

Campus Personalities



TED OWENS

Here we are again, people, in our old gettin' acquainted column but lo and behold! it is all dressed up in a new title. For why? says you. On account of this is the first edition of the '44-'45 staff and noticeably we must have a new title, says me—But we digress, chillun, we digress.

The first campus personality to be presented is Ted Owens and what better choice might be found to start off this column. For a person only two years "up the hill" he has certainly made a name for himself in our dear old Alma Mater. His popularity among the '46-ers has been evidenced by his two year presidency of that class. This year he jots down the doin's of the Forestry Association when they have one of their delightful little tête à têtes. The Brunswickan has benefited by his ingenuity in the popular weekly column Stuff 'n Things and as business manager of this news sheet he has "done noble".

But the basketball floor is Ted's own particular stamping-ground and we certainly love to watch his snappy play set-ups and the beautiful way he makes his baskets count. Oh, the ease of it all, oo-la-la! We will even go so far as to say that to us the Mitton-Owens guard line is the best in the Maritimes.

Characteristic of Ted are many quaint (shall we say?) phrases accompanied by gestures to match. And of yes, will we ever forget his great master-of-ceremonying at the Pep Rally last fall—gentle! gentle!

Little runt: Might I have this dance? Big Bertha. Yes, you mife.

IN THE STACKS

By BETTY BREWSTER

I have never quite decided whether Sir James Barrie was a novelist who wrote plays or a dramatist who wrote novels. Perhaps the fact that he had practice in both prose forms accounts for his ability to seize upon the dramatic in writing a story and to create plays which, although ideal for stage presentation, yet "read like a novel."

That is why I suggest that those among you (and they seem to be fairly numerous) who say that plays are difficult to read should make a trial of reading Barrie's "Representative Plays." Barrie's stage directions not only do away with the confusion attendant upon the reading of plays by those who are unused to them, but they are a delight in themselves, and, as a matter of fact, are so well disguised that one hardly realizes them to be stage directions. I cannot help wondering why, instead of spending nearly a full high school term painfully squeezing the meaning out of one play of Shakespeare's—and, incidentally, destroying all the poetry in it—high school pupils should not go through, in the same time, half-a-dozen plays of Barrie or Shaw.

The reading of modern plays with their more complete stage directions would prepare the way for an easier entry into Shakespeare's plays. I am not, of course advocating the elimination of Shakespeare from the school curriculum—far from it. I love him above all but one or two writers, and that is just the reason: I cannot bear to see his work become an object of detestation to pupils who would have liked him but for the deepening of their first natural confusion by a bunglingly explanatory teacher. My own feeling is that if high school students were given a wider reading curriculum with less emphasis on complete absorption of the material they would be more likely to acquire a real love of reading, and would not come to college, after reading only one play, with a hearty determination that that one should be the last. I do not criticize the high school graduates who have that determination. I do criticize a school system which could develop such an attitude in sound, intelligent minds.

To get back to Barrie (after that

Editor's Note: The following poem by Eleanor Belyea is the final to be presented as a winner in the recently conducted Poetry Contest.

Illusion

Murmurs and moanings float on the night wind, Pass me close by; Faster I walk and the clouds crouch together, Mumbling loudly. Grasping the rock ledge, Wildly I watch while huge birds swoop above me. Pale spirits chase me; now looking backward I Stumble and fall: Impact of soft grass, balm of cool raindrops. Slowly I rise and it spills on my face.

ELEANOR BELYEY '45

CO-ED CAPERS

By MARION MORRISON

Well kids, here's another column. This one is strictly Co-ed and its purpose is to keep up to date with the gals "Up the Hill".

To start off with let's go back to last Saturday when the girls really "went to town" in entertaining the Alumnae. Our famous reading rooms looked their nicest and everything (with the exception of the invitations which were returned for lack of postage) went smoothly. The Juniors were in charge and under the leadership of their capable chairman Frankie MacLean made the Alumnae Tea 1944 one worth remembering. The Sophomores replenished and assisted in the kitchen and the fortunate Freshettes washed the dishes. No we haven't left out the Seniors. They, lucky stiffs, were guests.

On Wednesday the Bridge Club had its regular meeting, this time at Mrs. Barberie's. The odding as usual was fast and furious and at the end of the evening the scores (Continued on page five)

unusual and quite unnecessary outburst of reforming zeal) has such a pleasant little twinkle about it. He hasn't Shaw's brilliantly sparkling wit, but he has the ability to keep his reader always half-smiling and his gravity never solemn. He lingers pleasantly on the verge of sentimentality, but never quite touches it. His style has a dreamy charm which I might call whimsical if Barrie himself had not so hated the term. Poor man—he was called "whimsical" and "sentimental" often enough to have complete justification for heartily despising both words, along with—as he ruefully remarked—"fantastic" and "elusive". They must have had a bitter taste to a man who said of himself, with a half-humorous sadness, "I have always thought that I was rather realistic."

Unfortunately, this particular collection of Barrie's plays omits one of the most delightful, "Peter Pan". As a matter of fact, there seems to be no copy of the play in the stacks except a story version written by someone or other—heavens knows why—for children. Since most children hate above all things to be written down to, the book is of little use to those for whom it was intended and of still less use for a group of college students who, I think, are quite capable of reading Barrie for themselves.

Editor's Note: With this edition of The Brunswickan we bring to a close our series of In the Stacks. We would like to thank Betty Brewster for her particularly fine contribution towards the paper and hope that you have enjoyed her criticisms and delightful commentaries as much as we have in presenting them to you.

Overheard

By EVE S. DROPPER

An old adage was overheard the other night which went something like this: "While the cat's away the mouse will play." Could be Ted, so watch it son, watch it—"a stitch in time saves nine."

'Tis overheard, and seen too, that Master Bunny Crowther is chas(e)ing around again. A huge sigh of relief is heaved to see his safe return from straying paths.

"He doesn't like me at all, I know he doesn't." This plaintiff cry was overheard issuing from the lips of one of our sweet young co-eds. Ah me! how bitter are the pangs of unrequited love! If proper steps are not soon taken, who knows, this flame may eec and die entirely, alas!

This secret morsel was overheard in so secret a place that even your superstealth of superstealths trembles to breathe more than a gentle hint about it. Hint: - watch the Junior Dance for high-stepping results of Co-ed Week.

The newly-appointed News Editor has dainty tastes, small blonde ones, 'twas discovered. Nay, son, blondes can be dangerous, but o-o-c-o-oh, so-o-o-o nice too.

It was overheard in the Residence that Little Jake not only believes in making sure of his date by regular inquiries beginning a month or so in advance, but also is unwilling to stand for any interference in his love life, not even from a fellow townsman. Oh well, Art, it was worth a try.

While hanging around the hall in the vicinity of the Reading Room, an extremely zealous agent of this column happened to overhear a terrible threat. It went somewhat as follows: "If I don't get a letter soon, I'll do something drastic." From here it looks like drastic results have already set in, or was that the S.R.C. prexy at the show on Monday with Kay?

Overseen at the Gaiety on Thursday, March 16, was a strange new couple—Pickard and Atkinson. Ho-hum, a change is always as good as a rest, kids, so let's do it more often.

From several very reliable sources it was overheard that some of the older and more dignified members of the college found the jokes a little—er—discriminate in a recent edition of The Brunswickan. Tut! tut!

We'll raise a plaque To the Engineer, Who couldn't quite take His quota of beer.

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