

In Search of a Song

The very first sight that met the sparkling blue eyes of "Turk" Mallory, a young Irish-American song writer, as he entered the U.N.B. library was a parrot. It was huddled on its perch—a shabby, moth-eaten, dejected bundle of green feathers with one bedraggled plume, all that was left of a once resplendent green tail. It eyed the world in general and the approaching Turk in particular with a glaze pessimistic and malicious. Suddenly it sat up and shrieked at him, "Saut up, you miserable bird!" Turk jumped and a the little gray-haired librarian, looking up and laying one finger on her lips, reproached him with a loud "shhh". As the student body turned their heads to stare at him, Turk blushed to the roots of his rumpled, wavy black hair. He mumbled something apologetic, nervously loosened his shirt collar, and then tipped into the stacks.

Absently he picked up a small, green, leather-covered volume entitled "History of the Spruce Bud Worm." "Ugh! bugs!" He set it down hastily on the shelf, then happened to glance down toward his feet. "Yowie! Glass floors!" His knees buckled and he began edging gingerly toward the door.

The parrot poked its head in. "How're you making out with that keg of beer, Toots?" it bawled Turk made a mental note to the effect that parrots were extremely disagreeable creatures. He roamed on, having forgotten about the glass floors. On the shelves he saw novels, poetry, modern languages, natural history—what was there to interest an up-and-coming songwriter, James Edward Mallory of New York, who had come to this insignificant outpost university in order to study the folk tunes of the New Brunswick natives? Thus far he had only met with partial success. All morning a portable gramophone on the second floor of the Arts building had alternated between "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?" and "I'll Walk Alone" until Turk hoped he might never hear them again. The boys had been a little more cooperative. From the crisp morning hours that brought them, puffing and panting up the hill until the last lab dragged to its close, they whistled little snippets of anything and everything. There was one frequently recurring tune—something about a girl and a brand of sweetened pop corn sold in boxes—Turk already knew the tune by heart and he was sure he would recognize the words should he ever see or hear them.

Having reached a staircase in the library, he decided to go up to the second floor, secretly hoping to get beyond reach of the parrot's raucous voice. The books were even less enticing. Peering down between the stacks, he saw beneath him a shiny, round dome that was exactly the color of yellow parchment. Around it straggled a sparse ring of graying hair. By peering down Turk could see flying eyes under horn-rimmed spectacles and a benign oriental countenance which he felt sure must belong to the Chinese professor, Dr. Lin, who was doing research in history and writing a book: "Canada's Post-War Relations with the Orient." Just then a fly settled on the bald head; it was a tempting mark, and Turk, seizing a convenient book, searched through the aperture. Thwack! The heavy volume, dropped from the professor's hands and foiled pages closely covered with a fine, spidery hand-writing, flew in all directions. The professor whirled about clutching his fringe with both hands and letting forth a mingled torrent of English and Chinese. He saw no one; his eyes widened; he dropped his dignity and rushed from the stacks shouting that the Phantom had tried to assassinate him in the library.

Immediately an upsurge broke forth in the reading room outside. The mysterious Phantom, one of whose activities was editing the snoop column, was claimed by the Engineers to be a Senior beerman who at that very moment was preparing his column behind locked doors on the top floor of the Civil Engineering building. They doubted the professor's words and told him so. The professor swore vigorously at the Engineers and his parrot followed—had not the Electricals stripped it of all but one measly tail feather in order to insulate the wiring for the new gym-

nasium loudspeaker? The quirel wazed furious while Turk, dreaming only of his song, heard nothing but the word "engineer" tossed back and forth. He rose from his knees, dusted off his tweed trousers, and stepped backward bumping into a tall, attractive co-ed who was running her finger down a column of books marked Biology.

"Good gracious!" gasped Evelyn Taylor, dropping her books but retaining the air of cool, self-confidence and complete detachment that she wore as casually as she did her shining, brown, shoulder-length bob and pastel plaid suit. She was not a little impressed by this tall, broad-shouldered young man with the rumpled black hair, rather red face, bright, dancing blue eyes and amused expression. He was already scrambling after her books and soon handed them to her. Taking them, Evelyn only asked, a trifle breathlessly, "What course are you taking?"

Turk's ingenuity did not desert him. His mouth was open to tell he wasn't a student, but instead of patting his foot into it, he said, "Engineering... uh... Civil Engineering."

"I don't ever remember seeing you on the campus before."

Turk started to tell the truth, "I just came yesterday," he said slowly, "and... uh... I couldn't register because the office wasn't open." The last few words came out in a rush.

"A Freshman?"

Turk felt hurt. "Not all the time. Sometimes I'm a real nice fellow. You... you ought to get to know me."

Evelyn laughed and her grey-blue eyes danced merrily. "Perhaps I will," she said. "Look here, I'll bet you haven't even bought one of the new publications yet. It's our College Songs and Yells. Fifty cents please."

Hardly realizing it, Turk handed her two quarters in return for a smart black-bound book with the title and the gymnasium depicted on it in red. Evelyn glanced at her watch. "Oh, gee! It's after two-thirty and I have a lab. See you later—and don't forget to register some time before Encaenia."

"You can call me Turk." As she vanished he turned the book over and opened it. Staring up from the first page he saw THE song:

"My girl's a crack-jack. She wears the red and black. She goes to U.N.B., I go there too..."

Then Evelyn's words about registering drifted back to him. He'd better hurry. Here it was a month after opening. Exams would be coming up and he didn't even know what subjects he was taking. When do Freshman Civils write their papers? Never mind. He would find out everything at the office. One of the boys he talked to yesterday wore a crest with some kind of a tripod on it—a transit they called it. He'd have to get a crest and sew it on his jacket.

A few seconds later Turk Mallory was striding across the campus with the wind rumpling his dark hair and his heart light within him. He was whistling and as he bounded up the Arts building steps to the office, a fragment of song floated from his lips:

"... She goes to U.N.B., I go there too-o-o-o..."

Night Train

(Honorable Mention in Varsity Contest)

Sleeping soldiers, sprawling, snoring,

Dirty coaches, whistles roaring

Sooty windows, sticky sashes

Faulty lighting, winks and flashes.

Tired trainmen hoarsely hawling

Names of stops or place of calling.

Sandwich sellers shuffle by

Waking sleepers with their cry.

Giggling baggage, painted, cheap;

Tired old ladies try to sleep.

Stretch of breath and beer and heat.

Empty bottles by a seat.

Engine's noise and motion weary

Motor's madd'ning movement sending

Coach clatter, dull and dreary.

Never changing, never ending.

If I was back sharply and attentively,

I should see, I should see, I should see,

though she is blind, she is not invisible.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



KAY SIMCOCK

This week we would like to present one of our Senior gals of whom we can always be very proud and to whom we can point with joy as a product of U.N.B.—Kay Simcock. Yes, sir, Kay always 'creams' with apparent ease when the long trail to the gym gets underway in December and May.

Fredericton is Kay's home town and each year Kay brings fresh honors to her field. Her first year Kay capped several prizes, took more the second and her third year also found her gathering in the harvest.

Kay has taken a keen interest in debating and this year is President of Delta Rho. Last year she also served on the executive of the society, when she acted in the capacity of Vice-President. In her Sophomore year Kay participated in an intercollegiate debate with Dalhousie, and in her Junior year was also in there pitching against Mt. A.

Being in charge of the Refreshment Committee for the Newman Club in her Junior year kept Kay pretty busy rustling up those Sunday night lunches.

Kay has always taken an interest in Co-ed Hockey as she lends her support to the Reading Room squad. Kay also does a spot of writing for the Brunswickian now and then.

For a job well done, Kay can always be depended upon to lend a supporting hand. When you go out with your parchment in May, Kay, you'll leave an enviable scholastic record and a trail of honors.

A swell friend to have, Kay—we have confidence you'll bring more laurels to U.N.B. in the future.

Questioning Jill

IF YOU KNEW YOU HAD ONLY ONE MORE YEAR TO LIVE, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I would go out on a year-long tour.

MAVIS DELONG

I'd travel for 360 days, and then die a peaceful death.

MILTON ZIDES

I'd get married.

MARIE GRAHAM

I'd turn into an amateur philanthropist—on a small scale, of course.

HUGH GAILEY

I would travel around the world.

BETTY DOUGHERTY

I think I'd go to sea.

BOB EVANS

Well, I wouldn't go to school. I think I'd get married.

MAXINE TRACY

I'd take life easy and spend all my money.

CARLISLE HANSON

I'd have one devil of a good time.

ELLEN MacLAGGAN

Well, life ain't a matter of holding good cards, but playing a poor hand well, so I'd give up the idea of trying to become educated and enter upon a career of shookey and building jig-saw puzzles.

JOE KAPLAN

I'd make the most of every minute.

MARION MORRISON

I'd get married and spend the rest of my days in the South Sea Islands.

ED WALTER

Well, I've never been so happy as I have been here, so I think that I'd just stay here and do what I am doing.

KOKA ROY

I'd do a little bit of everything.

FRAN McLEAN

Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set.

The Most of Little

"There is Drama in Everyday Life" writes Hal Skovmand on trip West to join Navy

I spent Christmas eve and Christmas day on a train—in fact, most of the week before Christmas was spent on a train or in a strange city. You can visualize what I did while I was on those trains.

I saw many instances of people trying to make Christmas eve and Christmas mean something. Some of the attempts were good and some were not so good, but here is one which I think is worthy of more notice than I am able to give it.

It happened on a tourist sleeper "somewhere" between Toronto and Winnipeg on the C.N.R. The time was Christmas eve, night and morning. There was a group of sailors from Windsor, Ontario, going home on leave—getting home after Christmas and leaving before New Years since they had so far to go. There were also two or three girls an airman with a couple of soldiers. Around supper time a couple of sailors, came into the diner and asked for an axe or a large knife. The cook found a huge knife and they went triumphantly and secretly off with it. Soon the train stopped at some whistling post for a few moments and we saw those two sailors jump off the train with the airman and a soldier.

rush into the woods and come running back with two Christmas trees as the train began to move. How they had ever whittled those two trees off in that length of time I will never know, but there they were. Then they set to work to decorate one of them. Anyone who has a bit of bright paper and ribbon contributed to the cause. The porter did a beautiful job of making a star for the top of the tree and when they finished I can truthfully say I never saw a better job done with so little. Then they set the tree up in an upper berth and any one who was giving something to one of his pals put it under the tree. This done, they took the other tree and broke off the branches and proceeded to do a job on the whole car. People have the darndest things in suitcases and apparently Christmas decorations aren't the least of them.

After all the work was done they settled back to have some fun and enjoy themselves. One of the girls had an accordion, two or three mouthorgans appeared and they sang. They sang everything but mostly carols. Everyone took part and sang, whistled or merely hummed or "beat it out" on the window. Everyone brought out his Christmas supplies and sacrificed them to the crowd. The best of chocolates were freely passed around along with sherry and the best navy rum. Yes, there was some drinking but just enough to make even the quiet ones sing and these youngsters did such a good job of quitting when they had enough that it was a treat to see especially after all the roary eyes I had the displeasure of dealing with all during that week.

Next morning they appointed a Santa Claus and with much pomp and ceremony the presents were handed out and no one was missed. A little later they set to work to help the porter clean up the mess and by the time we rolled into Winnipeg, order was restored and so too the decorations to their rightful owners.

This was their Christmas, not as good as they would have had at home but they did their level best. My only regret about it all was that I couldn't take part for I had to work. I did donate my trumpet to a sergeant who beat out a few 'hot' ones for them. The C.N.R. gave me a really good Christmas dinner which a lot of them didn't get.

Linnet Walter, there's a button in my soup.

Walter (ex-journalist): Typographical error, sir, it should be button.

FOX'S

BARBER SHOP

Queen Street

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

Sunday afternoon the senior girls and the Glee Club of the University of New Brunswick were entertained at the home of Mrs. F. J. Toole, who was assisted by Mrs. M. J. Thompson, Mrs. A. G. Bailey, Dr. Louise Thompson, Miss Marjorie Barberie, Miss Eileen Wallace, Miss M. L. Whimster, Miss Katherine McNaughton, Miss Frances Gay and Mrs. Harry Saunders. Mrs. C. C. Jones poured and invited also were Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Gregg and Dr. Bailey. This was the fourth in a series of teas given by the members of the Faculty Women's Club for the lady students at U.N.B.

On Tuesday the 16th, our first C.O.T.C. day of this term, the co-eds had the pleasure of listening to Miss Mary Louise Whimster telling of her travels abroad. Miss Whimster's informal talk about a tour she took to France, Italy, Belgium, England and Scotland, was most enjoyable. She told us many interesting things about the countries she visited and the people she saw. Miss Whimster was heartily thanked by the girls and upon their insistence promised to tell us more about her trip at some other time.

Co-ed week activities are now well underway. A tentative schedule has been drawn up as follows: First of all February 11-18 has been chosen as our week to howl.

Monday—Sleigh ride, informal dance and food in reading room afterward.

Tuesday—Delta Rho Bridge.

Wednesday—Wolfing.

Thursday—Co-ed Hockey game with Faculty (if possible).

Friday—Co-ed Dance.

Saturday—Show.

The co-ed edition of the Brunswickian will be published Wednesday, February 14 which is Valentine's Day. Rather appropriate, don't you think?

Jean Smith '45 and Mardie Long '47 will be the co-editors of this edition.

At the Ladies' Society meeting Thursday, Betty Page '45 was elected this year's captain of the co-ed hockey team. Blanche Lav '46 was elected as manager. Congratulations go to both of you. It looks like a good choice to us.

The sleigh ride, a new venture this year, is under the capable direction of Kay Bell. Her committee is as follows: Ellen McLaggan, Mary Whalen, Betty Price, Doreen Miller.

The co-eds will also participate in the swim meet Friday, February 2. Coach Ryan is planning on having three events, a 20-yd. free style, a 20-yd. sidestroke and a 120-yd. relay for the girls. The co-eds are swimming to give the competing teams a break. Among those participating are Katie Bell, Ann Gibson, Ellen McLaggan, Jackie Pickard, Marion Morrison.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

COMPLIMENTS
OF THE
DOCTORS
AND
DENTISTS
OF
FREDERICTON