

Tribute to Autumn

The autumn months are here again. The maple leaf and fairy fern are turning rainbow shades today. For summer's faded fast away.

September twenty-first is universally recognized as being the first day of autumn. On this day the door closes on summer and opens into a radiantly new season. It is the season of death, but the dying is so beautiful, so peaceful, that nature can only rejoice in it.

The coming of autumn is usually heralded by fresh, strong winds, which hasten the passing of summer. It all happens so quietly, so magically, that one scarcely realizes the summer has gone. Then after the first frost, the leaves put on their rainbow taint and autumn becomes a multi-coloured pageant so incomparable in beauty that it makes a stranger, viewing his first Canadian autumn, doubt his eyes.

In my opinion autumn is the most wonderful season of all. Spring, the birth of nature, is beautiful indeed; but its death is so majestic that its birth is brought to nought. Oh to walk for miles along a country road, to hear the autumn wind rustling the dry leaves, to feel its sting, to smell its sharp, clean fragrance, all this is so exhilarating that it is life itself in the midst of so much dying.

Each autumn needs must wane. The leaves begin to fall, fluttering to the ground in an atmosphere that is filled with both sound and

silence. They hesitate, borne upward for a moment upon a gentle breeze, and then drop quietly, with a penitence-like motion, until they settle ever so softly upon the carpeted earth. And here they lie, until perhaps stirred by the heavy boot of the stalking hunter or the dainty hoof of a startled fawn.

On the hillside the farmer ploughs and sows his next year's crop while part of this year's harvest still stands in the fields. Rich, brown earth rolls back from the plough and lies in furrows under the golden sun. Rusty stubble still glimmers through the green upshoots of valiant new grass. From the wind-swept skies there drifts a deep-toned honking, wild geese flying!

Evening, and the farmer gathers his harvest from the fields. The noisy cart, trundling towards the barn, breaks the stillness of the gathering dusk. Night, and the russet-colored apples gleam silver in the light of the harvest moon.

But another night not so peaceful soon comes. Cold, slashing rain beats down upon the hard dry ground to the accompaniment of a raging wind. For autumn it is the end! In the morning the trees stand bare and a moaning breeze creeps through the naked branches, wailing like a song of death. One can almost hear dying Nature say, "Do not mourn for me; for I am gone but for an hour. In the spring I shall be born again, and it has been so beautiful dying."

M. L. 47

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES



MARION MORRISON

This week we take pride in featuring our Commandant of the Co-eds—the President of the Ladies' Society, Marion Morrison. Marion is a favourite with one (namely Ted) and all 'Up the Hill' and we are looking forward to a very pleasant year with her as queen of the campus.

Marion came to us from Fredericton High in the fall of '41, but now her home is in Hamilton, Ontario. Realizing her fine executive ability, her class elected her as Vice-President in its Sophomore year. This year Marion was also President of the Sophettes and Secretary-Treasurer of the Ladies' Society. Continuing executive work, Marion represented her class on the S.R.C. in her Junior year, and this year again finds her as representative of that body. The Dramatic Society has also profited from Marion's willing hand.

This year Marion is also President. (Continued on page five)

CO-ED CAPERS

By Marion Morrison

If you had wandered up to the second floor of the Arts Building last Saturday you would have immediately noticed that the Brunswickians were out. They were scattered all over the Reading Room and behind each was a Sophette.

Returning two hours later you would have been amazed to see that a miracle had taken place and that the Sophette banquet 1944 was ready. It really was a super banquet too, one that the Sophs can justly be proud of.

We were particularly honoured at this banquet in having Mrs. Gregg as guest of honour. She graciously consented to speak to the girls and the co-eds showed their appreciation for her sincere and well chosen words.

As is customary at a Sophette Banquet, the Freshettes (not without some persuasion) one by one got up and designated the lucky Freshmen with whom they would like to go to the Freshman reception. After this enjoyable episode, the girls were entertained by Kay Lyons who sang for us and Leila MacKenzie who played. It was evident from the hearty applause that repeat performances will be welcome at any time.

Babs Gorham then took over at the piano and the banquet ended with college songs. It was nice to see the Freshettes learning the songs so quickly and joining in. However we agree with Miss MacLeod that there are a great many more college songs the girls should know.

This column wouldn't be complete this week without mentioning at least "The Melodrammer". Living up to the high standards set in previous years the Ladies' Society once more presented a skit at the Freshman Reception. Highlights of the play(?) were Babs Gorham's and Charlotte VanLine's portrayals of the beautiful heroine and the noble hero. Marj Rowan's "Sun" and Mavis DeLong's "Shadows" were certainly effective to say nothing of the "Hours" played by Frannie MacLean and Jean Smith.

This week something new took place. Our "free" day as the co-eds fondly call it rolled around. Activities started off promptly at nine with an address by President Gregg whose well-chosen words were a fitting impetus for our new venture. Mrs. O. V. B. Miller, from the Fredericton Red Cross Corps, spoke for a few moments to the co-eds about the Red Cross work that could be done. She also brought some material up for immediate work. Maxine Tracey was nominated to look after getting work from the Red Cross rooms and distributing it among the girls.

During the morning films which were educational as well as interesting, were shown by Mr. R. K. Nevers.

The afternoon was spent in physical training under the direction of Mr. Howie Ryan.

The consensus of opinion was that our day was both useful and enjoyable.

Fashion Fads

On your toes, girls, we're going feminine! Time was when we wouldn't think of scuffing up the hill in anything higher than half inch heels, but occasionally now higher heels are being worn, and "There's no to reason why there's but to do or die," so teeter, tot! Bare legs—but carefully groomed girls—have been the mode, but it is getting a little late, and a little colder—so, draw your own conclusions.

Perhaps it is because sweaters are rather scarce, perhaps it is a turn in the fashion, but light-weight suits and blouses (both tailored and more fancy) or dickeries are being worn more than has been the custom during other semesters. It is presumed these will be worn all winter under coats. The jackets are coming up a little in length. There's a broad but natural shoulder, with the jacket as a whole more loosely draped, and a sleeker skirt. Some girls prefer a check, with which is worn neutral colors in the blouse or sweater, while others choose a monotone and contrast it with a more vivid shade. Sweaters—when obtainable—will always be an o.k. with the co-ed, for they are so easy to pull on and so warm, but dickeries don't seem to be as much a "must" this year as last. However, blouses have definitely taken on more personality, and are

no longer mere supplementary collars underneath, but have distinct fashion identity.

Woolen dresses are to the fore again and are predicted to be worn more to classes. Dresses are softer. The classic shirtwaist loses character when compared with a dress that is softened, yet clean cut and uncluttered. Simplicity and adaptability are essential for the fall and winter dress. But the colors, girls—behold a dominating vibrant red, a real American Beauty red, inky blue-purples, Kelly or moss greens, browns, rusts, aenna shades, and black! Incidentally, with the fuel shortage, woolen dresses are worn just about everywhere. Crepe dresses arrive in about the same shades, are simple—but trimmed with just about anything from a peplum too even an occasional small bustle.

Coats seem to be definitely the casual or "topper" style—but may be fitted or loose. The Chesterfield seems to be playing the favorite. Sleeves have loose, deep-cut armholes and shoulders are broad without being footballish. The more decorative type of coat appears to have gently drifted out. Tweeds and gaberdines are still popular, but the coat of one shade is drawing up to be among the first on the Hit Parade.

And girls, in your hair—in general longer than it was, down or up—you can wear anything—flowers, bows, bars, ribbons, combs (curlers are taboo!) but not too much.

For dress occasions, hats are becoming a more important part of the ensemble. Always fairly simple, hats are neat, distinct and small. Coming in with the winter wind, are hats with a deep-back look, turbans, beret variations from double brims to wide side sweeps. Accessories are colorful, neat and definitely ingenious. Here there is scope for personality and individuality and everyone is striving for something a little different. The old school-tie is uplifting itself and you simply must have something red and black to give the old college spirit an impetus. So put a U.N.B. tag on yourself somehow!

But girls, remember we are all distinct personalities, and a certain article isn't stylish just because the people are wearing it, unless it is becoming to us ourselves. Know

Now You Know

The reactions of the Freshettes to the query: "What do you think of the U.N.B. men?"

DOT JOHNS (reflecting)
If I say something general, he mightn't like it.

SHIRLEY TRACEY:
You'll have to wait three or four weeks until their hair grows in.

AUDREY GILLIES:
We're still looking them over.

JOAN ROSS:
They'll pass in a crowd with a push.

HELEN GIBSON:
I just like one Senior on the football team.

BETTY ROBERTSON:
The Sophomore Class is all right. (Five minutes later) Did I say Sophomore, will you change that to Junior, please? (What passed in the meantime, Betty?—Ed.)

RUTH CUMMINGS:
Why do you keep asking our opinion? Don't you see the lights in our eyes?

PAT WRIGHT:
If I told you, you'd disband me from the company. (What do you think of the Navy, Pat?) Wow!

ROBERTA STYRAN:
Well, some of them are all right.

NANCY MacNAIR:
I haven't had much chance to find out. P. S. Very willing to learn, though.

MARY JEAN SAUNDERS:
Oh! We'll have to say they're good—as a whole anyway.

BETTY MacDONALD:
O. K.—Especially the blonde!

ANN GIBSON:
I think they're won—derful!

yourself, learn what is becoming to yourself, make that part of yourself, and then you'll be you! Be an individual.

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