

OUR CLASS OF '49

By Harold E. Stafford

In September 1945 it was no ordinary class that registered at U. N. B. At first glance it was like any other except for its unusual size. Among its ranks were men who had already graduated from life's toughest course taken on the battlefields and in the skies of Europe. These men had seen life at its worst and came up the hill under the government rehabilitation plan to try and fit themselves for future civilian jobs.

As Dr. Milton Gregg welcomed the class on that sunny afternoon, one could not help but notice the diversity of ages. The young freshmen and freshettes, who had just finished high school were taking such proceedings in their stride. What veteran didn't sit there on the edge of his chair wondering if he would be able to adapt himself once again to school life so as to stand the pace to be set by these younger students. It was a trying experience and one which was to prove an outstanding success.

This class was soon to increase in size. In January 1946, almost two hundred veterans waded through the snow to enrol at Alexander College. We were warmly welcomed by Dr. Gregg in a nice warm assembly hall. As we took our seats in the classroom a couple of days later, it did not take one long to notice that the stoves had not been installed. How different it was to sit there and take notes in full winter dress. This did not last long and we were soon huddled around the stove in the full swing of university life. The classroom thermometer went crazy in those days from well below zero in January to sweating heights in July. But through it all, men like Dr. Tigges proved the inspiration and guide that was needed. We all remember the morning the lone girl in our French class, Kay Gough, stayed away; Professor de Merten gave us a most interesting French lecture. One more thing was very noticeable, many of the students were older than some of the professors.

Life at Alexander was not all study and hard work. The boys got together and entered both a softball and basketball team in the city league. Laurie Solomon spread the news by editing a few special Alexander College Brunswickans. No one ever did say who mixed the "hooch" in the bath tub. It was a source of amazement for Dean Parr

to see the odd hole arise in the barrack walls — they all seemed to resemble the shape of a human fist. And the way that blond-headed civil engineer could sing after arriving back from a hard night at the "rat-race" at three o'clock in the morning. Good old Alexander, how could we ever forget it?

The Sophomore year soon rolled around and the two former classes fused together to form the largest class in the history of the university with an enrolment of over five hundred students. By this time, the veteran had accustomed himself to the sedate respectability of university life and no difference could be seen between the veterans and non-veterans, except for the occasional family worry on the faces of some of the former. An ever-increasing interest was being taken in extracurricular activities. Andy Fleming was elected president of our class. Frances Bearisto held the position of secretary of the S. R. C. Men like Don Fonger fought for more reforms as freshmen week and preferential voting in S. R. C. elections. Tom Prescott headed a delegation which succeeded in forming a most original organization, the flying club. A Taylorcraft "Ace" was purchased for two thousand dollars, and our president Dr. Gregg was a passenger on its first official flight.

Basketball was a big thing that year. Besides winning the Maritime Intercollegiate title, the Ryan men displayed such spectacular performance that one had to rush to the gym well before game time to be assured of a seat or even standing room. The close and hard-fought games with such teams as McGill, Montreal Y. M. H. A., and Nashua, kept the crowd on the edge of their seats in an eager state of tension. We wouldn't have missed those games for the world. It made us very proud to see our classmates Campbell, Garner and Hanson playing their part on that fighting team.

On arriving back for our junior year we were sorry to learn that we had lost our president and good friend Dr. Milton Gregg, who had left us to serve our nation in the Dominion cabinet. We were all proud of the great job so well carried on by Dr. A. F. Baird who filled a double function, that of acting president and dean of forestry and engineering.

By 1947 the junior class, still the

largest class on the campus, took an ever increasing part in activities. Darrell Yeomans received the honor of being its president. The S. R. C. benefited by the services of John Boynton who proved to be an able treasurer. Don Fonger was the big gun behind one of the classiest year books yet printed. Vernon Mullen showed his journalistic ability in his capacity as editor-in-chief of the Brunswickan. The first Red and Black Revue proved an outstanding success as its master of ceremonies Ed McGinley. Perhaps the greatest sore spot of the year proved to be the ban on the Saturday night dances in the gym.

Under our new, popular and able athletic director, Pete Kelly, more students began to take an active interest in sports. The varsity hockey team proved very powerful contenders in both New Brunswick Intermediate and Intercollegiate circles and much of this success was due to two flashy juniors, Bedard and Plummer. Another of our crew, Bruce Campbell, won the VanDine trophy for being chosen by his team mates as the most valuable player to the basketball team. Junior class participants were also active on the ski club, track, and boxing Maritime Intercollegiate championship teams. This most successful year in sports also included mass participation in intermural hockey, basketball and bowling. It was a most familiar sight to see an excited and eager youngster leaning over the boards of the Alexander rinks and shouting "come on daddy, shoot it in the net."

Almost before we knew it, the senior year was upon us. We were fortunate indeed to end our stay at U. N. B. under the guidance of one of Canada's greatest educationists, our new president, Dr. A. W. Trueman. His stirring addresses and sound advice have urged us on to greater efforts.

By now the stately seniors were taking the lead in all campus organizations, far too numerous to mention here, and so well known to us that perhaps mention is unnecessary. Fergus Maclaren became the new president of the senior class. The two top positions of the S. R. C., the president and vice-president, were held by Ed Fanjoy and Hugh Whalen respectively. Mac Paul was assigned the difficult job of editor-in-chief of our year book. J. V. Anglin, in his position as president of the A. A. A. put his untiring efforts behind the unsettled question of Canadian football. The senior class also sponsored the second and most successful Red and Black Revue due to the organizing ability of Don Fonger, Fergus Maclaren and Ed McGinley. We were pleased to see Bruce Campbell win the VanDine trophy for the second year in succession as a result of his activity on the varsity basketball team. Our boxing friend, Keith Fletcher, stepped under the spotlight to win the athletic distinction of the year.

For the first time in the history of the university the debating society won the Maritime Intercollegiate championship. They were edged out by a slight margin in their quest for the Dominion title. U. N. B. had the distinction of becoming one of the first Canadian universities to have a debate recorded in the American Debaters' Annual.

Special credit should be given the Veterans' Club who put their efforts behind a very worthy cause, the Veterans' Loan and Bursary Fund which is already rising above the eight thousand dollar mark. In making it possible for some needy students to get an education, the veterans have shown their thanks and appreciation for what has been done for them.

Some say the class of '49 was different and we like to think of it in this way. With our coming, life on the campus did change to some extent. The veterans brought in their old habits from the outside world, of which they had seen much, and many concessions had to be made.

Taking everything into consideration, our stay in Fredericton was

CAR CAUSES CONSTERNATION



... they ran rampant

quiet and well behaved. There were a few little mishaps and the odd collision with the police, but such incidences were small in number. The days of the old encaenial cannon are far past. It is true we did uphold the yearly tradition of painting the heavily guarded statue of Bobby Burns. What ingenious student was it that slipped down on the green in the wee hours of the morning to perform such a daring operation with the aid of a highly mechanized fire extinguisher filled with aluminum paint. Surely it would not be giving away secret information to say that such originality looks like a good test of the mechanical skill of a civil engineer. Even the city enjoys this harmless and yearly example of our college spirit. Besides it is a very effective way of introducing Bobby Burns to his public.

The past four years have been an experience in our lives which we can never hope to duplicate. During these years we have had time to stop, think and express ourselves as we saw fit without any danger of recrimination. Now we are being let out in a world where every word counts and each action must be considered a step toward an objective. It seems like only yesterday we entered the class of '49 is all but history. As we go through life let us keep in contact with one another through our industrious life president Don Fonger. Let us always keep in mind the message of our special graduation speaker, Dr. Milton Gregg, the man who made us feel at home when we first entered the university, and the man who bade us farewell when it was all over.

RAIN

As the rain falls softly
Washing the dusty earth with its sleepy rhythm,
Drenching each weary thought till it forms anew,
I stand once again on a corner of the world
To see Napoleon fight, or Alexander march.
Or, perhaps, in a crystal drop, I see the prairie
Reach out to the snow crested Rockies
The flat palm of its dusty hand.
Or watch a peak-blackened shadow
Stretch its purple body lithely across a valley.
Or gargantuan step eagerly on each flattened peak
Past Vancouver, up Port Alberni road,
Where the Cathedral Grove, rooted deep,
With their broad boles like congenial friends,
Raise their bushy heads to the shearing winds,
And loose their bared limbs, cramped
From centuries of standing.
There as time and space
Slide gently past
One East, one West,
As steel fires flint
I catch the spark that flies
And bed it in the tinder of my mind
Till its flame burns oil in every vein,
And each raindrop is a world on fire.

GEORGE P. BEYEA.

THIS TIME — EXTINGUISHED!



... but no repetition

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