

A Letter from a '08 Coed

Fredericton, May 12th, 1907.

Dear Jennie,

I'm so glad to hear you're coming here next year. You'll have just the spiffiest time you ever had in your life. This is the most glorious place that ever happened; it's away ahead of Mt. A. or Acadia; why, all we had to study this year was Kant's Prolegomena, Sophocles' Electra, the poems of Horace, Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, Keats, Byron, Scott and Tennyson, Prof. Salmon's ancient and modern hieroglyphics, and a few more things like that, but these things are a snap beside what they have at Mt. A. Why, Jennie, there they have to study cooking and mending and all kinds of hard and stupid stuff.

But studying isn't all. Up here we have five minutes between lectures, and then we go up to the library and talk and laugh and get our magazines; and when the professor comes out and lectures us we keep quiet for three solid seconds afterward. Olive Stothart surprised us one day by keeping quiet four minutes at a stretch. Then we get a chance to talk to Clark and Mavor and Sheenie and some of the other boys. Sheenie gets Stewart Mavor awful mad sometimes.

The boys up here are awful. They run around with little red note-books and write down every silly little thing we say, and then put them in the Monthly and blame it all on the printer. Some of the girls get awful mad. Jessie Weyman used to burn her's,—

you know Jessie has such a determined character.

You know Jennie R——. Well, she was up here about a month last winter and we had a fine time. She went on a drive once with Rutledge,—he's from Boston, you know, and is a great runner, and fine, really—and I saw Billy Morrow slap his knee and grin and say "Great joke, great joke; must tell Clark." I knew something was going to happen and I found out the other day that when the next Monthly came out one was sent to St. John addressed "M. J. Rutledge, 57 Union St," (that's where she lives, you know.) Wasn't that awful? Don't for gracious sake tell anybody about it, for she'd be awful mad.

You should have been up to Mock Parliament this year. Dysart was premier and Jewett was leader of the opposition. It was great fun, they used to fight all the time, and Machum would sit there by Jewett with a Quaker Oats grin on his face and Dysart would get good-natured again and talk about wood-piles. But I can't tell you much here.

And now just a few words of advice about what to do when you get here. When you come up the hill the first morning you will see a notice spiked up on a tree with a skull and cross-bones on it. You needn't stop to read it, for it will be like this:—

NOTICE.

Y. W. C. A. will sell fudge on Tuesday night to send delegates to Silver Bay. All up. Bring a quarter.

By order,

R. A. F.

So you needn't stop to read that.