

Summer Vacations

It was the first meeting of the Bridge Club for the season and the subject was summer vacations.

"I had a simply too, too marvellous summer," began "Tootsie" Brandon. "George and I went to Lake Mackinac—oh dear, I've forgotten the name but anyway—"

"But, my dear, why on earth did you go to such a dreadfully stuffy place?" Grace Lamper interrupted. "St. Andrews was so gay this year."

"St. Andrews!" exclaimed Winnie Forta. "Why that place reeks of fish."

"Girls, girls," I pleaded, "the summer's over now, this is autumn. September 29 to be exact. Remember?"

Summer vacations, I thought, the time for tanning, eating and getting away from the daily grind. Oh, I had a lovely vacation at the camp with lots of time to sleep and loaf and do just as I wanted. It was wonderful until the telegram came from Aunt Maggie saying that she and the children had decided to spend their vacation with us and would arrive the following Monday.

On Monday I drove to the station to meet them. Hardly had the train stopped and the conductor opened the door before Melvin dashed down the steps and yelled, "Hi cuz, you old hag, how ya doin'?"

"In sure my face turned all the shades of the rainbow and I longed desperately to hit him."

"Hello Melvin," I replied, struggling for composure.

Then I saw Aunt Maggie advancing to meet me with Paula clutching firmly by the hand. A porter weighed down with suitcases and hatboxes staggered behind her.

Good heavens, I thought, she must be planning on a long visit, and my hopes I'd had of her stay being brief vanished into thin air.

Somehow I managed to get everything including Aunt Maggie and the kids stowed away in the car. To this day I don't know how I ever got home in my right senses with Melvin and Paula wrangling around my ears and Aunt Maggie's insistent back-seat driving.

Naturally, I could not look for a single uneventful day with Melvin aged 11 and Paula, 8, in the same house and I must say I wasn't disappointed.

I packed a lunch one day and with Melvin and Paula set out to do a bit of raspberrying in the old cleared woodlot. Things rolled along smoothly and the kids picked happily, eating more than they put in their bellies. Well, I said to myself, perhaps they're turning over a new leaf, not a single row today.

After a while I began to feel that everything was not as it should be. I couldn't hear the kids any more, that was it.

"Melvin," I shouted. No answer. "Paula," No answer.

"Look you two this is no time for jokes, answer me this minute."

The bees buzzed furiously and a flock of crows began to debate in a clump of fir trees down the hill. But still no answer.

Now, those brats are hiding and just waiting for a chance to scare

the daylight out of me, I thought. Well, all right, two can play this game as well as one. I won't look for them.

After about five minutes of picking and not yet a single peep from them, I began to worry again. I suppose they're gone and stupidly got themselves lost. Lost! Omit god, that's too much. They can't do that to me. (Farville make ready your finest room).

"Melvin, Paula, where are you," I shouted, racing frantically back and forth. "Hey, kids, come out we're gonna eat now. Food! Dinner! Grub!"

Silence never reigned more supreme.

"Oh lord, lord, what'll I do," I worried, "what'll I ever . . ."

A sudden shriek suddenly pierced the air, followed by loud wails of terror and pain. There was the sound of crashing in the underbrush and then Melvin and Paula burst into view, their arms shielding their faces, sobbing and yelling while a swarm of angry wasps circled round their heads and streamed out behind.

Now they've done it, I said to myself, as I took to my heels, stumbling over my half-filled kettle, at the same time shouting something encouraging and idiotic to the kids.

Down the road we raced at a speed to shame Phidippides himself, the wasps in hot pursuit till we reached the McGuire farm a quarter of a mile away.

As usual it was their own doing. Having tired of picking they had wandered off. Paula had spotted the wasps nest and Melvin's curiosity had led to the disaster.

They were certainly sick for the next few days. I fortunately or perhaps due to my headstart, had not fared so badly.

"Face!" I said, "oh no, I didn't get stung on the face."

"My dear whatever are you talking about?" Grace Lamper interposed. "Tootsie just said she didn't see how Mrs. Jackson had the face to speak to Mrs. Ansby after that dreadful affair last month."

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



JIM FETTES

In this is the first issue of The Brunswickan of the '44-'45 series. We would like you to meet our S.R.C. C. Prexy, Jim Fettes. This being the most important as well as most responsible position on the campus, sort of make Jim our M.C.

Jim, an Ottawa man, came to U.N.B. in the fall of '41 with the impressive title of Forest Entomologist as his goal.

During his three years with us he has held various positions, such as secretary of S.R.C., treasurer of S.R.C., sec-treas. of War Effort Committee, president of Social Committee and Manager of Men's Gym Team. This year in addition to being the big boss, he is a member of the Social Committee.

In sports Jim has left his mark, particularly as the captain of famous Intramural Basketball Teams. He was a member of the Ski Club and won the downhill run last winter. As a gymnast he has also been top, giving many smart performances at Gymnastic Exhibitions.

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

Co-ed activities lost no time in getting underway this term. In fact they started at 7.50 Monday morning when the Freshettes and the majority of upperclass girls assembled in front of the Residence. Clothes seemed to be the chief topic of discussion. The upperclass girls were absolutely green with envy when they saw the becoming costumes the '45-ers were sporting. Chic housedresses (size 44) and silk stocking caps at a rakish angle seemed to be the predominant note. Many of these new style-setters wore men's socks and garters too. The highlight of the morning was the interviewing of the Freshies in the Reading Room. There the Freshettes pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to entertain the upperclass girls that they were permitted to go to the Goody Shop in the afternoon where they "did themselves proud." The Freshettes certainly seemed to have lots of talent. We'll never forget Margaret Cunningham's vivid portrayal of Napoleon's touching farewell to his Grandmother or Audrey Mooers' discussion of her main interest in life, the art of spitting. Potential Choral Clubs were also discovered during the proceedings. After this the Freshettes were treated to ice cream by the rest of the co-eds and the ceremony ended pleasantly.

A most important addition to the girls' activities was introduced this year. Every twelfth day lectures will be cancelled and the girls will occupy themselves in some useful work for the day. The question of what to do has been a favorite topic of discussion in the Reading Room. A committee was chosen to consider the matter of Dr. Louise Thompson, Miss Alathie Warren, Miss Louise Whimster, Mr. "Howie" Ryan, Kay Bell, Marv Delong and Marion Morrison. Acting on the girls' suggestion they drew up this tentative plan:

9-10.30 a.m. War work—rolling bandages, knitting, etc.
10.30-12.00 a.m. Educational period, documentary films, special speakers, lectures.
12.00-1.00 p.m. Ladies' Society Meeting.

2.30-4.30 p.m. Programme of physical activity. Hikes, archery, softball, cricket, physical exercises, Danish drill, gymnastics, badminton, volleyball, swimming.

The President will address the girls at nine o'clock October 5, their first day for this programme.

We must stop a moment to congratulate Charlotte VanDine, who this week was unanimously elected as Secretary-Treasurer of the Ladies' Society. Nice going Charlotte!

FROM MY SEAT

Jack Jeans, by popular demand, became a Rev. for the evening and conducted his first and shortest wedding ceremony as he, with a sigh and a groan, and a colloidal comb united the four above mentioned Freshmen to the tune of "Kiss her" as rendered by a loud and lusty audience.

Eric Teed went through more torture than any of the Freshmen as he vainly acted out his views on all subjects before John Baxter was drafted by one of the biggest assets to the Freshette class—and did he love it.

Frank can't be accused of favoring the family after choosing Winnie Blackwell as the "Queen of '48". We think we see why.

Gym! It is one of the best gymnastics in eastern Canada and let's make its production have as fine a reputation. See you here at the formal, too!

You all know you have come to the best university in America, so grab a huge piece of college spirit and join in the fun and co-operate. There is room for more of everybody in Everything.

IF I SHOULD MEET MYSELF

If I should meet myself
Ten years or twenty from today,
Would I still know myself
Or turn unrecognized away?

Would I still like myself
Or would myself not then like me?
Little enough I care
For the self that then will be.

Little enough I'll care
In twenty years from now, or ten,
For the distant, dusty thoughts
Of a self not living then.

BETTY BREWSTER '46

Changing Times

Way back in 1901 the Freshmen were welcomed to the university by the Ladies' Society in a reception held in the library. Entertainment and food was supplied by the upperclassmen. When the affair was over, "the night being wet, the majority of the ladies went home to coaches much to the disappointment of the Freshmen who were unable to show them the accustomed courtesy."

The total enrolment of new students in 1901 numbered 9 lady students and 15 men. The Ladies' Society for the year started with the largest membership on record. Altogether there were 22 young ladies enrolled.

While "initiation" is still going the rounds of campus chatter, here is one of the welcomes given to Freshmen of 1913 as told to me by a member of that class.

"The best of all, as I remember it, took place one night in the basement of the gym. It was so dark in there you couldn't see your neighbor.

"A flashlight flicked for an instant over me, then a pleasant voice said out of the darkness: 'Would you please get up?'

"So up I scrambled but just as I was straightening my knees something hit me on the head so hard that my jaw flew shut, my teeth rattled wildly and I sat down again so fast that my spine must have looked like an accordion.

"When the lights were turned on we were shown the monstrous weapon—an old punching bag wielded by a burly soph."

The Brunswickan is supposed to be out on Friday. It wasn't, because you didn't help!

The S. P. C. meets at 12 noon on Friday. Be sure to be at the next meeting.

The Blood Bank requires all males over 18 to donate blood. Contact Jim Sieniewicz. Phone 1407.

We hear they are going to call the S. L. B. R. the F. E. F. F.!

Be a sport too. Turn out to cheer for U.N.B. at the football games.

Behold! Your Campus

Hop on, you graduates of the cradle (alias Class of '48) and we'll go for a short whirl around the campus. You've turned a bend on the old road of life and ahead of you lie four (optimistic?) years of "What you care to make it". Take the advice of an upper-classman and step off on the right foot. Grab your telescope, look the field over, decide at what spots you can best put your shoulder to the wheel, and get in there and co-operate!

Football games will soon be beginning and we'd suggest shorter and better hair-cuts for all those who don't come away from College Field, just 'down the hill' and over the tracks, with hoarse throats. Attendance is compulsory and our winning team needs inspiration.

Half-way up the hill is situated Bunsbyrth. Here with mathematical precision are bred the Eumenes under strict (ahem!) supervision. In the basement is located the Swimming Pool and we'll see you all there on the swimming team.

Coming up to the right we find the sanctuary, which, up until last year was purely masculine, but at that time was invaded by the female of the species. Yes, that's a car sitting outside and don't blink if it seems to form part of the scenery. Bigger and better labs will emerge from the next building, which we could advise you to delay inspecting unless you desire to fill the prescription of a few falling bricks for your insomnia.

The next building is one which deserves a thorough inspection. Let's see you give the contents much wear and thumbing, and the result will be beneficial to you and to others, for an increased demand will result in an increased supply. Now is the time to do all that reading you know you should do, while such a library is available to you. "Better Late than Never" doesn't apply to the next structure, as we continue following the road. Here you will spend many pleasant hours—in fact, you will probably like it so well, you will decide to stay again next year for the course. We're not in a horse and buggy, so we didn't stop at the little square building up in the corner.

Ah! Here is the Arts Building where is rooted all the tradition of your Alma Mater. For the first time in several years, we can't visit the Truck Shop in the basement, where ordinarily your time during (er, ah—between—lectures) would be spent.

Be careful! Not to fall over the brow or the hill, for here is the Memorial Hall, which, by the way, is used for other things besides a court for harding out punishment. All the informal dances are held here, so start cutting that rug, kids!

Down over the hill is located our pride and joy—the Beaverbrook

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