

REMINISCENCES

The Seniors are marching down that last long mile. There is just one more obstacle to overcome and then we are "safe in the wide, wide, world."

Before our final bow to the society of U.N.B., we would like to say a few words to the faculty, to the undergraduates, to those of us who have gone on before to important war duties, and lastly to our own Senior class.

We wish we could favorably impress the faculty of our departure—but perhaps it is too late for that. If our mark in the mud of four years' time has been deep enough, we hope to be remembered—if not for one thing, well, for another. We do not mean to give the impression of flattery when we say we will remember you—but we will!

If the undergrads do not mind a short word of advice, we should love to give it: For the past two years especially, there has been a sad lack of what we call "college spirit". Everybody seems to blame it on the war. But we should realize that wartime is just the time when we need extra high morale. You have probably noticed that during exam week, everyone is unbelievably friendly with everyone else. It is probably due to the feeling we share in common—fear and trembling. You will all eagerly agree that we can't have exams every week but we can have that spirit of friendliness, that feeling of belonging to the same University. Those outside of our own particular little group should not be considered as absolute "outsiders". They "belong" probably more than we do. The majority of us have been guilty of indifference towards college life; college classmates; and above all to the college itself. A divided

Small in number but mighty in college spirit are the ten Jolly Junior gals who climb the rugged slopes to Alma Mater. Look them over U.N.B. and you'll see what we mean.

Without boasting especially, I must say they're a very brainy crowd. Mind you they shake with the rest when exam time comes around, but they invariably end up with first div's and prizes, and what have you. Then like true femmes they drive you batty when they look at you with wide eyes and tell you in a bewildered voice that they just couldn't possibly have, 'cause you see they didn't know a thing! Oh yes, just because they've I.Q.'s that would sink a ship, doesn't mean that they haven't got charm. They've got their share of shapely limbs and winning smiles, and even the shyer ones (if there is such a creature up the hill) knows a few tricks about winning and wooing her man.

But with beauty goes enterprise and initiative too. Not only do they house still cannot stand and it is up to you to make it united. It is up to You.

To those of you who will not graduate with us because you have chosen another line of duty to your country, either as war workers or as members of the armed forces, we can say only that we are proud of you and that "soon we will all go out to meet you." To the members of the class of '43 who have given their life for us, we bow our heads in honour:

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them."

To our classmates, our many thanks for making the class of '43 the "tops".

May We Present



M. EILEEN CROTTY

May we present, in this our last Brunswickan of the college year, Eileen Crotty, our Ladies' Society President for next year.

Eileen is one of our most popular co-eds and has been active in a great many societies during her three years "up the hill". She has proved herself a conscientious worker and has been on committees for banquets sponsored by the Ladies' Society.

Vice-president of her class in her Freshman year, she was secretary-treasurer of Delta Rho last year, having also participated in an inter-collegiate debate with Acadia, and this year has rounded out her activities by being secretary-treasurer of the Dramatic Society, on both the Social and Year Book Committees, and represented her class on the S.R.C.

Besides being active on the campus, Eileen finds time to attend her many lectures and still more labs, and to come out with flying colors around exam time. Many of us will always associate Eileen with her white (?) lab coat and her ever-ready prattle about cats, dog-fish and the like. We might add her favorite saying is, while holding her lily-white hand in the region of your nose—"Smell!"

Her date-book is always filled and you can count on her being there. She has remained to all intents and purposes, foot-loose and fancy-free, but her unvaried answer, "These arm-ee own business!" to your preoccupied and off-hand questions, should not fool you. She is much too attractive and gay to be wholly "heart-free".

To you, Eileen, we extend our heartiest congratulations on your new appointment as President of the Ladies' Society, and we hope that your senior year will be a happy and productive one, with the utmost in co-operation from all the students.

FROM THE SENIORS
FROM THE JUNIORS
FROM THE SOPHETTES
FROM THE FRESHETTES

work hard in the labs and on their essays (that is most of the time) but several of them have positions on the campus, and are helping to work their way through college.

Then there's that college spirit I spoke of. The Junior Dance is ample proof that they can put on an entertainment with the best, and in selling apples and pop at the Gym and getting rid of tickets for Howie, they're among the fastest workers on the campus. But they have one bad fault, and I should mention it now. They share with the Seniors a strange delight in always being late for English lectures, rushing in ten minutes late with a happy smile on their blameless faces. What they do in those mysterious few minutes is hard to say, but they always manage to be elsewhere when the door is solemnly closed on the stroke of the bell.

In a few short weeks they will be Seniors, and their Junior days will be behind. As upperclass girls they have had their fun in initiating the Freshettes into college life. Like the rest they have spent long hours in the redoubtable game of bridge, and have consumed more than their share of coke at Mrs. Bailey's. You find them everywhere, in all the societies, at all the parties, and as loyal Ladies' Society members in the kitchen when there's a banquet to put on.

Like the Seniors they are realizing just how fast college days slip to an end, and so they are planning to make the year '43-'44 a very full one in their lives. They've learned a lot, not just out of books, but about getting on with people in these

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RECOLLECTIONS

So you're a freshette—well, so what's that to mourn over? Your life is getting better, is growing brighter, your day is dawning—you are almost a sophette.

You see freshette, I, too, was one of you once—as green, as trembling, as fear-stricken as you are; I came up that long weary trail to U.N.B.'s Knowledge dressed in my Saturday's worst; I was herded into the narrow confines of that miserable kitchen—washed dishes, swept floors, sat on the forest's hardest lumber; I graduated in a half year's time to the blue room—never daring to outstep its limits lest some fiendish upper class girl leer at me; I ate my meals "up the hill" and learned to know and like my fellow classmates; I met and became acquainted with Mrs. Bailey over a coke; I learned how to skip lectures for "a little hand" of bridge; I improved my dancing, style and manner—and when May 15 and Encaenia rolled around, in fact right on by, the green had given way to a new-found ripeness, my knees could walk along with an upper class girl and have nary a tremor, my voice had lost its nervous "Yes"—"No" and now my laugh was as loud and free as any other girl's. I had passed the dread first year.

Autumn came sneaking up that famed boulder pathway, around the corner of the Residence—and behold U.N.B. was alive again. Familiar voices called greetings, familiar faces smiled welcome back and I came—not walking, freshettes, not in a barbarian get-up—but driving, freshette, dressed as a normal girl—I was a sophette.

To me came the gleeful task of making you run the interminable gauntlet of embarrassment, to me also came the muttered curses and blasphemes from your extremely green tongues. I loved it—you hated it. But now, freshette, you are within two months of being a sophette, and I deem it my duty to prepare you for your most exalted year on the campus.

You will be a second year student, one who has successfully mounted the first obstacle in your climb to knowledge (?) You will be alive with revengeful ideas for the new incoming stooges; your ideas will grow into shapes of original advancement, will bear fruit and you will, perhaps, achieve a place in the S.R.C., the War Effort Committee, the C.R.C.C. or some other organization.

years "up the hill", and we know they'll try darn hard to make the class of '44 one of the best.

Now that our Freshman year is almost completed our outlook has changed considerably from that of last term. We believed that U.N.B. was a noble institution of learning that turned out yearly a class of geniuses but now we know that those geniuses are only polished Freshmen. The Professors hold no terror for us—we can even walk into Math without quaking.

The buildings on the campus are no longer "foreboding edifices" but familiar stamping grounds. For awhile the Bunny Hutch had us puzzled—perhaps that was because we had never been bunnies with short pointed ears and long tails.

The Foresters, that we thought, alas, were the monarchs of the forest are purely fictitious, any similarity was purely coincidental. They are merely bush-wackers. It is only their red plaid shirts that give them that bright look.

And the Engineers—we couldn't forget them! Once we believed that where there was a slide-rule and a transit, there was a noble Engineer but instead where there is a slide-rule and a transit, there isn't an Engineer. Where are they? Having a gin session—I mean jam session.

Our opinion of the upper class girls has altered. Instead of pitiless commanders of the dishwashing brigade they are promoters of bridge games and poker—Oh yes! And a dance for the sailors. After struggling through professors, Foresters, Engineers, Math problems and Sophettes we have decided that we enjoyed being Freshettes so here's to next year and the class of '46.

ation. You will feel free to make use of the comforts of the reading room and to exercise your right of grumbling as to its world-weary appearance. Provided you did not turn out for basketball, hockey or Delta Rho (you freshette reticence interfering) you will be able to do so with complete ease. You will be able to play bridge with any upper class girl (you will be one). You will have ever so many spares, the novelty lying in attending lectures. Perhaps you would have liked to write but as a freshette never dared approach The Brunswickan. Now, mayhap you will be able to be on that paper's staff, writing features, news or just acting as an all-essential proof-reader. If you found the freshman course too stiff and its scope too narrow, now you will be able to choose your subjects and take the minimum number of (Continued on Page Five)

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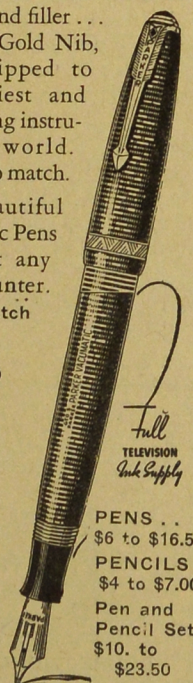
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