

READING RUMORS by "Mardie" Long

We were discussing primitive society in Sociology lecture the other day and it was mentioned that, in such cultures, "the women smoked pipes."

There was a meeting of the Ladies Society after the picture "do" last Friday. Those who couldn't swim found it difficult to attend.

Congrats to our Co-Ed cheer leaders, Pat Ritchie and Audrey Gillies for their fine work at the Pop Rally and the Mt. A. game.

We were glad to see Joan Ross, ex-'48, at the Football Dance Saturday night. Seemed like old times to look up and see her leaning over the gym rail in front of the P. A. system.

The initial get-together of the Co-Ed Choral Club took place Sunday, in the Reading Room, with all of three members present.

And then there's Co-Ed Varsity Basketball practice to which Coach Ryan bids you welcome. Come one, come all—come in three sizes, small, medium and large.

Remembrance

You always liked the evenings at Aunt Anna's. You and Cousin Rose and Cousin Peter sat around the kitchen table, with its green and white checked oil-cloth, studying your lessons by the light of the kerosene lamp that swung heavily over your heads.

When he could ride his bicycle to town, he was at home in the evenings, sitting with his books in his old corner, but in the winter he had to stay with Aunt Louisa in town, though he didn't like her.

Those week-ends in the winter when Peter came home were great events for you and Rose; for then you would put on your little white aprons and solemnly mix up a sauce-pan of fudge.

On the long, sleepy Sunday afternoons, her laughter broke out with sudden sharp clearness as she squatted on the parlor floor, her head bent over a funny paper.

Then you and Peter would start in dazed bewilderment, torn from a strange and wonderful world. For together you had discovered Shakespeare, and now you were caught up into the enchanted fairyland of The Tempest, and saw the drabby comfortable parlous as something foreign, something not quite real.

You missed his help afterwards when he started to High School. Of course, in the spring and autumn,

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You and Rose used to imagine that they were blood drops that had fallen down the roof from the cross.

Inside the church, you stole side glances at the people around you, at old Bill Jamieson, embarrassed and awkward in the carefully pressed blue suit that he wore only on Sundays, his round-faced wife beside him rustling magnificently in purple taffeta; at John and Sarah Cassidy, both short and squat and red-haired, with their four plump, red-haired children, their faces all smiling with cheerfulness and soap; at gangling young Harry Christopher, stooping to share his prayer book with Agnes Jamieson, his eyes worshipping her pink-cheeked fluttery prettiness.

So you and Harry Christopher worshipped her now, as she sang in her sweet, artificial little voice, keeping time with the asthmatic old organ that Miss Thorncraft, the latest of your teachers, was playing. "Not nearly as good a player as our Janet," Aunt Anna said afterwards to Uncle Robert, with a little sigh.

Aunt was proud of Janet—cool, grave efficient little Janet—but she was prouder still of Peter. The boy's a wonder," she would boast to Mrs. Jamieson.

What appeared to be a climax to a series of "wee hour" raids took place recently in a house known in select circles as Balloch's Bachelor Home.

Two of the Bachelor gentleman, namely one R. Frost (yeah—frigid type) and J. Bewick (yeah—smooth like a Bulck) had descended on the kitchen for their nightly sortie. Suddenly in the midst of ham-bones, toast and chicken legs, consternation overcame our hapless heroes.

Altho' further details concerning this strange imprisonment are rather meagre one report has it that Bewick has discarded his Medical studies in favor of the I. C. S. course in SPIRITUALISM.

solemnly; the staccato tap-tapping of Miss Jones' pointer on the floor; the listless inevitable falling of leaves on the school lawn; the days that seemed to fall too, with the same listless inevitability. These things are still in your memory, but in faded colours. It is only Miss Deane's thin, freckled face that is alive for you, suddenly made beautiful in the contemplation of beauty, vagrant, will-o'-the-wisp beauty, caught at length in a line of Feats and easily to be touched and handled with hands; but to be handled with delicate precision, not with Miss Payne's sticky, adoring solicitude or Miss Jones' matter-of-fact mechanical roughness.

Slowly, quietly, a friendship developed between you, spreading out and encompassing your whole school life, receding only in the summer vacation, the blurred and glorious time of sunshine and laughter and Peter.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



John Lawrence

This week we present another well known senior, John Lawrence, who is president of the Pre-Medical Society.

John, better known to his friends as Jock, came to U. N. B. from Saint John High School and in his Freshman year was Captain of the Swimming Team, a position he has held every year since.

His Sophomore year found John swimming instructor for the mens' swimming class, and for two years he instructed the girls—a job anyone would enjoy.

Johnny devoted a great deal of time to the Brunswickan in his first three years up the hill—as a Freshman he was a reporter; as Sophomore, News Editor; and in his Junior year he ably filled the position of Editor-in-Chief.

In spite of all his extra-curricular activities John has maintained a high scholastic standard and is a good all round student, being one of the best Pre-Meds up the hill.

MARAUDERS

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(Continued next week)

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE?



Scientist?

It pays to experiment — when you know what you are doing. If you don't, you are due for unpleasant surprises. Of one thing you can be certain. No matter what your future calling may be, careful money management can mean much to your peace of mind, enable you to concentrate on making a success of your calling.

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