

FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT

Is there any quality so elusive, so difficult to define, as sophistication? To many it would seem a most desirable trait—and very advantageous. The dictionary defines sophistication as "the act of adulterating; adulteration; or the art or act of quibbling." At this point in the game we are not too concerned with the first two, and we are inclined to adopt the more popular definition: one who knows his way around, who conceals his feelings when it so pleases him: who plays a situation to the utmost—for himself.

We feel we are past the age when sophistication meant a rather risqué lady adorned in black satin, and dripping with furs, a divorce decree in one hand and a diamond bracelet in the other. No, this insidious thing is of a much more subtle nature. To localize the topic, let us look at our own campus of U. N. B. Ah, you say—such nonsense! Why sophistication is as out of place at U. N. B. as a high ball in the morning. (We are here referring to the average individual.) But however incongruous the idea of U. N. B. having its sophisticates may seem to you, we say it does. Many of the students possess its deadly parallel—the Porel Attitude (some may call it being blown off). A famous statesman once said, "It is the closed mind we must fight against." We say it's the bored one we must fight against.

For these (jerks we have a suggestion. Why not levitate those prostrate Physiques of yours and start making big time? Why not write that article for the paper that was going to be so super-terrific; go to that dance Saturday night; try out for a team; catch up on your history? To those incorrigibles who still sit, grumble and are bored we say—break it up boys. And for further information on this send for our free booklet on "Should a Mother Model" or "Which is Worse, Marriage Without Love or Love Without Marriage?"

A vague doubt may have crept into the minds of some readers of the paper as to just how this column made it. May we bring to the minds of these unenlightened individuals the policy of the Brunswickan: "we print anything".

Particularly thorny thorns to Killroy the Killjoy... here but not all there.

STUDIO COMMENT

(We thought this poem appropriate at the present time when the co-eds are having their Graduation photos taken. Perhaps it should be dedicated to the Whiting photo service.)

Thus spoke a worker in photography:
Breathes there a girl with such sincerity
So unaffected and so frank that she
Can say about her portrait honestly,
"It's good, I like it and it's really me!"
If such there be I totally agree
To have her here and go her portrait free."

Blank Verse

OR
A WORK BY CONTEMPORARY THINKERS

The time has come
The die is cast
Dances over
And at last
We turn our eyes
To the task
Of writing papers.
But hearken U. N. B.'s
And watch the turn of fate
Basketball's in season
Let's appreciate
The efforts of the team
To re-create
Some "college spirit"
(spirit that is)
P. S. Don Gammon rejected this
elegy for the coming contest. We
demand a gallop poll to determine
if we have P. O. behind us.

Norm gets off the streetcar at
fish-hook.
Where's the fish-hook?
At the end of the line.

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CAMPUS CO-EDS



PAT RITCHIE

This week we bring you Pat Ritchie, one of our most exuberant Senior Co-eds. In her varied career, Pat has been a bank clerk, an enthusiastic entomologist, and a "disher-outer" of information to tourists.

"Ritchie" turned out for basketball in her Freshman year up the hill now whenever we hear the whistle blown with increasing frequency, we know Pat has stepped over the centre line again.

She has been an active member of the Social Committee; whenever you admire the decorations at the Fall Formal, Cen, etc., you can be sure that Pat has had a hand in it somewhere. Pat has also served on the committees for Sadie Hawkins' dances and Co-ed Dances; in fact she will work hard on any committee. She has been a promoter in the Dramatic Society for two years.

Although the Co-ed Hockey Team has not been very active, Pat is one of its staunchest supporters. Pat has worked on the Brunswickan for two years, as proof reader and as columnist. Her column in last year's Brunswickan kept the campus informed of the activities of former students at U. N. B.

Besides her interests in hockey and basketball, Pat is an ardent tennis player; she is at present wearing herself out on the Gym Team. Added to "Liz", her bicycle and fresh air, she frequently takes midnight jaunts.

Her plans for the future include an interest in social service work, now her time is "unevenly" divided between studying and Dave.

CO-ED FASHIONS

I stood at the door and knocked—but nobody let me in. So I knocked again, this time with two feet instead of one. (The force of gravity kept me up in the interim!) My courage had deserted me when I approached the venerable portal of the University of Enlightenment but summoning all my strength I cautiously put forward one finger to open the door. Swish! Thud! Pardon me while I get back on my feet.

Turning one my cross eyes to the left (don't ask me where the other one went) I beheld several human beings cascading down the hall. There went a few of the co-eds representing the Renaissance period of 1946.

Staggering inside, I settled myself comfortably on one of the wooden easy chair with pencil and notebook in front of me. I was representing the latest style magazine. Scenaria you see, and had come up from Mexico City for an article on the fashion wise co-eds of this world renowned university.

At exactly five after nine, hordes of females began tramping daintily down the stairs for a nine o'clock lecture. Since they had plenty of time they stopped to chat "at" a few of the muscular he-man holding at the pillars, which gave me my chance to survey the numerous articles of wearing apparel. What a surprise I got! There were all the girls flitting around in bare legs or nylons in this freezing cold climate while I who had noticed that the temperature was as low as 32 degrees, had on my red flanneis, wool stockings, overshoes and parka (I left my dog team at the foot of the hill.)

Sweaters and skirts were much in evidence, and never having seen such apparel in Mexico City, my poor cross eyes were worn out trying to glimpse all the plaids and pleats. As far as climate was concerned, I considered this very appropriate, and very pretty too, I might add. The variety of colours and styles was amazing, no less amazing than some of the colour combinations themselves. They say that almost anything will pass now a days, but I wondered if some of the girls hadn't forgotten the word "almost".

Sweaters, sweaters! Hubba, Hubba! on all sizes, shapes and forms. I was very glad to see that many of the co-eds were economically minded in buying or knitting their sweaters, in the event of added weight they had left ample room for a few extra pounds. Little did they know that by spring they would be mere skeletons after talling up and down the mountain all winter. Look at me? Haha! It's plain to be seen I used my car.

I was much impressed by the footwear—I believe the name for it is

"moccasin". Now, there is something which adds to the college girl's smartness; The low heel is so sensible (and incidentally does things for her legs?) and the greasy scalo keeps her free from the water but I decided I would not include it in my magazine as a co-ed necessity but chose loafers as the ideal in-between for both good looks (if and when they are polished) and durability. Pumps were in the minority and although they did look smarter they also cost more.

Although the majority of the co-eds were trim looking, there was room for improvement in their hair styles. Those blessed with curly hair had nothing to worry about but some of the others! offhand, it looked like the morning after the night before or maybe it was the shortage of bobby pins. I gave them the benefit of the doubt as I was told it was the morning after the "Autumn Annual", but I decided to give an illustrated course on coiffures in every November and March issue of Senorita.

By this time, the Arctic hinges from the front door had made me slightly chilly so with all kinds of ideas buzzing in my head I dashed down the hill and rushed away to Mexico. Pardon me, there isn't any snow in Mexico is there?

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