

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

Congratulations to the Co-ed Basketball team on their first game and victory. A particularly nice performance was turned in by Captain Mavis DeLong. The rest of the team didn't do at all badly either. The second team although not on the floor for very long showed that they had plenty of fight. That was a nice foul shot, Alice. In case you are wondering at this point, the score was 21-18. It was a close game throughout. The City Team are much better than last year and have Jean King of the Y as their coach.

It's encouraging to see so many turning out for Co-ed Basketball. These girls deserve credit especially when you consider that they are forced to have their practices at five o'clock. Come on co-eds, it's our team, let's all be out to support them in their next game which will be next term. This doesn't mean that we are adverse to a boys' cheering section. We must say that those who turned out for the game on Wednesday (and there were quite a few) certainly did a fine job with the college yells and their support was appreciated.

A new system of cleaning has been adopted for the Ladies' Reading Room. Each Friday afternoon the rooms will be cleaned and besides this an hour's cleaning each day. This plan should be an improvement on the old one. Each co-ed is asked to co-operate and make a point of leaving the rooms empty for cleaning on Friday afternoons.

We would also like to thank the advisory committee for the care of the Ladies' Rooms (Mrs. M. F. Gregg, Mrs. F. J. Toole, Miss Edith MacLeod, Mrs. Marjorie Thompson, and Miss Alathier Warren) for their interest and co-operation.

(Continued on page five)

Information for Freshmen

Have you ever been tried for murder? Well those of you who have, know the feeling one gets on entering the examination room for a little session of "Guess right and you do, guess wrong and you don't." Perhaps right now you regret not doing some of the things you ought to have done this fall. As the time drifts by and December 13 looms closer, you might even get a slight feeling of panic and terror, but this is nothing compared to the wonderful depth of emotion which smites you as you stumble up the road to the gym, with your nose deep in some unintelligible scribbles jotted down during some long past lecture.

Now you enter the building, and if you can spare a moment from that last minute cram, you may reflect upon the other gay occasions when you entered this edifice. Dances, basketball, etc.—should have been home studying shouldn't we? But now comes the day of judgment. Are you sorry? Have you any regrets?

This door to the floor swings open. You cross the threshold after throwing your text on the floor outside. Your professor greets you in a friendly, cheerful manner, enquires after your health and hands you a sheet of paper you would like to have had in your hands on the night before. The poor sacred fiction (that's you) walks to a seat and looks around. To the right are millions of other people, looking at their papers in various stages of acute shock, nervous prostration and in the case of these geniuses who can guess the likely questions the night before a self satisfied grin. To the left is the same scene, and all around are professors and mysterious individuals who might be hired spies. Don't pull out your shirt cuff with that list of formulae on it or they will gleefully tear you limb from limb.

Well let us look at the paper. You will note that the first question is very difficult, the second impossible and the rest even harder. Meanwhile the scraping of pens and the hum of human clockwork assail your ears. The professors pad up and down, muttering revengeful thoughts in their hour of triumph, rubbing their hands, gloating, and all the while looking three different directions at once. You look up and see that the time is half gone, and there is one of those split up in the spectators' gallery looking at you with a pair of field glasses.

With a frenzied rush we are back to work. When was the war of 1812 fought anyway? So you crane your neck to see what the guy in front of you has. But he is writing on the life stages of the puss-moth, and besides, two profs. appear from nowhere and hover around, glaring at you.

By this time you discover that you have torn all your hair out and it is lying around the floor. Your clothes are messed and your morale deceased, so you get up with a sigh and follow the other broken, dispirited students through the door. As you make your way home, you vow with all your ebbing strength that next term you will study right from the first day.

But don't let me frighten you unduly. Remember, nearly half of you will get through.

D. B. '47

Snuffings

Nope, I ain't Gnoop — nor I wouldn't want to be in his (er, guess I had better change that to its, shoes, 'cause I bet they aren't very comfortable. But a few things have entered one of my ears and before getting them out the other, I thought I would make them a bit.

But it isn't only the family you have wondering where you were those two hours, Ann.

We're still wondering whether Jackie's explanation of it was: "I was bit", or "It was Mit". 'Tis rumored that three Freshettes have been complaining about the amount of lipstick they have had to buy since coming "Up the Hill". Who does it?

Ever seen the doodlings in Blanche's note-books — you know, when she has that dreamy expression in her eyes? (Sigh) Very interesting!

Evidently some of the delegates from Moncton thought the Youth Commission was worth working overtime on eh. Len, Jean and Blanche?

Eric seemed to think the group on Education was quite introductory as far as the profession is concerned.

Alorn was happily seen, Bobbin' along Front Street hand in hand Sunday evening.

Why was Doc waiting for the Devon bus Wednesday night?

Nope, not snooping — just snuffings!

Between the Bindings

"The Curtain Rises" by Quentin Reynolds

Another account by a famed foreign correspondent, this book can be read ahead with lightning speed. Starting with restful leisure down South before departure by plane, the author leads us through meetings with the troops in Iran, a stay in Russia, and trips 'up the line' in Sicily, to a thrilling interview with "Mentz".

The picture of Russia today is particularly well revealed. Through the trivialities of daily life and the conditions pressed by war, we can distinguish the character of the Russian people. Through the eyes of this journalist, we are enabled to gain further regard for the people whom we are learning to respect in greater proportions as facts creep through from the East. This account of war-time Russia should prove particularly valuable.

Leaving us with the troops fighting in the Mediterranean, December

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



BETTY PAGE

We take pleasure in featuring this week Betty Page, a popular Senior co-ed. Betty is a Fredericton girl and after taking the special commercial course, followed the family tradition of coming "Up the Hill".

Betty has held class positions in more than one year. In both her Freshman and Junior years Betty was vice-president of her class, thus being also president of the Freshettes and Junior girls respectively. Betty also served on the S.R.C. as a class representative in both her Freshman and Sophomore years.

In her Sophomore year, Betty was Secretary-Treasurer of Delta Rho. From its foundation last year, Betty has taken an active interest in the Co-ed Choral Club, and this year is Secretary-Treasurer.

Another indication of her executive ability is the holding of the position of Secretary-Treasurer of the Science Club in her Junior year. Yes, Betty is a member of the 'white coats' and an inhabitant of the third floor of the Arts Building. For the last couple of summers Betty has worked in the Dominion Parasite Laboratory in Belleville — feeding the wee things — and advocates it's lots of fun.

This year Betty has included The Brunswickan in her activities, and is doing a spot of proof-reading.

Interested in athletics, Betty has been a member of the Co-ed Basketball Team for three years, but feels this year that time doesn't permit her turning out. 'Prancer Page' is also a dependable member of the Co-ed Hockey Team.

With a keen interest in Plummery, Betty is on hand for all college activities, and is a great upholder of the Red and Black college spirit. Betty's cheery smile and friendly word is going to be greatly missed with the rolling around of another college year next fall. Well liked wherever she goes, Betty will have the hearty good wishes of her Alma Mater behind her.

1943, the book concludes the war is even not yet in its final stages. With D-Day in Italy, the play was set and only then could one say, "The curtain rises."

He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need.

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