

The Gem The Gem The Gem

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Alumni Gym Houses Happy Memories

As I stood in the middle of the ancient hall and prepared to begin what would be my final appearance, something compelled me to leave. I was drawn from that scene and placed in the same environment three years earlier. The experience seemed to mirror Dickens as I reviewed the past in a sort of dream; invisible to the people around me. I could feel the presence of ghosts as they watched us complete the task they had begun. Unlike Dickens, however, the dream was without a lesson, yet it did end happily. The vision I saw before me was of the first championship the Great Hall housed. It was full to the eaves, and applause, cheering, and chanting rang out and filled me with tears and pride. It does the same to me now as I remember that great moment, perhaps the greatest the old hall ever witnessed. I saw myself in the middle of the floor, my arms in the air, fists clenched. Next I saw my sister and myself embracing and crying, our tears mixing with the hard work of the forty previous minutes.

The pounding of my heart brought me back to the reality of the task I now faced. And as the ball went up for the final time a smile came to my lips. Behind lay sadness and triumph. I played in the Great Hall for the last time.

The eve of basketball modernization brings reflection for this five year veteran. Reflection not on past accomplishments, but on past experiences, and more importantly on Alumni Gym. Perhaps only an athlete who has spent most of their uni-

versity life in a brick building that is either too hot or too cold, falling apart, has 19th century lighting, and a stage where if you're running too fast becomes life threatening, can understand how many of us must feel leaving it all behind. The normal reaction would be one of excitement and anticipation because we now have an opportunity to play in a facility that does justice to the basketball program. I fell this way to a certain extent, but for the most part I'm sad about leaving Alumni. It's been a place of success, and a few failures, and where you could always find friends. There is no reason why the new place should change all this, and I'm sure it won't, but the one thing we can't take with us when we leave is the history. Sure we can make new history, and we will, but not the history that was made at Alumni. That

is the place where all the firsts happened. I guess it all boils down to being nervous of the unknown. At Alumni you always knew who would catch you when you fell into the crowd. You could tell who was sitting on the stage from the other

end of the gym, and you always knew you were going to win. The new place has all the uncertainties that come with something unfamiliar. With time we will all become more comfortable with our new athletic home, the sauna in the women's locker

room will undoubtedly help, and as long as the window in that locker room continues to face old Alumni Gymnasium we can draw from it as a reminder that the tradition must continue. The old place has been good to us, its the least we can do for it. ■



Professor Forgets Final Exam

Reprinted from The Brunswickian

By Richard Renaud

Every student's fantasy turned into thirty-one students' nightmare last December 18th, when Prof. Barry Davies of the English Department failed to show up for the final exam of English 2803, Literature of Atlantic Canada. Claiming he forgot that the exam was scheduled for that day, Davies was apparently otherwise occupied. The students waited for about an hour before leaving to officially register a complaint with the department. Once the complaint was in, Prof. Ploude (chair. of the dept.) and Dean of Arts Peter

Kent were then involved. As it was time for Christmas vacation, the students were left to wonder their fate for several weeks.

In their complaint, the students mentioned that Davies had been absent from class seven and a half times and therefore they had missed about twenty-five percent of the class material. Also worth noting is that he had a graduate student correct their essays. His comments seemed to have been unreasonably sarcastic. Finally, Davies had not given out a syllabus for the course at the start of the term.

When they returned to classes on January 8th, the students learned that they were to sit the exam the following

Saturday. The students felt that this was totally unfair as they had now been away from the course for a full month, and now they were expected to prepare for the start of a new term. Feeling they had no alternative they approached Prof. Ploude, Dean Kent and Tom Austin (Dean of Students). A meeting was then called for with the entire class and these three administrators. The main concern at this meeting would be to decide how to assign marks for the course, the students were also concerned with the disciplinary action that should be taken against Prof. Davies.

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