

Bare Facts

It came to me, of a sudden, during the final phase of a rather tense game of Chinese Checkers. I had just liquidated seven of my partner's yellow marbles, whilst ruffling the queen, and cashing the ace in the dummy to make "fifteen-for-two," and sitting back in my cane-backed chair, I musingly pondered the fringe of an antimacassar, and commenced to wonder what in hell the world was coming to, anyway.

There appears to be a conspiracy 'twixt David Henry Luce, Jr., editor of Time, Life, Fortune, and the Daily Worker, for all I know, and Claire Booth Luce, a congresswoman from Connecticut (better say Texas, it takes up less space) and a few other well-heeled and influential (it's pretty hard to be one without being the other) persons, who are determined to stampede the hoi-polloi (you and me, chum) into a mass state of nudity.

It wasn't so long ago that Life (the picture Lucepaper) featured an illustrated article concerning a certain undernourished young lady from Miami, who had innovated the practice of shucking her bathing suit whilst swimming. At least this abolishes the old (1946) hypocrisy, as to the reasons people wear bathing suits. Anyway, say Luce hirelings of Life Magazine, in a couple of years everybody will be swimming without bathing suits, on all the better beaches.

At the time, I felt like remarking that there would be a lot of bare beaches around Miami, if this thing were taken too seriously. But I forgot it. That is, I pinned the pictures on my wall and forgot it.

Next week, comes Lucepaper Time weekly Lucepaper. And according to Time, marching blandly on, they know a certain famous author, who, along with his famous, no doubt, family, make it a practice never to wear any clothes around the house. It hardly seems necessary to add that this family does not reside in New Brunswick, but even so! Time also produced a picture of this famous author (it wasn't A. L. Stanchion), and strangely enough he had been caught with his clothes on. I am just a tiny bit suspicious of Time.

Time also announced that French dress designers were contemplating a new motif for cocktail dresses. These dresses were calculated to cause quite a stir in all the cocktail bars around the world, until they said starchy, people got used to them. The feature of this new fashion seems to hinge on a transparent bodice, whatever that is. In short, brief to the point of being succinct. (Look, if you don't believe this, see Time, Feb. 11, under PEOPLE.) My only comment is that it will drive a lot of people to drink.

So I've given up my novel. Yep, cast it into the fire. Not modern enough. In order to keep abreast of the times, I've begun a new three act play. I figure it will be ready by

about 1955, which should coincide with these epochal changes in our culture.

Let me give you a brief synopsis, eh?

The action takes place at Pokioik Lodge, roughly halfway between Hartland and Temprance Vale (a very accessible spot, see?), where the cosmopolites from four continents (African trade is sparse) flock to bathe in the mellifluous waters of the River Saint John, and to paint charming cubistic portraits of New Brunswick scenery. (Painting is the fad in 1955. All you need is a few brushes and some paint and the rest is easier to do.) As the scene opens, Fifi and Olga, femmes fatales of the current season, are seen standing at the cocktail bar of the spacious Nude Room, guzzling Atomic Fizzes (one swallow and radio-activity sets in). They eye each other suspiciously. Fifi (to Olga) Pardon me, dearie, but your dress is showing!

Olga: (Quiet, vixen. You ain't got a thing on me.)

Curtain falls (providing curtains are still available), as the Nude Room String Quartette strikes up the plaintive strains of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose."

This leads, inevitably, to the second act, in which things between Fifi and Olga are going from bad to less. By this time, they have agreed to a duel, according to 1955 International Law, under Routine Order 34, U.N.O. The United Nations have outlawed all lethal weapons; a resolution moved by Vorishilov Stalin-ski, the Russian premier. (His mother was a White Russian, his father was a Red Russian, and Vorishilov is a little pinko.) So the duel is to be fought with Vitamin pills, with Slager Cola as a chaser, and Olga and Fifi are to match each other, pill for pill. The first one of the contestants to gain five pounds loses the duel and must pay the forfeit. The forfeit (and here I use irony) requires the loser to stand in the Goody Shop window at high noon, wearing a 1945 ski suit.

Act three brings the whole thing to a tremendous climax. Olga loses the duel, whilst Fifi falls in love with Olga's husband, Archimedes, a bit of a cad, who has insured Olga's life for 5,000 zylots, which is a lot more zylots than you think! The play ends when, after Olga kills herself leaping over Pokioik Falls, Fifi and Archimedes are apprehended crossing the border at Woodstock, carrying 5,000 zylots, (3,000 on Archimedes and 2,000 on Fifi.) They are charged with being improperly dressed. (I told you that was a lot of zylots!) As the venetian blinds go down on the final act, Fifi and Archie are led off to Dorchester Pen, as the band strikes up that old favorite, "The Day that I Found You Was the Day that Zylots You."

To me, this play has everything. But will it sell?

Overheard in the new Electrical building: Frank Horgan: "Say, Otis, is that stuff Jimmie calls 'flux' the same as soldering flux?"

A historical novel is like a bustle, for it is a fictitious tale based on a stern reality.—James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University.

A bathing suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.

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Religion on the Campus

Religion on the Campus is rather an awkward thing to write about, since there is so little of it. That leads to a conclusion—let us talk about its absence.

It is pathetic, and almost amusing, to watch a freshman come to college, breathe the air of "freedom" (Mother is a long way away), say his first bad word, and make a resolution not to go to church. Bravo!

Why is it? where did it come from? why does it persist?—this feeling of pride we have for sneering at religion. Are we that much children that we enjoy feeling big and bad by forcing our religion into the background, and turning on it to spit at it? I don't think that this is really the case. But the attitude here has all the looks of it. We are afraid to show our belief in something which is fashionable to laugh at.

The af thistotocapca. The fault is in all of us. It is in the students, the faculty, the ministers of the city. When religion is brought up in certain lectures, it is dealt with in a matter-of-fact way. This is perhaps the safest, and most sensible way—considering the prevailing attitude. But then there is the other attack—Religion is made to grin, and we are made to grin at the grin, and a bottle of gin is thrown in to make the party a success. If religion is to be tossed about so lightly, perhaps it would be better to omit it entirely.

I mention the ministers of the city. Do I dare? Yes, I dare. The Baptist and Anglican clergy manage to personally remind students of their religious obligations. But others—the United Church ministers for example—preach their preachings to the students who attend church—and then forget about them until the next service. This is not an invitation to a flock of overwhelmed clergymen to start calling on students. It is a suggestion that all is not right.

The Student Christian Movement and the Newman Club are our Christian societies—or religious societies, which name limits them unfairly. These groups aim at something just a little higher, a little better than ordinary clubs about us. Yet the Newman Club gets a little sneer and the S. C. M. gets a big sneer from many of our "intelligentsia"—our "thinking" students. One Miss Co-ed blasted the S. C. M. on too many occasions. Yet when she was asked what she did not like about it, her reply was, "Oh, I don't know. I've never been there."

And then there is the student who fashioned himself an atheist. He heard that agnosticism was more fashionable. He became an agno-

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What Next?

The world is waiting impatiently for atomic energy to be put to work. Atomically driven cars, atomic heating in houses, atomically propelled aircraft, and atomically grown tomatoes are expected in the near future.

Most people even yet, do not know the great implications of atomic energy. How many people realize that soon atomic oil, for the restoration of lost hair, will be on the market? Bald heads will be non-existent. Atomine capsules will be used to build up body energy. Atomine will make the body invulnerable, and give it superhuman powers of strength and perception. Atomine will wear the body out in very short time so another compound, Enduramine, will be used to counteract the bad effects of Atomine. Enduramine produces longevity, endurance and youthfulness.

At the present time, there is a lot of work being done on forest conservation. In a few years we will not have to worry about our forests being depleted. Atomic energy activates the soil. This activated soil stimulates seed into immediate growth and produces a forest in a week or so. Plans are already being made to change the climatic conditions of the world. This will be accomplished (Continued on Page Seven.)

It would become us, as "intelligent" students to look into the facts and learn a bit about what we preach against.

Finally, there are those students who seldom get around to going to church during the term, and then go regularly just before, and during exams. What is the point of this? It must be mere superstition that leads them to hope for some foreign aid that will help them pass their papers. It would be more practical if those students went to church a little more during the term and stayed home and studied during exams.

This bit of sermon, may be a bit twisted in its ideas and approach. But you know that something is wrong with the way we use God at U. N. B. Start thinking.

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Dear Diary

Sat. Jan. 12, 1946.

Dear Diary: Three o'clock in the morning—just getting in. Went to dance with Vince — handsome Forester — a sophomore. A lot of the Co-eds were there. Gee I like Vince. He dances like a dream. Had a dance with Max too. He seems nice, but I think he was "slightly inebriated." Vince is going to take me to the show tomorrow—no it's tonight. Guess I'd better get to bed.

Wed. Jan. 15, 1946.

Dear Diary: Wore a new hair-do today. Saw Vince this P. M. He said it looked nice. Been out with Vince three times. He's awfully cute and witty. Some of the kids were teasing me about it today. Mary is going steady with Lyman now. These college romances don't seem to last long though, but I think Vince is different, I wonder if I dare. Got an essay to write in history today. Jeanne had a new dress on this afternoon. Makes her look sweet. She's really quite pretty.

Mon. Jan. 28, 1946.

Dear Diary: There's a big formal coming up—in the gym—Friday. I'm waiting for Vince to ask me. I wish he'd hurry up. I've been out with him—let me see—I guess it must be twelve or thirteen times. Four dances—oh they were so much fun. I guess I've really "fallen" for him. Guess I'll wear my gold and black dress to the dance next Friday. It's the first chance I'll have to wear it. Vince is going to take me to the show again tonight. I know he's going to ask me to go to the dance with him. He's one of the best fellows I've ever met Up the Hill.

Sat. Feb. 2, 1946.

Dear Diary: Feel simply awful today. Didn't get to the dance. Everyone said it was a good time. Vince "imported" —I waited right up until Thursday for him to ask me. Then I knew he wasn't going to. Thought maybe he wasn't going to the dance. Heard he turned up with a girl from Saint John. Hope he enjoyed himself. I spent the night home—twiddling my thumbs. I know one thing—I won't get caught again. Glad I didn't fall too far for him, but it does make me cross. Guess a lot of girls got bitten the same way. Mary said Lyman imported from Woodstock. Co-eds fate.