

CO-ED'S FEATURE

ON THE CAMPUS AS SENIORS IN LECTURES AT ALEX

SHORT LEGS vs. HIGH FENCES

Goodness, here we are Juniors with no principles, no ideals, no ambitions! Where did we lose them? We started out right didn't we? Anyway we came up the hill—did we ever come up, (size 44 dresses AND pillows) cordially ignored by the hardened uppercrust WOMEN dangling cigarettes from the sides of their mouths. We looked at each other aglance. "What would mother say to this?" P. S. If she could have seen us three weeks later.

What sweet, sad memories our first Brunswickan dance evokes. I want you to know he never danced before in his life, but that didn't matter, we only left the dance at 9:30! Every one rushed the innocent freshmen. Oh yes, our conception of men in these days. Remember the time the fellow offered to take us home in a taxi. It was a beautiful night; gray, oozy and raining. We thought we smelled only one drink—but that was too much in those days. Time Marches On!

Our profs were so profound. Should you skip a lecture? Horrors. You might miss something and our parents expect first divs. And, oh yes, that cute guy who sits next to you in English lecture—he smokes a pipe and he does look so-o-o manly. He must weigh at least 125 and he really must know his way around. (He comes from Magog, pop. 800.) Our course in etiquette started one afternoon after a football game when

We all dropped down to our first tea in skirts, sweaters, raincoats and rubber boots. Calm as poplar leaves, we ate and ran reluctantly out the front door after collecting our umbrellas out of the bathtub.

So we skipped gaily into our Sophomore year, no sups, no regrets and too much ego. We couldn't even take it out on the freshmen. No initiation!

As to courses, we were taking Science I, young geniuses, none the less. Seven courses was a snap, we decided to take eight at least. Later in the year, books got lost, profs got dull, men got interesting, so we switched from Science I to "The Study of Man"—and his reactions (most glandular for those familiar with Sophomore Psychology). We decided the only way to get a positive reaction was to go steady so we did precisely that. Going steady has its assets—you want what you can't have. Phone calls! Why the reverberation nearly knocked it off the wall?

Our first night club... it really was just like the "21" floor show (remember Red)... cigarette girls... punch spiked with ginger ale.

Prayerfully we went to church the next day to repent for our overindulgence and for our near approach to pandemonium our shiny ideals were fast becoming tarnished as all types of knowledge were hurled at us. "Oh blissful ignorance, why did I ever leave thee!" (Are you taking Shakespeare?)

Jingle, jingle, jingle! No, that isn't the hand, it's just a Sophette dangling her eighteen bangles behind her, the only concrete evidence of her Sophomore year.

After a frustrating summer in peaceful Belleville the indifferent Juniors returned content to take the minimum five courses. We quit three times during the term, skipped lectures, wrote factual exams. Did someone say there was a foundation for thinking or was that merely a rumor we heard?

Hear ye! Hear ye! Man or mouse! Married or single, father or son! Yours for the chusing. We have all 1300 of them. Take your pick. An appeal to Cluny Brown: Needed—one plumber to fix and sandpaper our rusty phone.

Finally we have learned what the Reading Room is for. You would never guess that such an attractive room could be so cleverly disguised!

Fashion note of our Junior year: a query by a citizen. "Is there a ski lodge up the hill somewhere? Or has a slack society been formed?"

Obviously painted glasses enhance bangs or vice versa. They are being worn together very often.

This year sees eighteen of our more muscular co-eds (maximum weight 110) turning out for basketball. Just after a shower, did anyone ever hear the familiar scream of a certain one, "Close the door or I'll move my locker," while everyone else stands with their towels over their faces.

Now we're beginning to practice our going away smiles. Our ideals are beginning to sneak back. It is surprising how they've grown—religion has deeper significance, people mean more to us as we have begun to realize that their individual worth may lie far deeper than that we often accept on face value. Our aims and ambitions have after a somewhat confused interim, become more clear in our minds.

—Written by 3 Juniors

We the girls of the class of '47 are now enjoying our last Co-ed week—look out, boys, here we come! Girls do you realize that this is your last chance to pick and choose at random from so many willing prey? Never in dear Mama's time and who knows in what days to come, have so many been offered for the choice of so few. Pause and reconsider:—surely quantity can overcome the deficiencies in quality. Of course there are some in our number who have already fallen victim to the surplus up the hill. No, we won't tell you who—but we hear there are at least three.

We can just bet the boys are huckling up their sleeves; no doubt this is quite in keeping with their idea of women and womanly tactics at we assure you that any similarity between the expectations of the average male on the campus and our true intentions is strictly coincidental, and off the record, hidden in a deep dark corner beneath our soon-to-be-acquired facade of Women of the World.

Yes, we are the women of tomorrow—and as we fare forth from the cherished grey stones of the Arts building, we are leaving behind the odour of formaldehyde floating over its upper layer. (Sob! Sob!) the scarred wooden benches of French and English sculptors on the lower, (no more passion from Pacey) and the problems of international and family affairs, (Marx mixed with sex) sandwiched in between. We even recall with nostalgia the memories of food in the basement.

Into our past will vanish Memorial Hall, where we combined fun and Physics, Chemistry and dances, and all to the tune of "Gawd bless my soul, you must be on time." (English accent.) Within our memories too, we'll keep library notes for future use—historics, philosophies and Dr. Easley's little group; no more we'll peer through the stack's glass floors, trying to escape the prof whose lectures we've just skipped. In saying farewell to the campus, we take leave only of the buildings, for the knowledge imbibed within their familiar halls we will carry with us still. We carry with us, too, the memories of friendships we have made, the Reading Room ceremonies culminating in Auld Lang Syne, the bug-counting orgies indulged in by some of our class-mates at Belleville during the long summer vacations, and last but not least, the examinations. Through them we have proved our worth; they have enabled us to emerge on a basis of equality with our eternal rivals as brave new women in a brave new world.

"He who dances, pays the piper; He who plays the piper, calls the tune..."

At least he should— Whether you're dancing along on the top, or shuffling along on the bottom, whether Pete Smith or Daddy Hsley is footing the bill, you should be picking the records. It's your dance.

These days, from almost every seat on the bandwagon, you can, free of charge, eavesdrop on a discussion over faculties and courses. Surprisingly enough, even class loyalties are subdued to allow as unbiased a discussion as ever takes place between Arts and Science or any two opposing bands. On one theme we are in harmony.

The innovation of the science course at the beginning of the year brought some immediate and some not so immediate results. Whether they are the anticipated ones, is one question; whether they are the desirable ones, is my question. Why must people whose ambitions and abilities lie within the scientific range be deprived of the opportunity for normal cultural expansion? The reasons are mighty obscure if they exist at all.

It is held forth on one hand that "college" is the time for specialization and a concentration of efforts. However, an overall look at the science curriculum, would indicate that aside from our chosen theme, we are being spread thinly over a number of sciences as unrelated as the Arts subjects, we might have elected, given the opportunity.

Narrowness like intolerance seems to be on the wane, elsewhere. At the other end of the scale there are rumors concerning the doings of the Arts faculty. I hope the science sickness is not infectious. For just as a scientist must needs recognize and appreciate through knowledge, the broader aspect of things, so the Artsman should be given a chance to delve into the realms of science. Somehow it looks as though we are given a choice; treble clef or bass. Even I know that music comes from a harmonious combination of both, with solos in either, left for the geniuses. As a mere woman, I don't expect to be a genius, but I'd like to make beautiful music.

POEM

GOTHIC

By M. Cunningham

Though snowflakes fall
Through was grey skies—
To bend their branches down,
The gaunt black spruce spires
Point to God
Behind a steepled town.



J. H. FLEMING

Hatter and Haberdasher

Fredericton, N. E.
Established 1899

From dawn to dusk I drive this bus
And have the glamour gals of U.N.B.
Because—although sometimes they
make me cuss,
I've gotta feed a wife, two kids and me.

Now both these kids are of the female type,
And one of them is six; the other three
Good Lord! when they grow up and here's my gripe,
They might decide to go to U.N.B.

This hurried man first stops for Marye,
Who quickly climbs on with her cute little drawl,
"This changeable weather has made me wary,
I might as well stay in town until fall."

And then on staggers Betty Clarke
(Who shouldn't stay out so long after dark,
For when she does we hear her moan her plight,
While telling all the details of last evening's fight.)

Alice Lou tears down the drive,
"Heavens, driver, sakes alive!
I've forgotten my books—I must go back,
(Marve, you get them!)"

French has the verb irregular, called "vive"—
And Jackie knows that that means laughter,
But that's a good idea, we hear
For fun is just what Gibson's after.

Marge comes rushing out the door,
With luck—she's forgotten nothing more,
Clutching books, kerchief, and gloves,
Onto our private car she shoves.

The trip is long and bumpy — it makes us all turn green,
But at last we get to Alex; make a dash for the canteen,
To push and shove some more—for coffee and for sinkers.
And pass the time of day with the scientific thinkers.

There's Betty, Anne and Bonnie with
with a smile on her face,
And of course Jean Pearson, all help
to decorate the place,
Behind you, by Bill Murray, Claire
Rigout can be seen,
And there is Peggy Gillis, or should I say Jardine?

Serenly in class sit Eleanor, Vesta,
and Claire,
Also Flo and Billie—(who could forget this pair)
The prof has finally caught their attention,
Arriving five minutes late we hear
tones of dissention.

"And so begins our hectic day,
'Tis likely to go wrong in every way
They say a man must work from sun to sun,
But a Co-Ed's work is NEVER done!
'Bye Pat and Shir!

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QUEEN STREET

S.C.M. So

Dear Readers,
My boss told me at 8:30 on Thursday 30. Well, I on earth was going being a curious gentleman one) I went she did say was open and look.

When I first was ly greeted by a see it was early watched a ball g and forth until m ball bit the floor ped turning an reached dead ce enough of that males, one at eit machine that w looking more clo the noise was green sticks hit this motion res gadgets. I was this one when "Isn't this the I thought was, Then I saw sor stick (like a ter ing to shoot a wood into hole them, but as even seem to h excitement the two people seri another with a and black squ and they both gets from one couldn't see m it brightly ope must be a spec cused it on th

Well, finally what was my s of people rush one say that l onged to the men to the U thing I was aw same people to the strabus rainbows" an was chasing a mean as I lock ed light shades and green.
Then every and I heard then "Wcw" a toa disappear Bill Coloris planned this a a dramatic w (Continu

SOPHS S

The annual last Saturday surprise to body for w ill, we did blith skiers Our vete mores Doug Anglin, Jim Graham Lou evening.

C H
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