

On Looking Back

Well, gals and guys. It hasn't been a bad ole year now, has it? On looking back I'll wager you can find a host of pleasant memories to lighten the thoughts of days to come.

Remember initiation? Why how could you forget it (especially if you were one of "les miserables")? It doesn't seem quite so bad now, does it? There really was a lot of fun jammed into those first few weeks, with "freshies" trying to get adjusted and "uppers" trying to unadjust them and lectures trying to disturb the course of social events.

And Football! Remember how it rained every day there was a big game? The weather never failed us and our team never failed us either. Think back to the Torch Parade and the burning of old "Mt. A." and the "raid" on the Goody Shoppe the night of its new opening.

Remember the magnificent crowd at the Fall Formal and the opening of Basketball practice and the C. O. T. C. days and all the other little things that make college life a life in itself. And remember the Xmas Exams and how the old question "sink or swim" was all too quickly decided. Ah home—

Then back for a new term, full of good resolutions which lasted all of two days. The current was strong then and college was in full swing. Remember all the Stag and Tag dances when there seemed to be an abundance of Tags at least? All the athletes were turning out for their respective sports then and Howie was a very busy fellow. Remember the Victory Ball and then Co-Ed Week placed so tactfully a week before the House Dance? Remember the trips and the shows and the parties and the "Man Who Came to Dinner."

And don't forget the skiing and moonlight on the snowy hills or the clear, sharp sting of the wind and the flash of silver blades. There were toboggan parties too—and sleighrides. Remember them!

And remember the High School

invasion the week-end of the Tournament and how you skipped lectures and spent the day in the gym? Think of the crowd that gathers in the Tuck Shop after Labs and staid at the banter you must have heard. Laugh at the bridge and gossip in the Ladies' Reading Room and the poker and "crib" in the basement.

Remember the "Con" and the crowd and the rain? Chuckle to yourself when you recall how angry you were if the Brunswickan did not appear on time. Remember the Wassail and the Hammerfest (if you can) and the stampless, open-faced letters that reminded of things to come—your bills. And now think of your last exams and try to study harder. Think of the 5th May and C. O. T. C. and Encenia when we lose another fine Senior Class to the world. And you undergraduates think of this: it just seems like yesterday that you came here—and it will just seem like tomorrow when you will come again.

I Ain't No Duck

The dean
He stuck his finger out
and pointed it at me
and sed
in fashion quite devout
you're flunking bad
i see;
and then he shook
his index digit
underneath my nose
and sed that he was hart
and shocked
at what
my grades disclose;
and then
he sed with wrinkled frown
my lad,
look here
you must bear down
and so i gathered up
my pluck
and sed
i can't,
i ain't no duck.

Poets of Tomorrow

Announcing Results of Poetry Contest

First Prize

The loneliness that wrapped her round
Was thick as drifted snow,
So thick it seemed to make a sound
Like birds that come and go,
Like startled birds that flap their wings,
And rise, and flutter low.
So thick the air lay on her breast,
As still as vanished mirth;
"Suppose," she thought in that still night,
"Suppose this air were earth."

Betty Brewster

Second Prize

Over dappled wastes of wind-written sand
Above clutching fingers of blackened pines
A lonely plane drones dully westward
Into the horizon's purpling gloom
A coyote pauses in courtship with moonshadows
Green eyes unblinking follow the course
Of the silvered man-things
It's throbbing voice falters
A hoarse sputter, a cough
It ceases
A distant flaring, a dull roar, then silence
The moon-lover turns and pads into the night
His breastheart unknowing

H. B. D.

Tie for Third

Hovering yet one watchful moment
On the kettle-brim of grey cloud
Wandering lost in painted ocean
Deeper, bluer, more majestic
Than this pitter from my ink-pot
Upright first it flaps in vapour
Shivering still in doubtful eye-
watch
Now it bolts.
Faster than the Indian arrow
Falls the bulletbird from heaven
Strikes the leader mirror water
Dips beneath the rainbowed spin-
drift
Pauses there one doubting moment
Rises, clubbomb in its talons
Flies to junk-nest in the forest—
A fish-hawk king.

Donald B. Gammon

Across the throbbing floor men run;
Naked they are, with faces upturned
Their skins thick with the mud of
ash and sweat
In their eyes the everlasting glare
Of the furnaces. Where they cross
Their bodies twist with the quick
agony
Of desperate movement. You do
not linger
When the steel is being poured...
Where the shadows cling like bats
To the dark skylight, with a motion
Undeviate, the great scoop slides
Heaping the fires with the white
water
Of industry. When it dips
The contents slip.
And the shed is filled with the slow
thunder
Of their passing...
(Yet like a stray star, one gleaming
droplet falls
Sweeping silently away to the dis-
tant floor,
And men crouch back, gripping the
farthest walls.
To watch it come.)
Under the dark skylight, where the
gloom is deepest
The blind machinery goes forth
On smooth and polished rails...

C. J. St. C. Jeans

A girl from Boston, Mass.,
Stood in water up to her thigh.
That doesn't rhyme,
She fooled me this time—
She was such a long-legged lass.

—Queens

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



JOHN LAWRENCE

In this edition of the Brunswickan, our last for the college year 44—45, we are proud to present our very capable and successful Ex-Editor-in-Chief, John Lawrence of the Pre-Meds and the Bunny Hutch.

John came "out of the fog" and "up the hill" in his Freshman year and immediately went into Brunswickan work as a staff reporter. He also took over the Captaincy of the Swimming Team by virtue of his fine aquatic skill.

In his Sophomore year John "graduated" into the position of News Editor on the Brunswickan and was Captain of a still larger and more active team.

Fame came to John when he and other members of the Swim Team, returning from a trip, caught the last train from Saint John one Saturday night and were forced either to walk from the Junction to Fredericton or to wait till Monday morning for the Junction train. They walked—and were heroes for a day.

This year John took over the responsible position of Editor-in-Chief of our college weekly and kept the paper right up to scratch. Congrats John! 'Twas a job well done! This year also, John maintains his rule over the Swimming Team and at the first of the season was saddled with the tact-requiring but not unpleasant job of teaching the Co-Eds to swim. His chief claim to fame (?) this year, however was his able Chairmanship of the immortal (?) Fun Prom.

John is a very well-known figure about the campus and at all social functions. We are glad to know that he'll be with us next year and we wish him luck and success today, tomorrow and in all the days to come.

Once Upon a Ferry

I wonder how many of you students know that, once upon a time (way back in the eighteen hundreds), U. N. B. was authorized by the government to run a public ferry across the Saint John River just about where the railway bridge stands today. The profits from this undertaking were to augment the funds for the upkeep of the University. For the privilege of running this ferry the University was to pay to the government each year the enormous sum of one penny.

Let's just imagine for a moment that we have beaten the railway to the job and our little ferry is merrily plodding its way back and forth across the river. At the helm is—Gat's right—Honest Al, the students' pal, who never touches a drop (of water) without thinking how fine it is to sail this worthy craft for the honour (and upkeep) of U. N. B.

The mate is none other than "Brunswickan" Lawrence, who

CO-ED CAPERS

By MARIE GRAHAM

Congratulations to Blanche Law, our new Ladies' Society president. The election was held on Tuesday, March 27. Blanche was this year's vice-president and we are sure that she will fulfill the position very well. Best of luck to Marion Morrison, this year's president, in her future career. We extend to her our deep appreciation for her good work with us this year.

We now find ourselves digging deeply in our coat pockets to find a donation to help buy a piano for the Department of Modern Languages. We hope a generous donation somehow (?). The students are responding wholeheartedly to this drive and I am sure that next year we shall hear again melodious sounds coming from Dr. deMerten's room.

We are proud to present a few facts concerning several members of the "Biology Department." Marj Barberie and Dr. Hoare produced an admirable article "The Distribution of Riboflavin Contents in Fresh and Processed Fish," which appeared in the "Canadian Journal of Research." In addition to this, M. Barberie, Mary Murray ex-'44, and Dr. Hoare have produced an article, "Wild Plants as a Source of Carotene." This will appear in the spring issue of the "Acadian."

The National Safety Council is cooperating with the Chicago Park District in building a 30-acre practice field for would-be automobile drivers, including nearly every hazard known to auto driving. In the three miles of roadway there is to be a 2650-ft. high speed road, hills, curves, a traffic circle, parking areas, railroad crossing, synchronized lights, etc. Night conditions will be provided by means of a tunnel; there'll be simulated fog and rain. A "skid bowl" will furnish all the types of pavement that make a car skid so that the driver will learn how to prevent the skid. Mechanical devices will imitate a boy darting unexpectedly across the street. Any person over 16 can attend the school free of charge.

keeps the "Skipper" from getting lost on foggy nights. John knows lots about the fog. Why, just last week he was so homesick he sailed the ferry way down to Saint John, where one of the student passengers sleep-walked up King Street and tried to go to lectures in the jail.

The engineer of our ferry is little "Ferry-Queen" Owens. Every time Ted sees the trees on the opposite shore it takes ten bells and a good rap on the head to bring him out of his reverie.

And just who do you think is the pursuer? Why, a man of authority, of course—Professor "All contributions will be CONSIDERED" de Merten.

With a motley crew like that, aren't you glad the railway goes there first?

Dust thou art, to worms returnest.

Are You Writing Regularly?

"Write often, keep the family bonds strong enough to cross the Atlantic, send pictures of the family, neighbours and street. Pictures warm the hearts of men away from home. Fill your letters with the homely, everyday happenings that make your soldier know he is still part of the home."

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

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