

Welcome Back

Happy New Year! Did you have fun at Christmas? What did you do in the holidays? Cries of welcome permeated the still quiet air of the old Arts Building and again the snowy campus was alive with students, relieved of exams, distainful of marks, well almost and anxious to start once again the long second term.

In the reading room one heard cries of "What a sweet pin, did you get that for Xmas?" "Did she really get a diamond?" "What did your mother say, when you told her your Biology mark?" "Oh, that's a shame I have to be in comparatively early too—disgustingly early, in fact!"

Downstairs in Mrs. Bailey's tuck shop there was a great deal of back-slapping, hand-shaking, etc., as the boys could hardly wait to tell of the fun they had on New Year's Eve—a neat little blonde number—didn't get home until 7 a.m. Oh sure, it was wonderful, went skiing the next afternoon, too. Oh, she could not ski for beans but she looked kinda cute in her blue suit all over snow behind.

Did you hear about the girl's reading room? All fixed up like a frosted cake! You know, we boys should kick! Oh, to be a girl! I bet I wouldn't flunk math, then. Oh well, I'd just as soon be on my own no clinging vine stuff for me!

What's that? The bell? Don't think I'll go to lectures the very first day—but, gee, seems to me I made a New Year's Resolution to that effect. Hm—stupid of me, but I guess I'll go Dad wasn't so thrilled over that flunk.

J. M. '42

A small boy was asked to dinner at the home of a distinguished professor. His mother questioned him on his return.

"Are you sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite?"

"Why no, nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen?"

"Well, while I was trying to cut the meat it slipped off to the floor. But I made it all right," said the boy.

"What did you do?"

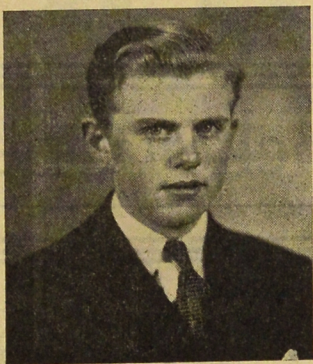
"Oh, I just said carelessly, 'that's always the way with tough meat.'"

Bursting with satisfied pride, Mrs. Newlywed carefully cut the cake on the table and placed a handsome slice on her husband's plate.

"I made it all myself, darling," she said. "My first cake."

Sampling it with gradually diminishing enthusiasm, he said: "Did you lift it out of the oven all by yourself, dear?"

May We Present



EARLE MORRISON

We start the New Year by bringing to your attention Earle Morrison. Earle is a Beaverbrook scholar and hence under the category of a Beaverbrook Bunny. He is a Senior Science student and is this year President of the Science Club, as a step in advance to last year when he was Vice-President. This year also Earle is on the S. R. C. Always fond of good music he has been in the University Glee Club, and has been a faithful member of the Famous U. N. B. Band where he played the clarinet. However on the piano is where he is truly great, for in all the programs we have had we have heard Earle "tinkle the ivories" in a truly grandiose style. All joking aside Earle is a very accomplished pianist, and we can all appreciate his talent. The final achievement of his college career to Earle is that having been a private in the C.O.T.C. for three years he has now become a Corporal. Whether it is Science or Music we can be assured Earle will be a success, and here's wishing him the best of luck in both.

Janie was returned from the Home for the Feeble Minded to Orphans' Home, as the doctor's examination had proved her merely "subnormal." Said Mamie to Anna in a burst of confidence and gossip: "Janie was sent away to be an idiot, but she couldn't pass and had to come back."

A true story is being told of a certain Ontario minister who is getting along in years and whose memory is not as good as it might be. He buried a woman member of his congregation and some time later when he met her daughter on the street he forgot about the funeral and asked: "And how is your mother standing the heat?"

To The Forces

Arts Building,
U. N. B.
Jan. 12, 1942

Dear Joe:

Here I am writing to you again, only now it is 1942 and I have broken all my resolutions already. I returned to college promising I would write to you immediately, but here it is a week gone already.

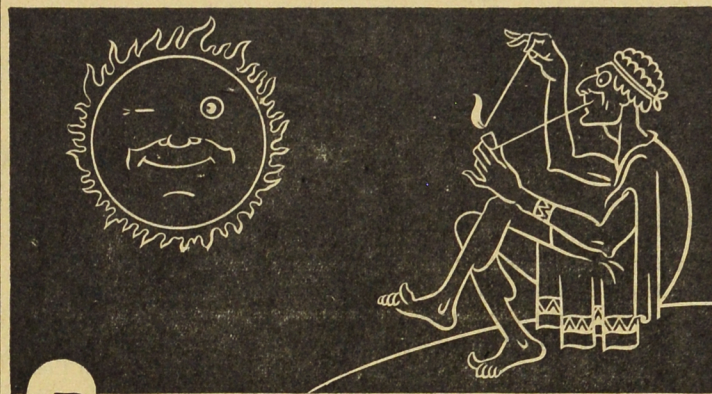
There is a grand skating rink at this College with only about fifteen holes in the ice. That is of course, good even for a high class college like this one. Everyone skates, but I am the only sensible girl who dresses warmly. When I came on the ice in my stocking hat and red flannels (they showed through a hole in my black wool socks) everyone sort of laughed and I knew they were laughing at themselves for wearing so few clothes in the cold.

Oh say Joe, I wish you could have been to U.N.B. Friday night. You would have been as happy as I was. Just imagine a real Barn Dance and way up here in this big city. Everyone wore sensible clothes—sensible to the occasion. And the wobbly water—oh boy was it good. Half the time I couldn't find it and it was sort of weak to our stuff, but it served the purpose. It made a few of the weaker ones wobble! I wish you could have seen that girl from New York's, classy skirt. I bet it was a new one she had never worn before. It was made out of nice brown material gathered around the waist. Right in the front there was some black printing and part of it said 125 lbs. and that seemed odd to me, but I heard her say "prints" were being worn this year and she should know. I wish you could have seen the boy from Baltimore. He wore a sleeveless shirt (you know how popular jerkins are this year) and in front he had a dress shirt-front, which when he unfastened his smart sleeveless vest, rolled up bewitchingly and showed his manly chest—and on it was written "Skiddoo." It was very clever I think but very immodest. I closed my eyes every time he rolled it up. However he did wear a postage stamp underneath. All the people were there in lovely clothes. That boy from Ottawa who boards at the place where they eat chicken all the time took that girl of his, you know who I mean, she prompted at the Fall Plays, especially the comedy. There were Freshettes galore, and all wearing wonderful clothes, hair ribbons and slacks. I hear that the boy who boards at the boxing coach's home and that girl who was the widow in the Fall Play who he goes with, were very comfortable in the black-out. In fact they even bragged about it! The highlight of the evening was a real square dance. Really you would not realize those people were intellectuals to see them go to a party like that, dressed like that, and to dance those jigs. You certainly would have enjoyed the pictures on the President of the Pre-Med's hat. It was rumored it was a picture for art's sake, but I imagine he kept it for his own sake.

Santa Claus was awfully good to the people up the hill, if one can judge from the be-oo-tiful bright ties and socks which appeared back this year. You know the type, purple, flowery but mostly loud and I mean LOUD. I've heard it said that many of the animals in the country have to go naked this winter because all the co-eds are wearing their fur wrappings. There are some swell examples up the hill how women can improve on what Nature put under a fur skin. I don't know why the Government won't increase your allowance so that you could donate some thing towards buying me an outer wrapping of fur. If somebody doesn't soon, I'm afraid there are going to be a few cats in the Biology lab that are going to be minus some fur, and then I'll have a real pretty coat made.

There isn't much news this time as college has only just begun, but I am sure it will soon be in full swing. There seems to be a new romance sprouting under our very noses and in the middle of the year too, so I will keep my eyes open and tell you, when I am quite sure. I think she is an old flame of yours. I knitted you the new ear cap you wanted. I hope you like the pink posies I decorated it with, they are all my own work.

Be good Joey, and don't take out anyone who has not got a pedigree.



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Poetry Corner

SINGULARLY

The moonlight-spangled shadows trembled. Soon
Within the silvered castle—weird enough,
There shrilled a frantic wail both wild and gruff,
Then silence—Save for the caressing croon
Of wind-swept willows to the sun-drenched moon.
The stars, like windows in the towering bluff
Seemed curious to meet the warning puff
Of smoke, that whirled like fate from genie's spoon.
Then waved and vanished in an endless sea.
How strange that for a castle hearts should ache!
That it should suffer from an age-old crime!
Its blackened ruins stand erect and free,
As though to cry: "No foe can my soul take!"
A singular symbol to the end of Time.

P. C. L. '43

A man was arrested on the charge of robbing another of his watch. It was said that he had thrown a bag over his victim's head strangled and robbed him. There was so little evidence, however, that the judge quickly said:

"Discharged!"
The prisoner stood still in the dock, amazed at being given his freedom so soon.

"You are discharged," repeated the judge. "You can go."

Still not a word from the prisoner who stood staring at the judge.

"Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. You are free. Get out!" shouted the judge.

"Well" stammered the man, "do I have to give him back his watch?"

"You have never kissed so wonderfully before, Laura. Why is that? Because we are in a black-out?"

"No. It's because my name is Vera."

Your loving sweetie-pie,
JANIE

P. S.—Am enclosing some gum for you. Sorry it isn't wrapped but I only chewed it a minute or two, so I think you will still find a little spring in it.

Yours
J

THE PART I SHARE

I've watched you glide with even stroke
Serenely at evening in a light canoe
I've watched you dive with perfect grace
Merely rippling the water you broke through
Many times I've watched your quickened pace
When over the ice you've skated free,
I've noted with what ability you race
But now I have seen you ski—
I've heard the sing in the speed of your downward flight,
Seen the beauty of your upward trail in unbroken snow
I've watched your joy in snow freshly falling
Seen you hope for snow clouds to hang low
And since so little is asked to bring you this pleasure
The role for me in your life seems clearly to be
That I shall forever help you to pray,
For fields and hills of snow, that you may ski.

WAITING

Year after year she waited and feared
Dreading the sound of the 'phone;
Knowing that still Death hovered and sneered
Above, while he flew alone
Somehow she lived, her very soul seared
Lived in a hell all her own;
Hearing inside her a voice which jeered
Mocking her pitiful moan.
One day his great plane fluttered and veered
Fell to the ground like a stone
—And to her came, when her grief had cleared
Peace which she never had known.
B. '41
—Argosy

"Gentlemen," said the unperturbed speaker, when the lights went out and the hall was suddenly plunged in total darkness, "This does not disturb me in the least, so I shall continue my speech. I only ask that the last man out of the building lets me know when he is leaving and I'll stop then."

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