

BRUNSWICKANNE

MEMOIRS OF A CO-ED

I guess it all began that night we went to the four hour movie. As we left the theatre, the big electric clock in the lobby told us not only that the time was 11:50 but also that our midnight leave would expire long before we returned to the residence. The habit of having a coffee at the "Terrace" drew us in that direction like a magnet. That habit was probably our greatest downfall.

It was freshman year at a small eastern college and our first year in a college Women's Residence. I was one of 10 freshettes housed in an isolated part of the sprawling residence. I guess it must sound ridiculous to be isolated in a residence with 80 girls. But that is just about what we were.

We lived on the second storey of a 2 storey extension with its own private entrance. Our only connection with the main house was a door in the dining room beneath us.

That pretty well isolated us. It also threw us into a situation where we became better acquainted with each other than with the other residents. The only common factor that had caused us to be so housed was that we all held entrance scholarships. We all became fairly close friends, but we five in particular became closer friends as our year in "Frosh Den" advanced.

But to get back to the "Terrace". Over our coffee we momentarily discussed being late and found the prospects more humorous than disastrous. In our few months at college, not one of us had ever been late before. In fact we had never even slightly fractured a house rule as far as our record was concerned. This was immaterial to us. We weren't actually trying for a perfect record. Apparently as far as the rest of the residence was concerned we were. From their attitude toward us, we had quite obviously been labeled. To them we were a bunch of straight-laced scholarly squares, nice enough but too stunned to bother with. So no one bothered to venture over to our secluded "Den".

For some reason we didn't linger over a coffee as we usually did. It was only twelve-twenty when we got back to Winslow Hall. On our way back we joked about the possibilities of getting in the residence without any difficulty. We had all observed that "Peach" our house fellow, sometimes didn't come over until almost one a.m. She was a bridge addict and explained that she, "just couldn't break up the game until at least one good hand had been played". Besides, she didn't think we required a "boarding school babysitter". Might I add that the boarding school attributes of the Hall came from other directions.

Peach was there. She was sitting very stiffly on a straight-backed chair in the lounge. When we reached the top of the stairs, without turning down our volume she announced in a calm voice, dripping with sugar and concern, "Girls, you are very late. I have been waiting for you for twenty-

five minutes. Please sign in and go to your rooms quietly. I don't want you to disturb the other girls."

I signed in and went to my room. We all did. We all went to my room, that is.

The next day we didn't take our fate quite so lightly. At lunch the Dean announced that she would like to see us in our lounge. We were quite aware that the Dean wasn't in the habit of speaking to selected groups for complimentary reasons.

Dean Rockwell stood before us. From her vantage point of height, she glared down at us with her steel grey eyes narrowed and piercing.

I wasn't afraid of P.J.—that's short for pajamas. It's our nickname for the Dean who frequently parades through the halls clad in the same. I must admit I wasn't overjoyed at this point. The prospects of a round with the lashing tongue of authority isn't too appealing to any freshette.

Rockwell began by saying that punctuality was one thing she insisted on. I knew that. We were all quite aware that thirty seconds after the hour was considered late. She continued and in her abrupt manner came straight to the point. She considered twenty minutes to be in excess to necessity, consequently we were to be campused the following weekend. That was all. She left as abruptly as she had spoken.

As the sound of her steps receded, I observed that the shocked expressions on the four faces I could see began to dissolve into an infuriated realization which matched my exact sentiments.

The silence was broken by a confusion of the sounds of mild cursing, a hand faling full force on the coffee table, and a book slamming against the far wall.

The demonstration was caused by the realization that a grossly unjust sentence had been issued against us. In the first place it was customary for a resident to be punished only on the third infraction of the 'leave' rule. Campusing was a measure taken only after the person was late repeatedly. Secondly, campusing usually meant that a person would be confined to the residence after seven P.M. for four nights to be chosen at the convenience of the offender during the following week. Lastly, and most bitter of all, the weekend in question was the weekend of the Invitational Basketball Meet. To even a dumb freshette this meant guests, games, parties, and dances.

That was only Tuesday. Well, by Thursday afternoon we had talked ourselves into a legal means of relieving the harshness of our sentence. We were determined that we would attain a slight liquid glow just to make the long evening more enjoyable.

Since the consumption of alcoholic beverages is definitely not allowed in the residence, we took a friend into our confidence. At this point not even our five "co-denners" were in on our scheme.

Promptly at five-thirty on Fri-

day afternoon, Montgomery, who had kindly donated his car as a party room and himself as Chauffeur, arrived at the door.

By the time we had parked on the most secluded lane of Elm Park on the outskirts of the city, we had discovered that the one ordered bottle had been supplemented by another bottle, compliments of Montgomery.

The interlude in the Park was brief but effective. At six forty-five we were back at Winslow Hall and not even Montgomery was too stable. As for us, well, two bottles had proved too much for our first endeavour of consuming hard liquor.

We staggered up the stairs, half dragging a weaker member of our party who flaked at the top. It didn't take long for the sober half of the "Den" to realize what had taken place. My foggy brain just couldn't understand why one of my pals was unconscious and in bed, two were in the bathroom taking turns being violently ill, and a third sat soberly in a comfortable chair. I had never felt happier in my life. In fact I was so happy I laughed. For fifteen monotonous minutes I laughed.

The dumbfounded observers decided to take a hand. However they were completely inexperienced in the care and welfare of drunks so a conference ensued. The general consensus of opinion was that I should be in bed in case our Housefellow decided to return.

After considerable verbal persuasion and physical force I was finally in bed, a position which I periodically maintained. Feeling as gay as I did I just couldn't remain horizontal. So I would bound out of bed and give a great defensive oration in which I invariably maintained that I was not drunk but just pleasantly plastered.

I guess it was about 8:30 when the Housefellow returned. Through my open door she noted that I was in bed and the room was full of people. She stuck her head in the doorway and asked if I wasn't feeling well.

One quick thinking protector replied "No, I guess it must have been the fish-cakes. A couple of the other girls aren't feeling too well either."

To this "Peach" conveyed her half-hearted regrets and went to her room. I sat bolt upright and exclaimed in an unhusbed tone, "Fishcakes . . . But I had cold cuts for supper."

Peach must have been within hearing range. At any rate, being of an inquisitive nature, she returned to the room within a few minutes on some false pretense. She quite obviously made a closer investigation into the nature of my illness.

Apparently satisfied yet disturbed with the results of her investigation she disappeared in the direction of the main house.

Peach returned shortly, accompanied by the Dean and two other staff members. They had a card table with them which they placed in the middle of the lounge. Then began a card game which lasted long into the night.

This rather abruptly ended my

party. I have since been told that P.J. asked in an informative tone if my friends wouldn't like to take a walk in the fresh air, adding that she thought some sleep would greatly improve my condition. — with emphasis on CONDITION.

I wasn't in a mood for sleeping. I laid in bed for a few minutes and tried to weigh the "Pros" and "Cons" of getting up. I couldn't think of any "Cons" so, I got up. I wandered into the lounge and surveyed the card game. They intentionally ignored me and I didn't go for that. I asked "Is anyone interested in knowing that Dean Rockwell has four aces in her hand?" She turned and stared at me. I decided to ignore her stare and try flattery as an approach. I complimented her on how well her knee socks matched her sweater. She couldn't have been impressed for she stood up and, taking full advantage of her 5'11", glared down at me. I mumbled "Good-night" and went to bed.

The Saturday morning that followed was not unusual. We didn't have headaches but admittedly felt rather doopey. Combined with that was the uneasy feeling of anticipation. But morning faded into noon but no word from the Dean, our spirits rose.

The prospects for the coming evening were dull. However we decided to make the best of the situation and take in a movie that afternoon.

Mid-way through an interesting feature, the grey clouds over our heads turned black and fell frighteningly lower. I was paged to the phone to accept a very important phone call. I shuddered as I recognized the voice on the other end of the wire as that of the Dean. When she told me her reason for phoning I just looked blankly at the receiver.

All she said was that the President would like to see us at 3:30 that afternoon in his office. I don't know how long I looked at the phone before I absently dropped it and automatically wandered to my companions. I remember very little of what happened between then and when we reached the College. We left the theatre in a daze and except for a few nervous bursts of conversation we said very little. We were solemnly silent when we reached the President's outer office. That's where I am now.

Of Interest to Gals and Guys

An Intramural Badminton Tourney, open to both men and women shuttlecock enthusiasts, will commence at 9 am Friday, Jan. 31. Deadline for entries for the tournament, in which there will be singles doubles and mixed competition, has been set for Thursday Jan. 30. However, a limited number of post entries will be accepted Friday morning. Anyone interested should contact Ted Jack (5-5655).

Going . . .

Going . . .

Gone . . .

To the lady in the back row! This was the cry that rang through the Maggie Jean on Monday night when the Ladies Society auctioned off everything they could collect (from pickles to girdles to Peyton Place). Incidentally Peyton Place that 50¢ American pocket book sold for \$2.40 so if you haven't read it check with the co-eds about the contents? The evening was a success although many moans were heard from those impetuous buyers who later discovered that size is important. It is hoped that the money raised will be used for charity but this will be determined at a general meeting to be held later in the term.



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