisker tweak and tail pull.

Cats have a third habit, which, while it is not a killing matter, is distasteful. Did you ever notice that no matter which side of a door a cat is on, it wants to be on the other side? Watch one for a while. If it is in, it wants out. If it is out, it wants in. There is something about this dissatisfaction with the status quo that I like however. Consider! You come to the front door after work. There is the cat. She wants in too. She crowds into the door jamb. This allows you to step on her tail. She is never content to wait and follow you in so you have the perfect excuse. You did not see her or she was in your way. Perhaps if the door is at the top of a set of stairs you can boot her gently down to the bottom. I like this habit especially if I have my hands full. Then I am excused to the extent of violence and profanity. Besides you can pretend that the cat is the incarnation of someone you don't like. Then you can really put your heart in your work and words.

Besides, there is something like a sadistic satisfaction in shutting a door with a cat in it. Try it in the early morning when you go to get the milk bottles off the doorstep. There is Pussy, ready to dive into your lowered face. Shut the door gently, the cat may be pregnant. (Statistics will bear out this observation.) Of course, if you don't like cats shut the door hard and lean on it for several seconds. The resultant shrieks would arouse the passions of the Marquis himself.

Now, the particular cat that I am accused of having shot had these faults and I could tolerate them and make suitable reprisals. I like to keep at least even. Shooting seems so unsportsmanlike. Taking an unfair advantage so to speak. The cat has no proper retort, really. But when Figaro developed his fourth fault, an ungovernable sphincter, I felt that normal reprisals would not save my face. This was definitely not cricket on Figaro's part, so I got down my gun to alter the feline vital statistics.

Figaro usually bedded down for his noon rest in the raspberry patch, where he was partially safe from disturbances. I prepared my safari with care, stalked him silently and found him asleep near a small apple tree. Trembling I raised my heavy gun loaded with explosive, high powered, hollow-pointed bullets, primed with twenty-eight grains of quick-burning, black, smokeless powder. The beast stirred restlessly, sensing danger. Suddenly with an ear-splitting yowl it launched itself directly . . . up the apple tree. I swung, fired and mercifully stopped him with a single, perfect shot. The bullet entered directly behind the shoulder and tore a fearful hole when it passed out the chest. I dropped my gun, shakily wiped away the sweat which had begun to drip from my forehead and lit a cigarette.

When I had regained my composure, I bethought myself of how I was to dispose of the evidence of my misdeed. I had wished to conduct the affair in secrecy, but while I was interring the corpse, my four nephews got word of it on the bush telegraph and I was inundated with a flood of tears and spitted on accusing fingers for weeks. "You shot Figaro. That makes you a murderer." This was possibly the product of too much television, but I could not be sure. Perhaps they really liked that cat.

The shame and notoriety notwithstanding, something would not allow me to sorrow over Figaro for any length of time.

Campus Calendar

by Sheila Caughey

To prevent duplication of meeting times and places and to ensure a listing in THE BRUNSWICKAN, please report all campus events to SHEILA CAUGHEY, campus coordinator, at the Maggie Jean Chestnut House (Phone GRanite 5-9091).

END OF ENGINEERING WEEK: Friday

ENGINEERS' BALL: Lord Beaverbrook Hotel, 10 p.m., Friday (for Engineering Society Members — music by Black Watch Dance Band)

BASKETBALL — LADIES VARSITY: UNB vs St. Stephen, in St. Stephen, Friday.

ARCHERY CLUB PRACTICE: Gym, 2.30 p.m., Saturday.

BASKETBALL — VARSITY: UNB vs Ricker, Gym, 4 p.m., Saturday

BASKETBALL — JUNIOR VARSITY: UNB vs St. Thomas, Gym, 2 p.m., Saturday

HOCKEY — VARSITY: UNB vs St. Thomas, L. B. Rink, 7.30 p.m., Saturday

SCM MEETING: Conference Room, Student Centre, 2 p.m., Sunday

NEWMAN CLUB MEETING: St. Dunstan's Hall, 8.15 p.m., Sunday (speaker — Mr. W. G. Hughes)

CANTERBURY CLUB MEETING: Cathedral Hall, 8.15 p.m., Sunday (Prof. J. K. Chapman speaking on "Modern Church History")

FILM SOCIETY: Chemistry Auditorium, 8.30 p.m., Sunday ("Lone White Sail")

CURLING: L. B. Rink 8.30 p.m., Sunday

DRAMA SOCIETY MEETING: Green Room, Drama Hut, 7 p.m., Monday

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY MEETING: New Lounge, Student Centre, 7.30 p.m., Monday

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casual



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