

Poetry Corner

ABSENCE

Where are you when the wind sighs
and the pines move upon the pale skies,
and poplar leaves sing?
when clay cliffs ring
with wild bird-cries
where are you?

Where are you when the waves play
across the Saguenay all day,
and white waves roll?
when sea bells toll
over the seaway,
where are you?

Where are you when my heart beats fast
and the western skies grow overcast,
and paint the sea gray?
when the winds say,
in the autumn blast,
"Where are you?"

A. G. Bailey

PRACTICALLY

A shooting star one would not keep;
Gay streams must run;
Beg not the wind for willow's sleep
A flower's breath is far too deep,
Like echoes from departed sun—
To have, to hold, is but to tire;
Capture flame and life is done.
A veiled choir
Inspires one.

P. C. L.

"Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good..."—Bill King cartoon in Collier's.

Behold the remains
Of Oliver Farget—
Joined the O. T. C.
And they used him for target.



Equipment

Harness and other equipment, flimsily held together with haywire and binder twine, can get you into a deal of trouble. There is a tendency for things to disintegrate when the going is particularly rough.

Good equipment for successful living is the habit of thrift and financial foresight, most easily acquired by putting money in the bank regularly. There is nothing like a fund of ready cash to hold things together when the going is hardest.

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May We Present



JACK VERMEREN

This week we present Jack Vermeren a senior Pre-Med. In his Junior year he was secretary-treasurer of the Pre Med Society and this year he is Vice President. Jack has been very active in this society, taking a big part in putting over the last two barn dances, which have been such successes. Jack attended Brockville this last summer and is now a 2nd Lieutenant in the C.O.T.C. In sport Jack has been an interested skier, going to New Denmark to the Meet two years ago, and attending most ski buses. This year he came third in the boys cross country ski race. Jack has always been interested in Dramatics and took part in one of the plays in his Sophomore year. An all-round Science student, Jack spends much of his time in the lab, but still finds time to indulge in a little social dancing.

To The Forces

Arts Building,
U. N. B.
January 23, 1942.

Dear Joe:

We had a dance last week-end for the fund to help replace students' property that was lost in the fire of our rival college. You know that college we always beat. There were some professors there in them clothes like you see in the movies. The girl who lost her fur coat at the Windsor was there, in nice warm sensible clothes, with the boy who manages the rink. The sports editor and the feature editor of the Brunswickan covered the dance together, also, doing some really fancy dancing.

Joe, do you remember that dark girl who left here after her freshette year, two years ago. She has since attended two upper Canadian Colleges. Well, she is coming back. She used to go with the junior boy who is so interested in gym work. This boy now takes out that girl, also brunette who works in the government offices and stays at the sorority house extension on St. John St. The boy is going to have a little trouble because the girl who is coming back is also going to stay at given house on St. John St.

That blond boy, sophomore president, called "little tank" has made a new record. He talked on the phone for thirty-seven minutes. He won't say to whom but I bet it was to that freshette who wears red wool stockings.

I've seen two senior girls from the North Shore that play basketball in the halls about lately, Joe, but they won't tell me whom they are waiting for.

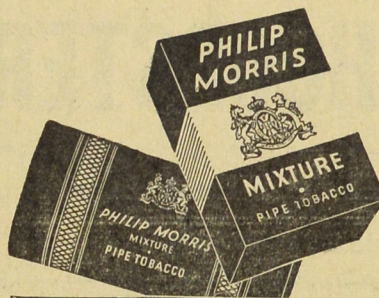
Give my love to Bobs, Pete and Jack and all the other cute boys in the picture you sent from your camp.

Love,

Janie

Times have changed. It used to be: Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
You promised, dear father, that you would come home,
As soon as you rays' work was done.

Now it is:
Oh, father, dear father, why don't you go out?
Why sit here and spoil all our fun?
We took it for granted you'd beat it down town,
As soon as your days work was



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The Library Needs An Atlas

"Miss Bibli," cried the plaintive voice of Lily Usquebaugh.

Miss Bibli the librarian, wrenched her mind from the cataloguing of Soap Bubbles and the Forces which mold Them and looked at her assistant, "Yes?" she queried in what she hoped was a patient tone.

"What is the present Status of Mitosis?" asked Lily plaintively.

Miss Bibli blinked thru her glasses. Her mind was still far away among the soap bubbles. She sparred for time. "What do YOU think, Lily?"

"Well, what I think is we should get an Atlas. If it was in Canada we might find it because our last Canadian Atlas is only about thirty years old, but these European states where everything is changing—I don't know the Present Status of Mitosis, and how am I going to find out without an up-to-date Atlas anyway? Do you know what country to catalogue it under, Miss Bibli?"

"Lily," said Miss Bibli dryly, having peeked at the title page of the book, "I would advise you to catalogue the Present Status of Mitosis under Biology."

"Oh," said Lily not at all abashed. "But anyway, I still think we should have an up to date Atlas."

Miss Bibli returned to her Soap Bubbles. It was so hard to concentrate with so many interruptions.

A very pretty little girl approached the desk. "Please," she lisped appealingly. Miss Bibli smiled encouragingly. What were a few soap bubbles against such youth and charm. "Yes?"

"Please can you tell me where this place is? It's spelled S-A-N-O-R-I-G-I-N."

"Well-I-I can't tell you right off. But we might look it up. Have you any idea in what country it might be?" She spoke slowly, spacing her words like the heroes in soap opera, for again Miss Bibli was sparring for time, time in which to think. "Was it in a book you read?"

"No," said the girl blushing becomingly. "It was in a telegram—from somebody—to say he had arrived safely, and it was headed 'San Origin, M.E. Do you know what M. E. is?'"

"M. E. is for Maine," said Lily. "I know because I was there once."

"Oh no," said the questioner, "I think it's somewhere near Gibraltar."

One of the Professors arrived and was besieged by three females who laid the problem before him and anxiously waited for knowledge to flow forth.

"M. E." he murmured "Near Gibraltar. It might be the Middle East."

"That's it!" Their faces lit up.

"But where is San Origin?" said the little girl not to be put off with half measures and determined to know exactly where HE was

"San—San—that sounds like Spain. Or it might be Portugal? Let's see. What's our latest Atlas?"

"1876" said Lily who had lately looked up Mitosis.

"It might be Ethiopia, one of those new, Italian colonies," said the Prof. hopefully. So they looked for Ethiopia in the Encyclopaedia, Miss Bibli searched the shelves for travel books on Spain, Portugal and points East, while the Professor stood by ready for emergencies. Sad to say, the searchers returned from their various expeditions completely baffled.

Next morning the little girl approached the desk. "I know what San Origin means now. There was a naval officer at our house last night and he says it doesn't mean anything."

"It means what?"
"It means 'without Origin,' said she, 'they are not allowed to tell where they are and so they put it that way. It means there's no such place.'"

"I said the library should have an Atlas," said Lily.

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