

Facts and Fiction

I was sitting in a comfortable log chair in the lobby of the Lord Beav-erbrook Hotel. It was May 16, 1956, and I had just arrived in town on the Fredericton (I may-be-late-but-you-can't-complain. There-isn't-any-other-train) Streamliner. My object is returning to the scene of my college days was to attend the graduation exercises at the Alexander College for Anemic Athletes (formerly the University of New Brunswick). While idly turning the pages of the Fredericton Daily Tribunal (I later learned the name had been changed by popular request), a headline drew my eye: **Noted Canadian Returns to Native City**, and read beneath the picture: "Miss Elizabeth Brewster, whose recent book 'Life in a Mad House' or 'My Years at College' has won acclaim as one of the most sensitive portrayals of the agonies and tortures inflicted upon university students before the painless hypodermic injection method of study was perfected by the renowned physician William M. Gibson, a graduate of the old school, Miss Brewster plans on remaining in Fredericton for several weeks. She will then return to her position of Curator of Greek statuary at Runcup College for Women."

Hearing a sudden commotion, I looked up and was amazed to see a tall young woman dashing madly about the lobby with a butterfly net; uttering a triumphant shout she pounced, then sank down in the chair next to me to catch her breath. I stared in amazement.

"Why Miss Vince?" I stammered. "I didn't know you were in Fredericton—I heard that you had sailed with your badminton club for a tour of Europe."

"Why, my dear, I did, but you see we ran out of birds so I simply had to fly back and capture some. Really though they're rather scarce this time of year," she finished with a sigh and rushed away.

Feeling hungry, I laid my newspaper aside and strode in the direction of a large room from which came the clatter of dishes. The Fredericton Fossil Club (of which all the old Stone family are mem-

bers) was holding their annual Paleontological Banquet, and moving serenely through the crowds of people was the one responsible for the enjoyable occasion—Miss D. E. (Dear Ed.) Loughlin. I drew her aside and inquired what she was doing in Fredericton. She told me she had resigned her position as Executive in charge of training would-be athletes at Walter's Muscles-While-You-Wait gymnastic school; she tried the course herself and finding it too strenuous, could not give her whole-hearted support to such an undertaking.

Retiring for the night, I lay down upon the soft rock mattress and was dozing off, when the strains of "Stewwaks of New York" floated in through the open window. Looking out I observed that a fashion show was being held in the patio below. Two of the charming New York models were Miss Edith MacFarlane and Miss Marye Forbes, both graduates of the class of '46. An interested spectator at this event was the prominent criminal lawyer F. E. Atkinson to whom it is rumored Miss MacFarlane is secretly engaged.

After an uneventful night's sleep, I arose, devoured my breakfast of roast pinfish on lettuce (a specialty at the hotel) and left for the college. I took the York Street Subway which brought me out at the foot of College Hill. The campus was completely changed. Only the Arts Building remained standing. Meeting an intellectual looking chap whom I decided must be a student (in my day—no one else had that look—not even professors) I asked what had happened. He told me the sad tale. In the fall of 1946 while the Chemistry Laboratory was being moved from Memorial Hall; a bottle of C2 H5 TO2 Le was dropped, resulting in the destruction of nearly all the buildings.

However, the exercises were held in the upper hall of the Arts Building (the lower floor being overrun with termites). The President of the University, G. L. Atyeer read a letter which had just been received

(Continued on Page Eight)

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



MARJORIE LONG

In this, the last issue of the Brunswickan for the year '45-46, we would like to introduce to you the lucky Junior Co-ed who is leaving May 17 on a good will mission to our American neighbors; those four wonderful weeks at New Haven and New Britain Teachers' College make her the envy of all the Co-eds.

Coming "up the hill" as a Freshie-Soph from Saint John High School, "Mardie" at once entered into the full swing of campus life. For two years she has been an energetic member of the girl's basketball team and can always be counted on for a word of encouragement or praise—"how to go!"

Mardie, who (secretly) aspires to be a journalist, has worked long and hard for the Brunswickan; note her column "Reading Rumors" which kept the campus informed of the world-shaking events which occurred in the upper regions of the Arts Building. When plans for the Co-ed Brunswickan were being formed, we immediately thought of Mardie; in her Sophomore year she was Co-editor and this year Managing Editor of the "pink paper".

Always full of energy with a bright smile and a friendly greeting—but perhaps the thing we will remember most about Mardie is her ability (and desire) to work like a "Beaver."

There were three midgets. One of them kissed a woman 6 feet tall and the other two put him up to it.



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Style the Keynote

The other day, while strolling through a corridor of the Arts Building, the local emporium of learning, (general of course), I suddenly noticed a winsome Co-ed flitting past. It was not her features—perfect as they were—which drew my attention. Rather I was suddenly struck by the thought that U. N. B. Co-eds are the best dressed women I have ever had the (mis)fortune to gaze upon (five minutes at a time since they're rationed and after all, I love my work).

Let me describe her as a shining example (literally speaking) of feminine patritude (or is the word pulchritude—I take English (Scotch) x x x so I really wouldn't know). Perhaps her outstanding characteristic was the beautiful silver bangle she wore, cunningly looped through her nose (much newer than wearing them on the wrist). All Co-eds are now vying with each other to see who can be the noisiest (as far as bangles are concerned of course.)

Her hair, worn in the latest style was a pale shade of amber (but not "Forever". It hung down over each ear in lustrous tendrils (Webster defines tendrils as: a support for climbing—not much connection is there?) Anyway all four hairs were evenly parted and well grimed (groomed that is).

As for make-up, her face was bare. (Continued on Page Eight.)

Hasti-Notes

Since this effort is a part of the new women's page, it has been suggested that the Co-eds take the opportunity of advocating a female symposium. The boys seem to have had so much fun at theirs as was evident from the happy "glow" on so many faces at the dance Friday. (Not a healthy glow either, we might add.) The Atomic Fling, however, really packed a wallop plus a good crowd.

Last week the Reading Room resembled the Bridge of Sighs sighing after "Muscles" Laskey and his silver men. The boys are to be congratulated on their marvelous show. Pardon us while we drool!

And while we're at it—congratulations, Betty, on winning your scholarship. You've certainly done the Co-eds proud and also set quite a standard for the rest of us to live up to. Our best wishes for further successes.

Everyone's hoping that Betty Pried won't be accepted for Toronto University and will be back at U. N. B. next year—everyone and the Moores, that is!

We are all sorry to hear of Bobbie Styran's illness. We hope she'll make a speedy recovery and be back "up the hill" soon.

By the time you read this column (Continued on Page Eight.)

WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO BE



A Stockbroker?

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