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K. CAMP, The Brunswickan.

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OMETRISTS

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Did You Know?

The first hockey team was formed in 1897 and practices were held on the George Street Rink.

The Dramatic Society grew out of the Glee Club which was founded by Prof. Stockley of the English Department in the early '90's. In the early days, men took the women's parts.

The first valedictory given in the college was delivered by Bliss Carman and there is a copy in the library.

Cricket used to be a college sport here.

Oscar Wilde once lectured the students on "Decorative Art."

Bliss Carman was on the staff of the "Brunswickan" forerunner and both he and his cousin Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, wrote poems and articles for it.

An old athletic program, bearing the date May 1882, describes various sports such as "Bowling at the Wicket", tumbling, hurdle race, potato race, and a half-mile race for ladies. The prizes were especially interesting and ranged from gold rings, silver boot and shoe buttons to silver-plated revolvers and alarm clocks.

ART SOCIETY HAD MEETING

On Tuesday evening the Art's Society held its first meeting of the year with Dalton Camp presiding. It was proposed from the chair that the society join the National Film Board and present several films for the benefit of the entire student body. Professor Naegele spoke of his experience with the Film Board at McGill and he advised the Society to adopt Prexy Camp's proposal. A committee was formed to select films and arrange for their presentation.

The society also decided to have a reception and closed dance on Friday the first of November, in the Memorial Hall. Doug Rouse was named chairman of the reception committee. Invitations are to be sent to all Artsmen and it is hoped that they will all come and meet their fellow students.

Few of us can stand prosperity—another man's I mean. . . . Mark Twain.

How We Spent Our Summer (or) The Trials and Tribulations of the Laboratory Technician

On the first of June and the first of July At the V. P. H. we did arrive. Where we were employed as lab technicians Oh we thought we had such horrible positions! What we were in for we couldn't tell, It certainly is just as well, The reasons why we shall proceed to say, And you can judge us as you may.

Though the "noble nurse" gets all the glory, Technicians, also, have their story The "special" answers to one "Doc" The lab girl has to please a flock Oh, she's a girl who fares far worse Than any stiff-starched graduate nurse. She looks at him and works with gore, With orders coming by the score. This one for a count on Kelly Who has a bad pain in his belly, A "coag-time" on Mr. Copt, Whose bleeding nose they can't get stopped. A blood culture now on Betty Gates It seems her temperature fluctuates. Do this specimen right away, 'Cause they might operate today, A blood sugar "stat" on Mrs. Stock They think she's having insulin shock. Mrs. Denny has an enlarged throat, A B. M. R. to her we vote.

This kid has a running ear And Dr. Sam would like a smear. Boils "break-out" on little Maxine, Culture one and make a vaccine. A "typing" order for Mrs. Drew, Get her a donor by half past two. Bob Spratt coughs continually, Examine his sputum for T. B. Now that case of intestinal obstruction, Do the chlorides show reduction? Please report, don't be a dud, About calcium in this man's blond. All day long, item for item This goes on, ad infinitum! From 7:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. We do our best to try and please them And usually for such a small, small pay The large sum of \$2.10 a day. To be called back at 2:00 a. m. A cross matching must be done for them, Of course one loses one's beauty sleep, It's not one's face, but oh one's feet! Only students and interns appreciate us As for Drs. and nurses, why they just treat us As if everything we did was fun, And they "can't understand why it isn't done", Most head nurses believe a fable That a B.Sc. doesn't make one able To be a better technician or nurse Rather, it makes things not better, but worse! Oh we could go on for years and years, Until you would be bored to tears But there's a face you must concede, Without us M. D.'s would be "tre-ed".

We were mighty glad to be back at college Where once again we can gain some knowledge You can have the Victoria P. Hospital Give us U. N. B. if it is possible.

DOREEN and JUNE

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



MARJORIE LONG

"Hi ya, kids, what's new?" Any one who has ever crossed the threshold of the Ladies' Reading Room recognizes the above greeting as typical of "Mardie" Long, this week's senior co-ed.

Mardie arrived at U. N. B. as a freshie-soph; she had taken Grade 12 at that famous institution of learning in the sea-port city on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. We have reformed many students from Saint John High but we have to look hard to find any more willing to be brought into our midst than Mardie.

During her first two years at U. N. B., Mardie played on the girl's basketball team; and although at the moment she is moaning about the strenuous practices, we know she will be right in there, playing a lively game again this year.

For two years Mardie lent her talents to the Brunswickan; last year her column "Reading Rumors" kept the campus informed of the many and varied activities occurring in the "inner sanctum". Also in her sophomore year she was co-editor of the "Co-ed Brunswickan" and in her junior year the managing editor.

When Mardie returned to U. N. B. this fall she regaled us for days with stories of doings of our neighbors across the line. She was one of the co-eds chosen to go to New Haven and New Britain Colleges in Connecticut under the Student Exchange System. From all reports, "a fine time was had by all."

We hope that Mardie's future will be as bright as her present; and we know that if she does select journalism as her career, we will soon be reading scores of novels, etc., written by Mardie Long.

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

Our view from the window seat this week was sort of grim and dim. To be utterly truthful, we saw absolutely nothing, but here are the scrapings anyway.

Have you noticed those pale, thin-tired individuals dragging themselves across the campus to classes and hauling each other out of the pool nightly at six o'clock? (Perhaps water-wings will be back in style again this year.) Well anyhow they finally made the Gulf of May hico, (Mexico to those who aren't swimmers), after swimming every inch (?) of the Mississippi River.

Warning to all U. N. B. L'il Abners who are attempting to leave this week-end by bus or train to escape the embarrassment of not being asked to the Sadie Hawkins' dance: "It's no use." Both train and bus officials have told us they are closing down this week-end to avoid the outgoing stampede because Lena the Hyena is reportedly coming to the dance. She (or it as the case may be) is accompanied by Kilroy. And who are we taking . . . Kilroy, of course.

There are two types on the campus these days. The tired, thin, pale type and the still, agonized, paralytic type, who go to gym class. Kidding aside we hear it's pretty fine. The Ralston-Ryan-Blakeney course can make you walk like Ester Williams or Charles Atlas in two afternoons a week (it might take longer.)

The Arts Society is holding a "real classy do" this week-end or didn't you see those engraved invitations the members received? Maybe we are coming into our own at last and maybe we'll even make the meetings now.

We used to think that all they had at Alexander was lots of men and poor food. Now rumor has it that the food is better. The men have quality as well as quantity and they have the best of music on Sunday evenings, (thanks to Hugh Whalen's capable management.)

We also hear that the Ladies' Basketball team is really getting into shape (form, that is.)

Now we will mount our soap-box to cheer for the undergrads. The pre-med boys are slowly going crazy trying to figure out whether they are Arts or Science students. If we are not being too fresh what's the objection to Arts students taking a couple of Science subjects (next year or any year). The university will doubtless lose students this way.

For further details see our psychiatrist.

JUST US.

ODOROUS ODES

There was a young co-ed named Mand,
A sort of society fraud.
In the parlor, 'tis told,
She was distant and cold,
But on the veranda, my Gaud!
Queen's Journal

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ALEX. SOCIETY

At a meeting of non-resident Alexander two representatives were nominated to represent them on the Alexander Society. Don McPhail presided over the meeting at which only about ten per cent of the total of over 200 students turned out. John Peck and Shirley Staples, both Arts students, were elected to the Society.

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