

Gum Chewers - Attention

A striking blow has been dealt. There is to be LESS GUM CHEWING. Janitors, cleaners, school teachers, and college professors are jubilant. Wholesalers report the gum supply has been cut in half due to curtailment of sugar.

Gum-chewers — to have these various classes of people mocking us, crowing over us is no happy state of affairs. But we gum-chewers, one of the most distinct groups which proudly and noisily makes its way amongst society, will never disintegrate. We who have learned the joys of that rhythmic motion, sometimes gentle, sometimes vehement, which only a true gum-chewer can appreciate, will not lose our identity!

Gum-chewers! I, a loyal member of our vigorous clan, felt called to make a few comments lest this news of drastic curtailment in gum supply may cause your hearty spirits to flag. So far we have not been wholly deprived of our needs but— who knows when? 'A loyal citizen does not hoard' but gum-chewers, I hope by now that all of you have adopted the half-stick-chew! Although for a short time, you may miss the full-bodied flavour of an entire chew, you will soon realize that a half-stick-chew can be an enjoyable substitute if chewed with rapidity and vigor. I do not as yet advocate the under-the-chair-during-dinner habit plus retrieval. Although this may be necessary in the near future circumstances at present are not dire enough to warrant it.

Ah! fellow gum-chewers, let us repeat our slogan obtained from the wrapper and used with the kind permission of the manufacturer: Gum aids digestion, sweetens the breath, chew it after every meal! Yes, chew it after every meal and your reward will be more than our slogan intimates. We who have chewed deeply and vigorously into the secret know this. What does a non-chewer do in the lonely hours after midnight, when by a glaring lamp, he is forced to digest page after

page of unpalatable material without the friendly comfort of chew-swish-chew which helps the true gum-chewer on his weary path of educational achievement?

Oh, gum-chewers, we are so fortunate! We should pity those who scoff at us — those whose frayed nerves, pencil-chewing habits, excessive smoking, etc., are proofs that they have not yet entered into the blissful fold of gum-chewers.

NON-CHEWERS, a word! Would you like to join our ranks? Can you contact a dozen stiff wads of gum beneath a chair without cringing? Can you chew softly throughout a long sermon without disturbing your neighbor? Can you resist the desire to pull or crack your gum when in the presence of so-called 'polite' society? If so you are well on the way of becoming members of the true gum-chewers' group who boast, and rightly so of their sweet-flavoured Spearmint, Doublemint, or Juicy Fruit breaths, of their rate of chewing per minute of firmly contoured facial muscles and of perfectly controlled sound effects.

Instructor (meeting his class for the first time): "And on this paper I want your names—not your signatures."

It is remarkable how many doubtful meanings an allegedly pure-minded person can find in an entirely respectable joke.

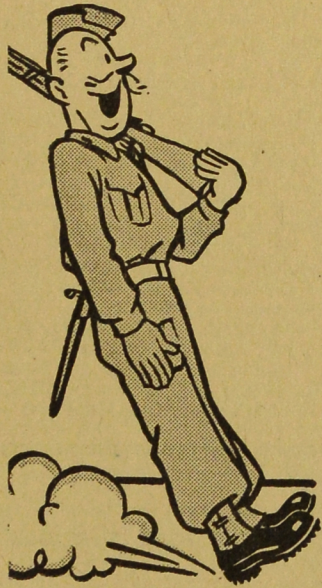
She — How was the first swimming practice?
He — Fine; a lot of good men were uncovered.

Co-ed — Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?

Another Co-ed — I did try to, but he answered to four different names.

She (playfully) — Let me chew your gum.

He (more playfully) — Which one, upper or lower?



IT'S TIME TO CALL A HALT

—Says
Private
Thrift

It may be all right in peace time to throw money around. But with war on our hands it's time to call a halt.

We can't fight a total war and live like kings at the same time. We must all watch our spending and save. One of the best ways of saving money is to buy War Savings Certificates regularly. Money invested in War Savings Certificates now, helps directly to win the war... provides you with a useful fund of cash for the future.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

May We Present



DONALD J. METCALFE

This week we have the pleasure of presenting Donald J. Metcalfe, president of the Lady Beaverbrook Men's Residence. Don has been a bunny for four years and last year was secretary-treasurer of the house.

He has been interested in hockey for four years, being manager of class hockey in his Sophomore and Junior years, assistant manager of the Varsity team last year and manager this year.

Don has continued the sport theme by reporting for the Brunswickan. Again, hockey was his specialty.

Don is a member of the "dirty white lab coats club" and some day, maybe, will be your family doctor. A hard worker, he makes first class marks and is one of the few people who could go to a show the night before an exam, but either his conscience or his good intentions keep him plugging to the last.

A man to avoid when aroused, Don keeps his temper well in check and usually greets you with his one-sided grin. However, if he doesn't, don't be hurt; he is probably concentrating on keeping his thoughts "Kileen."

SWAP SHOP

Wanted to Know: Where or when are the verdant freshmen, the lordly sophomores, the jolly juniors and the stately seniors to take us to the dance? All answers may be addressed to the lovely, over-anxious co-eds.

Found: Behind the Memorial Building on a lovely afternoon last week, two people. Names will not be disclosed for a price. Get in touch with Doc Fleming at 1407.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: Cute little kitten, answers to the name of Polly. Anyone knowing of her whereabouts please phone Jo immediately.

For Sale: One record, "She had to go and lose it at the Windsor." Those interested please get in touch with Franny.

Wanted: Book entitled, "The Intricacies of Women's Natures." Call Bob at 1407.

General Information: Anyone wishing to contact "Docie" get in touch with Sheila before train time Friday.

Wanted to Swap: One perfectly good tuxedo for a burlap bag and one hundred pound weight. Call Alexander at the Ritz.

For Sale: Punches, a dime a dozen. Reason for sale, just working off a little steam. Call Smilin' Smut.

Wanted: One sense of humor. Mine is slightly warped as is my colleague's Dosne. Anyone interested please call Pat Clair.

Co-ed — Jimmy didn't say more than three words last night.

Friend — Honestly, honey, you shouldn't let him kiss you so much.

Boarding House Lady — Do you want a room?

Student — No, I want to disguise myself as a banana and sleep in the fruit dish.

1910 — Son, how often must I tell you it's bad manners to dip your bread in your gravy?

1943 — Yes, father, but it is good taste.

A Dress for a Dance

by Betty Brewster

It was the day after Grandmother's funeral. Great-Aunt Elvira's chair creaked gently as she rocked to and fro before the fire. The clock on the mantel ticked its life away, its monotonous voice seeming to deepen the silence instead of breaking it. A ray of sunlight stole under the curtains and danced on Aunt Elvira's knitting. "It's queer", she remarked, "that your grandmother should have died before me. She was eight years younger, you know, and always had good health, while my lungs were weak like poor Nancy's. But here I am, nearly eighty, when your great grandfather didn't think I'd see eighteen, and Sally — your grandmother — in her grave."

After a moment Aunt Elvira continued:

Sally was so set on dancing the night of my wedding, but Mother wouldn't let her because she was only fifteen. It seems just the other day. I was married that morning in my mother's wedding gown, which she had brought over from Scotland with her. There was no church here then, you know, but a minister came once a month and held services in the school-house, so we were married there. The girls had trimmed it with wild roses, but they forgot to erase the blackboards and there was an addition question in front of us with the wrong answer. I pinched your Uncle Henry to make him look at it, and we were both laughing so that we could hardly speak. The minister was shocked.

We celebrated all day and all night. Neighbors came for miles around. And the food they ate! Especially the cake. We usually made cake with maple sugar, but Father had sent to town for white sugar and Mother had made one, six layers high. No girl around had ever had such a cake.

What a night that was! They danced till five in the morning, and I do believe some of them danced all the way home. Poor Sally. She stood in the kitchen door, staring at them with all her heart in her eyes, till Cousin Dan came up to her and shouted, "Why, here's my little Sally! Why aren't you dancing, Cousin? Come and try it!"

"Oh, Mother, can't I?" Sally asked, but Mother set her lips firmly— she didn't approve of Cousin Dan—and shook her head.

"No, my dear, not for a year or so. You're too young."

But next year Mother was dead, and Sally, child as she was, was tied to the house with the younger children. It was too much altogether for a young girl, and I was glad, though Sally was not, when two years later Father married again, a middle-aged widow who prided herself on her respectability.

She was a good woman and did

her best for the children according to her lights; but she was strict, and thought all kinds of pleasure, especially dancing, were things of the devil. Your grandmother hated her. She called her "Old Snarky", and I remember once, after she was married, when our stepmother went to visit her, one of the children—I think it was your mother—saw her coming and called out, "Oh, Ma, here comes Old Snarky". Your grandmother whipped her soundly, as a punishment for disrespect to her elders, but afterwards she made a pot of fudge and gave your mother the largest share.

One warm July day, when your grandmother had just passed her nineteenth birthday, she came to see me. My John was just a month old, and Sally often used to come and play with the little darling; but this day she only stared at him listlessly, not seeing him, and rocked the cradle with one foot. I thought she must have quarreled again with our step-mother, so I asked her, "How are you and Mamma getting on?"

"Oh, old Snarky! Well, we haven't fought for a few days, but we're going to soon. I just have to go to the MacDonalds' dance, no matter what happens."

"Well, what's to prevent you?" I replied absently, turning the pies about in the oven, and forgetting for the moment old Snarky's — I mean my step-mother's — hatred for dances.

"She thinks dances aren't respectable."

"Oh, but surely the MacDonalds— why, their son is going in the ministry. Doesn't she think they're respectable?"

Sally laughed, but rather grimly. "Oh, no. She's a Methodist, you know, and they're Presbyterians. She doesn't think Presbyterians are respectable."

"Dear me. Well, I don't like to undermine Mamma's authority, but if you come over here that day to stay the night, you could go to the dance, and she'd never know the difference. None of the others would tell her, you know."

"What could I wear? I couldn't go to a dance in grey homespun—and she thinks bright colours are wicked."

"But Mother had dresses in the attic. If you brought one over I could fix it so you could wear it."

"Do you suppose I could get it out of the house without her seeing? We used to say Mother had eyes in the back of her head, but old Snarky wears a dress that buttons all the way up the back, and every button is an eye. No, that won't work."

We were silent for a while, but finally I said, "Perhaps I'll think of something. Come over tomorrow if you can, anyway. Now, if you eat

(Continued on Page 5)

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