

Poetry Corner

TO—

The pine trees shimmering in the rain,
The apple blossoms in morning mist,
The rosebuds opening to the dew,
The robins singing in the lane;
A sailboat smiling to the sun,
A bluebell bowing to the breeze,
A promised rainbow in the sky,
A golden moon when day is done;
The tinted maples in the grove,
The gathering of south-bound birds,
The earthward fall of silent leaves,
A fairy wood in which they rove;
The first soft-velvet winter snow,
The satin gleam of glistening ice,
The creaking frost in leafless trees,

A studded sky of starlit glow;
An open fire with magic flame,
A book, soft music, voices, laughter,
You gave your heart to all of these;
To please you seemed their only aim—

You gave your life for them and me,
That life you loved so ardently.
Life's glories now are dark; In them
Your shattered dreams are all I see.
—P.C.L. '43

THE GLOW OF YOUTH FADES

The glow of youth fades singularly soon,

Before those burning hopes have time enough
To melt old cares, so singularly gruff.

Grown gray, Life scorns its happy youthful croon.

Once friendly bright, now chill the ancient moon.

Life lacking spark becomes mere routine bluff

Ideals, faiths, hopes are vanished in a puff

Of acrid smoke. Now brimming full the spoon

With daily hemlock. Like a salty sea

Aims unfulfilled evoke a thirsty ache

Within the soul. O God! it is a crime

That dumbly, men must slave, cannot be free

From hopelessness, from dulling years that take

Relentless toll beneath the wheels of time.

—Linden Peebles.

The President of a Canadian university was delivering his baccalaureate. In the audience was an elderly man and woman, obviously foreigners, and having heavy going as they listened to him address the class of which their son Giuseppe was a member.

"What he say?" finally demanded the mother, her brow knitted.

"Who?" asked the father sleepily.

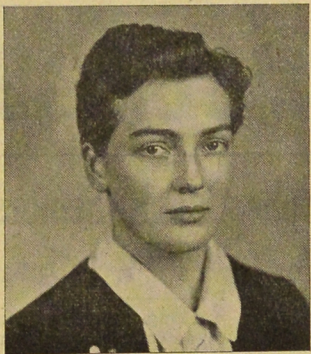
"The bigga fella in black robes, what he say?" asked the mother.

"He say school is out," replied the father. —Moncton Transcript

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out the front door and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card, and remarked as he closed the door: "Tickets no good; can't come in."

May We Present



ENID BRUCE

With our customary efficiency we present this time Enid Bruce. Enid came to U.N.B. as a Freshie Soph late in the fall. Her first year up here was spent in catching up on her subjects and playing a good game at basketball. Last year she really began to show us what she could do. Always very interested in sports, she became President of the Ski Club and a very active member of that up-and-coming sport. She went as a representative of our college to the Dalhousie Meet last year, where she brought home a trophy for the Ladies Slalom Race. In basketball Enid was manager of the girl's team last year, and a steady guard player. She has been an active member at badminton and is now doing a very good job at swimming, diving, and gym work. Enid is the first woman at U.N.B. to take up drafting and one of the first to take Geology. Enid's chief interest is sports, and if her past record is any indication, we can expect great things of her in the future along this line.

A geese is a low, heavy set bird which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sets on the other. A geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no foot between his toes, and he's got a balloon stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gits big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just loaf and eat, and go swimmin'. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander. —Chanticleer

"Faux pas" means "pass the forks."

An oculist is a thing with long arms and ten tactics.

A polygon is a dead parrot.

A brunette is a young bear.

Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah

What this country needs is a grape-fruit that can yell "Fore!" "Waiter" said the absent-minded professor, "twenty minutes ago I ordered a grilled steak. Have you forgotten it or have I eaten it?"

"Does that Mrs. Babber talk much?"

"Does she? You should have seen how sun-burned her tongue was when she came back from her vacation!"

Janie's Diary

Thursday, Nov. 6, 1941.

Dear Diary:

Awoke with a bomb under my pillow at 8.10. Realized it was only the alarm clock, so turned it off and went back to sleep. Stirred again at 8.15 and thought I'd better hurry—no time to wash—piled on more lipstick over last night's supply—threw on the first clothes I could find—realized I had on my pyjama top again for a blouse and tore out the door, grabbing as I went 1 piece of toast from Mother's hand, 2 cookies from kid brothers, 3. gulp of coffee from Dad, 4. and unfortunately the rattle from the baby. Got my coat and gloves on by the time I reached the bottom of the hill and started taking them off again so I would be ready to drop out of things as I tore to Spanish. Reached the Reading Room and discovered today was Friday—no lecture till 9.15. Sprawled out on one of numerous dilapidated pieces of furniture (heck why doesn't someone get the furniture fixed anyway) hauled out my cigarettes and make-up and finished my setting up for the morning. By the time 2nd period came, and incidentally Prof. De Merten would be expecting me, I felt just like a hand of bridge. In came Fran, Dodie and Sheila with an authentic spare so we played. After bidding 5 spades, doubled and vulnerable, my partner got too happy and we went down on a grand slam. However by the time the next bell rang we broke even, and I was hungry from so much exertion. Down to Tuck Shop and after crawling over 4 pairs of legs, dodging 12 pairs of elevator eyes, I managed to get a coke and four chocolate cookies (two were broken). Amid cries of "Give me a drink, eh?" And "how about a bite?" I fought my way to a chair and sank blissfully behind a layer of smoke to listen to the gossip unnoticed. What do I hear? Cameron going up to see Fran all the time? H'mm—I must be slipping. Pete out with Mary eh? and Chub taking Elleen to the Formal, not bad, not bad. But then I remembered I had to make an appointment with the hair-dresser for Friday night, so mangling a few toes, and dropping apple cores I tore out, picked up a few strays who were also going down the hill, and got home in time to see how much money I could spend on my hair Friday and made my appointment. Dinner, as usual, quiet except for an occasional choke over the burnt meat or potatoes. After dinner I decided I needed a rest. Too early rising cramps my night life. With a few chocolates, Laura Secord from the night before, two apples, a McCall's, a Mademoiselle and three Esquires I wandered up to my room. After falling over my slippers and stepping over piles of clothes and puddles of silk stockings I clambered on the bed and read myself to sleep. At 5 in came Lucy and woke me. She had just heard that John was taking Joyce to the Formal and thought I hadn't heard. How that girl gets around. Supper, a dismal affair, owing to too many chocolates and then a hurried trip over to Lucy's to avoid the dishes; after returning, putting on a clean dicky and different sweater, tossed up to see whether it was heels or saddles, and started to finish my face while waiting for Tom. Got my lipstick on crooked, broke my Max Factor in my hurry and curled my eyelashes upside down and then Tom was so late I nearly had time to write to Joe. Found I'd better wait till next week. At last Tom came. Went to show "Bride came C.O.D." Liked it, but Tom spent time dodging woman's head in front! Sheila intermission saw Sheila and Doc, some Freshettes, and decided to go to Goody Shop. Danced there for a while, saw everyone with everyone else, fought with Tom about whether girls should smoke or not, paid a lot of attention to Bob to get even and sulked home at 11.30. Too tired to curl hair or take off what was left of face. Threw stockings in hand basin and dived into bed. Mustn't forget got 8.30 lecture tomorrow. Thought of Joe and how to get even with Fran for going out with my latest crush.

Jean—Were your folks surprised when you graduated from U.N.B. Birch—No. They expected it for several years.

Want A Record?

The first rule in buying records is not to buy anything too popular. When you buy a record, think to yourself—"Will I like it in a month, or even three months?" The Hut Sut Song is a very good example. Only a couple of months old and it is already on the way out. If you are going to buy records to play for a few weeks, it is a very expensive hobby, while if they are chosen with care, they will be good for years.

Here are a few suggestions as to good records. In the following list C means Columbia; V, Victor; B, Bluebird; and D, Decca.

Probably the most outstanding tune in the last few years has been Hoagey Carmichael's "Stardust" Les Brown (B7858) and Wayne King (V25171) both make records of it, but they are in a fairly fast fox tempo. Artie Shaw (V27230) and Glenn Miller (B10665) records of it are slow but with lots of solo work. Tommy Dorsey's record of it was a Victor, now discontinued with Tommy Dorsey's version on one side and Benny Goodman's version on the other. Eddy Duchin is good on C314. Whiteman's Concert Orchestra makes V36159.

Wayne King's records of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (V26329), "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" (V255-01), "Because" (V26659), "Falling Leaves" (V26785) and many others are very good.

If you like Hawaiian music, you will like "Kalu Skies" (B10675) by Kaonohi's Native Islanders as well as "Aloha Oe" and "Song of the Islands" by Ralph Kolsiana and his Islanders (B7110).

A must for your collection is "The Carnival of Venice" and "Flight of the Bumble Bee" by Harry James (C267). His trumpet is also evident in "Eli Eli" (C252) and "Trumpet Rhapsody" (C350).

Gene Krupa's records of "Drummer's Boy" (C81) and "Sweet Georgia Brown" (C262) are certainly swing classics.

Bob Crosby's record of "Big Noise from Winnetka" (D3611), drum novelty, is one of the oddest of all swing records. He has also made a record of "The Skaters Waltz" in swingtime (D2282).

Jimmy Dorsey's "John Silver" (D3334) "Swamp Fire" (D2918), "Man and his Drum" (D2961) and "Dusk in Upper Sandusky" (D3333) feature drum solos.

Two of the first swing tunes are Henry Busse's "Hot Lips" (D198) and Clyde McCoy's "Sugar Blues" (D381).

The above records are only a few of the good ones available. You will have your own favorites. Perhaps you do not agree with the author at all. The best idea is to get the catalogues and choose the ones you want.

—L. O'B. '43

Two Engineers were saying:
"Wh'at the idea of wearing your sock inside out?"
"I have a hole on the other side"

—Manitoban

A mongoose is a male goose.

TUNE IN

TUESDAYS

"Blended Rhythm"

Buckingham

CIGARETTE PROGRAM

TRAGEDY

Oh I've been burdened with a terrible curse
No other man's fate has ever been worse.

You may laugh and jeer but listen friend

While I tell my tale to the very end.

My girl friend was a nurse you see,
When I joined up in the king's army

She was too pretty by far for a nurse's life

And I longed for her to be my wife.

But one day along came Hitler and war

And I joined up with a few thousand more

And now for the climax of this little tale

Of the girl who broke the heart of her male.

She joined up also, as a military nurse,

And now on my life is an everlasting curse,

We both came home last week on leave

I proudly wearing three stripes a sleeve.

I rushed to greet her, now much bolder,

To draw her head down on my shoulder,

My heart broke then, I heard it rip.

On each of her shoulders shone a new pip.

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies, from dawn to dark
'Cause Noah didn't shoo the two
That roosted in the Ark.

A blizzard is the inside of a chicken.

When You Think of "Glasses" Think of

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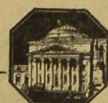
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