

In the Stacks LIKE LITTLE FLIES

By BETTY BREWSTER

As an author who has painted a vivid and realistic picture of contemporary American life, Ring Lardner probably deserves a higher opinion than is sometimes accorded him. It is, indeed, as a skilful portrayer of character that he deserves most consideration, for his plots are often not in themselves original. His stories, abound in stock situations: "The Love Nest", for instance, illustrates the old "only a bird in a gilded cage" theme which has been the inspiration of so many sentimental stories in the popular magazines. What saves Lardner is that he does not allow his writing to degenerate into sentimentality. "Anniversary", the theme of which is a slight variation of that of "The Love Nest"—it deals with the problem of a woman married to an ordinary stodgily successful business man who bores his wife by reading from the newspaper such interesting tidbits as the fact that there are 27,650,267 automobiles in the world—is perhaps less successful. Louis, the admirable but dull husband, has possibly been allowed to become too much of a type, and Mrs. Taylor is simply the usual affection starved—or excitement starved—wife of the stories in the women's magazines.

In most of the stories, however, his people are really individualized, and his brilliantly satirical characterization, along with his ability to catch and record the speech habits of every-day life, carry him well past any difficulties of hackneyed "Now and Then", for instance, a story based on the familiar and trite saying that honeymoons seldom last, gains its power through the truth to life of Irma's letters and her unconscious revelation of her husband's selfishness through her adoring praises. Some of the best stories in the collection, such as "The Golden Honeymoon" and "Reunion", are almost without plot.

One of the really excellent stories in the collection is "The Marysville Minstrel", the story of the gas company employee who tried to imitate Edgar Guest. It is worth reading if only for the delicious doggerel it contains. What could have been better advertising, for instance, than "The Gas Business", which begins,

"The Marysville Gas Co. has eight hundred meters.

The biggest consumer in town is Mrs. Arnold Peters", and concludes, "So patronize the Gas Company which storms do not effect

And your friends will have no reason to object!"

Perhaps if the Marysville Minstrel had left out the rhymes in this poem, he would have become famous overnight as an inspired writer of modern free verse.

Probably, however, all of you who read this book will find your own particular favourites among the stories. You are almost certain to enjoy some, at any rate.

(Editor's Note):—This is to be a

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A sentimental song poured out of the radio as Lena Horne began to sing in her haunting voice, "Just One of Those Things". But Sandra Banks did not hear that, all she heard was a pulsating throb in her ears, and the heavy breathing of the big man on the other side of the table.

"You haven't got the nerve to kill me, no matter what you have against me—" he snarled.

The revolver in her hand shook, she tensed and screamed hysterically, "Oh, haven't I? It's not hard to murder someone you despise. But, I don't intend to kill you before you sign that confession—sign it!"

"I won't sign it, you wouldn't have to shoot me if I signed that, the police would see to it that I was punished. You can't scare me, Sandy!"

"I am going to kill you before I leave this room; I'm going to shoot you, whether you sign or not, I'll give you fifteen seconds—you damned - - - !" She broke off with a catch in her throat.

He realized suddenly, that she really meant what she was saying—she was insane with hate. He was gawking afraid; afraid of the woman he once thought he loved. How could that soft bit of feminine delicacy suddenly become a cruel, raging beast.

"Fifteen more seconds—you'd better act fast—" she shot.

"Don't shoot me—for God's sake, Sandy—think of what they'll do to you—you fool—you'll burn for this! Don't Sandy! Don't!" He was hysterical, his face had suddenly become swollen and red, his hands shook. She mocked him with a leering smirk—she had him now—and she knew it.

Then the smirk faded, she tensed her body—only her eyes widened—slowly she squeezed the trigger—a resounding roar echoed through her brain; when her head cleared she was looking at the man in the floor. She dropped the weapon. Lena Horne stopped singing.

Suddenly Sandy screamed—she knew the police would look for her—someone was in the hall—the window met her searching gaze—she ran to it and looked out; far down below the people moved about like little flies—the great height made her feel sick. A ledge—not very wide, but with room for her small feet—stretched between each of the windows of this storey. She decided to make a try to get to the next room from where she could escape. She crawled through the window, one step—another—and another—someone was pounding on the door. She glanced down,

weekly column to serve as a guide for you in your choice of reading material. Each week our Library receives a number of the latest publications, but do you know what they are and whether or not you would like them? The author will review one of these books each week and endeavour to answer these questions for you. There are, "in the stacks" many books that cannot be called dry and in fact, make very interesting reading. The author and I hope that by this column you will avail yourself of the opportunity to discover your Library.

MARITIME

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Let's Get Acquainted



MARION MORRISON

For the sake of variety this week let's get acquainted with a junior—Marion Morrison.

Although Marion's home town is now Hamilton, Ontario, she lived here in Fredericton for a number of years. During these years, she became a graduate of Fredericton High School, and the following year quite successfully passed the Special Commercial Course available for High School graduates. But Marion's ambition is to be a teacher, and so, to achieve that goal, the fall of '41 saw her come "up the hill".

In her Freshman year, she worked for Dr. MacKenzie two afternoons a week, doing such strenuous jobs as licking stamps; the next year saw her as vice-president of her class, secretary-treasurer to the Ladies' Society and as an energetic proof reader for The Brunswickan; this, her third year, finds Marion acting as the woman representative of the Junior Class to the S.R.C., and still faithfully continuing as an excellent proof reader.

Her athletic endeavours have in the main, been centred around basketball, but swimming has this year caught her fancy, and for the last two years she has been a member of the Co-ed Gym Team.

With her warm smile and friendly greeting, Marion has won for herself many friends, all of whom will ever remember her bass (?) voice, her collection of select piano classics, and her allegiance to Culbertson.

Modern College Life

(From the Ohio State Sun Dial)
As the movies describe it—

Up at ten and amid the luxurious surroundings of my room, leisurely dressing and selecting appropriate attire from my wardrobe of twenty some suits. To class in my twelve

her head swirled, she lost her grip and a gurgling scream preceded her pummeting body into the street, where her mangled remains were soon surrounded by the stares of excited faces.

The police was called to investigate the cause of her fall—while conducting their systematic work, a doctor squeezed through the crowd and spoke to the police chief.

"There's something in room number 2015 that looks like it might be connected with this."

"What?" the policeman asked casually.

"A dead man, died of heart attack, scared to death I think—anyway his face seems to indicate that. God he looks awful—no wonder she killed herself after seeing that!"

The police chief was soon in the room—he gave it a preliminary search—

"Year!" he said—"Quite a story here, we'll never know all of it, but I think this .38 and that bullet hole in the wall along with this piece of paper (looks like an unsigned confession) will clear up two violent deaths. And that poor girl—well I guess it was just one of those things."

J. V. CLARK '45

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
—John Gay

Scattered Leaves

Sonnet

Stony brown fields for miles; miles of grey birch;
Telephone poles that punctuate the way;
Limp spruce and ragged pines; children at play
Beside a dingy school; an ancient church
In need of paint; brown fields again, where perch
Weather worn scarecrows; brave against the grey
Of grim farm-houses, blobs of colour gay
In red nasturtiums; roads where wagons lurch

Behind lean horses, plodding stolidly;
Long, zigzagged fences; heavy crows a-wing
Above more pines; grey bushes heaped in piles:—
Why do I wake from dreams that trouble me
To sudden, passionate tears, remembering
Miles of brown fields, rows of grey birch for miles?

—BETTY BREWSTER '46

Freshman, Farewell

Your bureau drawers are emptied out and clean,
And nothing hangs upon your closet wall
But faded slacks, a dress or so, too small,
An evening gown, too young for seventeen.

You pack the books, the bits of bric-a-brac,
The slippers and the final handkerchief,
And leave some trifles, sighing with relief,
"Well, after all, I shall be coming back!"

Not you, my dear; no doubt you'll look the same,
A little better groomed and better dressed,
With brave new notions, differently expressed,
Calling yourself, perhaps, by a new nickname.

Maybe you'll find the house a little smaller—
Your shrunken room looks on a narrower view—
But all the time it will be only you
Whose stature, mind and eye are somewhat taller.

No, it will not be you; not ever again
The way I know you now. Now is good-by.
Adult horizons for an adult eye
Are yours, as sure as sun, as right as rain.

And do you know this, too, as well as I?
Then do not say it, my child, good-by

—LOUISE OWEN

(From the Saturday Evening Post)

cylinder roadster and reclined comfortably in a modernistic chair for an hour listening to Prof. Adonis about whom the femininity of the campus are crazy. Lunch with Diane and Babe and thence for a drive. Returned for tea at the Theta House. Dropped over to the stadium in time for the third quarter of the game and hurriedly changed into a uniform, scoring the winning touchdown and was carried on the shoulders of the excited mob. Dinner and dancing with Lily and then for a drive during which I proposed and was accepted. So to Covington to be married and returning. Home to bed.

According to the reformists—
Awoke at eleven with brown taste and headache. Took another eye-opener. Slept thru two classes. Took another eye-opener. Slept for an hour. Went to cocktail party. Went to dinner. Went to joint. Went to crap game. Went

after date. Went after drink. Went to roadhouse. Went to bed.

As it really is—

Up at seven and put on socks which are standing in corner. Went to class from eight to twelve. Went to lunch. Went to library. Studied till five. Went to dinner. Went to library. Went nuts.

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